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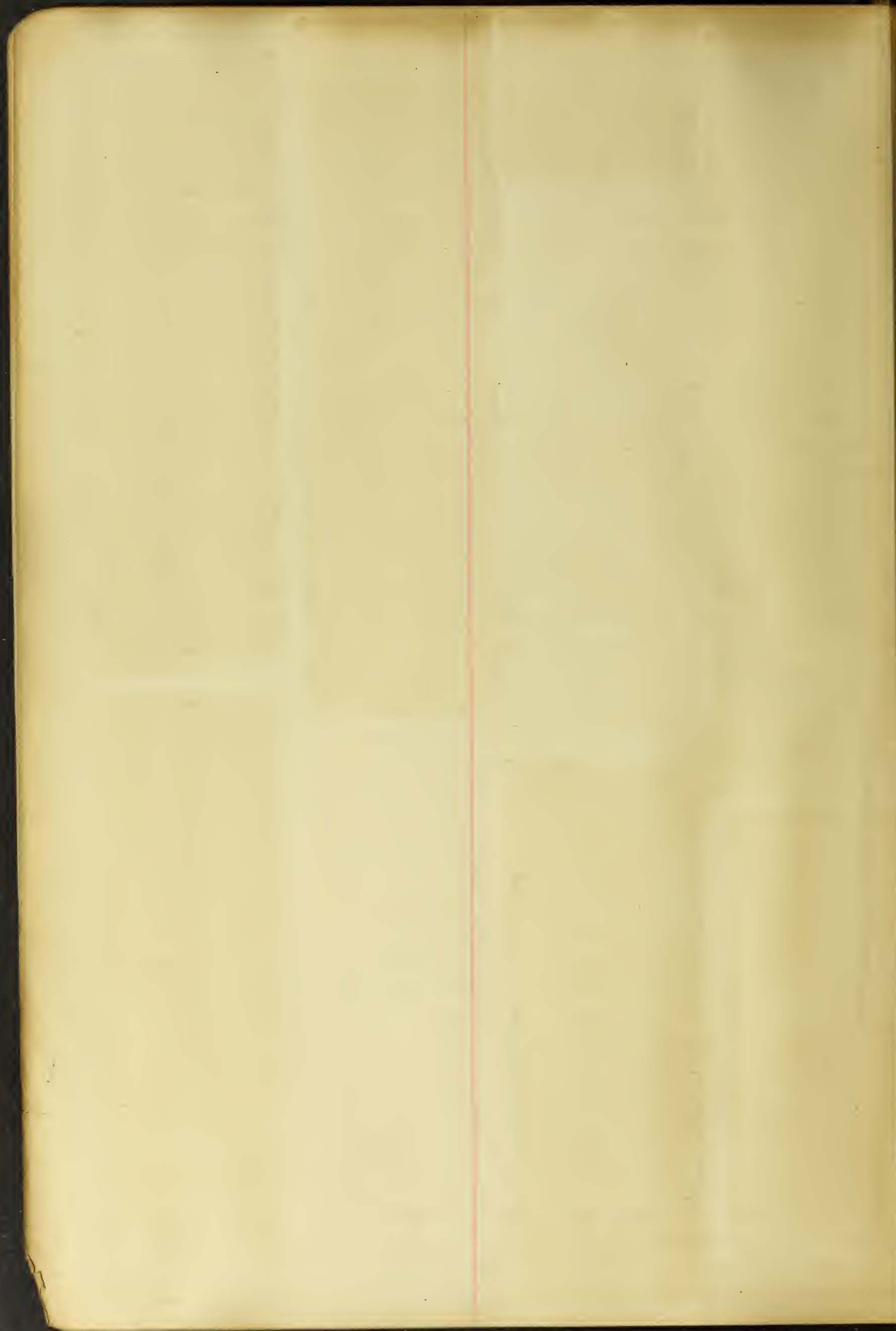
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By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from *the New York Times*)

HUBERMANN AT CARNEGIE.

The programme of violin music that Bronislaw Hubermann played at Carnegie Hall last night was out of the ordinary in that it contained none of the short ear-ticklers with which violinists are wont to make palatable the declining quarter-hours of their afternoons and evenings. The adagio and fugue from Bach's C major sonata (he played this at his first appearance here last fall), Chaikovsky's "Souvenir d'un Lieu Cher," and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" constituted the major portion of a programme that contained but four numbers.

For his first number Mr. Hubermann offered a composition new to America: Ottorino Respighi's sonata in B minor. Respighi belongs to the band of young Italian composers who are working with the avowed intention of rescuing Italian music from its long slavery to the operatic stage. Besides writing a large number of original works he has spent much time in orchestrating the music of other Italian and Russian composers. He made the orchestral arrangement of Rossini's ballet, "La Boutique Fantasque," from which Alfred Coates conducted some extracts a few weeks ago. Toscanini conducted La Scala Orchestra in his symphonic poem, "The Fountains of Rome," at one of his Metropolitan Opera House concerts last winter.

The sonata that Hubermann played last night is an interesting if not a great work. At all events it is a welcome addition to the comparatively limited repertoire of first class music for the violin. There are the usual three movements, of which the first, a moderato, and the last, a passacaglia, are the best. There is nothing epochal about this music and nothing in its harmonic scheme to make it unsuitable for those of tender ears. It is just good music, well constructed, saying well bred and gracious things in a manner of its own. The second movement wavers a bit; over it hovers the uneasy ghost of one who might have been Massenet. The other two, however, have eloquence and a fine lyric quality that easily escapes sentimentality.

It is beautifully written for the violin, and Mr. Hubermann played it with flawless technique, admirable tone color and a self-effacing dignity that did much both for the music and the player. The piano part is both important and difficult. Paul Frenkel played it, as he played all the accompaniments, like an artist.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the fourth time. The cast was that heard in the previous performances. Miss Fossell interested the audience with her strenuous delivery of the lyric utterances of the maddened princess, who tried to express her emotions by rowning half her father's subjects and finally consigning her own precious self to a watery grave.

Mme. Alda was again the good little sister, who comforted herself with a drum, sang peacefully and was accordingly given in marriage to the tenor. Mr. Gigli was the songful warrior who returned from foreign conquests to find that he had made two tenderer ones at home, and who distinguished himself chiefly by singing a domestic ditty of great charm.

Mr. Danise blustered about as the hostile prince whose plans all went awry, and who never had much of a chance in the opera anyhow. Mr. Rothler was the king and father. The performance was conducted by Louis Hasselmans and was received with applause by a considerable audience.

WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA SUNG.

The Jewels of the Madonna" at the Manhattan.

Wolf-Ferrari's opera "The Jewels of the Madonna" was repeated last evening by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House. It might be instructive as well as interesting to now whether the repetition of this work as due to a manifest public demand or the stern necessities of the repertory. At any rate, it may be noted that "The Jewels of the Madonna" has held its place in the Chicago list without challenge from the local institution, which might be indicative of a want of faith on the part of the astute Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

The role of *Matteia* seems to be an es-

ential item in the plans of Mrs. Gatti-Casazza, who enjoys its distinctions season after season. Her impersonation has admirable traits. She looks well, acts with vivacity and at times energy, and sings the music in that far reaching style which has made her so popular with operagoers.

Mr. Rimini brings to the role of *Rafaele* a suitable physique and appropriate action, while Forrest Lambert contributes to *Gennaro* the fruits of long service in the part. The general presentation of the opera is commendable. There was a fair audience last evening, and the applause betokened considerable satisfaction.

Margherita Valdi, Soprano, in Debut

Margherita Valdi, soprano, made a native debut at Aeolian Hall yesterday, assisted by Frank Ribb, in operatic airs from "Marriage of Figaro," "Lohengrin" and "Manon," the last followed by an encore. More suitable to the intimate hall and to singer's voice were lesser lyrics ranking from "La Captive" of Berlioz to Dorothy Bigelow's "My Lilac Tree," accompanied by the composer, and Mr. Bibb's "Rondel of Spring."

Yvette Guilbert reappeared at the Town Hall last night in a familiar program of medieval and modern airs, assisted by a chorus of young women, with Mildred Dilling, harpist, and Edmond Hekett at the piano.

Huberman and Borissoff Play.

Bronislaw Huberman, at his third recital in Carnegie Hall last evening, played with Paul Frenkel a sonata for violin and piano in B minor by Ottorino Respighi, of which he found no record of earlier performance here. The Italian composer's work is in three movements, moderato, andante espressivo and a final passacaglia. Mr. Huberman gave also Bach's adagio and fugue in C for violin alone, and with his accompanist Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and the "Souvenir d'un Lieu Cher," by Tchaikovsky.

Josef Borissoff, appearing in a Carnegie Hall matinee, produced with Josef Adler at the piano his own violin concerto No. 2, in E minor, dedicated to Fritz Kreisler, as well as works of Bach, Handel and Sarasate and arrangements by Kreisler and Elman.

YVETTE GUILBERT RECITAL.

She and Her Players Heard in Their Last Concert.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert and her players were heard in their second and last recital of the current season in the Town Hall last evening, where a program repeating many numbers of her former recital was given. Mme. Guilbert once more delighted with the beauty of her speaking voice and understanding interpretation in "Deux Chansons du Moyen-Age" and a number of modern French songs, and her pupils gave proof of her ability to impart the intricacies of her art to others in "Chants des Images des Cathedrales," "Old Negro Songs" and several other numbers.

Feb 17 1922
By W. J. HENDERSON.

The program of the ninth afternoon concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday presented for the pleasure of a large audience the fifth symphony of Tschalkowsky, Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia as arranged by Liszt and Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase." The pianist was Alexander Siloti. Of him first, Mr. Siloti is a Liszt pupil, or rather was one a long time ago. Perhaps he remembers and practices everything that Liszt taught him, especially about the performance of the "Wanderer" fantasia, for which the famous pianist and teacher expressed a fervent admiration.

It is quite as probable that Mr. Siloti has forgotten much of what Liszt taught him and has consciously or even unconsciously substituted for it his own conceptions. Let us trust that the latter is the case. It would be discouraging to believe that an artist could remain the servant of his teacher till his hair had turned gray. It is more pleasant to think that the interesting and for the most part beautiful reading of the fantasia which we enjoyed yesterday was the product of Mr. Siloti's own mind and not a lesson learned in years now historical.

Mr. Coates, who directed his last Thursday concert previous to the return of Mr. Damrosch, interpreted the fifth symphony with affectionate and even anxious care. He was born in Russia, although he is an Englishman, and doubtless deeply feels his responsibilities when he is conducting the compositions of Russian masters. The E minor symphony of Tschalkowsky is a much better work than some of the apparently friendly commentators ask us to believe, and the deep breathed cantabile of its slow movement is one of Tschalkowsky's most engaging and unaffected conceptions. The horn solo could have been played better in respect of tone and phrasing. The waltz languished a little, but the finale went with spirit.

Those who can soar with Mr. Scriabin into the regions of such ecstasies as he confesses in his singular poem must indeed be blest, but common mortals whose spirits are not attuned to celestial mys-

teries have to be content with modified raptures. But Mr. Coates will doubtless continue to preach the gospel of Scriabin and purified souls will continue to bathe themselves in its life giving subtleties.

MISS GARDEN IN "THAIS."

Appears in the Familiar Role of the Famous Siren of Alexandria.

Masenet's "Thais" was presented at the Manhattan Opera House last evening by the Chicago Opera Company in general and General Director Mary Garden in particular. Miss Garden herself impersonated the famous siren of Alexandria, as she had done many times before. Mr. Dufranne was the *Athanael* and Theodore Ritch represented the gilded youth of the Mediterranean metropolis. He was the *Nikias*. Gabriel Grovlez conducted the performance.

The record of the performance might be permitted to stop here in so far as any possibility of news is concerned. Everything was old and familiar. Miss Garden's *Thais* is known to many thousands of good Americans. She was acted and intoned the role on the operatic stage, and she has pictorially amplified it on the screen. In it she fully justifies

her own recent declaration that she is not a singer, but a creator. The music of "Thais" is poor stuff; it is almost sackcloth and ashes when Miss Garden finishes with it.

But her delineation of the converted courtesan has a considerable amount of theatrical significance. Whatever Miss Garden does is vitalized by that singularly interesting personality which has been an important part of her equipment ever since she first disclosed herself to a New York audience. Her spell was sufficient to attract a large audience last evening and to call forth long and loud plaudits after every scene.

PIANIST AND VIOLINIST PLAY.

Moore and Kortschak in Joint Recital.

Francis Moore, pianist, and Hugo Kortschak, violinist, both known here as individual players, combined their respective forces last night in giving a sonata recital at Aeolian Hall. The program consisted of three sonatas for piano and violin—Beethoven's opus 20 No. 2, Mozart's in B flat and Gabriel Pierné's, opus 36.

The artists showed a good appreciation of ensemble work. Their tonal quality, balance and precision were generally commendable. The violinist's tone might have had a little more warmth and his style might have been less tentative. But on the whole the performance of the two players had understanding, nish and nuance. Their playing was much enjoyed by a large audience.

Mr. Scriabin's work no longer startles and no longer convinces. It is a specimen of late nineteenth century chromaticism raised to its highest power or to the highest power that the composer could reach. It derives obviously from Wagner; and the shreds of theme that Scriabin worries and shakes as a dog shakes a bone, never get him much further forward. He has used the largest orchestra and says everything with the utmost emphasis; but he does not succeed in making it sound important.

Mr. Siloti played his master's rearrangement of Schubert's Fantasy with sincerity and real warmth of style, with brilliancy and rhythmic point, with beauty of tone, with an ample suggestion of the poetic feeling of the work. Liszt has probably enhanced the effect of the composition by bringing the orchestra into it. In its original form it sometimes strains at the limits of the piano, and seems to call for the help which the orchestra gives. Mr. Siloti's playing was much applauded and he was recalled several times.

JERITZA IN "LOHENGRIN."

Harrold Wagner's Hero—Miss Farrar and Kingston in "Zaza."

Jeritza in "Lohengrin" and Farrar in "Zaza" filled the Metropolitan yesterday twice over, the matinee being a special benefit for the work of the National Navy Club of New York, at 15 East Forty-first Street. Orville Harrold, who gave a notable performance of Wagner's hero, had been called in at short notice in Sembach's place, and the announcement of his name from the stage by W. J. Guard was greeted with applause. Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Rozsa and others sang, under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky. It was announced that the performance had netted a handsome sum for the service men's charity.

Miss Farrar was to have sung in "Manon" last night, and when Mario Chamlee fell ill, Harrold was at first notified to prepare for that opera. As Mr. Gatti-Casazza presently found two tenors on his hospital list, he decided to cancel the French work, give the German "Lohengrin" to Harrold and summon Kingston to assist Miss Farrar in "Zaza" instead. The substituted opera pleased apparently a large proportion of the evening's subscription house. Mr. De Luca and others reappeared, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Mr. De Luca, it became known during the performance, received yesterday from Prince Minister Bonomi of Italy a notice of his nomination by King Victor as a knight of the order of San Maurizio. The honor was conferred in recognition of the baritone's services as an artist on behalf of many Italian charities.

IN OLD ALEXANDRIA.

At the Manhattan Opera House last night the Chicago Company offered "Thais," with mild pleasure and a reasonable profit to all. Massenet's chronicle of cenobites versus hetaerae is not a work that inspires profound discussion. Like so much of his music, the score is of a portentously futile variety that is rather effective in performance and evaporates utterly in retrospect. Last night's affair went smoothly enough, amid good singing and staging.

Gaillet's libretto is no very stimulating reminder of Anatol France's novel. It piously preserves the skeleton of France's work, but manages at the same time to lose all the ironic wisdom and poetic mood that made "Thais" worth writing. All that remains in the operatic version is the usual tale of a gold digger who was not a bad girl at heart.

Miss Garden bought the heroine a new gown for the occasion and made the evening further memorable by being in exceptionally good voice.

Histrionically, "Thais" is one of her best roles. Tempestuous as the part is, she brings to it a surety and solidity of technique that have been lacking upon other occasions. Her hysterical pleading with Athanael in the opening scene of the second act was a very moving piece of acting, sincerely conceived and wrought to a climax that brought the curtains together to the sound of unmistakable cheers from an excited audience.

Theodore Ritch as Nikias sometimes wasted his vocal substance in riotous singing, but looked well in the part and acted acceptably. Hector Dufranne, as always, was Athanael, a figure of austere beauty and rich vocalism. Mr. Nicolay was Palemon, Maria Claessens was Albine and Mr. Clvai was the Slave. Mr. Grovlez conducted.

Feb 18 1922
'Snegourotchka' at

Miss Lucrezia Bori, happily recovered from her cold, was able to resume her part in Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "Snegourotchka," at the Metropolitan last evening. At the previous performance of the work she had been unable to appear, and her place was taken by Miss Alice Miriam. It is no disparagement of this young singer to say that Miss Bori's return was advantageous to the presentation of the Russian fairy tale of the little snow maiden, who resembled the *Asra* of Rubinstein in that when she loved she had to die.

The opera has undoubtedly met with a considerable measure of favor from the public. It will not take rank as a lyric drama of the first order, nor will its music find a permanent habitation in the record machines and the reproducing pianos. But the music is always pleasing and it contains sufficient Russian color to give it that well marked character which has become so popular. There is a fair amount of good solo music as well as the choral numbers, and it was clear that last evening's audience enjoyed it.

Miss Bori was again in good voice, and her singing and acting were delightful. Mr. Diaz bore the burdens of the role of the Berendey Czar, as Mr. Harrold, who had previously sung it, had to save himself for this afternoon. Mr. Diaz acquitted himself with credit. Mme. Delaunois as *Lel*, the shepherd; Miss d'Arle as *Kovava*, Miss Telva as the fairy, Mr. Rothler as *Winter* and Mr. Bada as *Boby* were again commendable. Mr. Bodanzky, the untiring, conducted.

PROKOFIEFF'S PIANO MUSIC.

Serge Prokofieff gave his second program of music for the piano in Aeolian Hall last night. His original works finished the program. They were a "Gavotte," opus 32; his "Suggestion Diabolique," and his second sonata in D minor, opus 14.

Mr. Prokofieff shows his fine musicianship in his playing as he does in his compositions. He has a clear understanding of musical forms and he executes with a killed hand a definite purpose. In Beethoven's sonata in A, opus 101, with which he began his program and in pieces by Schumann and Chopin his style was strikingly Prokofieffian. He varied it seldom, but his incisive rhythm was always superb and so was

his technique. And when there were gleams of poetry charms and feeling as in a "Poem," by Scriabine, they were wholly delightful.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC CONCERT.

Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde"
Repeated by Request.

In response to many requests the Friends of Music gave a repetition yesterday afternoon at Town Hall of Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," which as defined by the composer is a symphony with contralto and tenor solos. The forces assembled for giving the imposing work were those heard in its first performance in this country at Carnegie Hall earlier in the month. Mme. Charles Cahier, contralto, from Vienna, and Orville Harrold, tenor, from the Metropolitan, sang the vocal parts. The orchestra and Artur Bodanzky, conductor, were of the opera.

The hearing of the work renewed the impression received at its first performance. In true Mahlerian vein there is a detailed treatment, often with episodic passages of beauty, and yet the whole work is without the unifying links formed by creative power. The composition was admirably performed by soloists and orchestra, and seemed deeply to interest the audience.

CONTRALTO GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Elaise Gagneau Appears in Ambitious Program.

Miss Elaise Gagneau, contralto, was heard in a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program was ambitious, perhaps injudiciously so, for some of the numbers appeared to tax her powers severely. The air "O don fatale," from "Don Carlos," was one of these. The singer seemed to be suffering from relaxed vocal cords, though it is possible that the frequent hollowness and occasional unsteadiness of tone may have been due to incorrect technique.

However, Miss Gagneau proved to be the possessor of a beautiful voice, which under more favorable conditions might be made to give very excellent results. She showed taste in her phrasing and in some of her interpretations, but in the operatic number mentioned she appeared to be somewhat out of her element.

MISS MAXWELL HAS TRIUMPH IN OPERA

"Pagliacci," followed by the ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," formed the double bill at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, with Margery Maxwell appearing for the first time during the New York engagement of the Chicago Opera Company in the fascinating role of Nedda in the Leoncavallo favorite. Georges Baklanoff wearing the clown costume of Tonio, and Ulysses Lappas repeating his former triumph as the hot-headed Canio.

Miss Maxwell created a signal and unmistakable reputation as Nedda. Her voice was in fine condition and her interpretation of one of the most popular feminine characters in opera was both individual and delightful.

Tonio was made a creature full of vigor, mirth and enough pathos to call for a mingling of sympathy with the smiles of his hearers. His singing of the famous prelude was roundly applauded. Lappas gave his usual convincing picture of Canio and Desire Decease and Lodovico Oliviero appeared in their former roles of Silvio and Beppo. "The Birthday of the Infanta" was presented by Andreas Pavley, Serge Orskansky and Mmes. Dagmar, Edith, Ledova, Mila, Nemeroff, Shiermont, Pagan and the corps de ballet, with Isaac Van Grove conducting.

REPLACING Claire Dux at

short notice, Margery Maxwell, dainty soprano of the Chicago Opera Association, sang Nedda at last night's repetition of "Pagliacci" in the Manhattan Opera House, and in a manner satisfying beyond expectation.

Miss Maxwell's voice is of light texture, but admirably placed and equalized and of peculiarly lovely quality, warmly resonant and concentrated like the timbre of an Amati violin. She understands how to sing, too, as she disclosed in the Ballatella of the first act, and never forces her tone beyond its natural limitations.

Don't suppose for a moment that what Signor Gatti-Casazza is presenting in the Metropolitan Opera House under the name of "Snegourouchka"—and presented once before last night—is actually a production of Rimsky-Korsakoff's famous opera. It is a version slashed,

ripped and lacerated by a danzky, relentless dissector of scores. And the treatment accorded to the palpitating remnants—well, the reader may be referred to any intelligent and truthful Russian who has heard the work abroad.

LUCREZIA BORI

licka. But the efforts of the individual singers and the sonorous outgivings of Giulio Setti's choristers could not inject real life into the dismembered carcass of the opera. That was why the audience yawned in spite of the fantastic beauties of Anisfeld's scenery.

Elaise Gagneau gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, singing songs listlessly to accompaniments of Francis Moore.

Mme. Gagneau had good vocal material of lyric contralto kind. But something more than talent is naturally required from those who elect to give public recitals.

It is not easy to deal with such cases as that of Mme. Gagneau. She may have been suffering from nervousness. However, there were flowers galore. In fact, this was an affair for friends. Critics should not have been invited.

Ernest Hutcheson's Recital.

Ernest Hutcheson's program for his piano recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was devoted entirely to Chopin. It included the sonata in E flat minor, the nocturne in B, the polonaise in E flat minor, the scherzo in C sharp minor and eight études from Op. 10 and Op. 25. Mr. Hutcheson's admirable qualities as a pianist have won him a large following in New York, and his audience yesterday was numerous.

It may be doubted, however, whether his powers extend in the direction of making him pre-eminently an interpreter of Chopin, or warrant him in playing a program composed entirely of his music. Mr. Hutcheson's technique is of great range and power; his feeling for rhythm, tone and tonal quality notable; his intelligence far-reaching. He does not always strike the note of poetry, the essential quality in Chopin's music. This was the case in his playing of the sonata. It was a performance of great clarity in the exposition of the thematic material and in the building up of the climaxes; of much power and energy; but it was powerful rather than poetic.

Mr. Hutcheson came nearer to the spirit in the nocturne and the polonaise, both of which he played with delicacy and insight, and in the polonaise with much of the fire that smolders rather than blazes high in it.

MARY GARDEN AGAIN SALOME

Strauss's Opera Packs Manhattan—Rosa Raisa in "Aida" at Matinee.

Miss Garden gave Strauss's "Salome" for the third time in a month to a packed house at the Manhattan last evening, repeating what has proved to be the Chicago Company's most prosperous performance here on the eve of the coming fifth and final week of the New York engagement. With the directrix in the title rôle were again associated Messrs. Martin, Dufranne, Mojica, Miss Reynolds and others of the large cast, under Mr. Polacco's direction.

"Aida" was added to the Chicago sars' productions here at yesterday's largely attended Manhattan matinee, when Rosa Raisa appeared as Verdi's heroine, with Rimini as her African father. Forrest Lamont sang the fighting hero, while Edouard Cotreuil and Eleanor Reynolds, the latter replacing Miss Van Gordon named in the house bills, represented old Egypt's royal line, and Lazzari the chief priest of the Nile gods. Jeanne Schneider and Lodovico Oliviero had minor rôles, Miss Nemeroff led an elaborate ballet and Mr. Ferrari conducted.

The musicians who gave recitals here yesterday afternoon have been heard previously this season, and with the exception of the Russian cellist, Joseph Press, they confirmed the opinions previously announced.

Joseph Press, however, was much better than at his last recital, where he seemed just an ordinarily good musician who played standard works with sound, traditional interpretations. Yesterday he was in a fine mood for playing, apparently; and some of his majestic passages in Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major were excellent. His tone throughout the recital was good and expressive, and he used it well in a series of inter-

pretations which were worth hearing. In addition to the Mendelssohn, he played Grieg's Sonata in A minor and Beethoven's seven variations on a theme from the "Magic Flute."

The Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall in the evening, under the guest conductor, William Mengelberg, played Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Claude Debussy's three orchestral sketches of the sea and Schubert's symphony in C major.

The evening recitalists were Alberto Terrasi, baritone, and Adelaide Vilma, coloratura soprano, who sang arias in a joint recital at Aeolian Hall, and Domenico Lombardi, a baritone, who did likewise at the Town Hall.

for Caruso Fund

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The first of a series of concerts in aid of the Caruso American Memorial Foundation took place yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. An elaborate program had been prepared with many of the distinguished singers of the company as soloists, accompanied by the opera house orchestra. After the eighth number on the list, the duet "Lac d'Amor" from "Don Giovanni," sung by Miss Farrar and Mr. De Luca, William J. Guard, publicity manager of the Metropolitan, introduced to the audience George Gordon Battle, who is a member of the memorial committee. Mr. Battle made a brief address setting forth the purposes of the foundation.

Mr. Caruso, he said, had been an influential agent in cementing the ties between Italy and the United States. His devotion to his own country had been manifest, but Americans had come to regard him as one of themselves. He had deepened this feeling by marrying an American woman. Mr. Caruso had cherished the idea of establishing an institution for the assistance of deserving, but poor, students of musical art and for spreading the appreciation of music in this country.

The Caruso American Memorial Foundation, Mr. Battle continued, had been planned to carry out these ideas of the famous tenor. A fund of \$1,000,000 was needed, and while the concerts would yield something it would not be enough. Those present were invited to subscribe to the fund, and the speaker told them how to go about doing so. Subscription blanks with pencils and envelopes were given out with the programs. The speaker concluded by thanking the artists and attaches of the opera house who had all volunteered to help the good cause.

After the address the orchestra played the Italian and American national anthems. The concert was long and liberal in its offerings, although some slight alterations had to be made in the list. Giovanni Martinelli and Orville Harrold were indisposed. The former was to have sung an air from "La Forza del Destino," but it was omitted. Mr. Harrold was to have sung in a trio from "I Lohengrin," the last number on the list, with Miss Rosa Ponselle and Jose Mardones, but a duet from "La Forza del Destino" for the two remaining singers was substituted.

The program began with the overture to "I Vespri Siciliani" conducted by Giuseppe Bamboschek, after which Leon Rothier sang the Cardinal's air from "La Juive," with Louis Hasselmanns conducting. Miss Jeanne Gordon followed with an air from Bemberg's "Jeanne d'Arc." Miss Ponselle sang "Pace, Pace" from "La Forza del Destino," and Mr. Danise "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera." Mme. Aida followed with "L'altra notte" from "Mefistofele," and Mr. Didur sang an air from "L'Elisir d'Amore." Then came the duet for Miss Farrar and Mr. De Luca, already mentioned.

The prelude to the last act of "La Traviata," played by the orchestra and conducted by Mr. Moranzoni, prefaced the polonaise from "Mignon" sung by

Mme. Galli-Curci. M. Gigli sang "O Paradiso" from "L'Africain" and Mme. Matzenauer "O Aon fatale" from "Don Carlos," after which the duet from "La Forza del Destino" brought the program to its end. All the conductors except Mr. Bodanzky took turns in directing the accompaniments. On account of the length of the program no encores were permitted, but several times the audience showed a desire to break the rule.

The house was filled, the standing room being all occupied and the upper tiers crowded. The total receipts amounted to a little more than \$15,000.

Brilliant Performance of Philharmonic Players Redeems Concert; Ruffo and Hempel at Hippodrome

Among yesterday's afternoon con-

certs, that given by the Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall was characterized by a mediocre performance of Mozart's Concerto, for violin, in A major, by Mrs. Helen Teschner Tas. Fortunately the dullness of this feature was outbalanced by the brilliance and virtuosity displayed by the orchestra under Mr. Mengelberg's energetic direction in the other numbers on the program, the overture to Weber's "Der Freischuetz," Ravel's "La Valse" and Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan."

Evening concerts included the appearance of Frieda Hempel and Titta Ruffo at the Hippodrome. Miss Hempel was in good voice and delighted the audience by the excellence of her singing. Her numbers included the Mozart-Adams variations and songs by Schubert, Grieg and Ardit. Mr. Ruffo's voice was not at its best and he sang with a certain degree of caution. The Drinking Song from "Hamlet" and Spanish and Italian songs, however, won for him the usual ardent enthusiasm from the audience.

The artists at the third Frederic Warren Ballard concert, which took place at the Selwyn Theatre, were Ruano Bogislav, mezzo-soprano; George Raudenbusch, violinist, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bonelli, barytone and soprano. An interesting program included works by Germany, Russian, Spanish and American composers, besides a group of folksongs contributed by Mme. Bogislav. The participants were evenly matched as to the merits of their performance.

The second Frederic Warren Ballard Concert of the season was given last night at the Selwyn Theatre, with Pauline Bonelli, soprano; Ruano Bogislav, mezzo-soprano; Richard Bonelli, baritone; George Raudenbusch, violinist, and Meta Schumann, pianist, as the artists.

There were delightful duets by Mr. and Mrs. Bonelli which opened and closed the program; also a group number for each of these talented singers. Mrs. Bonelli sang the lovely "Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; "Serenade" and "Welcome Vision," by Strauss and "Chansonette," by Burgess. Mr. Bonelli contributed Tchaikovsky's "No Sighing, Beloved," "Carozes," by Dobson; "Pale Moon," by Logau, and "Danny Deever."

Mme. Bogislav, picturesque and charming, sang character songs in Gaelic, Danish, Italian, Spanish and English, and a song from the Argentine. Her method and manner are original and captivating, and one wonders which is the more attractive, the little foreword she gives or the song.

Mr. Raudenbusch wielded a pleasant bow in his violin offering of a "Minuet," by Porpora-Kreisler, and a "Prelude," by Bach-Kreisler; a Brahms "Waltz," "Etude," for violin alone, by Spiering, and "Waves at Play," by Grasse. Miss Schumann made an excellent accompanist.

The New York Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Coates began his concert with the New York Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with the new transcription for orchestra by Sir Edward Elgar of Bach's fugue in C minor, a transcription that has aroused a good deal of interest in England, and was played yesterday for the first time in America.

The bottling of old wine in new bottles is a process with which Elgar is not unfamiliar and at which he has resorted in this transcription with much gusto. The fugue itself is an insipid one, in the rhythm and melodic character of its principal subject, as well as of certain of its episodes. Elgar has used the full modern orchestra in bringing out all this character as emphatically as possible, with all sorts of brilliant color. The first expositions are solidly made by the string orchestra. Before he gets far he is using tambores, triangle, drums, some quick little runs for trumpet and then piccolo.

All sounds very imposing. Bach himself, in his quieter, old-fashioned way, was an inveterate colorist, an ingenious seeker after instrumental effects; and all his compositions in which he uses the orchestra are full of such effects. It would be rash to say that he would have disapproved of Elgar's attempt at brightening up his fugue, which is for the most part successful. It impressed the audience, at any rate, deeply, and there was much applause.

There was a change in the program from what was originally announced. Instead of the Pulovitsian dances from Borodin's opera of "Prince Igor" was played Liadoff's "Kikimora," a symphonic poem describing the nature and doings of a little sprite of Russian folk-lore, called by the program note a "feminine prototype," of Till Eulenspiegel, whose energies are largely devoted to the perpetration of malicious pranks upon unlucky mortals. The description of her makes her seem more like an ill-natured feminine Puck. The music depicts her mischievous doings picturesquely, with special emphasis upon the xylophone; but it would be better not to extend the comparison with Till Eulenspiegel to the piece itself, though Liadoff has written amusingly.

The soloist was Miss Florence Easton, who sang "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" in admirable style, with splendor and power of voice, with imposing breadth and finish of style, with a diction that made every word intelligible—the text being, of course, the original English. The air is one of the problems that it is given to few artists to solve.

What Miss Easton did with it is enough to put her in a rank by herself. She followed with a performance of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," also in English, that in many ways was extremely fine.

The symphony with which the concert was closed was Beethoven's seventh, that Mr. Coates played not long ago.

Mme. Schnitzer and Mr. Schmuller.

In the Town Hall Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, and Alexander Schmuller, violinist, both recently heard here separately, gave a joint recital, that had some interesting features. Mme. Schnitzer played Schumann's "Carnaval" as her most important number, with the brilliancy, facility and fine quality of tone that one knows in her playing; also a prelude and the "Serious Variations" of Mendelssohn, a Barcarolle by Rachmaninoff, Liszt's Tarentelle.

Mr. Schmuller contributed a sonata by the eighteenth century French composer Scarlatti; Max Reger's sonata for violin alone in A, Op. 42, and for the first time in America a ballade in F minor by Kryjankowsky. This last seemed very long and somewhat rambling in its

structure. The violinist is kept almost incessantly at work; and while there are musical ideas in the piece not without charm and poetical suggestiveness, they are presented in a manner that seems to make less of them than they deserve. Mr. Schmuller played it with great seriousness of style, with excellent tone and purity of intonation, and as the excellent artist that he showed himself to be last year.

GUILD CONCERTS OPEN.

International Composers Series Starts at Village Theatre.

The International Composers Guild opened last evening an interesting series of three subscription concerts of new music at the Greenwich Village Theatre, presenting on this occasion unfamiliar works by Whithorne and Gruenberg, Goossens, Honegger, Malipiero, and others already known by Casella and Pizzetti. Chamber music, piano pieces and songs, all appropriate to an intimate house, were among the novelties of the "International seven."

A second list, on March 19, will include compositions of Lord Berners, Mcsrs. Berg, Bliss, Engel, Kodaly, Kramer, Schmitt and Stravinsky. Of last night's composers, Mr. Gruenberg himself played his "Seventeen Polychrome Pieces" for piano. The Bachmann String Quartet gave Mr. Whithorne's "Three Greek Impressions" and also accompanied Greta Torpadie in three soprano airs from the Parisian Honegger's "Easter in New York." There were songs with piano by the three Italians, one of which, Malipiero's "Ariette," was a "first time" here, and in conclusion a sonata by Goossens for piano and violin, played by Gruenberg and Andre Polah.

By H. E. Krehbiel

The most notable feature of the concert by the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, in respect of excellence of performance, was the singing by Florence Easton, of the cello and air from Weber's "Oberon" and the dying song of Isolde from Wagner's love drama. She sang both in English. Of the first every word was intelligible; of the second, scarcely half a dozen; the whole thing might as well have been Chactax. No doubt the lady strove as zealously for the enunciation and diction of the words set by Wagner as with those set by Weber, for of all the artists connected with the Metropolitan Opera House she is the most persistent and consistent in the pursuit of artistic ideals. Some of the difference in effect was due to the fact that the words from "Oberon" were sung in the language to which they were composed by Weber, and presented a series of thoughts and images which the minds of the listeners could grasp, while those from "Tristan and Isolde" were sung in a translation, and even in the original air a "lot of novel phrases of a transcendental kind" which yield their meaning only to laborious mental application.

Translation naturally makes them more involved. But even in the opera we catch only one word in two and are content with the knowledge that Isolde is singing her heart out, and when she does it as finely as Miss Easton did yesterday is simply adding one voice to the ecstatic outpouring of the orchestra which gives the final transfiguration to the passion of the lovers.

Conductors Fond of Sonorities

There have been conductors, it is true, who have had more consideration for the vocal part than Mr. Coates showed yesterday, have been helped moreover by the fact that the orchestra was not so wholly in the open in the theater as it is on the concert stage, and consequently a little less overwhelming, but the conviction that "all passions, all delights" must be expressed in sonorities that stun like Niagara's roar, which obsesses our conductors, is also taking possession of the public, and the steam fog horn threatens soon to become a necessary agent in our music-making companies. The incalculable privilege of hearing three orchestras rolled into one big band is promised us a week from tonight. To make the show complete, as a patroness of music observed at a recent chamber concert, five conductors ought to appear in a quintuple trapeze act.

To be sure, for the sake of the "big" enlisted in the service for disservice) of the classics, the concert began with a transcription made by Sir Edward Elgar of a fugue in C minor by Bach. The transcription, we were informed, was made to illustrate some principles of orchestration which had been mooted in an amicable discussion between Sir Edward and Dr. Richard Strauss. In proof of their respective contentions the men agreed to orchestrate a Bach fugue. Whether or not Strauss did so the story does not say, but Elgar selected a fugue in C minor and lavished upon it the fruits of his ripe experience. "Lavished" indeed! We heard the fugue played by the usual viols, supplemented by flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons (these in pairs), piccolo, English horn, bass clarinet, contra bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, tympani, side drum, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, bells and two harps. We have heard the music of Bach and Handel when without the addition of a single instrument it sounded "as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunders." Sir Edward made the fugue sound occasionally like the crack of doom.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony Again

The other instrumental numbers were Liadoff's delightfully whimsical and picturesque "Kikimora," which the Russian Symphony Orchestra introduced to us, we believe, many years ago and the Boston Orchestra played on December 3 last, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which has now had six performances in New York inside of three weeks. Mr. Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Society have given us three performances of Schubert's Symphony in C within a week. Evidently the practicable symphonic list is not commensurate with the number of symphonic concerts given in New York or the conductors think our public in need of intensive education. Though "Kikimora," by the way, sounded a bit incongruous between Weber and Wagner (it replaced some dance music by Borodin originally announced) it was exquisitely performed and heartily enjoyed and did not in the least suggest the demoniac creation embodied in the term; for originally Kikimora means a nightmare. She is a Marukhi, who sits by the stove at night and spins mischief. She has for a companion the cat whose purrings we read of in innumerable Russian fairy tales. Liadoff's delineation is eerie and whimsical and demoniac enough, but never goes beyond the bounds of music.

Miss Rubinstein,

Miss Erna Rubinstein, violinist, who recently made her debut at a philharmonic concert, was heard in recital last evening in Town Hall. Her program included the Bruch G minor concerto, Paganini's variations on the G string and Vieuxtemps's "Ballade and Polonaise." The impressions made at Miss Rubinstein's first appearance were deepened last night, and one was corrected. The uncertain acoustics of the hall in which she was previously heard made her tone seem comparatively small, whereas it was shown last evening to be large and in so far as the G string was concerned really massive.

Miss Rubinstein has a splendidly developed bow arm with an elastic and sensitive wrist which is a tower of artistic strength in itself. She produces not only a large, but a beautiful tone from her instrument, and her gradations of force are admirably managed. Her phrasing shows taste, and, combined with a keen sense of rhythm, imparts to her playing a rich musical quality too frequently missing in the performances of youthful players.

One does not need to take Miss Rubinstein's years into account when listening to her. To be sure her playing will undoubtedly sound greater depths when she has known more of the experiences of the artist, but at present it is soundly musical, opulent in warmth of the surface and brilliant in technical mastery. Her performance of the slow movement of the Bruch concerto was exceptionally beautiful in repose, finish and justness of conception.

VIOLINIST IN JOINT RECITAL.

Alexander Schmuller Appears With Mme. Germaine Schnitzer.

Alexander Schmuller, violinist, was heard here for the first time this season in a joint recital with Mme. Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. The program showed an attempt, especially on the part of the violinist, to bring forward some compositions not heard here nearly every week. He played an old 18th century sonata, in G minor by Jean Baptiste Scarlatti. This composer, a one time member of the band of Louis XV., was one of the best French violinists of his time. Of the school of Corelli in his training, as a performer, so his compositions show the same influence. His old sonata proved to be delightfully in-

teresting. Mr. Schmuller played further Reger's sonata in A, opus 42, for violin alone, a "Ballade," in F minor, which was heard for the first time in this country, by Kryjankowsky. Ysaye's transcription of Saint-Saens's "Caprice en forme de Valse," and his own arrangement of a "Caprice" by Paganini. Mme. Schnitzer, who has appeared here several times this season, included Schumann's "Carnival" among her numbers, also Rachmaninov's "Barcarolle." The playing of both musicians was artistic and brilliant. The audience was large.

SECOND BALLAD CONCERT.

The second in the current series of Frederic Warren's ballad concerts took place last night at the Selwyn Theater. As is customary at these entertainments an interesting program was given. Mme. Ruano Bogislav sang Blaise Pascal's song "Glovinettin" (given in Italian), also songs by Heise and Staunton and some of the various folksongs in which she specializes so successfully. Richard Bonelli, baritone, and Mme. Pauline Bonelli, soprano, had each a group of solos and together several duets with one, the final number in the list, being a manuscript composition by Walter Golde entitled "The Garden of Tomorrow." Miss Meta Schumann and Mr. Golde were at the piano as needed by the different artists. The concert had dash and artistic spirit. It was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

MME. HEMPEL IN RECITAL.

Mme. Frieda Hempel, soprano, and Titta Ruffo, barytone, gave a joint recital last night in the Hippodrome. This was the distinguished barytone's only concert appearance here this season. The two singers gave a very attractive program. Mme. Hempel's beautiful voice and finished skill were heard first, with flute obbligato, in Adams's variations on a Mozart theme—sung in place of the "Sonnambula" air announced in the printed list—and as an encore in Lieurance's charming song "By the Water of Minnetonka." Her numbers further were Benedetti's "Carnival of Venice" aria with flute obbligato and four songs—Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Grieg's "Solveg's Song" and Ardit's "Il Bacio." Mr. Ruffo thrilled his hearers by the richness and power of his tones in an air from Thomas's "Hamlet" in the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen," and in the lyrics, "November," by Tremisoli and "Reliquario," by Dados. The list closed with a duet from "Rigoletto." Coenraad Bos was at the piano for Mme. Hempel and Charles Gilbert Spross for Mr. Ruffo. Louis Fritze was the flutist. The audience was large.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition.)

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Most of the music that the Philharmonic Orchestra played at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was familiar. Beginning with the "Freischuetz" overture, Mr. Mengelberg chose to challenge the attention more with the excellence of his conducting and his hand's playing than with the novelty of his material.

Least familiar was Ravel's choreographic poem, "La Valse," which had been introduced to New York ears last week. A second hearing of this work rather confirms the impression that it is better than its programme. "A troubled apotheosis" of the waltz, H. T. Parker calls it. The characterization is apt and sufficient. Beginning with a dim and hesitant introduction, through which gleam fragmentary phrases in triple time, the music progresses through a series of waltzes, each a little more strained in its gaiety than the last, until the menacing undertone that has underlain all this sensuous rhythm breaks forth in a desperate bacchanalia that is less a dance than a flight.

Programmatic references to Vienna after the war and similar specific instances of despairing revelry are too journalistic for this fascinating music.

It is all of these things and more—a work of poisonous and sardonic beauty, a rare and true example of irony in music. Mozart's violin concerto in A major, which followed it, was a startling contrast in its innocence and almost Polyannish cheerfulness. Helen Teschner Tas played it with persuasive charm and a cool beauty of tone that became it well.

Strauss's "Don Juan" closed the programme, notably conducted by Mr. Mengelberg. His reading had all the transparency that Dr. Strauss gave it last fall at his own concerts, but had much more vigor, brilliance, and rhythmic variety. The orchestra played superbly throughout the afternoon and obviously was as much impressed by Mengelberg's conducting

as the audience. He made the men stand in acknowledgment of his auditors' noisy approval after the "Don Juan" performance, and one enjoyed the experience of seeing the conductor applaud the orchestra while audience and orchestra applauded the conductor.

NEW MUSIC.

Last night at the Greenwich Village Theatre the International Composers' Guild gave a concert of contemporary music. The programme, which was long and varied, included Emerson Whithorne's "Three Greek Impressions" for string quartet, Louis Gruenberg's two "Polychrome" series of short piano pieces songs by Casella, Malipiero and Pizzetti, two "Fragments" for contralto and string quartet by Alfred Honegger, and Eugene Goossens's sonata for violin and piano.

Greta Torpadie sang the Italian songs with artistry and an accuracy of intonation that were a tribute to her musicianship in view of the difficulties imposed by the composers. The Casella offering, "O toi, supreme accomplissement de la vie" sounded affected and laboriously dissonant. Malipiero's "Ariette" was better, and Pizzetti's two, particularly "I Pastori Pastori," were decidedly worth while. Pizzetti, of all the young Italian composers, seems to have something real to say and to be least preoccupied with the means of expression. Carlos Salzedo deserted his habitual harp long enough to play excellent piano accompaniments to the group.

Mr. Gruenberg played his own piano pieces, several of which had color and spontaneity. A descriptive bit, "Mexican Quarters at El Paso," was particularly good. The Honegger pieces were well played and sung without arriving anywhere in particular, while the Goossens sonata had impressive moments. The work as a whole seems to reflect a certain indecision on the composer's part as to whether to be tuneful or impressionistic, with a resultant compromise that is hardly satisfying. The Whithorne pieces, unfortunately, were not heard.

The concert was not one of unmixed merit, and some of the music would hardly be worth hearing twice. It was all worth hearing once, however, and the musical personalities represented were diverse enough to keep the hearers from boredom. An interesting experiment and a creditable beginning. The guild will give a similar concert on March 19 at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

Erna Rubinstein Arouses

Audience by Her Brilliance

Erna Rubinstein played with such marvellous brilliance at the Town Hall yesterday evening that the audience seemed repeatedly about to interrupt with applause; and when she finished Bruch's stirring violin concerto the feeling of excited admiration was so intense that a man in the rear of the audience jumped to his feet and shouted in triumph—and it seemed quite a natural thing to do.

Here is a healthy, self-possessed child who seems to be about twelve years of age and is already completely aware of the beauty of tone in movement—modulating and graduating in expression. And, being aware, she delights in producing beautiful tones and setting them moving on rhythms that are fit. Her technique seems to be unlimited.

Willem Mengelberg introduced her to America and perhaps he had a hand in building her first programme. She opened with Handel-Hubay's Larghetto in magnificent tones, but now and then a tremolo appeared which suggested sentimentalizing. Then Mengelberg leaped out of a box and smiled encouragingly at her and the tremolo disappeared. It was nervousness.

There was no nervousness later in the concerto. And no sentimentalizing in Wilhelmj's transcription of Chopin's nocturne in E flat, which followed it. That is one of the surprising things about Erna Rubinstein. She seems to have not only a sense of the beauty in music but an understanding of its meaning.

TWO VIOLINISTS IN DEBUT.

Rene Benedetti, From Europe, and
Florence Bryant.

Rene Benedetti, violinist, a son of Italian parents at Toulon, France, and a prize-winner four years since at the Paris Conservatoire, made an American debut last evening at Carnegie Hall, assisted at the piano by Frank Bibb. Mr. Benedetti, a youth of sturdy build, plays with force and fire, often roughly, but with evident natural aptitude for his instrument. Besides Saint-Saens's B-minor concerto, with which he began, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hymn to the Sun," he played Paganini's "Witches' Dance," the Tartini "Devil's Trill," arranged by Kreisler and a "Caprice" by Ysaye based on Saint-Saens's "Etude in the Form of a Waltz."

Florence Bryant, who made her bow as violinist at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Francis Moore, is an intelligent and cultivated player, slender and somewhat angular, more skilled as yet in musical comprehension than in physical control for its expression. She played the wisely chosen sonata of Frank, pieces by Beethoven, Schumann and Sarasate, a showy concerto of d'Ambrosio and two adaptations by Kreisler.

Rene Benedetti Reveals A Silken Violin Tone

Rene Benedetti, a young French violinist, created a favorable impression when he made his first appearance in America last evening at Carnegie Hall. A personable youth, he has the suave and silken tone, the elegance and finesse of the French school of violin playing. His technique is well developed and his execution facile. In Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor he displayed marked authority, and he brought the freshness and spontaneity of youth to thrice familiar music. The effectiveness of his performance of this work was enhanced by Frank Bibb's excellent playing of the piano part. Other numbers on the program were Tartini-Kreisler's "Devil's Trill" Sonata and pieces by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Paganini and Saint-Saens-Ysaye.

In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall Miss Florence Bryant, another violinist gave a recital. The immaturity of her performance left a doubt in the minds of her hearers as to the advisability of her undertaking. Cesar Franck's Sonata and d'Ambrosio's Concerto in B minor were the features of her program.

Rene Benedetti, violinist, gave his first recital in this country last evening at Carnegie Hall. Born at Toulon, France, of Italian parentage he made his public debut at the age of 11, when as the soloist he played Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso" with the Colonne Orchestra under Gabriel Pierné. He received his musical training from Edouard Nadaud at the Conservatoire, and it was on this field in 1918 that the young violinist came forth as a first prize winner.

Last night, with Frank Bibb at the piano, he gave an attractive program, comprising Saint-Saens's concerto in B minor and Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata arranged by Kreisler as the principal numbers. He followed these with Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hymn to the Sun," the "Witches' Dance" of Saint-Saens and Ysaye's transcription of Saint-Saens's "Caprice en forme de Valse."

The violinist's performance disclosed many merits and brought him great success with his large audience.

At the close of the first number—the Saint-Saens concerto—the applause became a genuine ovation. He is handsome, calm and reposeful. His delivery contained a beautiful tone and admirable finger work. His bowing in certain passages could have been a little more flexible, but he was generally able to accomplish with ease the recognized feats of violin technique.

In the French music of Saint-Saens his phrasing, incisive rhythm and correct intonation were delightful, and in the classic Tartini score his tone was generally pure, his taste and feeling good and his style correct.

Mr. Benedetti was fortunate in his successful appearance, as he also was in having the valuable support of Mr. Bibb. In the brilliant French concerto the loss of orchestral support so often detrimental in recital was not really felt.

OPERA SOPRANO IN RECITAL.

Miss Maria Ivogun Heard by Large Audience.

Miss Maria Ivogun, soprano, a member of the Chicago Opera Company, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. In Germany and Austria Miss Ivogun's recitals are famous, and when she sings all seats are sold. The news of her home triumphs had reached this city, and she was heard yesterday by a large audience. Her program began with the once familiar air of the page in "Les Huguenots." This was followed by Mozart's "Re Pastore" air, for which Andre Polak played the violin obbligato. A group of songs by Brahms was next, and after them came miscellaneous

lyrics, including even one by Mr. Mengelberg, the distinguished conductor. Ardit's vocal waltz, "Paria," ended the list. Miss Ivogun's singing might be made the subject of an extended discussion of the art of vocal interpretation, but that must be deferred. Her fine intelligence, her sensitive feeling for the right accent, the right amount of force, the right acceleration or retardation, proved her to be a singer whose interpretative gifts and accomplishments were of an unusually high order.

Her skill in interpretation is undoubtedly what makes her famous in the Teutonic countries. Unfortunately, yesterday she was not true to the pitch in her singing. She seemed not so much to lose touch with the piano as to be unable to intone intervals correctly. Most of the time she sang sharp. It may have been that she was not in good vocal condition, though there was nothing in the quality of her tone to reveal it. What seemed more likely was that she strayed from the pitch because she had acquired a questionable method of tone placement.

It is a pity that a singer with such a beautiful voice and such dramatic insight should permit her art to be marred by false intonation. But this is a defect which is regarded more seriously here than in her own country. Walter Golde supplied excellent accompaniments yesterday.

YOUNG VIOLINIST PLAYS.

Miss Florence Bryant, violinist, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall with the assistance of Francis Moore at the piano. In Cesar Franck's A major sonata for violin and piano and the B minor concerto of d'Ambrosio she disclosed a large, resonant tone, a well schooled technique, fine musical feeling and some idea of style. Of the finer shadings of her art she gave but a limited amount. As she is young and talented more study and experience may give more spirit and fire to her playing where now there is a tendency toward monotony. She had a large and friendly audience.

NEW YORK TRIO PLAYS.

The New York Trio, whose members are Scipione Guld, violin; Cornellius Van Vleet, cello, and Clarence Adler, piano, gave its second concert of the season last evening in Aeolian Hall. This excellent organization, now in its third season, offers programs of fine variety, which are admirably given, and large audiences attend the concerts. Last night its rule held good in each respect. The compositions heard were the two trios, Beethoven's in C minor, opus 1, no. 3, and Dvorak's "Dumky" trio, and between these two Rubinstein's sonata, opus 18, in D major, for cello and piano.

By Deems Taylor

Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.

Maria Ivogun, who deserted the Chicago Opera Company long enough to give a song recital in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, contrives to be an interesting singer in spite of the fact that she is a bad vocalist. Her voice is a soprano one of large range, flexibility and considerable natural beauty, but her vocal method is faulty in the extreme. Her high notes lack power, and in the effort to give them strength she often forces them out of pitch; she "swoops" up to her higher register; she slides excessively from one note to another; she abuses the use of mezza voce, and her diction is muddy.

Yet, oddly enough, Mme. Ivogun managed to keep a fair sized audience attentive and edified yesterday afternoon. Her great virtues are intelligence, musicianship and stage-craft. She grasps the artistic import of what she sings, she has an almost perfect command of rhythm and phrasing, and she knows how to communicate what she feels. For all its vagrant pitch and unyielding tone color, her singing of the Mozart aria, "Il Re Pastore" had true classic repose and mood. A Brahms group had uneven merits, but two of its numbers at least, "Meine Liebe ist Grün" and "Wiegenlied" reached high levels of artistic achievement.

At Aeolian Hall Florence Bryant played Cesar Franck's violin sonata, d'Ambrosio's concerto in B minor, and pieces by Schumann, Beethoven, Sarasate and Kreisler. Her technique was fair, but she is too undeveloped a player to appear in public.

The opera at the Metropolitan was Giordano's "Andre Chenier," with an excellent cast, well conducted by Mr. Moranzoni. When this work was produced by the Metropolitan last year it sounded singularly unimpressive. The fact that we have since been vouchsafed a hearing of "La Navarraise," "Ernani" and "Le Roi d'Ys" may have something to do with the

case. But "Andre Chenier" does not prove a bit with age. The libretto is interesting, for one thing, and Giordano's music, while it obstinately refuses to be anything more than a synthetic product, is at least well put together. There are some romantic climaxes, the love music is pretty, if undistinguished, and the little choruses of shepherdesses in the first act is wholly delightful.

The singing was good last night. Mr. Danise as Gerard sang with splendid spirit and color and acted much more convincingly than he has wont. Mr. Gigli sang the title role beautifully and made a rather appealing young poet until he fell into his bad old trick of stepping out of the picture to sing at the audience. Miss Muzio's Madeleine was a magnificent performance, a bit frenetic for a French Countess, perhaps, but immensely effective for all that, and one of great vocal opulence. The rest of the cast included Kathleen Howard, Mario Laurenti, Adamo Didur and Angelo Bada. All were adequate or better.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Manon" was presented by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The name part was to have been in the care of Miss Claire Dux, but the indisposition which prevented her from singing Nedda in "Poliacci" last week continued and she was again unable to appear. Her place was well filled by Miss Edith Mason. This soprano seemed much more happily situated in Massenet's work than in some of the Italian operas in which she has sung this season. She lacked something of the lightness and sinuosity associated with the traditional Manon, but her voice proved to be excellently suited to the music, which she sang with intelligence, grace and sentiment. There were even utterances of real dramatic passion.

Two Schipa was the Des Grieux. In this case the element of unadaptability was the voice itself, which, like that of Mr. Caruso, was too heavy for the part. But there was so much genuine warmth in his delivery that he made his music effective. He quite aroused the audience with the dream and still more with "Fugue, donne image."

Mr. Maguerat was the Lescaut. This admirable artist never does anything inefficiently. His is not one of the great voices of the operatic world, but he possesses in an unusual degree the art of character composition. He knows how to create that subtle combination of make up, costume, manner, action and vocal style which produces a clearly marked individualization of a role.

Paul Payan was an excellent father, the elder Des Grieux. He had knowledge of the style and he acted with judgment. Octave Dua made an amusing sketch of the small part, De Bretigny. The opera was given with the "Cours le Reine," scene, which was restored a season ago at the Metropolitan and afterward removed again. The incidental dances by Serge Oukrainsky, Mile. Shermon and the ballet received much applause. Gabriel Grovlez conducted.

Feb 22 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Oratorio Society in a New Path.

The Oratorio Society, under Mr. Albert Stoessel, undertook an experiment last evening that diverted it somewhat from the path it has trod industriously ever since its formation. It gave a concert entirely devoted to unaccompanied choruses except for one composition in which the accompaniment was of an unusual nature. This was Mr. Stoessel's own setting of Whitman's poem, "Beat! Beat! Drums," for mixed chorus, four trumpets, snare drum and three kettle drums. Miss Eva Ganther was the soloist and contributed a large number of unfamiliar songs.

Choral singing without accompaniment is a difficult art by itself, not necessarily unconnected with singing with an accompaniment, but needing a special practice and a special point of view. The Oratorio Society has been inducted into their special function by Mr. Stoessel with no small degree of success. Its singing last evening was marked by finish, rhythmical quality, flexible phrasing and by an adherence to the pitch that was commendable. Less commendable, especially in the pieces in the ecclesiastical style by Palestrina and Victoria, was a certain lack of purity and fineness of tone; and in such pieces purity and fineness of tone are particularly necessary. They were the "Sanctus" from the "Missa Papae Marcelli," and a motet, "Jesu dulcis Memoria." Three chorales by Bach were vigorously sung. An especially interesting group composed three Russian Church pieces: Rachmanoff's "O Come Let Us Worship" and "Laud Ye the Name of the Lord," in which two diverse strains re-

By Richard Aldrich.

"Manon" by the Chicago Company.

MANON, opera in five acts. Book in French by Melhac and Gille, after the novel by Abbe Prevost. Music by Jules Massenet. At the Manhattan Opera House. The Count des Grieux.....Paul Payan
Chevalier des Grieux.....Til Schipa
Manon Lescaut.....Edith Mason
Lescaut.....Alfred Maguenat
Guillette de Morfontaine.....Octave Dua
De Bretigny.....Desire Defriere
Foussette.....Alice D'Hermonay
Rosette.....Philine Falco
Javotte.....Frances Paperte
Servant to Manon.....Eliane de Valois
Two Guards.....Jean De Keyser, Giuseppe Minerva
Conductor.....Garniel Grovlez

The suitability of the Manhattan Opera House for the French "Opera Comique" and for Massenet's "Manon" in particular was again demonstrated last evening when the Chicago Opera Company gave that work for the first time on its present visit. The piece and its successive pictures seemed in the right frame. The dialogue—and a good many of the spoken words can be left in when the opera is given in such a place—was quite intelligible, and so were in many places the words that were sung.

It was a performance of much spirit and of real charm. Mr. Gabriel Grovlez conducted it, sometimes perhaps with a rather heavy hand, but at least in a way to keep the movement and the dramatic expression alive. The mounting was unusually good, appropriate and picturesque.

The opera was given with the scene of the "Cours la Reine" in the third act and the omission of the scene in the Paris gambling house. The omission is no doubt somewhat injurious from the dramatic point of view as it leaves something in the course of the events in the lives of Manon and Des Grieux to the spectators' imagination. But it substitutes for it a piquant, brilliant and melodious scene that is calculated to cheer and please the operatic audience.

Mme. Edith Mason made a Manon in many ways charming; in vocal ways, for she sang the music admirably, and in dramatic, making the part sympathetic and intelligible. She was perhaps a little mature in appearance for the young girl just out of the convent, but that is a fate, as concerns her interpreters, that Manon has to share with numerous other romantic heroines.

Tito Schipa sang extremely well and presented a prepossessing appearance as Des Grieux. Alfred Maguenat was wholly in the character as the negligent Lescaut, a finely artistic interpretation by a singing actor of accomplished powers. A very excellent small bit of comedy was put into the first act by Octave Dua as the inconsequential Guillette de Morfontaine.

Maria Ivogun's Song Recital.

Maria Ivogun, the Hungarian soprano who came to New York with the Chicago Opera Company and has also been heard here in concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra, gave a recital of her own yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. There was much interest in it and a large number of distinguished musicians were present.

The charm of Miss Ivogun's voice and style has already been grasped by operatic and concert audiences, and it was well in evidence yesterday afternoon again. The Town Hall is a favorable place for a voice so small as hers and shows its beauty and delicacy in a favorable light.

Miss Ivogun possesses, as not many now possess, the secret of singing Mozart, and yesterday her interpretation of the air with violin-obbligato from "Il Re Pastore" was a reiteration of this fact. She showed an understanding of the pure legato, the equable and balanced phrase, and there was, in fact, exposition of "style" in her performance that is none too commonly heard. Mr. René Pollak played the obbligato skillfully.

She began with the air "Nobles Seigneurs," from the first act of "Les Huguenots," with which she also showed familiarity. The rest of the program was devoted to German Lieder by Brahms, Mendelssohn, Pfizner and Mengelberg; songs in English, and Ardit's brilliant waltz "Paria." In the songs her range of expression is necessarily somewhat limited, but within that range she presents a charming characterization. Brahms's "Da Unten im Thale," with the folk song character, was much enjoyed, and her singing of Mendelssohn's "Frühlingstied" pleased so much that she was called upon to repeat it. Unfamiliar was a long descriptive song by Hans Pfizner in which the folk spirit also prevails, along with a bit of amusing dramatization. Another unfamiliar song was Willem Mengelberg's "Nelken," with a strain of Viennese waltz in it. These Miss Ivogun sang with much charm.

She had considerable trouble with some of her higher tones in louder passages, when these tones were frequently sharp. This difficulty has appeared in some of her previous singing, but not, we believe, so markedly as it did yesterday. Mr. Golde played Miss Ivogun's accompaniments artistically.

"Andre Chenier" Sung Again.

Giordano's "Andre Chenier" was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening. Its Parisian scenes from gay to grave being followed with interest by the social Monday assembly. Mr. Gigli sang the revolutionary piece and Miss Muzio the heroine, while Miss Howard, Messrs. Danise, Didur and a large cast assisted under Mr. Moranzoni's direction.

There was a satisfactory result with a particularly effective result and Tscherep-nin's setting of the Beatitudes. There are also a chorus "In These Delightful Pleasant Groves" from Purcell's music to "The Libertine"; a setting of "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," by Philip James, a young New York composer; H. Balfour Gardiner's "Sir Eglamore," Cecil Forsyth's "The New Dawn," its first performance; R. Athaniel Dett's "folk song scene," for solo (sung by Ernest Davis) and fixed chorus, entitled "Music in the Line" and Mr. Stoessel's Whitman setting.

Miss Eva Gauthier's solos were all quite out of the usual line of soprano solos. She sang them with much refinement of expression and art in delivery; a refinement such as to prompt the wish that she were being heard in a smaller hall better adapted for such things. Much might be said of them; one thing would be to query the propriety of putting strange and uncomfortable harmonies to such folk songs as "L'Amour de May" and "O Dear, What Can the Matter Be," as in Vaughan Williams' and Arnold Bax's arrangements of them.

The program was varied and interesting and the performance good. Yet the audience was not of a size to suggest that "a cappella" singing can gain a much wider public favor than the singing of oratorios and cantatas.

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Jules Massenet, followed by Grovlez's ballet, "La Fete a Robinson." By members of the Chicago Opera Company.

The Cast.

Jean Mary Garden
Bon Hector Dufranne
The Prior Paul Payan
The Monk Port Octave Dua
The Monk Painter William Beck
The Monk Sculptor Constantin Nicolay
The Monk Musician Desire Defrere
Conductor Giorgio Polacco

Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with General Director Mary Garden in the role of Jean, received its only presentation during the Chicago Opera Company's present visit here at the Manhattan last evening. In one of her most successful impersonations as actress and singer Miss Garden again made irresistible appeal by her pathetic yet charming portrayal of the little juggler, who finally in the miracle scene sings and dances himself to a glorified death before the image of the Blessed Virgin.

Mr. Dufranne as a familiar Boniface won applause for his fine singing of the "Sage Bush" legend. Paul Payan was the Prior and Messrs. Dua, Beck, Nicolay and Defrere were the Poet, Painter, Sculptor and Musician. The performance under Mr. Polacco's baton was spirited and very enjoyable. A feature in the first act was a pair of goats in their pen, well to the front on the left side of the stage. They amused themselves browsing in their bed of hay and when tired lay quietly down and went to sleep.

Following the opera Mr. Grovlez, at the desk, led for the second time his new ballet "La Fete a Robinson." The work's charming French music, rich in captivating waltz themes, was again much engaged, and so was the brilliant stage setting in which Mlle. Shermont, Pavley and Oukrahnsky were the ballet stars. The audience was of good size.

Rose Florence Heard in Song Recital in Aeolian Hall

Rose Florence is an excellent singer—not simply a vocalist who conducts a voice smoothly from one good tone to another to please an ear, but also an artist who communicates feeling as naturally as if singing were a usual manner of communication. At her recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall she composed attention about the words of each song and the contents of the words until they seemed worth reciting even if there had been no melody to support them. Her voice, intoning beautifully, seemed to caress the syllables of Lott's "Pur dicesti, O bocca bella," and her face reflected the feeling. And she sang Schumann's sombre "Ich Grolle Nicht," and Gluck's aria "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice," so well, both of them, that they have probably not been done by any one else with any better effect. She also sang John Alden Carpenter's fine settings of two "Night Songs" with words by Sassoon.

Play Rimsky-Korsakoff Piece.

Artur Bodanzky directed the Philharmonic Orchestra in its Metropolitan Opera House concert last night and chose a program for the occasion of considerable interest and variety.

The Fourth Symphony of Brahms, with its smooth melodies and rounded phrases, furnished an excellent foundation for the selections that followed. Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite of musical pictures, "The Tale of Tsar Saltan," was perhaps the most enjoyable number of the evening, its delightful tunes and bizarre harmonies making one hope to hear some day the composer's opera of that name. The concert closed with a vigorous performance of Carl Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture.

Letz Quartet

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The third subscription concert of the Letz Quartet took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was promised that David Stanley Smith's "Gregorian Quartet," produced at the Pittsfield Chamber Music Festival last fall, would be performed for the first time in this city; but for some reason not made public it was set aside and the Brahms sextet in G major for two violins, two violas and two cellos was played. The other number on the list was Schubert's quintet for two violins, viola and two cellos.

Possibly the distinguished assistance obtained by the organization was the moving cause in the change, for the cellist added to the force of the quartet was no less a personage than the famous virtuoso Pablo Casals. The second viola player was Hugo Kortschak. Whether Prof. Smith's composition would have given pleasure to the audience or not, it is certain that the Brahms work did. This second sextet of the great composer dates from 1866. It is already fifty-six years old and music lovers are well aware of the fact that only creations of genius can live that long without betraying age.

But this piece of chamber music is perennially youthful. One might write of it as Byron wrote of the sea: "Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow." Its beautiful, melodic ideas, its clear and logical developments and its masterly use of the six instruments exhibit all the perfections of Brahms's unsurpassed chamber music methods.

The performance of the composition last evening was praiseworthy though not faultless. Mr. Casals is no beginner in chamber music, and as usual he identified himself admirably with the ensemble. The delivery of all the flowing and cantabile pages of the sextet by the six musicians was excellent in clarity, smoothness and balance.

But in all passages demanding largeness of tone and energy of style there were too much rudeness and opacity. Nor was the interpretation of the composition as warm and commanding as it should have been. The reading lacked spontaneity. It betrayed effort and it sounded often labored. But despite these shortcomings the splendid value of the work was made known and the audience was moved to long continued applause.

The Schubert quintet was an appropriate sequel to the sextet. Its greater simplicity in thought and construction, its felicity of modulation, furnished a pleasing contrast. No musician of today wonders at the enthusiasm with which the violinist David introduced Schubert's chamber music to the ears of his time nor the joyous praises which Schumann never tired of uttering. Altogether the concert of last evening was a delight and doubtless Prof. Smith's prize quartet will lose nothing by waiting for a later hearing.

Two singers invited public attention yesterday afternoon. In Town Hall Miss Louise Vermont, contralto, gave a recital which was interesting by reason of her sincerity and the gifts of insight and intelligence she revealed. Her program was extremely difficult, embracing important songs of Schubert and Schumann's great cycle "Frauen liebe und Leben." Only interpreters of the first rank can achieve success with such a work. Miss Vermont showed understanding and feeling, but the resources of her voice and art were somewhat too heavily taxed in this and most of her other numbers. Conrad Bos played her accompaniments well.

In Aeolian Hall Miss Rose Florence gave a recital with the aid of Walter Golde at the piano. She also offered an ambitious programme with which she found herself burdened. Her audience, which was large, was liberal with its applause.

EUPHONIC TRIO PLEASES.

Large Audience Enjoys Musical Program at First Recital.

The Euphonic Trio, Em E. Smith, violinist; G'zelma Crosby, violoncellist, and Alice H. Nichols, pianist, gave their first recital of the season last evening at the American Institute of Applied Music to a capacity audience.

An attractive program of chamber music had been prepared which included Trio No. 6, Haydn; Beethoven Trio, one movement; Suite Oriental, Bonis, and Bargiel Trio Op. 6.

Admiring comment was evoked by the perfect ensemble and fine musicianship evoked by these young artists in the rendition of the rather exacting numbers, which were received with much enthusiasm.

By Deems Taylor
Feb 21 1922
(Reprinted from the New York Herald Tribune)

THE ORATORIO SOCIETY.
The Oratorio Society is a New York institution of long standing, and like other established institutions has shown unmistakable signs of wear in recent years. Its membership has been of the "few die and none resign" variety, and the standard of its work during the past decade has often demanded loyalty rather than discrimination from its audiences. It is a double pleasure, therefore, to record that last night's concert in Carnegie Hall, under the leadership of Albert Stoessel, re-established the society as a first class choral organization.

Mr. Stoessel is young; Mr. Stoessel is a good musician, and he has enthusiasm and courage. The fact that the concert was one of unaccompanied choral music is proof enough that he possesses the last-named virtue. The results more than justified what was—for the Oratorio Society—a daring experiment; for the evening was one of good music, well sung.

The society sang three groups, one of early church music, one of Russian liturgical music and one of miscellaneous short pieces, old and modern. The "Sanctus" from Palestrina's great mass, in honor of Pope Marcellus, opened the programme, sung with fine massed tone, good intonation and crisp attack. A motet by Vittoria and three lovely Bach chorales completed the first group.

The Russian music included a first performance of Cherepnin's setting of the Beatitudes, a well-knit, effectively voiced work. The attack of the chorus was a bit ragged in this, but it had animation and rhythm. Two of Rachmaninoff's anthems were well done. The second in particular, "Laud Ye the Name of the Lord," an impressive piece of liturgical writing, devout in mood and thoroughly Russian in its idiom, was so well received that it could have been repeated.

There were six numbers in the last group. Purcell's charming chorus from "The Libertine" and Balfour Gardiner's arrangement of the old ballad, "Sir Eglamore," were sung with delightful gaiety and lightness. Philip James's "Ballad of the Trees and the Master" is a new work of only moderate merits, but the chorus brought it to a climax that had a real thrill. Cecil Forsyth's "The New Dawn," an excellent piece of choral counterpoint, was not done justice. The tone of the singers was lifeless and the entrances of the voices lacked confidence. One of the best numbers of the evening, both in writing and performance, was Nathaniel Dett's Negro folk scene, "Music in the Mine." Ernest Davis sang the tenor solo part well, though his interpretation lacked much suggestion of the darky unction it should have had. The choral accompaniment and interludes were done with a spirit and ragtime abandon that made a delighted audience redemand it. The concert closed with Stoessel's own setting of Walt Whitman's "Beat! Beat! Drums!"

Iva Gauthier, the French-Canadian mezzo-soprano, shared the programme, singing two groups of unusual interest. Her songs included Ravel's "Kaddisch," from the Hebrew, a fine setting by Arnold Bax of the old English, "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" a charming new "Little Shepherd's Song," by Wint-ter Watts; Charles Griffes's tragic "Sorrow of Mydath," and a fascinating "Seguidilla," by de Falla.

Miss Gauthier, whose knack of picking up unusual songs is equalled by the skill with which she sings them, was in rare form. Her voice was in much better condition than when she sang here last fall, and her flawless diction and unflinching musicianship were a delight. Leroy Shield, at the piano, gave her admirable support.

LOUISE VERMONT'S RECITAL.

At the Town Hall in the afternoon Louise Vermont, a contralto, sang four Schubert songs, four by Brahms, and Schumann's "Frauenlieben und Lebeli" cycle. She sang them all in English, to translations of her own devising. Just why it should have seemed advisable to do this is not clear, for the English versions were neither poetic nor particularly singable. Her diction, too, was so indistinct that the language of the songs made little difference, as far as the listener was concerned. She has a good natural voice, but her vocalism was indifferent and her interpretations monotonous.

Mary Garden Sings Role of

Le Jongleur de Notre Dame

Mary Garden played one of her famous roles, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, at the Manhattan Opera House Tuesday night. And for at least one listener she distorted the character of the naive, pious young Jean into something which suggested a restless simpleton.

According to the libretto and the music, Jean is a young man who likes to wander and who sings and juggles hoops in the market place because it is necessary for him to eat. As a "jongleur" he is not very good. Moreover, being pious, he is reluctant to sing what the rural French market place wants in the XIV. century. His hunger drives him to it. And the prior of a monastery catches him at it, disperses the crowd with anathemas and threatens Jean with hell-fire unless he becomes a monk. Jean might have preferred his liberty but for the arrival of Boniface, the monastery cook, with a sumptuous load of victuals. He enters the monastery.

After a while, when his emaciated body has been rebuilt, he begins to be worried because he cannot do as much as the Virgin to pay for his food. The other monks, curiously, do not seem to notice. He cannot even sing in chapel, be-

cause he knows no Latin. Finally he decides to do what he can—a quiet performance of his juggling tricks and his songs for the Virgin when there is no one in the chapel. He is discovered and is about to be seized for sacrilege when the Virgin miraculously extends a protecting arm. Then he dies in ecstasy and a halo appears over his body.

This is the character which Mary Garden interprets with a ceaseless flow of small spasmodic gestures, balancing and jiggling, first on one foot and then on the other; sticking her finger into an organ pipe and peering archly into it; staring vacantly at the wall and tracing the designs with her finger. She interrupted her agitated jiggling only when she sang. And immediately after the last note of each speech she smiled coyly and began the twitching again.

Feb 23 1922
By Richard Aldrich.

"Otello" by the Chicago Opera Company.

OTELLO, opera in four acts. Book in Italian, by Arrigo Boito, after Shakespeare's tragedy. Music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Otello Charles Marshall
Desdemona Rosa Raisa
Iago Giacomo Rimini
Emilia Maria Claessens
Cassio Ludovico Oliviero
Roderigo Jose Mojica
Lodovico Virgilio Lazzari
Montano Salustio Civati
A Herald Jerome Uhl

Conductor, Pietro Cimini.

The Chicago Opera Company has dared a good many difficult things, but in daring a performance of Verdi's "Otello" last evening it seemed to go beyond the powers of the forces it employed for the purpose. The performance was lacking in some of most essential requirements of voice in several of the chief singers engaged in it. It was heard by a large audience, one that filled the stalling room and the upper parts of the house as well as the lower.

The Otello was Charles Marshall, who first appeared in New York in the part last season; a commanding figure such as the part requires and a voice that then was stentorian in its power and was used with a prodigality that caused foreboding on the part of those who were willing to look beyond the effect of the moment to the inevitable results of such a vocal style as he displayed in singing the music. Last night the voice seemed to be deficient in fullness and resonance and color and to have power only when it was forced to its utmost. Mr. Marshall has modeled his impersonation of the part evidently on the most muscular and robust of its famous representatives; and it has many fine dramatic qualities. But his singing last evening was not on the same plane as his acting.

Mr. Rimini was the Iago, an impersonation also founded on good models and not unintelligently carried out, but lacking also in beauty and fine expression in voice. Mme. Rosa Raisa is not most successful in the part of Desdemona. It does not give play to her most striking and characteristic qualities, either as an actress or as a singer. The delicacy and refinement, to a certain extent, escape her, as does something of its essential charm.

The performance as a whole, was carried on a good deal by main strength, and to this Mr. Cimini, the conductor, contributed largely. His conducting was very vigorous and may be said to have been concerned on broad lines, making little allowance for the subtleties and refinements in Verdi's score, of which there are many. There was much applause after the most dramatic mo-

ments, and after the closing of the curtain the chief singers, as well as Mr. Crimini, were called out enthusiastically.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Josef Hofmann, the great pianist, gave his third and last recital of the present season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The occasion had features long familiar at Hofmann recitals, but accentuated by the fact that yesterday was a holiday. All the seats in the house were sold and the narrow standing space was so crowded that those occupying it must have suffered much physical discomfort for the sake of hearing the famous artist.

The stage and the proscenium arch were decorated with United States flags and Mr. Hofmann, mindful of the day, prefaced his program with "The Star Spangled Banner," which during the war he taught us to know as a good piano piece. The first number on the printed list was Beethoven's sonata in C minor, opus 11. The splendors of this masterpiece were exhibited most brilliantly. Mr. Hofmann's reading was rich in temperamental impetuosity, governed by a fine and commanding intelligence. In the slow movement the pianist's mastery of tone, which has long been one of his principal artistic assets, was shown in its most beautiful manner. The trills were performed in an incomparable way and the climax of the slow movement was such a display of poetic interpretation as audiences rarely enjoy.

Grieg's G minor ballad succeeded the Beethoven number and was played so that the audience demanded more. The pianist responded with a Chopin nocturne, which served as an introduction to the next group, composed of Chopin works. These four were the "Barcarole," F minor nocturne, B flat minor mazurka and the "Andante Spianato and Polonaise." Mr. Hofmann was forced to supplement these with the military polonaise and the "Butterfly" étude.

The final group consisted of Hofmann's berceuse in B flat, Dvorsky's "Penguin," Constantin Sternberg's concert study in C minor, Fannie Dillon's "Birds at Dawn" and Liszt's twelfth rhapsody. After that came the deluge of encores. To discuss the recital in detail would be to produce an essay on the pianist's art. It took some years for music lovers to realize the greatness of this artist, but now his followers include all who really know what piano playing is. It was interesting to note yesterday that many of the eminent pianists now resident in this city or temporarily here were present and attentive listeners. Scores of teachers, too, sat through the recital. All of which goes to show that New York is a happy hunting ground for musical masters.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

HOFMANN AT CARNEGIE.

Joseph Hofmann's programme at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon included the Beethoven C minor sonata, Grieg's G minor ballad, four Chopin pieces, "Penguin" by the alleged Dvorsky, and Liszt's twelfth rhapsody. A devoted audience that filled the hall to the doors followed every note with breathless absorption.

Mr. Hofmann plays like a man for whom the art of music holds no further secrets. Listening to him play the piano, one feels that here is one whose confidence is born of supreme mastery, whose courage never falters before the unknown, simply because for him there exists no unknown.

It is greatness, but a lonely sort of greatness. It is not good for an artist to be so sure. He has no need of his hearers, one feels. It neither helps nor hinders him to have some one to listen. He would play equally well, perhaps, before a mirror as before an audience. Not that he is indifferent or contemptuous. Far from it. Only he does not mind if you fail to understand his message, so long as he delivers it.

He is an expositor, not an interpreter. He displays the music as it was written. He gives one the facts and does not ever dispute them. He lays open the body of a work as a surgeon might, carefully and surely, seeming to say: "See, this is the heart of Chopin. And as you will observe, it contains auricles and ventricles, two of each." There were moments, as in his playing of the nocturne in F minor, when one longed to deny him, to protest: "No, no! That cannot be right!" But he was right. He is always right.

His playing is never hard, never rough, and yet his very gentleness has no tenderness. It is the delicacy

of a surgeon's hand, probing among frail tissues, never the touch of a lover stroking the cheek of his beloved. His playing is supremely, cruelly, logical, and his manner says, "I am sorry, but this must be done thus. And, you will admit, I am doing the work justice." And so he does. He is always just—and never merciful. That is why some hearers call him cold.

AT THE MANHATTAN.

The Chicago Opera Company gave a singularly bad performance of Verdi's "Otello" last night. When Verdi wrote "Otello" and "Falstaff" he broke sharply with the very traditions of Italian opera that he had helped to establish. He retained the operatic aria to a certain extent, but made it a part of the action instead of an interruption to it, and took a further leaf out of Wagner's book by turning the conventional recitatives into dramatic scenes.

None of this information is exactly news, but it does not seem to have reached Chicago. Simply because the opera was Verdi, apparently, the cast stood about and shouted at the audience in the best "Il Trovatore" style. All the more surprising, this, because the company has done so well with operas like "Traviata" and "Rigoletto."

Charles Marshall made his first appearance of the season, singing the title role. His voice sounded throaty and his acting was jerky and unconvincing. One saw merely a dark gentleman in a silk robe, who was annoyed about something. Rosa Raisa, attempting to make Desdemona meek, succeeded only in making her uninteresting. She sang poorly, too, with faulty vocalism and lifeless tone. Giacomo Rimini, as Iago, was a little more convincing than Titta Ruffo was in the part last year, but still left much to be desired. The others were negative. Even the chorus, usually so spirited, fell under the prevalent spell of mediocrity and sang stiffly and out of tune. Mr. Cimini conducted.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

There was a special holiday matinee of "Aida" at the Metropolitan, with Claudia Muzio in the title role, Flora Perini as Amneris, Mr. Martinelli as Rhadames, Mr. Danise as Amonasro and Mr. Gustafson as the King. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The evening's opera was "Rigoletto," with Gall-urci, Gigli, De Luca and Rother in the principal roles. Mr. Papi conducted for the first time since his recent illness. The house was sold out for both performances.

Michael Anselmo, Violinist, Plays.

Michael Anselmo, violinist, whose advance in musical art has been watched with interest since his debut here last year, appeared for the first time this season at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted in Tartini's G minor sonata by Julius Schendel. The young player was most applauded in Bach's chaconne for violin alone, while after lesser pieces by Paganini, Kreisler and Ries he added Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hindoo Song," and after d'Ambrasio's somewhat technical concerto, too much affected by fiddlers of late, he was again recalled for a popular encore.

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MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE—"Monna Vanna," by members of the Chicago Opera Association.

The Cast.

Prinzivalle Lucien Muratore
Guido Colonna Georges Baklanoff
Monna Vanna Mary Garden
Marco Colonna Edouard Cotreuil
Vedio Constantin Nicolay
Trivulzio Etienne Contesse
Boiso Desire Defreire
Torello Giorgio Polacco
Conductor Giorgio Polacco

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Fevrier's opera "Monna Vanna," so long postponed, was performed at the Manhattan Opera House last evening. The postponement was caused three weeks ago by the sudden illness of Lucien Muratore, the French tenor of the company. There was no substitute for him. He alone could impersonate the commander of the Florentine forces engaged in beleaguering Pisa.

M. Muratore's indisposition was not one of the ordinary congested vocal cords or three-day colds of opera singers. It was appendicitis and the eminent tenor had to be put into an ambulance, hustled off to a hospital and subjected to an opera—in the days of the golden past.

It was given forth after the operation that if it had not taken place then and there M. Muratore would have ceased to sing in opera for all time. But having passed through the operation trium-

phantly M. Muratore proceeded to make a recovery which not even the most rhapsodic of press agents would have dared to predict. All along Broadway as late as Wednesday evening bets were placed that he would not sing. But when Fortune Gallo, Rufus Dewey and Howard Potter all appeared at the Manhattan that evening wearing full evening dress and sunrise smiles there was much earnest hedging.

So last evening M. Muratore and "Monna Vanna" were restored to the stage amid peacans of joy from a large audience. When he was seen at the table in the tent on the rising of the curtain on the second act there was applause, while hwas speedily hushed in order that the opera could go on. There was applause after each of M. Muratore's important passages in the act, and after the fall of the curtain he was recalled many times. He was also recalled after the opera.

There was nothing in his singing or acting to betray the fact that he had just emerged after a surgical operation. He seemed to have his usual vocal vigor and, although perhaps he did not stride about the stage as much as usual, he was sufficiently free in movement to make his action seem thoroughly spontaneous. It does not seem necessary to comment beyond this on his *Prinzivalle*. It is a well known impersonation and will remain a pleasing figure in the memories of operagoers.

Miss Garden as the heroine was not in her best form. She was suffering from a cold, which perhaps had no serious effect on the quality of her tones, but made her singing more labored than usual. Mr. Baklanoff repeated his admirable impersonation of Guido. Mr. Polacco conducted.

WELSH PIANIST PLEASES.

Miss Marie Novello Gives Debut Recital Here.

Miss Marie Novello, a young Welsh pianist, who comes from England, where she played before King George and Queen Mary, made her New York debut at Town Hall last evening. Her audience overflowed the auditorium into many seats on the stage.

Her program was romantic rather than classic. Among such pieces as Palmgren's "Bird Song," Poldini's "Poupee Vakante" and the "Cathedral Engloutie" came Chopin's B flat minor sonata and F minor fantasy for more exacting numbers. In beginning she reversed the order of her printed list, playing the Debussy piece named before Searlatti's "Pastorale e Capriccio," which stood for the first number.

She seemed to be a player of charm and sentiment, rather than an interpreter of greater power. Her tone was musical, her finger work clear, and her variety of touch pleasing. In her general work she showed artistic sensibility, and she made a favorable impression.

EASTON SINGS 'ISOLDE.'

Wagner's Opera Heard by Fashionable Audience at Metropolitan.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was given last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House for the third time this season. The performance differed largely from the two previous ones because of the important fact that Mme. Florence Easton sang *Isolde* in place of Mme. Matzenauer. She had impersonated an English tongued *Isolda* with the company at this house once last spring.

Well schooled in the traditions of German opera on its native soil it was a foregone conclusion that Mme. Easton would readily adapt herself to the role when sung in its original tongue. Her portrayal of the Irish princess was again wholly lovely in conception, but with the artistic gain in power of restored musical symmetry and color through use of the German text. Her voice needed more warth and volume in parts of her music, but her fine skill in using it and her ability to take correctly the high notes together with her admirable intelligence in action served to preserve the correct interpretation of the role. The others in the cast were known in their parts.

Mr. Sembach was an admirable *Tristan*. Miss Jeanne Gordon sang the *Braugane*, Mr. Whitehill the *Kuvenal*, Mr. Gustafson *King Mark*, and the minor singers their previous roles. Mr. Bodanzky led the orchestra and vocal forces through an excellently balanced ensemble.

74 MURATORE RETURNS.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

There were two festivities at the Manhattan Opera House last night. One was the season's first performance of Fevrier's "Monna Vanna." The other, which was equally exciting and much noisier, was an impromptu coming-out party in honor of Lucien Muratore's appendix. The great French tenor, who was making his first appearance on the stage since his recent operation, received a thunder-

ous reception from a picked house. As the curtain fell after the second act he was greeted by a storm of applause and cheering that was not stilled until after he had taken recalls without number and had been the embarrassed recipient of an enormous wreath and an equally gargantuan floral piece.

It was an evening of ill-repressed excitement throughout. The audience was so obviously waiting to welcome Muratore back that the first act, in which he does not appear, closed with only a few perfunctory handclaps. When the curtain rose for the second act, showing him as Prinzivalle, seated in his tent, the applause was so insistent that the progress of the opera had to be halted until he had bowed his acknowledgments. Every climax was the signal for a fresh demonstration of enthusiasm, so that between the handclaps of those who wanted to hear themselves applaud and the indignant "ssSH!" of those who wanted to hear the singing, it was not always easy to follow the course of events.

Under the circumstances it would hardly do to scrutinize Mr. Muratore's singing too closely. His electing to appear at all, so soon after his illness, was an act of almost foolhardy courage. His acting was as graceful and compelling as ever. Historically he did not seem to spare himself at all. His voice was glorious, as it always is, but tired perceptibly as the evening wore on. If there be any who still argue that the diaphragm and stomach muscles are not the singer's mainstay, they would have had an object lesson in the unwonted tremor and tendency to flatness that Muratore's voice developed toward the end of the second act. But sick or well, he is a great artist, and it was good to hear him once more.

Monna Vanna is not one of Miss Garden's most advantageous roles. This Pisan lady is no Louise, no terror-haunted Melisande. She is a "grande dame" and must have the grand manner if she is to mean anything. Last night's Monna Vanna lacked dignity. She moved too nervously and indulged in too many meaningless gestures. Mr. Baklanoff gave a powerful and moving performance, not always vocally satisfying, as the jealous Guido, and Jose Mojica brought grace and charm to the small role of Vedio.

Others in the cast were Mr. Cotreuil as Marco and Mr. Nicolay as Trivulzio. Mr. Polacco conducted a colorful and well modulated performance. As at last year's appearances, the silly practice of omitting the last act left the audience a bit nonplused.

Marie Novello Gives Piano Recital for Big Audience

"Fresh from a command performance in London in which she greatly pleased King George, and after which Queen Mary personally fastened a little pin on her gown," according to her advance notices, "Marie Novello invites the opinion of New Yorkers on her as a pianist." The invitations must have been numerous and well regarded by New Yorkers, for the Town Hall was filled Thursday night and the audience even occupied part of the platform. And after hearing Marie Novello play, they may have agreed with the listener that Queen Mary at any rate must have been greatly pleased.

Miss Novello did everything in good form, technically speaking, and she never allowed her feelings to run away with her. Where the music might have rushed and clamored under other hands, she conducted it all becomingly. She is Welsh, and of the type of blond beauty for which Lady Diana Manners is much admired in England. Her Anglo-Saxon audience was very appreciative. She played Debussy, Searlatti, Palmgren, Chopin.

Leginska and Kindler Go

From Brahms to Ornstein

The programme went from Brahms and Bach abruptly to Leginska and Ornstein Thursday night at Aeolian Hall. Ethel Leginska and Hans Kindler, with impeccable technique and fine understanding, first disposed of Brahms's Sonata in E minor for piano and cello, and then Kindler, unaccompanied, earned prolonged enthusiastic applause with Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor.

As for Leginska's own music which came next, all that the listener heard when she played her "Gargoyle

of Notre Dame" was a succession of clangorous chords, scattered rhythmic figures, fragments of minor melodies, shrill clatterings high in the treble, a few ponderous measures and so on.

It was not a musical grotesque as much as it was a grotesque piece of music. Similarly, her Scherzo, based on an extract from Tagore's "Gardener," commencing "O mad, superbly drunk," might just as well have been a literal record of sounds knocked out of a piano by an excellent pianist when incoherently drunk. Both pieces suggest, however, that they were deliberately constructed rather than felt.

On the other hand, Ornstein's sonata for cello and piano which followed the Leginska pieces, undoubtedly represents something which was felt. It is the sort of abnormal feeling, however, which does not arouse sympathy as much as it does interest—a sort of clinical interest.

Grainger Plays With Philharmonic.

Percy Grainger, the pianist, was warmly welcomed with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg last evening at Carnegie Hall, where he appeared as soloist in the B-flat minor concerto of Tchaikovsky. Richard Strauss's tone poem "Zarathustra," and Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture completed the program, which will be heard again in the same hall this afternoon.

SINGER SUES CHICAGO OPERA

Zirato, Caruso's Secretary, Thinks Metropolitan Incomparably Better.

Brun Zirato, who was Secretary to Enrico Caruso, testified in the Supreme Court yesterday that the Metropolitan Opera Company is a "thousand and one times better" than the Chicago Opera Company.

He was a witness before Justice McCook in a suit by his wife, Nina Morgana, against the Chicago company for \$10,000 damages on the ground that her name and pictures were used to advertise the Chicago Opera Company for its New York season, although her contract had expired.

She testified that she had sung with both the Chicago and Metropolitan companies and on concert tours with Caruso, receiving from \$250 to \$1,000. The case was continued.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall repeated the program it had given the evening before under Mr. Mengelberg's direction, namely, Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and Brahms's "Academic Overture," with Tchaikowsky's first piano concerto, played by Mr. Percy Grainger.

The performance of Strauss's tone poem differed a good deal from the performance heard here not long ago under the composer's direction. It was in some ways more intense; more was made of every phrase, every point of climax, every variety of sonority, every accent, every dynamic signature. More juice may be said to have been squeezed out of a score that begins to show some signs of desiccation. There are things that were to be expected from the general difference in the two conductors' attitude toward the work, and perhaps toward the task of conducting in general.

Mr. Mengelberg is not at all satisfied to leave anything undone that can by any possibility be done to increase the effect or the efficiency of the performance, and he takes care that nothing is left undone to that end. But there must have been some food for thought, possibly for query, in the fact that some of Mr. Mengelberg's tempos differ so materially from those the composer took. Certainly slow passages he played much slower than the composer played them, and with the inevitable difference in the resulting character imparted to the music.

Now, whatever may be thought of Dr. Strauss's general attitude toward working out the finer details of his orchestral performances—and it is very well remembered how clear his exposition was of much of "Also Sprach Zarathustra"—he may, at any rate, have been supposed to have had some definite feeling of his own about his own tempos. He had only to indicate them by the wave of his arm to get them, and so what he did get was undoubtedly that which he intended.

A good deal of latitude for differences of temperament in conductors, in feeling for the significance of certain passages, in calculation of the general effect, was indicated by Mr. Mengelberg's reading.

That reading was, of course, vivid and vital and sustained the interest in the monstrous composition, no doubt, as well as it can be maintained. But whether it clarified the world philosophy of the music, or threw light upon the metaphysics of Nietzsche any better than any other reading, may be questioned. Strauss's tone poem seemed yesterday, as it has seemed before, a vast and ingenious musical structure; more ingenious than inspired, and showing its features more each year; and utterly

rolling, as music does roll in a rolling complex literary concepts.

Mr. Grainger's performance of Schalkowsky's concerto in one of his most familiar offerings as well as one of his most characteristic. He has not often been so well seconded in producing his effects by an orchestral accompaniment so well rounded and lucid as Mr. Mengelberg gave him.

GALLI-CURCI'S FAREWELL.

Sings Lucia at Matinee Benefit—Salazar Wins Ovation in 'Pagliacci.'

Mme. Galli-Curci sang her season's farewell at the Metropolitan yesterday in a matinee "Lucia" for the New York Hospital Social Service, which profited largely by a crowded house at special prices. The Italian prima donna has yet to appear once more, for the fifteenth time, with the company, on its Spring trip to Atlanta, where she sings in "Traviata" on April 28 next. She was assisted yesterday by Miss Anthony, Messrs. Gigli, Do Luca, Marcondes, Bada and Audisio, under Mr. Papi's direction.

Manuel Salazar, the Spanish-American tenor, heard but once at the Metropolitan hitherto when he replaced a fellow artist indisposed, had his first opportunity in last evening's double bill of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" to sing Caruso's famous rôle of the clown, in which the younger man recently made a reputation over this country and Canada with the San Carlo troupe.

Mr. Salazar was warmly greeted last night, and his "Ridi, Pagliaccio" work recalls. Mr. Zanelli sang the prologue and Miss Bori was a popular Nedda. Mme. Jeritza, Mr. Harold and others reappeared in "Cavalleria," and Mr. Moranzoni led both works before another capacity audience.

Marguerite White's Debut Concert.

Marguerite White, a young soprano from Milwaukee, was assisted by Mr. Papi of the Metropolitan and a dozen players of the Chamber Music Art Society in an ambitious debut concert last evening at Carnegie Hall. She sang Proch's variations with flute, lyrics from Bach to Debussy, arrangements by Skambatt and Schindler. A final interesting group was of American songs with small orchestra by Harve Linder, Emil Gerstenberg, Bainbridge Crist, John Carpenter and Deems Taylor.

Virginie Mauret Dances.

Virginie Mauret gave a matinee of dances at the Selwyn Theatre yesterday, assisted by Mischa Russell, violin; Julian Kahn, cello, and Mortimer Browning, piano. Miss Mauret had the advantage of Michel Fokine's arrangements of Glazunoff's bacchanale and others by Russian composers, in which she won much applause.

NAMARA SINGS THAIS.

Takes Role Made Famous by Miss Garden.

Massenet's "Thais" was repeated by the Chicago Opera Company at the Manhattan last evening. This performance might be permitted to pass without comment but for the fact that on this occasion the representative of the fair Alexandrian was not Miss Garden, but Mme. Marguerite Namara, who had not appeared before in the course of the season. Much has been written about Massenet's opera, and its heroine has been a subject of discussion. When the mass of opinion is reduced to solid remnant all that remains is the belief that there is very little in *Thais* except the singularly interesting personality of Miss Mary Garden.

Mme. McNamara looked very well indeed. She has the figure and the face for the part and she wore and took off some good clothes. She strode about the stage vigorously and made many wide armed gestures. And she sang with a thin, acidulous quality of tone which coldly resembled that of the general director. Mme. McNamara apparently made no special attempt at an imitation of Miss Garden, yet being *Thais* and having length without breadth, circumambient auras and an icy tone, she could not prevent a superficial resemblance.

The outward signs, however, did not indicate an inward grace. When she sang "Dis-moi que je suis belle" it was not difficult to think "Possibly." When she sang "L'Amour est un vertu rare," it was easy to think "Unquestionably." The warmth and potency of spell were wanting. It was a commendable assumption. It was not a convincing interpretation. It left behind it further proof, if any were needed, that Massenet's "Thais" is a weak and watery opera, which requires the wine of life to be poured into it by a woman of subtle dramatic skill.

The associates of Mme. Namara were those heard in the previous representation of the opera. Mr. Dufranne gave the audience a sincere impersonation of *Athenaeus*. Mr. Ritch as *Nikias* again produced the impression of a tenor more generously endowed with arms than with voice. The audience was not large, but it was kind.

\$300,000 RECEIPTS FOR CHICAGO OPERA

Three hundred members of the Chicago Opera Company will leave New York at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon from the Pennsylvania Station, traveling in two special trains and with two more trainloads of scenery to Philadelphia, the next stop on their 10,000-mile tour. The company will sing for a week at the Philadelphia Metropolitan, the former Hammerstein house there, opening with "Tannhauser" tomorrow night, followed by "Jongleur," "Romeo and Juliet," "Pelléas and Mélisande," "Jewels of the Madonna" and "Monna Vanna."

Ten later stops on the tour will include Baltimore and Pittsburgh, dividing the week of March 6 to 11; Milwaukee and St. Paul, March 13-18; Helena, Mont., for a single performance on March 20; Portland, Ore., March 22-23; San Francisco, where two weeks will be spent, from March 27 to April 8; Los Angeles, April 10-15; Denver, April 18-20, and Wichita, Kan., April 21-22, ending at Chicago on April 23, when the company disbands for the season.

The cost of the tour beyond New York is covered by local guarantees in every city to be visited. In spite of actual deficits hitherto, the company's ten weeks at the Chicago Auditorium earned \$61,000 more than any previous season in the home town, an increase of about \$1,000 per performance. Its New York subscription also rose to \$180,000, or \$36,000 a week. The total receipts here during the last five weeks were last night put by conservative estimates at \$250,000 and by semi-official statement about \$300,000. Last year, when one more week was spent in this city, the subscription was above \$200,000, while the total receipts were figured at \$350,000 for the longer period.

Two sold-out performances of "Rigoletto" and "L'Amore del Tre Re" yesterday afternoon and night brought the Manhattan engagement to a close. After

the matinee there was a prolonged demonstration by the audience, which refused to leave the theatre even after the asbestos curtain was lowered. At first the crowd turned toward the boxes as left of the stage, calling for Miss Masor and her companions.

Presently both Schipa and Schwarz appeared in a box at the other side, and the cheering throng rushed the rails while many grasped the artists' hands. A final shout arose as the baritone saluted the tenor in European style with a brotherly embrace and a kiss.

Miss Garden herself held the stage for a farewell to New York last evening, when she reappeared in Montemezzi's opera, offering one of her few Italian rôles, with the "three kings" sung by Edward Johnson, Baklanoff and Lazari, again under Mr. Polacco's direction. The house was again filled with an enthusiastic and cheering assembly, and the early curtain was the signal for a long continued ovation to the director and her fellow stars.

C. A. Shaw, the Chicago business manager, accompanying the tour, when asked to discuss the engagement, which had been announced as the company's last in the East, said that not only the artists and staff, but also the Western directors were "more than content" with their reception by the public of New York.

The new Civic Opera Association, which is to succeed Harold McCormick in financing opera in Chicago and the West, he added, had already raised over half its proposed \$500,000 guarantee and organized for business another year.

By RICHARD ALDRICH

Fritz Kreisler's Recital.

Fritz Kreisler's violin recital given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was attended by a very large audience, such as never fall him on these occasions. It was announced that the proceeds from the sale of boxes and a number of seats at this concert would be devoted to the destitute and starving children of Vienna.

Mr. Kreisler's program was unusual in that it contained two concertos—Bach's in A minor and Mendelssohn's, the former being played as seldom by virtuosos as the latter is frequently. Mr. Kreisler's performance of it was notable for its glowing warmth of tone, the beautiful simplicity of the andante, the splendid rhythmic verve of the last allegro. It was a performance of great style and was deeply stirring from first to last, nobly beautiful and profoundly musical. His playing of the Mendelssohn concerto was as far removed as possible from the perfunctory into which its familiar measures so oft lead its interpreters, vivified by the delicately romantic feeling in which it was saturated.

He followed it with Carl Friedberg's arrangement of Schubert's melodious rondo in D, played with a minute by Parpora, Cartier's "La Chassé," Cyril Scott's "Lullaby" and his own "La Gitane," made up the rest of the program; and in all of it the audience manifestly took great pleasure.

JAZZ SHARES HONORS WITH BRAHMS AND BAX

Among the pieces of music for two pianos which were played for the benefit of the Vassar College Salary En-

dowment Fund at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon by Guy Mauer and Lee Patton there was a "Jazz Study" by E. B. Hill. Yes! Jazz—for the sake of Vassar!

After listening to a Bach fantasia and Fugue, Brahms variations on a theme by Haydn and romantic and modern works by Schubert, Saint-Saens and Bax, played with marvellous brilliance and stirring effect, the audience received the jazz with happy smiles. It was jazz in good class and modern company, played by recognized artists. And it was good jazz.

To at least one listener it was as interesting to hear and more persuasive to movement than the analogous compositions of other nations with which it was bracketed on the programme. These were Tailleferre's rapidly moving French game of "Cache-Cache" (Hide-and-Seek); Stravinsky's dissonant and clattering Slavonic "Balalaika" and "Gallop," and Chabrier's unctuous and sentimental "Spanish Rhapsody."

The audience seemed to approve with increasing enthusiasm as the syncopated jazz rhythms hopped and shrugged and tugged at their hands and their feet. Two Japanese in the audience seem to be tickled by the music. And in a box, the famous Viennese pianist Artur Schnabel and the Australian Ernest Hutcheson, listened with interest at first, as if they were seriously studying jazz. And then, when enthusiastic applause forced a repetition, the Viennese, Schnabel, wagged his head to the rhythmic and smiles apologetically, it seemed, for doing it so openly.

OTHER MUSIC.

The four operas which New York heard yesterday afternoon were "Faust" at the Metropolitan Opera House in the afternoon, sung by Farrar, Berat, Martinelli and Rothler; "Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan in the evening, sung by Easton, Matzenauer, Gordon, Kingston, Whitehill and Gustafson; "Rigoletto" at the Manhattan Opera House (the Chicago Opera Association) in the afternoon, sung by Mason, Schipa, Cotreuil and Papert; and "The Love of the Three Kings" at the Manhattan in the evening, sung by Mary Garden, with Johnson, Baklanoff and Lazari.

A French violinist, Henri Duvai, at Carnegie Hall in the evening played Handel's sonata in A major, Wieniawski's concerto in D minor, pieces by Wilhelmaj, Beethoven, Hubay and two of his own compositions.

The ballet suite from Gretry's opera "Cephale et Procris" opened a programme of instrumental works that Artur Bodanzky conducted for the Society of the Friends of Music at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. It is graceful, charming music, a bit more sophisticated harmonically than the bulk of late eighteenth century music, and well worth playing.

Gretry wrote the opera to a text by Marmontel and produced it under royal auspices at Versailles on Dec. 30, 1778. The suite played yesterday was arranged from the ballet music by Felix Mottl, who modernized the orchestration and somewhat augmented it. There are three movements, a "tambourin," a minuet and a gigue—or, more frankly, jig. The last named is particularly good, tripping its way with a Sullivan-esque lilt and gaiety that must surely have brought down the house that opening night at Versailles. Yesterday's orchestra played it delightfully under Mr. Bodanzky, and the audience liked it enormously.

Followed a Mozart "Divertimento"—his seventeenth—for string quartet and two horns. Mozart wrote these divertimenti as salon music—something to play on social occasions—and nobody would have been more surprised than he at the pontifical pomp with which his piece was offered yesterday. It is pretty enough music, written with great technical expertness and a negligent sort of spontaneity. It doesn't mean anything in particular beyond a soothing appeal to the ear, except to the sort of worshippers who collect the waistcoat buttons of famous men.

If it could have been played behind potted palms, or if a sextet of vir-

Stucci had strolled out and dashed it off, it might have whirled away an odd twenty minutes very pleasantly. Instead, six of the orchestra players sat and performed it amid a forlorn wilderness of empty chairs and music stands, while Mr. Bodanzky solemnly conducted them! The result recalled H. G. Wells's cruel reference to Henry James as a "hippopotamus toying with a pea." Poor Wolfgang!

Last came Francesco Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero." This suite, whose much-disputed title has finally been translated as "Impressions of Nature," is in two parts, the second of which the National Symphony Orchestra played under Mr. Bodanzky in 1920, the Boston Orchestra playing the first here in January, 1921.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted the first part yesterday. There are three movements, or tableaux if you like, called respectively the Tomtit, the Woodpecker, the Owl. The music is well scored, piquantly harmonized and has some fairly interesting themes. Malipiero, however, seems to have little sense of structure. His only notion of thematic development seems to be to reiterate a short theme, assigning it to various instruments and giving it variegated harmonic and orchestral support. The result is a scrappiness that approaches incoherence and that has no cumulative effect upon the listener whatsoever. Any eight-bar block could be played by itself and sound complete. But a collection of these blocks played one after the other no more makes a homogeneous musical structure of "Impressioni dal Vero" than a pile of stones makes a cathedral.

Mengelberg Guest Conductor at Philharmonic Concert.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under the guest conductor, Willem Mengelberg, filled two hours for several thousand concert subscribers at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon between 3 o'clock and 5. They did it with good playing, it is true—but what they played was Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, Debussy's three orchestral sketches of "The Sea" and Schubert's Seventh Symphony.

After the Bizet suite of incidental music and Debussy's impressionism, the Schubert Symphony seemed to be the climax of diffuseness. The concert was little more than a display of subtle musical effects and felicitous technical processes, which Mengelberg presented with masterly craftsmanship. If any listener wished for music which might exhibit some formal beauty for him to admire, or music which succeeds in revealing emotion in a generalized expression, or communicates feeling involved in a description, he must have found very little at the Philharmonic concert yesterday to satisfy him.

The last appearance of Albert Coates as this season's guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra was made in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, where he conducted a program made up of Brahms's favorite symphony, the prelude and "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and Scriabin's "Poème d'Extase," repeated by request.

The performance of the symphony was on the broad lines that Mr. Coates has made recognizably his own; vigorous and vehement, not always finely finished in the matter of phrasing or the unmistakable heading of the melodic line, but giving the impression of the superb sweep of Brahms's music and of his characteristic orchestral coloring. There was much enthusiasm for Mr. Coates, who was vigorously applauded. The occasion was also made one of welcome for Walter Damrosch, just returned from England, who sat in a box. The audience joined Mr. Coates in a tribute of applause, to which he rose and bowed; and he joined the audience in applauding Mr. Coates.

The parting guest who was thus speeded has given an interesting contribution to the New York season, in which his performances of English and Russian music have been the most significant elements; though he has shown also his sympathy with other modern music as with the classics. He has had admirable material to work with and every opportunity to work with it.

The Friends of Music.

There seemed to be hardly more than a languid interest in the concert of the Friends of Music which was given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. The

program was in fact one not calculated to stimulate either curiosity or excitement. There was the ballet suite arranged by Felix Mottl comprising three dances from Gretry's opera of "Céphale et Procris," Mozart's divertimento in D for string quartet and two horns, and G. Francesco Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero," Part I.

All this music, except apparently the third part of Malipiero's "Impressions," had been heard here. The ballet music is a wholly charming specimen of what was danced in operatic performances of the old régime, with some orchestral retouching to make it more effective to modern ears. Mozart's "Divertimento" is another charming specimen of the old régime; one of many such compositions in numerous movements—in this case, six—toward which this composer's attitude, and likewise his audiences', was

considerably less serious than toward the stricter forms of chamber music, as the string quartet. The two forms have hardly more than the function of filling in the harmony, and do not add very much even to the tonal color. Though the piece is written for only six instruments, Mr. Bodanzky found it desirable to act as conductor in it, as in the rest of the program; and no doubt thereby helped to a better performance.

Mr. Malipiero's "Impressions of Nature," as Mr. Humiston decides is the best way of translating the title, is not one of the most fearful wildfowl of modern music. Its ornithological subtleties give occasion for an allusion to songs of the tomtit, the woodpecker and the gentler sort of owl which have suggested to the composer his theme. He has not followed any of them too literally, even when he recalls the rattle of the woodpecker. Though there is the hint of inanimate as well as of animate nature in the music, it may be called more "subjective" than "objective" in its nature. It is lightly scored, delicately colored, and is the development of really musical material in a recognizably musical manner that is not without insinuating charm.

Miss Gerhardt's Farewell Recital.

Another farewell appearance was made in the evening, when Miss Elena Gerhardt gave in the Town Hall her last song recital before her return to Europe. Her program was varied; it included airs by Benedetto Marcello, Gluck and Handel; a group of songs by Schumann and another by Hugo Wolf. Miss Gerhardt was in excellent form, and sang with a great variety and aptness of expression and excellent phrasing. The German lieder included some that are among the less familiar, in which the singer's admirable skill in characterization was called into full play. The audience showed much enthusiasm, and Miss Gerhardt gave several encores.

\$10,000 CARUSO BENEFIT.

Large Audience Attends Hippodrome Memorial Concert.

Mrs. Caruso occupied a stage box at the Hippodrome concert for the Caruso memorial fund last evening, when a large audience contributed over \$10,000 gross receipts in admission fees and a special collection besides. Robert Secav, who spoke from the stage on behalf of the fund, said it was proposed to aid young students of music, and after referring to Gloria Caruso, the late tenor's little daughter who was to be brought up as a musician, he asked those to whom Caruso's singing had been a cherished delight to join in offering similar opportunities to children of the poor.

The "Caruso March," by Edwin Franko Goldman, played for the first time by Goldman's Band, after the speech-making, proved a rattling good, short, swinging quickstep and was repeated after two similar novelties called "In Springtime" and "Chimes of Liberty." Half a dozen stars of the Chicago Opera Company sang in the long program, made longer by encores.

Joseph Schwarz added a "Pagliacci" air after the prologue to "Pagliacci" and Ulysses Lappas, the young Greek tenor, won an ovation with Caruso's own solo from Leoncavallo's opera. Tito Schipa and Riccardo Martin completed a triple array of tenors. Marguerite d'Alvarez and Graziella Pareto sang soprano air, and there were instrumental numbers by Arturo Bonucci and Bronislaw Huberman.

Mr. Schwarz, who divided his attention last evening between Carnegie Hall and the "Hip," sang the famous prologue to "Pagliacci." Mr. Huberman played the Tchaikowsky Concerto (D major). Mme. d'Alvarez contributed "Mon cœur s'ouvre à toi," from "Samson et Delila." Mr. Lappas and Mr. Schipa gave favorite arias from their favorite operas, Mme. Pareto offered the Bell Song from "Lakmé," and Mr. Bonucci played several cello numbers. Mr. Goldman directed his musicians in the performance of his own "Caruso March," and altogether the affair, which was given under the personal supervision of Mrs. Enrico Caruso and Miss Mabel R. Boardley, was considered a huge success.

Casals Is Concert Soloist.

Pablo Casals played at the Metropolitan last evening, the Spanish cellist appearing as soloist in Lalo's concerto with the opera orchestra under Paul Eisler, and later with Edouard Gendron at the piano in pieces by Godowsky, Popper and Saint-Saëns. Manuel Sallazar sang airs from "Pagliacci" and "Tosca," appearing in place of Mr. Sembrich, while Miss Ponselle was heard in airs from "Sicilian Vespers" and "Gloconda," and Martha Phillips, an added soprano, gave Rossini's air from "Semiramide," and a group of songs accompanied by Florence Harvey.

Malipiero Number

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.)

Except that the composition illustrative of the impressionistic school of to-day was included in the program, the eighth of the concerts given under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music in Town Hall yesterday afternoon recalled the Concerts of Old Music which Mr. Sam Franko used to give. There was even some of the same music—namely, excerpts from the ballet in Gretry's opera "Céphale et Procris," which, in the arrangement made by Felix Mottl, has been heard since in concerts by our symphonic organizations.

Three of these delightful dance pieces, a Tambourin, Minuet and Gigue, were followed by a Divertimento in D by Mozart for four strings and two horns, the office of the latter being chiefly to give occasional fullness and color to the music. It had six movements, and though a pretty piece of chamber music is scarcely comparable with the string quartets which have held a place in chamber music programs uninterruptedly since the day of their composition. It was long, though we think Mr. Bodanzky, who conducted it as if it were an orchestral piece, spared the audience some of the variations which make up the second movement. In spite of his help, Messrs. Nastrucci, Svedofsky, Payre and Warnke (strings) and Corrado and Ringer (horns) failed to produce the effect which would have been made by a practiced chamber music ensemble.

The modern number was the first part of Malipiero's "Impressioni dal Vero," which New Yorkers heard at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 8 of last year. It gave moderate pleasure then and again yesterday chiefly by its delineation of the sylvan moods for which greater men than Malipiero have found musical delineation by the use of bird calls, harmonies and instrumental devices designed to evoke fancies of forest scenes. Beethoven in his "Pastoral Symphony," for instance, and Wagner in a scene in "Siegfried" and his "Siegfried Idyl." The imagination of these men found unfettered play, though they adhered to logical sequence and symmetry and provoked rise and fall, flux and reflux, evocation and progress of the emotions which Malipiero by his reiteration of phrases did not. There is a spot in Beethoven's Scene by the Brook which a good many critics think pretty bald realism (the little concert by nightingale, quail and cuckoo), but after all the imitations float away in the music which carries not only our ears but our imagination and emotion captive. Malipiero is no less literal when he reproduces the rapid rat-tat-tat of the woodpecker on one of the kettledrums and the castanet, and he makes the feathered drummer no more musical than he is in the woods or on a cottage roof. Singularly enough, the most alluring of his birds (there are three, the tomtit, woodpecker and owl) is the night fowl whose final "too-who" was so gentle, far-away and alluring that yesterday's audience waited for more, even after Mr. Bodanzky had left the stage.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Friends and supporters of the American Academy in Rome, desiring to found another musical fellowship in the institution and to attach to it the name of the dean of American orchestral conductors, Walter Damrosch, gave an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall last evening on a festival scale. The New York Symphony Society, Philharmonic Society and Philadelphia Orchestra were massed on the stage, which had been built out nine feet to accommodate them.

Five conductors took turns in waving the baton. They were Josef Strazsky, Arthur Bodanzky and William Mengelberg of the Philharmonic, Albert Coates, the visiting conductor of the Symphony Society, and Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia organization. Their allotments were as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin" and "Leonore" Overture, No. 3, Mr. Strazsky; prelude to the "Meistersinger" and "Rakoczy March," Mr. Bodanzky; finale of Brahms's first symphony, Mr. Coates; Liszt's "Les Preludes," Mr. Mengelberg, and finale of "Die Walküre," Mr. Stokowski.

Present Mrs. Whitney's Plaque.

There was much activity on the stage, for the principal players of each of the three orchestras occupied the front seats in turn, and the changing of musicians was almost as conspicuous as that of conductors. However, there was an interval when Dr. John H. Finney after the Brahms excerpt, appeared on the platform to present to Mr. Damrosch a bronze plaque designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. The plaque bears a striking portrait of Mr. Damrosch and the inscription: Walter Damrosch, New York, 1922. To commemorate the services of Walter Dam-

rosch to American music and to mark the establishing of a perpetual fellowship in the American Academy in Rome to be known as the Walter Damrosch Fellowship of Music. February 27, 1922, New York.

Dr. Finley in his speech referred to Mr. Damrosch's residence of fifty years in this country and his activity of thirty-seven years as conductor of the Symphony Society. In his reply Mr. Damrosch confessed himself overcome by the honor paid him and rendered a tribute to the combined orchestras and the public spirited citizens who support them. He praised the American Academy in Rome for its action in establishing a department of music, of which the purpose was to give promising young American composers opportunity to work out their ideals among sympathetic and inspiring surroundings. The plaque, Mr. Damrosch declared, made him look like a Roman Emperor instead of a musician.

After Mr. Damrosch's speech the program was continued. Each of the conductors was heartily applauded, and the

huge orchestra, barring some occasional excess of sound, played very well indeed. Mr. Damrosch referred to this in his speech as an evidence of the high development of orchestral technique in this country. The orchestral players seemed greatly pleased with this remark and the audience applauded warmly.

RUSSIAN VIOLINIST'S DEBUT.

Michael Pollakins Gives First Recital Here.

Michael Pollakins, a Russian violinist, made his debut in a recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. He played Glazounov's A minor concerto, the Bach chaconne, the "Poème" of Chausson and other pieces, including Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Mr. Pollakins comes somewhat late in a crowded season, but it is possible that he may make a place for himself.

He proved to be a competent performer, equipped with a tone which might have been a little less wiry, a good intonation, a free bow and musical intelligence. His playing of the chaconne was characterized by fine breadth of style, by authority and solid musicianship. It was one of the best performances of this test piece heard here this season and stamped Mr. Pollakins as an artist. He was heard by a good sized audience in which were some of the well known local violinists and amateurs.

Ponselle, Martinelli and Danise Head Cast in Verdi's Opera.

Verdi's "Ernani" was sung last evening at the Metropolitan to a large and brilliant audience. When the work was revived early this season it was intended to furnish a congenial vehicle for Titta Ruffo's first entrance into the forces of the company.

At the premiere the distinguished barytone was indisposed, while Giuseppe Danise took his place and sang the Don Carlos. At the opera's last previous hearing Mr. Ruffo, then at home in the house, finally appeared as the Spanish King and with enviable success.

Last night Mr. Danise was back again in the cast and, save a little hoarseness of tone, repeated his admirable impersonation of the role. The other principals were all familiar in their parts. Miss Ponselle's good voice was unfortunately paired in her music with a style not always correct and finished, but her impassioned feeling both in song and action could not fail to bring an additional zest of dramatic value to the performance as a whole.

Mr. Martinelli sang the Ernani with much spirit and Mr. Mardones gave a fine Don Ruy Gomez. The melodious charm of the old fashioned music again furnished satisfying pleasure to the ear. The splendor of the stage settings gave renewed cause for admiration and the ballet with Miss Rosina Galli as the leading star dancer, afforded an episode of rare beauty in the rich and picturesque ensemble. Mr. Papi was the conductor.

Mahler

By H. E. Krehbiel

We do not know whether or not Mr. Mengelberg ever heard the story of how some fifty years ago Carl Bergmann, when somebody protested that he was playing too much of Wagner's music and that the public did not like it, replied: "Then they must hear it till they do!" We think the tale a bit apocryphal, but whether true or not and whether Mr. Mengelberg has heard it or not, he seems to be acting in ac-

ardance with its principle in connection with some old music as well as some new.

There is scarcely a work in the symphonic list which is more familiar or admired than Schubert's great symphony in C, yet the patrons of the Philharmonic Society have been asked to hear it three, if not four, times within the last ten days, and on Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Opera House they heard the first of three performances set down for this week of Mahler's third symphony. So far as New York concerned the symphony is a novelty, though the majority of its companions have been performed here at one time or another under the direction of the composer, Mr. Walter Damrosch, Dr. Luck and Mr. Stokowski.

For reasons which need not be inquired into none of these conductors made an effort to create a Mahler cult—not even the composer himself. But an exceedingly energetic propaganda which began in Europe before the death of Mahler has been cultivated ever since, and the extraordinary effort making in behalf of the symphony performed Tuesday night might seem to the curious eye to appear to be associated with it.

"Mahler in America"

A late issue of a journal called *Die Modezeitung*, published in Vienna, which recently fell under our eye, was devoted wholly to the composer and his works. It was a luxurious publication, superb in typography and illustration, but to us its most curious feature was an essay on "Mahler in America" written by a friend in which the composer himself was called as a witness to prove that an alleged statement by the writer of this review to the effect that Mahler's sojourn in New York was a failure was true. Not because we said so, but because we cited facts and arguments in connection with Mahler's administration of the Philharmonic Society's affairs which were as obvious as the steeple on a church, Mr. Gabilowitsch, then, as we thought, permanently housed in Munich (it must have been nine or ten years ago), spent time, money and a good deal of virulent and mendacious energy in publishing a pamphlet in which he was polite and say) criticism of Mr. Krehbiel and circulating it in Europe and America. It did not disturb our composure in the least, though we could not conceive what its purpose was, and till now we have not referred to it. Now it appears that Mr. Mahler confessed his failure here to his friends when he went back to Vienna sick in mind and broken in body.

This only in passing; we are not concerned with Mr. Gabilowitsch or Mr. Mahler personally, but only with the symphony in D minor, which we heard for the third time on Tuesday. Fully two hours or more spent in listening to it and half an hour in a study of Mr. Gilman's essay on the composer's philosophy of life and its supposed musical exposition in the score have left us in the same attitude of mind that we were in when we heard it for the first time, nearly seven years ago. Aided by the official annotator of the program when the symphony was brought forward by Mr. Mengelberg in Amsterdam, and the conductor's explanations of the confidences poured into his mind by the composer, Mr. Gilman tells us the familiar tale, which we also had from his own lips, that he was not a programmatic composer, but wished his music to be accepted as music, and then expounds and elucidates and philosophizes about every section of the symphony, quoting Walt Whitman, Pindar, Mr. Santayana, Wagner and St. Bernard to prove that the symphony is an expression of universal brotherhood.

subtles by Composer

It is interesting to learn that though the music is not programmatic the composer originally entitled it "A Summer Morning's Dream," and when first brought it out under his own direction gave subtitles and mottoes to its different movements—Thus: Introduction: Awakening of Pan,

I. Summer enters. Procession of Bacchus.

II. (Minuet) What the flowers of the meadow tell me.

III. (Scherzo) What the animals in the forest tell me.

IV. (Contralto solo) What man tells me.

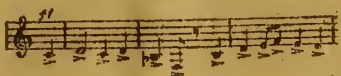
V. (Women's chorus, boy choir and contralto solo) What the angels tell me.

VI. (Adagio) What love tells me.

All of this, however, it appears, was only a sort of "programmatic red-herring," which disclosed a little of what Mr. Mahler had in his mind, but seems chiefly to have been designed to throw the listeners off his track.

Musical Ideas Infantile

It seems like a satire on the intelligence of a knower of music to talk at all about the political or psychological contents of this symphony, and equally like a satire to conceive it as not having been associated by the composer with some processes of his erratic mind. Mahler was essentially a naive musician. No man of his time who aspired to like standing with him would have dared to string together such infantile musical ideas as he has blended in this work with the ingenuousness of a novice, the prolixity of an artist without sense of coherence and proportion and the daring of a man convinced that he was an inspired prophet proclaiming an evangel. The work is in no sense a symphony, but a compages of six unrelated pieces of music, the first of which is a monstrously long march (it occupies thirty-five minutes), alternately lugubrious and merry and monotonous in its erratic and unmotivated change of character. In its principal theme, which begins thus:



there is an obvious echo of the opening measures of the old German students' song, "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus" (of which Brahms makes beautiful use in his "Academic Overture"), and the rhythmical structure of the stout tune at the base of the finale of the same composer's C minor Symphony. The second movement is in a gay minuet tempo, but has nothing of the minuet form.

March for Toy Soldiers

The third movement is again a march, but this time in miniature—a march for toy soldiers. Then the spirit changes, and to dainty accompaniment effects we hear from afar a sentimental ditty played on the trumpet, which irresistibly calls up in the minds of persons familiar with Viktor von Schöckel's "Trompeter von Säckingen" thoughts of the music which young Werner sent up to his lady love's castle from his boat on the Rhine. The fourth movement is a song for contralto voice, the words taken from Nietzsche's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," about the depth of woe, but the infinitely greater depth of joy. The solo runs into a three-voiced chorus for children's voices (angelic they may be supposed to be), which sing a quaint old folksong which tells of the admonition given by the Lord to Peter when he sat weeping because of his infraction of the decalogue. "All bliss is for Peter reserved through Jesus forevermore." Wherefore there is gladness among the angels and they "Bim, bam" (which is the German for "Ding, dong") to the accompaniment of bells.

Finally there is a long, very long, slow movement, which begins beautifully in the strings and ends in a banal hymn tune, in which the whole orchestra joins. There is a fearful lot of reiteration and much striving for color effects. But through overelaboration this, too, becomes wearisome.

Mr. Mengelberg evidently believes in the music. He has worked up its effects with consummate care; its most obvious inanities seem full of significance to him, and he made of the pieces all that can be made in the way of expression and euphonious sound. He had the help of Miss Julia Claussen, solo contralto, and a choir of boys from the Church of the Paulist Fathers

and women from the St. Cecilia Club. The audience was marvelously patient, and at times tried to work up some enthusiasm, but it was obviously weary at the end. The work will be repeated at Carnegie Hall this evening and tomorrow afternoon and in Brooklyn on Sunday afternoon.

MERCEDES FARRY SINGS WELL FIRST TIME HERE.

Makes Trills and Cadenzas Grow Naturally Into Songs at Recital.

Mercedes Farry has a light voice which was tremulous with nervousness on Tuesday night at Aeolian Hall; it was her first recital in America. Her tones are good and she has one great ability which makes her remarkable among coloraturas. She succeeds in making her trills and cadenzas grow naturally in the songs where they occur. It is a rare achievement.

Generally a colorature soprano sings her way into a song smoothly and expressively until the listeners are persuaded she is moving toward a climax which will be a natural consequence of her previous expressions. Then, suddenly, she seems to put the song aside. She is at the cadenza. With a hard, cold voice she chops out the melodic steps. And she either ends at the top of the climb on a note higher than she can execute properly, or she sweeps down and takes up the song where she left off.

The young Spanish coloratura, Mercedes Farry, however, sings her cadenzas as part of the whole melodic expression. As she sang the exultant colorature aria from "Traviata" her style and phrasing seemed barely to restrain her voice from breaking through the melody and mounting even before she reached the cadenza. Then it came, when it did, as an outlet for her feelings. And it suggested a person trying one note rapidly after another to find one which vibrated estatically enough to satisfy.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Madama Butterfly" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Miss Farrar was, as usual, the impersonator of the Japanese bride. She has been so long associated with the role that it seems difficult to realize that her version will soon become a memory. She has made the part both realistic and poetic and she has sung the music well and at times very beautifully. Last evening was one of the latter. She was on the pitch in the entrance song—a difficult thing to accomplish—and from that moment all went well.

Mr. Chamlee was the Pinkerton. This young tenor is always heard with pleasure. His voice is singularly lovely in quality and he uses it with good judgment. He sang well last evening and showed improvement in his action. Mr. de Luca assumed the personality of Sharpless, the consul, usually entrusted to Mr. Scotti. Mr. de Luca has been in this country long enough now to know how to enact an American singing in Italian in Japan. The audience was large and it gave every evidence of satisfaction.

March 3, 1922

By Deems Taylor

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

Last night at Carnegie Hall Willem Mengelberg conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra in the second of four performances he is giving of Gustav Mahler's third symphony. The platform had to be extended in order to accommodate the crowd of performers necessary to produce the work. These included, besides the Philharmonic's full forces (109 men), the boys' choir of Father Finn's Paulist Choristers, the St. Cecilia Society of women's voices and Julia Claussen, contralto.

As a synopsis of the symphony's elaborate programme appeared in Wednesday morning's *World*, let it suffice now merely to remind the reader that the work aims in general to express man's quest for happiness and truth; that there are six movements instead of the conventional four, the last three of which are played without a break; and that a whole evening is required for the performance.

Mahler, like Bruckner and Berlioz, seems to have divided the world into two warring camps, one of which cannot find words for its admiration of his genius, while the other will have none of him. Mr. Mengelberg,

for example, is said to consider him the greatest composer since Beethoven.

If this be true, one can only remark feebly that there is no accounting for tastes. The third symphony, as it was unveiled last night, seems to be a work of almost unbelievable prolixity, dullness, and sterility. Not only does it fail to come within hailing distance of the grandiose programme that Mahler has appended to it, but even as absolute music it contains only a few scattered passages worth taking seriously.

Some idea of the scale on which the composer has elected to utter his message may be gleaned from the statement that the opening theme is announced by eight horns in unison, fortissimo, and proceeds to work up from that. Eventually the first movement resolved itself into a tedious and bombastic march, which never rises much above the level of the sort of thing to which one used to march into assembly in high school days. The first movement takes nearly forty-five minutes to play. It is difficult to convey any adequate impression of its almost unbearable futility.

Comes the second movement, descriptive of the flowers. This is a minuet, a rather pretty air such as any composer of opera bouffe could turn out in a day, pretentiously scored and about three times as long as it should be. The third movement, supposed to represent the unthinking happiness of the animals, contains no hint of its faunal programme beyond a few bird calls at the outset.

Most of it is in dance rhythm (a one-step, to be exact), and rather cheap. There is an off-stage solo for posthorn which, like everything else, is too long, but is otherwise effective. Mahler takes ten minutes to attempt what Beethoven accomplished in a few bars of the third "Leonore" overture. However, one must be fair. Compared with most of the third symphony the posthorn episode is the music of the spheres. Its effectiveness last night was largely due to the excellent playing of Mr. Heim, the Philharmonic's first trumpeter.

At this point last evening one unknown hero rose from his seat well down front and stalked out. There remained the fourth, fifth and sixth movements, or sections. In the fourth, Julia Claussen sang an endless and rather ineffective solo, accompanied by muted strings and horns uttering banalities in thirds. In the fifth, the women's chorus, the boy choir and the contralto sang a none too inspiring imitation of an old German carol.

In the sixth, Mahler almost created beauty. It was a slow, choral-like movement, played almost throughout on the strings, and the first five minutes of it were moving and eloquent. But it went on endlessly, following Mahler's evident conviction that what is worth doing at all is worth doing forever, through four recapitulations of the main theme and five separate and distinct climaxes. At ten-forty the end came.

Whatever shortcomings the work possesses must be laid entirely at the door of the composer, for Mr. Mengelberg and his forces gave the third symphony a devoted and skilful performance. Miss Claussen, the St. Cecilia Society, and the boys' choir all sang well. The orchestra played superbly, particularly in the last movement. Here Mr. Mengelberg gave a reading of wonderful flexibility, tonal richness and subtle shading. The performance will be repeated this afternoon at Carnegie Hall and Sunday afternoon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Three Beethoven Numbers Payed by Symphony Society

By H. E. Krehbiel

Mr. Walter Damrosch marked the resumption of his duties as conductor of the Symphony Society yesterday afternoon by giving a concert exclusively of Beethoven's music in Carnegie Hall. He brought forward two symphonies and the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the solo part in the last number played by Mr. Josef Hofmann; how sanely, beautifully and brilliantly it is not necessary to attempt to say. The proverbial Newcastle needs no coal, Athens

no ows, the lily no paint, gold no gilding. As an ensemble performance there was nothing to invite comment of a laudatory nature. The orchestral part went perfunctorily, as it so frequently does when pianist, conductor and the band are equally familiar with each other and the composition.

The symphonies were the first (in C major) and the "Pastoral." The latter was on a Philharmonic list a month ago, when Mr. Menguberg led a performance, which, though it had more poetic charm was not essentially different in reading than that which it received yesterday. There is no opportunity in it for the blowers of brass to destroy its euphony, and so on both occasions it was permitted to utter its message of beauty. Wanting a similar opportunity in the first symphony, Mr. Damrosch made its performance slightly different from those of other conductors by repeating the device to which attention was called when he consorted it with the fifth and seventh symphonies at a historical concert in December, 1920. He had the concertmaster play the hesitant and accumulative approach to the principal theme of the finale solo, and repeated it when the theme appears for the last time in the coda. The liberty thus taken with Beethoven's text has not even the merit of producing an effect *ad captandum vulgus*. It is as foolish as it is futile.

Rudolf Jung, Tenor, Applauded.

Rudolf Jung, the Swiss tenor, gave a second recital at the Town Hall last evening, assisted at the piano by Marcel Van Gool. The singer was enthusiastically received in Brahms's *Gypsy Songs*, Wagner's narrative from "Tannhäuser" and French lyrics by Faure, Alexander Georges and Gustave Doret. He added songs in English by Purcell and a group of Americans, including the late C. T. Griffes.

Svea Hanson in Swedish Folksongs.

Svea Hanson, mezzo-soprano, made her debut in a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, singing with native zest many Swedish folksongs, arranged by Gustaf Hagg, wherein the subjects and simple melody fitted well her personality and voice. She is young, fair and robust, with a somewhat unvaried style. Gustave Ferrari accompanied her also in airs by French, English and modern Scandinavian composers.

"The Snow Maiden" Sung Again.

"The Snow Maiden" was sung for the fourth time at the Metropolitan last evening, when a large audience applauded Rimsky-Korsakoff's musical fairy tale and its pictorial setting by Anisfeld. In the cast were Mesdames Bori, d'Arle, Delaunoy, Howard and Perlman, Messrs. Diaz, Bada, Meader, Chalmers and Rothner, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

As for the two symphonies, it may be said that while Mr. Damrosch endeavored to emphasize some points he made no attempt at revealing any hitherto unsuspected wonders in either the unpretending first or the gentle sixth. Even the thunderstorm was restored to its traditional proportions. In these days it is the fashion to introduce a few extra flashes of lightning and to enlarge the might of Beethoven's crashes. Mr. Damrosch permitted them to go their own way. It was the kind of thunderstorm we used to have before the war, but not quite as gorgeous as now required by the American standard of living.

SWISS TENOR PLEASES.

Rudolf Jung, a Swiss tenor, recently heard for the first time here, gave his second song recital last evening in Town Hall. His program was arranged on unconventional lines. It began with old English airs, which were followed by a group of French lyrics, including two unfamiliar ones by Gustave Doret, as well as Alexander Georges's "Hymn to the Sun." This narrative from "Tannhäuser" and Brahms's "Zigeunerlieder" came next, and the final group was of songs by American composers.

Mr. Jung confirmed the good impression which he made at his first recital. He is a man of excellent appearance and has a voice which would probably

be better heard from the operatic stage than the recital platform. But he has shown in two details that he can sing songs with understanding and with dramatic force. He was heard by a large audience and there was no lack of warmth and spontaneity in its applause.

AMERICAN SOPRANO HEARD.

Miles Svea Hanson, a young American soprano of Swedish parentage, gave her first song recital here last night in Aeolian Hall, with Gustave Ferrari at the piano. She sang French, English and many Scandinavian lyrics, including a group of Swedish folksongs arranged by Gustaf Hagg. Miss Hanson disclosed a voice of mezzo quality, of good power and range, but with little tonal variety. Her style had more assurance than finish and her diction in the French songs was faulty. Her case manner while singing was noteworthy. She was warmly received.

Mon 4 922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Edith Bennett's Song Recital.

Miss Edith Bennett, a young soprano, who gave her first New York song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening, has a number of things in her favor: youth and a youthful, fresh voice of singularly fine timbre and no small degree of flexibility and technical finish, spontaneity of utterance and a very considerable self-confidence and aplomb before the public.

Her singing gave pleasure. It would have given more had her program been more interesting and her interpretation more varied. The operatic air by Piccini, with which she began, has not much more than its age to recommend it—that and the small taste of fame given its composer by his defeat by Gluck in the Parisian arena. Or what it might have to recommend it would be an interpretation of more style and more pungency than Miss Bennett gave it.

Miss Bennett sang pleasing short airs by the Italian Donandri, Paradisi, Cilea, from Adrenne Leconvenr, and Mascagni; a group by Duparc, Faure, Rhené-Baton and Debussy; four "Rispetti" by Wolf-Ferrari and a group by Loeffler, Miss Clarke, Manney, Erich Wolff and Cadman, the song by the last named being from his opera "Shanewis." Duparc's song, "Au Pays au se fait la Guerre," has singularly few of the qualities of more familiar songs bearing the name of Duparc. Faure's "Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye" was one of Miss Bennett's most successful offerings, presenting the spirit of the song with much charm and grace.

She has still something to learn and to experience in the art of voicing the essential character of a song, in focussing its significance, in imparting variety of style and expression to a program demanding variety. Her range at present is somewhat limited. But her intelligence and her musical endowments are evidently such as should enable her to find the way to a wider one. Her audience last evening was large; it was prepared to be pleased and found ample occasion to be and to express pleasure.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon a special performance of "Tosca" was given in aid of the free milk fund of Mayor Hylan's committee of women of which Mrs. William Randolph Hearst is chairman. The principal singers were Mme. Jeritza as Tosca, Mr. Scotti as Scarpia and Mr. Chalmers as Cavaradossi.

After the second act the Health Commissioner, Dr. Royal S. Copland, briefly addressed the audience, explaining the purposes and scope of the charity. The house was packed and the fund was substantially aided to the amount of \$20,000.

In the evening the regular subscription performance took place. The opera was "Zaza" with Miss Geraldine Marrar as the heroine. The predictions made last season that Miss Farrar's impersonation of the wayward music hall singer would suffice to give Doncavello's work popularity have been fully justified. At every performance the Metropolitan has been crowded, and last evening there was no evidence of any diminution of public interest.

The opera contains characterizations and action sure of public approval when well presented. Miss Farrar sweeps a wide range of interpretation as Zaza, ranging from most vivacious comedy to sentiment and pathos, and she generally sings the music well. Mr. Martincelli was the *Dufrense* last evening, and again pleased the audience by his vigorous singing. Mr. de Luca repeated his interesting and sympathetic delineation of *Cascard*, the vaudeville partner of *Zaza*.

Mme. Howard continued to be amusing as the tipting mother of the heroine, and Mr. Bada contributed again his clever character sketch as *Malarlot*, the music hall manager. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Miss Edith Bennett, a young soprano from Concord, N. H., gave her first song recital here last evening in Aeolian Hall. According to announcement Miss Bennett, who has been heard outside of New York, is a graduate of Smith College, and the first vocalist from her alma mater "to acquire fame" as a singer. Her program had some selections outside the stereotyped lines. It began with an interesting aria from Piccini's "Alessandro Nell' Indie" and then included among the other numbers Cilea's air "Poveri Fiori," from the opera "Adriana Lecouvreur," Mascagni's "Mama-Non Mama," four "Rispetti" by Wolf-Ferrari and the songs "Cluden Light," of Loeffler, Rebecca Clarke's "Shy One" and "May Morning," by Charles Fonteyn Manney.

Miss Bennett passed through the ordeal of her debut here with much success. She has a voice of admirable quality, range and power, and she sang with technical skill. She showed training in matters of style, and her diction was clear. She has some things to learn in the niceties of tone color, especially in her fortes, where now her voice easily becomes a little harsh and uneven in quality. Her intelligence was noteworthy. While she will doubtless acquire more general finesse in her delivery, she is already a singer who gives much pleasure. She had a demonstrative audience.

Net Receipts \$11,000.

The gross receipts amounted to more than \$20,000. The Metropolitan Opera Company receives \$9,500 for the performance.

The sixth of a series of round-up musicals, under direction of Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, and Ernesto Berumen, pianist, took place yesterday in Aeolian Hall, with the following artists participating: Charlotte Ryan, soprano; Anne Lago, contralto; Sheffield Child, tenor; Charles Carver, basso; Kathryn Kerin and Willie Cameron, pianists, and Mr. La Forge as accompanist for the singers.

The La Forge Quartette, composed of Miss Ryan, Miss Lago, Mr. Child and Mr. Carver, contributed two numbers, the first Schubert's "The Oupotence," and the second a group number, including "Sanctuary," by La Forge; "The Last Hour," by Kramer, and "By the Waters of Minnetonka," by Lieurance-La Forge. These were sung with the surety of veteran artists, both as to quality of tone and interpretation. Miss Ryan, Mr. Child and Mr. Carver also sang the "Trio" from "Faust" with fine effect. Miss Ryan's voice was never more charmingly displayed than in "Micaela's Air" from "Carmen," which she sang to an accompaniment by Rudolph Ganz, reproduced by the Duo-Art Piano.

Miss Kerin played "Romance," by La Forge and "Prelude" in G minor, by Rachmaninoff, with exquisite technique and artistry. Her tone is unusually beautiful and she possesses the double qualification of being both an exceptional accompanist and soloist. Mrs. Cameron played "Lotus Land," by Cyril Scott, and "Novelette," by Schumann, with ease, taste and picturesque abandon.

Eastman Music School Dedicated.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 3.—The Eastman School of Music, George Eastman's two million dollar gift to the University of Rochester, was formally opened tonight with a public reception and a concert dedicating Kilbourn Hall, the small auditorium designed as a memorial to Mr. Eastman's mother, Maria Kilbourn Eastman. The Eastman Theatre, an auditorium with a seating capacity of slightly less than four thousand and housed in the same structure, is not yet completed.

Mon 5 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Catalani's "Loreley" at Metropolitan.

LORELEY, romantic opera in three acts and five scenes. Book in Italian, by Carlo d'Ormeville and A. Zanardini. Music by Alfredo Catalani. At the Metropolitan Opera House. Rudolph, Margrave of Biberich, Jose Mardones; Anna of Rehberg, his niece, Marie Sundell; Walter, Lord of Oberwesel, Benjamin Gigli; Loreley, "an orphan," Claudia Muzio; Baron Hermann, Giuseppe Danile; Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

Another of the Metropolitan Opera Company's new productions was made at the matinee performance yesterday—Alfredo Catalani's opera of "Loreley." A very large matinee audience heard it with many manifestations of approval. They heard, indeed, a fine performance; one in which Messrs. Gigli, Danise and Miss Muzio gave of their best. There were many recalls after the falls of the curtain, not only of these and other singers, but also of Messrs. Moranzoni, Setti, Thewman and Siedle, concerned in the production.

"Loreley" is not wholly new to New York. Three seasons ago the Chicago Opera Company gave a somewhat hectic performance of it at the Lexington Theatre; but only one. When Mr. Hammerstein was in control of the Manhattan Opera House some years before that he included it in one of his season's announcements; but, like some others, it never got any further. It is said that when they first came to the Metropolitan Opera House Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini wished to produce "Loreley," but were given pause by some of the scenic difficulties.

Nor is the opera itself new. It was first produced at the Teatro Regio in Turin on Feb. 16, 1890; but it was a reworking of another opera, called "L'Elza," that first saw the light in 1880. Catalani, the musician, however, is known here. M. Gatti-Casazza produced his opera "La Wally" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Jan. 6, 1909, under Mr. Toscanini. It was by no means a success in New York, and passed out of the repertory at the end of that season after four performances. Mr. Toscanini is said to hold in high esteem the composer, who died in 1898 before his time, at the age of 39; and to have done much to make these two operas popular in Italy.

Not a "Young Italian."

Catalani is not to be ranked among the composers who were "young Italians" in the early days of Mascagni, Puccini and their fellows—now more properly to be regarded as middle-aged Italians—but rather one of the elder brethren; one of those who drew more immediately from the fountain of Verdi's inspiration, as it descended through Ponchielli, and, indeed, he was

Ponchielli's composition at the Milan Conservatory. He seems to have had the strong liking for German romanticism of the earlier nineteenth century. He showed it in his choice of the subject of "La Wally"; and he showed it earlier in his choice of the subject of "Loreley," whose name brings up the story of olden times, "visions of the calmly flowing Rhine, the rocky cliff, the magic of the unearthly maiden combing her golden hair, singing a song the while; and what she did to the unfortunate boatman with her singing; all as related by Heine in a ballad set by Slicher, known to all in Germany and to most outside of it.

There has been many operatic Loreleys since Clemens Brentano first unearthed the old legend in 1801. Mendelssohn began an opera on the subject, but never finished it. Gabel, who wrote the text for him, afterward entrusted it to Max Bruch, William Vincent Wallace, whose "Maritana" is still remembered by some, used the subject in his English opera of "Lurline." And innumerable other German composers and some Italians have composed it. None of these settings but Catalani's is now alive anywhere.

A Free Treatment of the Subject.

Catalani's text was written by Carlo d'Ormeville and A. Zanardini, and is a very free treatment of the subject. In fact, the librettists have made the Loreley a factor in a story of their own invention, rather than made a setting of the ancient legend. When the opera opens Loreley had not become the dangerous and unearthly figure that afterward looms so ominously in legend. She is an orphan girl. In an unfortunate moment she met Lord Walter, who is betrothed to Anna, niece of a marquis. In her embraces Walter forgot the duty he owed to his affianced.

In the first scene of the opera he meets his friend Hermann, who himself secretly loves Anna, but who urges Walter to be true to her. Loreley appears, and Walter explains his embarrassing predicament, leaving her in a faint, as Hermann appears lamenting that he was so weak as to give up Anna, and throwing away the emblem of his religion, dedicates himself to the god of the Rhine to avenge Anna's wrongs.

In the second scene Rhine maidens are seen singing to the river god and to then, when Loreley appears, lamenting her lost honor and asking for vengeance. Alberich, the Rhine god, can give it, they tell her, if she will surrender herself to him. She resolves to do so, flings herself into the river and rises at once transformed into the Loreley of the legend, provided with hair, a comb and a rock, to whom the nymphs do homage as to their queen.

The preparations for the wedding of Anna and the faithless Walter are in progress as the curtain rises on the second act. Hermann comes to warn Anna of what is in store for her. As the wedding train starts into the church the heavens glow with a mystic light; Loreley appears and sings her love to Walter, who casts his bride away and rushes to Loreley's arms. She flings herself into the river, leaving Walter in a swoon and Anna fallen lifeless.

Anna's funeral impends as the third act opens on the river bank. Walter appears; and, as he is cursed by the father, is overcome by remorse and attempts to throw himself into the river. The nymphs drive him back and he sees Loreley, who rises up to spurn him; but she is about to yield to his passionate avowals of love when the voices of unseen spirits remind her of her oath to Alberich. She bids him farewell, he plunges into the Rhine, while the Loreley mounts her rock and sorrows.

Related German Romanticism.

This is likely to seem to operagoers of the present day quite belated German romanticism; a form of esthetic enjoyment that has been pretty well left behind in the intelligence of adult thinkers. It is not very easy in this day and generation to assume the state of mind to which such a story, purely as a story, can make an appeal; to believe in this kind of make-believe long enough to acquire an emotion from it. Nobody can very well read a deep ethical significance into it or find a profound symbolic meaning or an exposition of typical human emotions and motives. It is a story of human loves and jealousies and passions and wrongdoings with a "deus ex machina" to bring about the catastrophe in quite the fairy-story way, that satisfactorily serves the purposes of a story, but makes no appeal below the surface.

Catalani's music is that of an excellent musician and who knew his business thoroughly and who thought and felt beyond the ideals of his fellow Italians of 1880, when the original draft was first created. It is desirable, for the reasonable operagoer, to take some account of the historical position of Catalani's opera in making an estimate of it. He was aspiring to a dramatic form of greater substance and vitality than that which prevailed in his day. He was in so far tarred with the Wagnerian stick; though nobody today will see in his music any specifically musical derivation from the German master or any close following of his style. If the opera suggests in the second act "Lohengrin" or "Tannhäuser," it is more through the scene, the pagantry, a few incidents, than through the music.

Catalani writes well for solos, chorus and orchestra. His craftsmanship is excellent. Some complain of the high range, the "tessitura" of the solo parts; but it did not cause pain or

anxiety to yesterday's listeners. His writing is vocal in its quality and grateful to the singing voice.

Musie of Little Originality.

But it must be said that the music seems to have little originality, little individuality, little distinctive quality. Nor is there much significant characterization of the leading personages.

a drama—one of the most difficult requirements of the musical dramatist to meet. Catalani naturally has not exceeded the harmonic limitations of his period, but he has not learned much that even the leaders of that period could teach him. His orchestral, like his vocal, singing is fluent and sonorous. That has made it striking or pointed or wonderfully imaginative in dealing with the strongly emotional crises or even the supernatural moments with which the drama is concerned cannot be said, though he has tried to and has made valiant efforts in that direction. And so there are numerous solos and arias that must be called highly effective; successful, no doubt, in their way, though there is not much of them that will linger in the memory. The long act in the beginning between Walter and Hermann, the long solo of Loreley at the close; then her duet with Walter, singing to dispair at the close; and the duet of Hermann, are all admirably formulated and are sonorously vocal. Loreley has a passionate solo bewailing her lot; the passion likewise seems somewhat formulated. The bridal song of Anna in the second act has something of the epithalamian character. The bridal procession is festive. One of the prettiest and most pleasing episodes of the opera is the act "Alla Tedesca," sung and danced in this scene. It is in the catastrophe that follows the apparition of Lorey and its disastrous effect upon the wedding festive and the bride and the bridegroom that Catalani's evocative power in music is at its most insufficient; nor does Lorey's song that loosens all of Walter's inhibitions and draws him to her seem efficient for its purpose. Rhinemaidens have much swarming and running about to do in the next act. Their music is pleasing, but it recalls dangerously her memories of Rhinemaidens that are likely to put Catalani's in the shade. The full throated duet between Loreley and Walter brings the opera to a close; it is one of the most effective pieces of it.

Excellence of the Performance.
The performance of the new opera was fine one. To be mentioned first because of the beauty and finish and dramatic accent of his singing, the intensive control of his acting, is the Hermann of Mr. Danise, one of the finest singers he has offered to the New York public since he has been in the company. Miss Muzio sang the music of Loreley with much power and vibrancy of voice, and with perhaps as much dramatic conviction in her acting as a rather difficult part would suggest. Mr. Gill's singing of the music of Walter was also admirable in voice, in expression, in dramatic potency. It was also one of the best things he has presented in New York. Personally he did not present a deeply impressive appearance and his action needs much in the way of authority and conviction. Mme. Melius sang the music of Anna well, but perhaps not quite all the beauty of voice that her admirers have learned to expect of her. The stage pictures are not such as they like to impress the operagoers of today. The scenery appears to date back pretty well with this opera itself in its design and color. It suggests the neoclassic color scheme and general taste effect of chromolithography. The elegant in the second act was handsomely shown; and the dancing of the act in this scene and of the Rhinemaidens later won much applause, deservedly, for the ballet, headed by Miss Osina Gall. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with great skill, securing a dramatic accent and movement for the performance. An objectionable feature of the performance was the disturbance of a preciously active and industrious claque that seemed to be chiefly in the service of Mr. Gill, though Miss Muzio had her cohorts, too. Mr. Danise, having neglected to provide one, had to rely on his applause upon the unemployed portion of the audience, who applauded him with more intelligence, if less noise, because he sang well. The Metropolitan gave two performances in Manhattan and Brooklyn last night. "La Bohème" was repeated on the home stage, with Borl, Harold, Gottl and Didiar, under Papl's direction. "Die Walkure" was sung at the Brooklyn Academy by a cast including Aston, Claussen, Gordon, Sembach, Whitehill and Gustafson, conducted by Odanzky.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening the don String Quartette played Beethoven's Quartette in E minor, Frank Igné's "Londonderry Air" and Dohy's Quartette in D flat.

By Deems Taylor
BACK TO METHUSELAH.
It took thirty-two years for Alfredo Catalani's opera "Loreley," to reach the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera was produced at Turin in 1890 and remained unrevealed to New York until the Chicago Opera Company offered it here three years ago with small lack of success. Thus emboldened the Metropolitan Opera Company produced it last Saturday afternoon. The only trouble with "Loreley" is that it comes several years too late. We had never heard of Wagner or Verdi or Puccini or Montemezzi, Catalani's effort might be mildly welcome, but at this late day one can only

wonder what mysterious impulses prompted Mr. Gatti-Gasazza to resuscitate it. It took not one, but two men, Carlo d'Ormeville and Alessandro Zanardini, to write the libretto, which is, briefly, as follows: Walter, the young lord of Oberwesel, is about to marry Anna, niece of the Margrave of Biberich. Meanwhile, unfortunately, he has become violently and guiltily enamored of a young woman named Loreley. Walter's bosom friend, Hermann, a noble baritone, himself hopelessly in love with Anna, warns Walter to conquer his guilty passion for Loreley. Our hero tells Loreley that all is over between them. She swoons. Recovering from her swoon, Loreley calls upon Alberich, the God of the Rhine, to avenge her lost honor, offering herself to him as his bride if he will do so; whereupon Alberich turns her into a siren, the Loreley of German myth, long hair, gold comb and all.

It is Anna's wedding day. After a few songs about spring and love, and a ballet of peasants, the wedding procession starts for the church, when Loreley appears unseen to all but Walter. He flings Anna aside and rushes to join the irresistible Loreley, who promptly disappears. Anna, who must have had a weak heart, falls dead.

Anna's funeral procession. Walter, swooning at the sight of her coffin, is awakened by the voice of Loreley, who sings to him from her rock. He rushes to her, and she is so melted that she is about to fall into his arms when menacing voices from the river remind her that she is Alberich's bride. So she repulses Walter and he jumps into the river.

This is the sort of thing that Wagner probably rejected when he was evolving the book of "Tannhauser." The score is not quite as good as the libretto. It is probably as nearly meaningless as music can be and still be music at all. It dribbles on interminably, with hardly a single bar that possesses a shred of melodic interest or dramatic power. Anna's song at the opening of the second act and the duet between Walter and Loreley in the third have a faded spinsterish prettiness, and the wedding chorus in Act II, achieves a certain effectiveness through the sheer volume of the massed voices. Beyond that there is nothing in the music to discuss. One wonders how the singers ever memorized it, it is so jelly-like in its amorphous vagueness.

Saturday's cast was a good one vocally. Mr. Gill was Walter, Mr. Danise was Hermann, Mr. Mardones was the Margrave, Claudia Muzio was Loreley, and Marie Sundellus was Anna. All sang pretty well. There was no acting—there was nothing to act. Miss Muzio was astonishing in a blond wig and a lurid red vampire gown. Mme. Sundellus had more singing to do than is usually allotted to her, and acquitted herself charmingly. The chorus sang lustily and the ballet appeared twice.

The production was as primitive as the opera. Many of the costumes looked familiar. The scenery had been imported all the way from Milan. It must have had a long voyage, for in its rich mud color and total innocence of illusion it dated from the original production of the opera. There would be no particular point in describing it.

If an American had written "Loreley" we would all be going about this morning wagging our heads and saying, "I told you so." What has become of "Shanewis," by the way? It had a preposterous book—almost as bad as "Loreley," in fact—but the music was better.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.
Dvorak's "From the New World" symphony came back to town yesterday afternoon to head the New York Symphony Orchestra's programme at Aeolian Hall. It still keeps its youth, notwithstanding its three decades of a popularity that might have worn a less robust work threadbare. The famous Negro themes still retain their charm—even though they may not be authentic. That long-drawn wrangle over their genuineness seems far away now and not very important. What remains is music of stirring energy and quaint pathos. Structurally the symphony sounded rather loose yesterday, but that was probably the fault of the performance, which was far from impeccable. Mr. Damrosch's reading seemed to lack continuity. He took the work apart

without quite succeeding in putting it together again. The joints were painfully visible and there were parts left over. The orchestra displayed no great unanimity of purpose either, for the attacks were ragged and the balance was often faulty.

The soloist was Alexander Siloti, who played the piano part in Bach's fifth Brandenburg concerto, assisted by George Barrere, flute, and Gustav Tinlot, violin, with the accompaniment of the string section of the orchestra. Mr. Siloti played it magnificently, with dazzling speed and rhythm. It was not an entirely satisfactory Bach performance, however, for the concerto is essentially ensemble music, and Mr. Siloti's piano tones were so powerful that they often obliterated the flute and violin. He seemed to forget that Bach's harpsichord, for which the piece was written, was a gentler instrument than the one upon which he was playing.

An edifying quarter of an hour, nonetheless, and the audience rose to it. The last movement of the concerto has a lift and gusto so utterly Celtic that one wonders whether by any chance the family name could have been O'Bach. Debussy's "Iberia" suite ended a polygot programme.

AT THE AMBASSADOR.
Alice Miriam of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang a programme of songs made up largely from compositions by Lazare Saminsky at the Saturday morning concert in the Ambassador Hotel. These were evidently much more representative of the talents of this young Russian composer than the choruses sung recently by the Friends of Music. They display strong individuality and a true lyric gift. In them and a group of Szymanowski and Debussy Miss Miriam revealed herself as a recital singer of exceptional intelligence, charm and vocal skill. The programme of next Saturday morning's concert—11.45 is the hour—will be devoted to compositions by Carlos Salzedo.

By W. J. HENDERSON.
It has been noted in this place on several occasions that the Sunday afternoon audiences of the Symphony Society seem to assume a kind of proprietary interest in the organization. Aeolian Hall, where the concerts are given, is more conducive to sociability than the cavernous spaces of Carnegie Hall, and the meetings of Sunday before, as it were, family affairs. So there was an especial friendliness in the greeting bestowed upon Walter Damrosch when he appeared on the platform yesterday afternoon to conduct the first Sunday entertainment since his return from abroad.

The program was variegated. It began with Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World." The second number was the fifth of Bach's Brandenburg concertos, the edition being that of the Bach Society made by Alexander Siloti, who was at the piano. The final number was Debussy's "Iberia."

The performance of the Bach concerto for harpsichord, violin and flute, with accompaniment of strings, gave the audience unquestionable pleasure. It would be strange if it failed to do so, for it is a delightful composition, in which not the least enjoyable movement is the Irish jig at the end. Possibly Bach did not know it was Irish, but any New Yorker will be sure of it. Doubtless, too, the Margrave of Brandenburg, who is preserved in the pages of history because he was an assiduous collector of concertos, regarded this as one of his choice specimens.

These excellent noblemen of the past, who had the laudable habit of keeping private orchestras, provided for posterity much better than they know. We cannot enjoy performances of these concertos in precisely the conditions of intimacy, small audience rooms and social relaxation for which they were designed, but in such a place as Aeolian Hall they can be made to approach very closely to what we may imagine to be their original effect. The fifth was played yesterday with Mr. Siloti as the pianist, Gustave Tinlot, concert master of the orchestra, violinist, and Georges Barrere, flute.

A casual hearer would conclude that this concerto had a special interest for Mr. Siloti, because Bach, who was a harpsichord performer of first rank, wrought into the first movement before its close an extended and elaborate harpsichord part (now given to piano), filling the place occupied in the day of the Beethoven concerto by the cadenza. Of this Mr. Siloti made much, but he did not slight his duties in the other movements. The second, in which the three solo instruments proceed without accompaniment, was admirably per-

formed, which Mr. Tinlot was not a party with his companions in the new or sonority of tone. The other portions of the concert need no description beyond the statement that while some parts of the symphony were rather roughly played the slow movement was finely treated.

UPROAR AT HEIFETZ CONCERT.
Crowd So Large Many Force Their Way Into Hall.

The fourth violin recital of Jascha Heifetz in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon took place under conditions approaching the sensational. The crowd of those unable at the last to gain admission thronged the outer lobby with evident hopes, and finally a small portion of it took the law into its own hands, and forcing its way through the closed doors at the right of the music entrance, made a dash for the inside of the hall and into the crowd which already packed the standing room space. Forces belonging to the management, with detectives, were quickly on the scene and the music loving invaders—both men and women—were sought out and removed from the hall, but not without a bodily struggle on the part of some of the men.

It all happened just after Mr. Heifetz had left the stage following a performance of Charlier's transcription of the "Chaconne," by Vittal, and hence without disturbance to the artist. The violinist's other selections were Lalo's "Symphony Espagnol," Bach's "Air on the G String," the Auer arrangement of Haydn's "Vivace," an air from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," Wieniawski's "Tarantelle" and the "Palpiti" of Paganini.

Mr. Heifetz was in splendid form and in the expression of feeling he reached some loftier heights than is his wont. The audience overflowed onto the stage.

BAUER AND CASALS RECITAL.

Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, violoncellist, gave a joint recital at Town Hall yesterday afternoon when they played together an all Beethoven program. These famous artists have been heard here frequently in past years in joint entertainments, but not within the most recent seasons. The occasion was evidently one of rejoicing that they had again chosen to appear together. Their audience filled the hall and their various offerings were received with delight. The program as announced was changed. The sonata listed as the second number, in G minor, opus 5, No. 2, was played as the first number in place of the sonata in F major, opus 5, No. 1, and for the second number was substituted the C major sonata opus 102, No. 1. The remaining works, the "Variations on a Theme by Mozart" and the sonata in G minor, opus 5, No. 2, were given as listed. The compositions furnished admirable variety in showing how the master composed for the two instruments and in their interpretations the two players deserve only highest praise for their beauty of tone, finish of technic and artistic vision in plan of conception.

E. Robert Schmitz's Piano Recital.

The first of a series of three piano recitals in Rumford Hall was given last evening by E. Robert Schmitz, the French pianist. The programs are devoted to modern French music, with but few exceptions. The exceptions last evening were all in favor of Bach, and included Busoni's arrangement of the Chaconne, and three preludes and fugues from the "Well Tempered Clavier," exactly as Bach wrote them, without the adorning or assisting touch of any modern arranger.

The rest of the program was entirely devoted to Debussy's music, of which there were a number of pieces not often played in public, as the three études, "Pour les Accords," "Degrès Chromatiques," and "Tierses." Mr. Schmitz is most widely known as an interpreter of the modern French music, and his playing of Debussy's pieces was that of one wholly sympathetic with their spirit and well equipped with the special technique and the flair for tonal effects that they especially need.

But Mr. Schmitz showed also that he finds musical expression and poetical feeling also in Bach's music; that it exists chiefly for these things and not as contrapuntal exercises. His playing of the three preludes and fugues exposed their diverse moods, their musical significance. He conceived them in a romantic vein, and though his tempos were fast—and perhaps because they were—the impression of each was clear and decisive. In some of them there was needed only a greater rhythmical security.

Philharmonic Is Heard in Another Mahler Program

Two of the seven symphony concert set down for the entertainment and edification of the citizens of New York took place yesterday afternoon.

Borough of Brooklyn the Philharmonic Society continued its effort to popularize the music of the late Gustav Mahler by a fourth performance within a week of that composer's third symphony. This, we are told, will mark the end of the propagandist movement for this season at least. It has been fruitful of comment, at least, and the officers of the society may be left to ponder the artistic results and financial consequence. In Aeolian Hall yesterday the regular subscription concert of the Symphony Society offered music which was less brain-racking.

Lieutenant Commander John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F., just back from Cuba, where he had made his first trip with his band, returned last night to the Hippodrome, and from an audience that filled every nook and cranny of the big auditorium received an ovation. No one knows how long it would have lasted if the leader had not plunged directly into his program. The New York appearance marks the culmination of a concert tour that netted some \$700,000 in 200 appearances.

The program comprised eight numbers, among them Goldmark's overture, "In Springtime," Massenet's "The Angelus," from the "Scenes Pittoresques" suite, Sousa's "Camera Studies" suite, a vocal solo by Mary Baker, a cornet solo by John Dolan, two movements from the Vieuxtemps violin concerto in F sharp minor, played by Florence Hardeman, and two new Sousa pieces, "The Fancy of the Town" and "On the Campus" March.

There were even more encores than programmed numbers, and these included most of the popular Sousa marches. The audience was most pleased with the old favorites like "El Capitan," "Washington Post" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

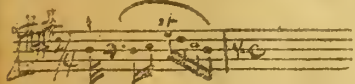
Give All-Wagner Program.

The Wagner concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was evidently an event long waited for, if the size of the audience is any criterion. The auditorium was uncomfortably crowded. The nature of the program, however, made it worth while to endure partial suffocation, containing, as it did, the Good Friday Spell and Scene of the Grail from "Parsifal," and the Prelude and First Act of "Lohengrin," besides the overtures to "Rienzi" and "Die Meistersinger."

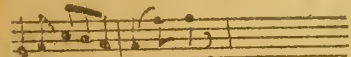
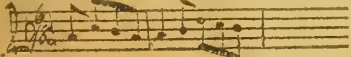
Orville Harrold carried the brunt of the evening's work, appearing in the leading roles in both opera excerpts. Other artists were Marie Sundelius, Julia Claassen, Robert Leonhardt, Louis Rozsa and William Gustafson. Mr. Bamboeschek conducted.

Some Thematic Inversions

Every person of intelligence ought to feel something more than respect for a printer, for is he not the representative of the "art preservative of arts"? Nevertheless, a printer cannot be expected to know everything, and it ought to be easy to pardon him for a want of technical musical knowledge. There is a good deal of music composed nowadays which would sound quite as well if played backward as forward, and if an article in The Tribune's music section last Sunday had been a discussion of such music my composure would not have been disturbed at finding two of the thematic illustrations standing on their heads. But the article dealt with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and it was a bit grievous to me to read that "Beethoven wanted the beginning of his theme to sound thus" and find the music placed in the column rear end foremost. Of course, every musically intelligent reader, after indulging a justifiable smile, inverted his paper and read the phrase as it was intended to be read, namely:



In like manner he could set the four measures quoted from the air "Nora Creina" on their feet thus,



as to make plain what was meant by Sir C. Villiers Stanford's intimation that Beethoven had evolved the theme in finale from one of the measures of Irish tune. In a way this is a serious matter than the first, for the intonation of the theme as it sounded in Beethoven's intention was more or less hypothetical—an interpretation—a custom followed by the composers and their contemporaries; but I ob-

serve that the official annotator of the programs of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra only a fortnight ago stated without qualification that "the subject of this movement is taken from an Irish song, 'Nora Creina.'" One of the objects in my writing was to show that this assertion is unjustifiable.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.)

We do not recall whether or not we joined in an affirmative shout when Peter Pan asked us if we believed in fairies. We were already old at the time and had learned that it was professionally unbecoming to make public disclosure of the rhythm of our emotional complex, either straightforward or syncretized. To be entirely frank, we did not know that there was a disagreement between our lungs and our heart on the subject of either music or fairy tales until instructed yesterday by Mr. Winston Churchill. But we have had so much pleasure from operas based on myths and legends (which are only fairy stories in a different growth) at the opera this season—"Parsifal," "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Le Roi d'Ys," "Snegourochka"—that we are forced to confess that we do believe in fairies and the stories told about them. We believe in them chiefly because their beauty helps to keep the heart young, and also somewhat because we have other physical evidences of their truth. For instance, we have been in the room in the Wartburg where Tannhäuser sang his impious song in praise of Venus, and also in the cave in the Hürselberg where the knight abode with his naughty enslaver. If our word is doubted by anybody let him ask our colleague Henderson, who ought to have among the curiosities of his library some flowers from the mouth of the cave of Venus and a beer mug from the famous Thuringian castle which we brought across the ocean to him ages ago.

Real Lorelei Rock in Rhine

Apropos of the opera which Mr. Gatti brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon we can bear witness that there is a Lorelei rock in the Rhine near St. Goar, for we have seen it several times, and if we saw nothing of Venus in the Hürselberg and no nymph combing her hair on the Lorelei rock, it does not follow that they never were there. Heine tells us that at some side-show in a fair he saw an announcement that within might be seen the offspring of a pike and hare. He sought a sight of the lusus naturæ, concerning which he was skeptical. The showman offered to exhibit the parents, but said the child was indisposed and could not be exposed to vulgar sight without danger; and Heine had to be content with the evidence which the showman offered.

Now this same Heine has put the story of the Lorelei into a ballad which Silcher set to music so natural and charming that we know it is true, while Liszt composed it so artfully, or artistically, as to make a sad declamatory mess of its simplicity. We knew the ballad many years before we saw the rock in the Rhine, but were never so impressed with its downright truthfulness as when we read it in a book which we bought on a Rhenish steamboat, where it was set forth in a wonderful translation by L. W. Garnham. "B. A." Short as it is, we cannot quote it in full, but we must share our delight at three stanzas at least with The Tribune's readers:

The air is cool and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The summit of the mountain bearkens
In evening sunshine line.

The most beautiful Maiden entrances
Above wonderfully there,
Her beautiful golden attire glances,
She combs her golden hair.

"With golden comb so lustrous,
And thereby a song sings,
It has a tone so wondrous,
That powerful melody rings.

It is a precious book—a well of English which we hope will not be defiled by the foreign occupation of the Rhine region. Only one drawback can we detect in its pages: They are so diverting that they always threaten to divert the attention of the American or English tourist from the scenery which they describe.

Opera Given Here Once Before

The opera which Mr. Gatti added to the Metropolitan's repertoire yesterday was the "Loreley," composed by Alfredo Catalani. It was not entirely new to New York, for with a disgracefully crude and shabby dress and in a disgracefully rude manner it was performed by the Chicago Opera Company three years ago (on February 13, 1919 to be exact) at the Lexington Theater. We thought well of its music then in spite of its maltreatment, and we think better of it now when full justice has been done to its score and its scenic adornment by Mr. Gatti's artists. The story which the Italian librettists used is that invented by the German

poet, Emanuel Geibel, to satisfy the craving which Mendelssohn felt but never could satisfy for an opera-text. It is a variant of an old German legend which tells the tale of a water nymph, called Lore, who dwelt on the rock Ley, which lies in the turbulent waters of the Rhine just above St. Goar. To the good people who lived in the vicinity she was a beneficent creature, but to watermen and others who were too inquisitive about her dwelling place she was a wicked siren, who lured them to destruction. Herman, the son of Bruno, Count Palatine, wooed her with song and won her love and she took him to dwell with her in her crystal cave under the Rhine, where he came to say farewell before going to win his spurs at the Emperor's court, as he had been commanded to do by his father. That is the old legend.

Geibel's story makes Walter, Lord of Oberwesel, the victim of her wiles. When she was a virtuous maiden he had been her lover, but he renounced her in order to wed Anna, niece of the Margrave of Biberich. Thereupon she invokes vengeance upon him from the spirits of the river, and to achieve it becomes a water sprite, the bride of Alberich, King of the Rhine, who endowed her with an irresistible power of allurements. This she exercises when the wedding procession is about to enter the church. Walter casts off his bride, who falls lifeless. (Mr. Gigli also turned up his toes, feet foremost, at the audience yesterday, but only because the artistic imagination of the Metropolitan people is too feeble to devise means for presenting the story with either coherency or clearness.) Walter grieves at the funeral of Anna, but Loreley appears to him again, weddings and funerals apparently being to her liking, and seems about to smile upon him, when sinister voices remind her of her allegiance to Alberich. She turns Walter's head with another song, then retires to her rock, while he plunges to his death into the river. (That is, Mr. Gigli picks his way over some green rushes, steps over a promontory—

wings—which is Mr. Stage Manager Thewman's way of getting rid of him.) Loreley resumes her earlier pose as a statue in a red light surmounting a rock, and the opera is over.

Much Pageantry in Act II

There is another character in the story—a baron named Hermann—who loves Anna, tries to save her and vanishes without explanation after singing some of the best dramatic music in the score. Also there is much pageantry in the second act, some of it like the action and music, inspired by "Lohengrin" (where by hangs a tale), and one of the most graceful and exquisitely melodic waltzes in operatic literature.

As Geibel and the opera book maker transformed the old Rhenish legend, so the creators of the legend transformed the Greek story of Scylla, who, having been changed into a monster by Circe, threw herself into the sea and became a rock proverbially fearsome to mariners. There is another story of Scylla's metamorphosis into a lark after she had thrown herself into the sea from a high rock after her lover Minos had become angered at her for stealing a golden hair from the head of his father Nisus. The legends seem to have nothing in common, but the latter came to mind yesterday when we saw Loreley combing her golden hair with a golden comb big enough to be visible half a mile away. Such is the dainty fancy of the artists employed at the Metropolitan. Perspective and poetical suggestion are beyond their reach. Loreley walked into a courtyard so crowded with people that they scarcely gave her elbow-room, and sang and sang, without getting a glance even from Mr. Gigli, to whom her presence was portentous. Of course, she was supposed to be invisible to all others, but there was no apparent illusion except that of all concerned touching the story which was enacting.

Interesting Document

Both dramatically and musically Catalani's "Loreley" is an interesting historical document. In its original form and under another title it was composed over forty years ago. The composer rewrote it for the present libretto and produced it in 1910. We think. Thirty years before Wallace had given his English "Lurline" in London. Mendelssohn, though he did not find the libretto entirely to his liking, set to work upon it and finished the finale of the first act, an "Ave Maria," for soprano solo and women's chorus, and a chorus of vintagers, the music of which has frequently been sung in concerts in Germany and may have been sung here—but not within forty years at least.

Max Bruch composed an opera on the subject, though he rejected Geibel's libretto when it was offered to him. This book was obviously the framework for the libretto set by Catalani. The Italian poets followed Geibel's first act closely, introducing the chorus of spirits who promise to avenge the wrong done to Loreley which had been composed by Mendelssohn. They also followed the German poet in the scene in which the siren interrupts the wedding of her faithless lover with her

song of Lohengrin. The present opera, however, knows nothing of what Geibel, no doubt, considered the culminating scene of his drama—the siren's trial for sorcery, which ends by her turning the heads of the entire ecclesiastical court, including the Archbishop of Mayence. So much for the story, which has had other operatic settings besides those mentioned.

It is not altogether a secret that when Messrs. Gatti and Toscanini came to take into their hands the fortunes of the Metropolitan Opera House they were strongly disposed to produce Catalani's opera. Because of the scenic difficulties which it presents, however, they put it aside in favor of the composer's other opera, "La Wally" (also on a German story), which made a dismal failure. "La Wally" was a later production than "Loreley," but both operas bear witness not only to the admirable talent of the composer, who died at the age of thirty-six in 1893 in the midst of a successful career, but also to the fermentation produced in Italy by the first production in that country of Wagner's "Lohengrin." It must have been obvious to every experienced listener yesterday that Catalani had been greatly influenced by the German master, though he remained a firm adherent of Verdi's cause and, like him, adopted many reformatory ideas without surrendering his national ideals. "Loreley" is full of dramatic conceits unknown in Italy before the advent there of Wagner's works, but it is melodious in essence from beginning to end. It is pregnant with dramatic characterization in harmony as well as in instrumentation, the latter beautiful and effective throughout.

Striking Ballet Music

Chorally the second act is superb and the ballet is particularly striking because of its freedom from Viennese influence despite the fact that it is in waltz measure. It aroused great enthusiasm yesterday and a repetition from the beginning would have been heartily welcomed. It is a peasants' dance and forms an agreeable interlude, but the ballet of the water sprites in the third act is an anti-climax. The entire act, in fact, is a dramatic error, which was emphasized by the absence of the exquisite singing of Mme. Sundelius, which did much to win the unqualified success attained in the second act. Miss Muzio sang with great fervor and beauty, but the alluring charm of a siren was neither in her voice nor in her action in the degree exacted by

the part. Mr. Gigli sang with delicious suavity, grace and beauty, but his dramatic impersonation was a nullity.

In this respect, as well as in song, Mr. Daniza, after Miss Sundelius, was the most persuasive figure on the stage, though Mr. Mardone would have made him work for his laurels had his part given him an opportunity. Scenically nearly everything was effective, especially the picture of the nixies dispersing themselves in the Rhine. Messrs. Moranzoni, Setti and Thewman received plaudits with the principal singers at several curtain calls after the first and second acts. Rosina Galli won a large share of the applause with which the ballet was rewarded. For the sake of the record the roster of all concerned in the performance is appended:

LORELEY—A romantic opera in three acts and five scenes. Book by Carlo d'Ormeville and A. Zanardelli (in Italian). Music by Alfredo Catalani.

THE CAST

Rudolph, Margrave of Biberich, Jose Mardone
Anna of Rehberg, his niece, Marie Sundelius
Walter, Lord of Oberwesel, Beniamino Gigli
Loreley, an orphan, Claudia Maza
Baron Hermann, Giuseppe Daniza
Fishermen, Woodcutters, Bowmen, Knights
Female Vassals, Nobles, Monks,
Incidental dances by Rosina Galli, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni
Stage director, Samuel Thewman
Chorusmaster, G.ullo Seri
Technical director, Edward Stadig
Stage manager, Armando Agnini

inch 7

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE DAY.

Yesterday will not go down in the annals of music as an unforgettable one. It was fairly active but not very fruitful. Cornelia Ridér Possart led off in the afternoon with a piano recital at Aeolian Hall. Her programme, more safe than exciting, included a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, sonatas by Hayden and Schumann, three Chopin pieces, and others by Beethoven and Scarlatti. She played them in straightforward competent, uninteresting fashion.

At the same hall, in the evening, the Trio Classique gave its second recital, playing a trio by Volkmar Andree, one by Beethoven, and a "Phantasia" by Frank Bridge, with no inspiring results. At the Town Hall Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch

Another recital of a full orchestra and violin. Besides, a Bach sonata, a Dvořák sonatina and a Vitali chaconne. Their programme included Hebraic Pizzetti's much-discussed sonata in A, which they introduced here last year. The work sounds interesting and probably has merits, but its performance last night hardly formed a good basis upon which to appraise it. Mrs. Bloch played the piano part rather well, but Mr. Bloch's intonation was generally uncertain, and his reading, while one of undoubted sincerity, was too inadequate technically to give the listener untroubled access to the music.

The evening's opera was "Le Roi d'Ys," which sounded like a masterpiece after Saturday's "Loreley." It was ladies' night, vocally. The necessity for singing in French seemed to inhibit both Mr. Gigli and Mr. Danise, and Mr. Rothier was a bit bronty. Frances Alda, on the contrary, was in excellent form and did some fairly beautiful singing, notably in the opening scene of the second act.

The only newcomer in the cast was Eanne Gordon, who sang Rozenn for the first time. She was an unqualified success. The music seemed to suit her voice and her acting of the role was really superb, and she made a rather wooden part unexpectedly effective by a forceful and skilfully characterized performance.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Trio Classique, which gave its first concert not long ago, gave its second last evening in Aeolian Hall. The members of this new organization are Miss Celia Schiller, piano; Maurice Kaufman, violin; and John Mundy, cellist. The program consisted of Volkmann's trio in E flat, opus 14; Beethoven's in D major, opus 70, No. 1; and Frank Bridge's "Fantasy" in C minor. Andreae's music is not very familiar here, although the Kneisel Quartet introduced him to this public about twenty-five years ago.

He is a Swiss, born in Berne in 1879, and has been a prolific composer. He has also been active as a conductor and one of his achievements in that capacity was directing the first performance in Italy of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" in 1911. Doubtless that was one of the most valuable contributions to the art of music, since his compositions have not made their way with great vigor.

The quartet heard last evening owed the principal theme of its first movement, heard again in the finale, to no less a melodist than Schubert, his general rhythmic and structural style to Brahms and his harmonic scheme to Cesar Franck. An eclectic who chooses with taste and discretion is not to be despised, but so is likely to find that the material chosen is more clear and beautiful at the original springs than in the broad channels which he so laboriously digs for it.

This was the result in the case of Mr. Andreae's quartet. It is well made, except in some parts where the composer's ingenuity failed and the ancient device of writing in unison for the strings while the piano made arabesques was employed. The piano part was in general too prominent and this was not wholly the fault of the pianist. The string players were not always happy either in quality of tone or intonation, but all three musicians gave sincere and commendable effort to the Swiss trio as well as to the other numbers on the program.

MISS POSSART, PIANIST, PLAYS.

Her Programme Presents Interesting Music.

Miss Cornelia Rider Possart, pianist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Possart is no stranger to local music lovers. She has been known for several seasons as a player of sincere intentions and considerable skill. Her program was doubtless the most interesting element in her entertainment, which is commendation not to be lightly esteemed, for many pianists of important technique and interpretative ability dwell in the realms of conservatism to such an extent that they end by all playing the same things.

Miss Possart offered her audience Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue, opus 35, No. 1, Haydn's D major sonata, Schumann's G minor sonata, and some shorter numbers by Beethoven, Scarlatti and Chopin. Her playing was

characterized as heretofore by a plain directness of style and by great force of finger. There was little variety of color and for tenderness of utterance Miss Possart disclosed scant sympathy.

MR. AND MRS. BLOCH'S RECITAL

Sonata Recital Enjoyed at the Town Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bloch, pianist and pianist, gave their second sonata recital last evening at Town

Hall. The program consisted of a sonata in A, a sonata in E minor and Pizzetti's in A. Dvořák's "Sonatine" and Vitali's "Chaconne."

These numbers brought several changes to the program which was first announced. The Pizzetti sonata in the last, which was to have been heard at the first concert, was introduced here by Mr. and Mrs. Bloch last season. Shortly afterward Miss Parlow, who had studied it with the composer, played it.

As critical opinion of the recent day Italian score on first hearings ranged from terms of high praise to the "regret that an exit was not nearer," the Blochs repeated the sonata last night with hopes for a change of heart through a rehearsing on the part of its adversaries. The sonata, showing sections of originality and beauty, but as a whole without great importance, is always admirably performed by the two artists and it is possible that their common spirit in its interest may raise the work into a more general favor here.

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e Bloch's Quartet.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

All the ancient jesters who were last evening that the west end manager had mixed his dates and that he supposed the Kneisel Quartet was to give a concert in Aeolian Hall. In days now historic it was proverbially bad weather when the Kneisels played. But last evening the entertainment was the third subscription concert of the Flonzaley Quartet, and the audience, like those of Kneisel days, declined to be cheated of its pleasure because rain fell and winds blew.

The program consisted of Ernest Bloch's quartet in B major, Haydn's in E flat and Schumann's in A minor. Bloch's quartet was produced here by the Flonzaley organization December 29, 1916, and last night had its second hearing. Much of Mr. Bloch's other work has been made known, and all of it has deepened the impression created by his introduction some years ago that he is a musician of genuine sincerity, who writes in a difficult style because it is the natural expression of his artistic temperament.

The quartet is not without the strong Hebraic tinge found in most of Bloch's music, and at the same time it is opulent in what are called modern harmonies. Furthermore, it is laden with instrumental device and with sharply drawn contrasts between ensemble and solo utterance. It is clear in form, but the subject matter is not easily assimilated by the hearer and the developments are often singularly complex and even puzzling.

But there are many pages of characteristic beauty in the composition, especially in the slow movement. As a whole the quartet carries with it the conviction of lofty aspiration, coupled with peculiar mannerisms of expression and idiosyncrasies of style which are likely to keep it in seclusion much of the time.

Adolf Betti and his associates had bestowed upon this music extraordinary care. It would not be possible probably to give the work a warmer, more impassioned or finished performance. Technically it is a formidable test of tone and intonation and this test the Flonzaley players met triumphantly. It was a delight to listen to such sonorous and finely balanced chamber music playing. But over and above this was the insight into the content of the music. And the vibrant sympathy with which the musicians interpreted the composition was little short of inspiring. If,

indeed, they did not arouse real enthusiasm, the fault lay in the music not in themselves.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Bodanzky Leads Orchestra at the Metropolitan.

The Philharmonic Society gave the sixth of its Tuesday evening subscription concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House last night under the direction of Artur Bodanzky, guest conductor. The program comprised Wagner's "A Faust" overture, Beethoven's eighth symphony, Tchaikovsky's overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and Berlioz's "Rakoczy March."

Although the compositions were all familiar, their hearing received some novel zest, perhaps, by means of Mr. Bodanzky's baton and the operatic auditorium in which they were performed. The Wagner overture, it is true, had been heard in this theatre nine years ago in a program led by Toscanini and played by the Metropolitan Orchestra reinforced. The youthful Wagner fragment seems to continue to hold its own, although in place of it Rubinstein's "Musikalisches Charakterbild" on the same theme would be interesting to hear something by way of comparison. The orchestra played it well. In Beethoven's "The Little Symphony in F" Mr. Bodanzky's performance was not particularly inspired, but

the melodies were well brought out and the balance and dynamics were generally good. In the second and fourth movements there was some good technical finish and the spirit was vivacious. At the end of the reading conductor and orchestra shared the warm applause.

MISS VERYL GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Marian Veryl, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She sang arias by Mozart and Granados, and songs by Franz, Brahms and others. Her voice proved to have light volume and pretty quality, and her audience gave kindly encouragement to her singing, which betrayed a lack of experience.

ALBERT COATES TO RETURN.

The Symphony Society of New York announces that Albert Coates will return next season as guest conductor to direct the concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra for January and February, 1923.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The man in the next seat was somewhat embittered because the Flonzaley Quartet had elected to open their programme at Aeolian Hall last night with Ernest Bloch's quartet in B major. "I suppose if they didn't put some of this modern stuff on once in a while people would begin to say they were too conservative," he volunteered. "It's too bad. They're such high type men, all of them, it's a shame they have to waste their time on stuff like that."

"You know," he went on, "there's a regular organized propaganda on foot to popularize this Russian music. The American Defense Society exposed it. Somebody's paying to have stuff published by Bloch and those other Russians."

The Flonzaleys, however, did not play like men who had been corrupted. They gave the Swiss composer quartet a performance of wonderful precision and technical brilliance. If the work failed to impress it was certainly not the fault of the players.

It would be well for Bloch if he were a Russian, for the Russian has a sense of proportion. In this quartet he exhibits the same virtues and faults that are in most of his other compositions. Tremendous seriousness, good musicianship and a painful lack of contrast and brevity. The B minor quartet lasts fifty-five minutes, almost twice as long as any quartet should last, and in addition to its inordinate length wears the listener with its unrelieved sombreness and bitterness of mood.

It is written with a contrapuntal freedom that makes its harmonic scheme one of extreme dissonance. If its themes were either striking or eloquent this might not matter; but they are fragmentary and unattractive and, despite the skill with which they are put together, do not say very much. There is no sun in this music, no air. It impresses but it does not convince.

The sweetness and light came later, with Haydn's quartet in E flat and Schumann's in A minor. The Flonzaleys played these with a transparency, tonal beauty and perfection of balance that brought joy to the hearts of a damp audience.

The Flonzaley quartet in E flat and Schumann's in A minor. The Flonzaleys played these with a transparency, tonal beauty and perfection of balance that brought joy to the hearts of a damp audience.

Philharmonic Gives Concert in Metropolitan Opera House

The Philharmonic Orchestra was at a disadvantage from the start Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Opera House itself always puts a damper on orchestral effects, and last night, in addition, the dreary weather made the resonance of the place seem duller and heavier than ever. And finally the programme notes praised the music too highly in advance. Even a more spirited performance than the analytic Artur Bodanzky seems able to extract from the Philharmonic musicians would have sounded feeble after the programme that instructed the listener that Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which will now be heard, is "incomparably bright" and "prodigious," and that

"the work might with propriety be called the Humorous Symphony, often terribly humorous."

What emerged from the orchestra last night, however, was a passage of ponderous, contented geniality now and then, a few rippling expressions of light-heartedness and the rest was an assortment of bright melodic figures and vivacious rhythms, separated or united, if you prefer, by staccato passages and arbitrary, disconcerting effects which are labelled musical humor but which simply suggest unordered expression.

The other numbers of the programme were Wagner's revised "Faust" Overture, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture Fantasy and Berlioz's "Radeoey" March. The Philharmonic Orchestra has often given better concerts than the one last night.

Marian Veryl, Soprano, Sings.

Marian Veryl, a young American soprano, who went from Pennsylvania to Marchesa in Paris and who has sunk Desdemona in "Otello" with the opera company of Creators, made her New York debut in a matinee recital yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Her audience heartily encored Leroux's "Le Matin Riant," and applauded Grieg's "Water Lily" and Rachmaninoff's "Lilacs," all sung with a charm of sentiment and humor that lent wings to a light, frail voice. Carl Bernthaler accompanied the dozen songs, as well as two arias from Mozart's "Figaro" and one from the Spanish "Goyescas" of Granados.

MARIO LAWRENTI DIES OF SPINAL MENINGITIS

Mario Laurenti, the Metropolitan Opera Company baritone who was operated on for spinal meningitis Monday, died in the Eye and Ear Hospital at 2.30 o'clock yesterday morning. While appearing in a concert at Syracuse ten days ago the singer contracted a cold which developed into an abscess in one of his ears. After arriving back in this city his condition became so critical he was removed to the hospital and it was discovered he was suffering from the spinal disease. He failed to rally after the operation.

Mr. Laurenti was one of the most promising of the younger artists at the Metropolitan, the present season marking his first opportunity to sing several important roles. He joined the company seven years ago as a member of the chorus, coming from Verona, Italy, where he was born thirty years ago. His rise was rapid and it did not take long before he was singing parts like Silvio in "Pagliacci" and De Bretigny in "Manon." This season he added the roles of Valentin in "Faust" and the two new parts of Pierrot in "Die Tote Stadt" and the Lover in "The Snow Maiden." He also appeared this year in "Carmen," "Zaza" and "Andre Chénier." He leaves a widow and one son.

Funeral services, it was announced last night, will be held at 10 A. M. tomorrow at Frank E. Campbell's Funeral Church, Sixty-sixth street and Broadway.

'Manon'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Manon" was given at Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera was heard by a good sized audience, but without any of those violent demonstrations which have recently been bestowed on certain performances. It would not be difficult to explain the absence of vociferous approval last evening, but perhaps the subject is most discreetly dismissed with the statement that the auditors who express their delight most loudly do not go to hear French operas.

The performance of Massenet's tuneful and warmly sentimental work was good. Miss Farrar has sung the name part many times and her impersonation is familiar to this public. She has in no way modified her characterization in recent seasons, but she has decidedly improved her singing. Indeed she has been singing much more beautifully (though by no means so loudly) all winter than for several seasons past. But singing which is simply beautiful without being loud is now voted rather slow.

This condition has a special bearing on the art of Mr. Chamlee, who sang the Chevalier des Grieux for the second time. His delivery of the music was above all things musical and the quality of his tone at all times a joy to the fas-

tidious car. But, like Miss Farrar, he did not make sufficient noise to arouse excitement. In all probability, however, when some of the trumpet toned singers have prematurely terminated their careers Mr. Chamlee will still be making the judicious rejoice. Meanwhile he may indeed must-acquire some authority in acting to replace the doubt which now seems to hamper his movements.

Mr. Scott as the rough and ready cousin Lescaut and Mr. Rothier as the elder Des Grieux were the other two important members of the cast. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted.

GIVE JOINT RECITAL.

Ulysses Lappas and Helen Jeffrey
Combine Talents at Town Hall.

A joint recital, which drew a fine audience into the Town Hall last evening, was given by Ulysses Lappas, Greek tenor of the Chicago Opera Association, and Helen Jeffrey, violinist. Both artists are locally popular and both were in good form.

Mr. Lappas's program included arias from "Tosca," "Carmen" and "Andre Chenier" and songs by Leoncavallo, Sakellarides and Samara and a group of Greek folk songs. He made a most favorable impression as a concert artist, with his verile, powerful voice and an agreeable spirit of youth. Miss Jeffrey played the "Faust Fantasy," two numbers by Samuel Gardner and selections by Paganini-Kreisler and Chabrier-Loeffler with her usual fine singing tone and command of technique and bow. Bianchi Rosa appeared as accompanist for Mr. Lappas and Francis Gano for Miss Jeffrey.

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16th Century Music

By H. E. Krehbiel

All of the music played at the concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was good music and interesting, though concert-goers who distribute their patronage among different organizations must share our feeling that forty minutes of Cesar Franck's D minor Symphony becomes a bit burdensome after three or four performances in a season. It is a fine piece of music—of that there is no doubt—but its theme becomes tenuous with too much hammering, like the material of the gold-beater. Mr. Rachmaninoff brought refreshment and comfort yesterday with his Concerto in C minor, which has not become a weariness to the flesh to either himself or those who admire the creator as well as the performer in him, as his second concerto threatens.

The symphony and concerto made up the second and fourth divisions of yesterday's program. In the first and third Mr. Damrosch barked back to the sixteenth century, though the music which he drew thence was presented to the audience in a modern dress, the archaic melodies having been fitted to the taste of to-day by the Italian Respighi and the Britisher Vaughan Williams, both of whom drew on sources native to them. The compositions were an excerpt from a ballet, "Il Conte Orlando," originally composed by Simone Molinaro; a galliard by Vincenzo Galilei and a fantasia for strings on a psalm tune composed by Thomas Tallis. The Italian pieces were heard here at one of Signor Toscanini's concerts, and also at one of Mr. Damrosch's historical afternoons last season—or was it the season before? The multiplicity of symphony concerts is breeding confusion even in the minds of those who try to keep a record of them. They are graceful things, and Signor Respighi has added to their charm with his delightfully dainty orchestration.

The English tune was one of eight composed by Tallis for Archbishop Parker's Metrical Psalter. A stout and stalwart melody whose modal characteristics, as well as ingeniously varied setting, were arresting for a while, but whose beauty began to pall long before the end was reached. Had Mr. Williams been seated at our side we should have been tempted to say to him: "Sir, your industry and ingenuity are admirable, but confound your pertinacious prolixity! Would not one psalm suffice? Did you need to stretch it out as if to fit the 'Whole Booke'?"

'Aida' Sung at the Metropolitan

The opera at the Metropolitan last evening was "Aida." The audience filled the house. There was much applause. Whatever may be recorded about performances of other lyric dramas, these facts will surely always be set down after each repetition of

Verdi's tragedy of the Nile, Mr. Gatti-Casazza shuffles the cards of his vocal pack and deals new hands, but the populace goes in for all it is worth, no matter what the combination.

Last evening the name part was entrusted to Miss Claudia Muzio, whose impersonation of the swarthy heroine is well known and always liked. Mme. Julia Clausens was a stately and vigorous Amneris. Manuel Salazar, who recently joined the company, represented Radames. Mr. Salazar has a powerful, or rather penetrating, voice and an energetic style. He seemed to delight his hearers last evening. Renato Zanelli, who made his debut at the Metropolitan as Amonasro, reappeared in that part, and Mr. Mardones repeated his familiar Ramfis.

William Gustafson was once more the tallest of the Pharaohs. Mr. Moranzone, who apparently never loses interest in Verdi's work, conducted with plenty of spirit.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The concert of the Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon was heard by one of the largest audiences of the season. The program consisted of "Dances of the Sixteenth Century," arranged by Respighi, Cesar Franck's symphony, a fantasia on themes by Thomas Tallis composed by Vaughan Williams, and the first piano concerto of Sergei Rachmaninov with the composer as the solo player.

According to the information supplied in the program Tallis in 1587 wrote eight psalm tunes each in a different mode. The psalter contained a characterization of these tunes declaring that the third ranged and brayed loudly. This third was the one selected for treatment by Mr. Williams, who found so little braying in it that he fashioned his piece for strings. The work was written for the Gloucester festival of 1916.

It is an excellent composition in its kind. The ecclesiastic character is well preserved throughout (in spite of the modern instrumentation) by the retention of the old harmonies. The treatment is rich in beautiful effects, especially in the employment of the individuality of tone furnished by the violas. There are some well conceived solo passages. What is best of all is that it is pleasing music, dignified and even grave at times and possessing a churchly flavor suggestive of devotional moods. It was admirably performed.

Mr. Rachmaninov played his first concerto with the New Symphony (afterward National Symphony) Orchestra on December 29, 1919. He had played it the previous season with the Russian Symphony Society. His newly revised version was then heard for the first time. The concerto, even though improved, is not quite the equal of the composer's later works in the same form, but it is well worth hearing. It is particularly interesting when Mr. Rachmaninov himself is the solo player, because he is one of the most impressive pianists before the public, an artist of splendid technical skill and a masterly interpreter of other men's music as well as of his own.

PHILHARMONIC'S CONCERT.

Four German Compositions Make
Mengelberg Program.

Four compositions by German composers made up Mr. Mengelberg's program at the Philharmonic Orchestra's concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The first three works were from the eighteenth century, namely, Bach's B minor suite, No. 2; Mozart's violin concerto in D major, No. 4, K. 218, and Beethoven's first symphony. Fritz Kreisler was the solo player in the concerto.

The Bach suite is scored by himself for violins, violas, violoncellos and flutes, and in its performance he conducts the orchestra with one hand or the other, as needed, while playing the continuo on a piano transformed to represent a harpsichord. The effect of Bach's delightful music thus executed gave again much pleasure. Mr. Kreisler's delivery of the Mozart music was seemingly matchless in its beauty, although he gave it under adverse conditions. Suffering from a cold it was feared yesterday that he would be unable to appear in the evening. His loveliness of tone, exquisite finish and perfection of style, together with an admirable support from the orchestra, combined in giving a rare musical treat to the packed house.

Beethoven's first symphony in its comparatively modest orchestral garb, is seldom brought forth these days into the light. Its hearing last night followed close upon one given it a few days ago by another local orchestra. The work which Mr. Gilman in his program notes spoke of as the "first instalment" in "the greatest sequence of instrumental works ever conceived by the mind of man," fitted admirably into the program scheme, which found a brilliant ending in Weber's romantic "Oberon" overture.

RUSSIAN TENOR HEARD.

Theodore Kittay, a Russian tenor, now a naturalized American, gave a song recital last night in Aeolian Hall.

Mr. Kittay has sung many opera houses in Europe and America. He was assisted by Gottfried Federlein at the piano and Eugene Bernstein at the organ. His program comprised Handel's air "Ombra Mal Fu," old Italian airs, operatic selections and French, English, American and Russian songs. He disclosed a fine natural voice, although his tone production was often throaty and uneven. He sang with some knowledge of style and excellent musical feeling. More study in the niceties of song delivery should take him much further in his art.

MME. BUTTLER'S RECITAL.

Mme. Els Buttler, an operetta mezzo soprano from Vienna, gave a song recital last evening in Town Hall. Mme. Buttler is said to be a popular idol in the Austrian capital. If this is true the song recital of last evening threw much light on the present state of musical taste in Vienna. Mme. Buttler was heard last evening by a large audience which applauded her efforts with much generosity.

Nov 11 1922

By Deems Taylor

TWO RECITALS.

Two young singers gave simultaneous recitals yesterday afternoon, each showing promise, and each an object lesson in the number of things besides voice that are necessary to make a finished vocal artist.

Victor Golibart, a tenor, sang at the Town Hall. His programme contained songs in Italian, German and French, some of the best of which were Handel's "Where'er you Walk," Peri's "Invocazione di Orfeo," Brahms's "Maidat," Debussy's "Beau Soir," and Poldowski's "Dances la Gigue." He also offered a very bad English group which included two sentimental ballads that would not have been out of place in vaudeville. Needless to say, they were the hits of the afternoon, the sec, "In the Moonlight," which he sang mezza voce, being so reproductively applauded that it had to be repeated.

His natural voice is unusually good both in range and quality, and his diction is clear. Bad teaching, however, causes him to use a method of voice production that makes his singing sound pinched and throaty. It was such an obvious strain that sheer fatigue made him begin to flat by the end of the programme. His pronunciation of foreign languages was not good, and even his English was strangely distorted as to vowel sounds, so that he sang "nahver" and "whar e'er." Probably the result of his vocal method.

He seemed to have considerable natural musical temperament, but his interpretations were uneven and suffered from a habit of phrasing that took little account of the sense of the words.

Ethel Hayden, who sang in Aeolian Hall, offered a programme built on exactly the same lines—Italian, French, German and English. The numbers included an aria from the "Nozze di Figaro," Debussy's "Green," the aria, "Depuis le Jour," from "Louise," Schubert's "Fuehlingsglaube" and "Die Forcelle," and Victor Harris's "It Was a Lover and His Lass."

Her voice is one of rare beauty, and showed signs of excellent schooling. Her top notes lacked clarity, but otherwise her performance, from the purely vocal standpoint, was almost perfect. In her languages she was exactly the opposite of Mr. Golibart. Her pronunciation, both in English and the foreign tongues, was, with a few slips, excellent, but her diction was not particularly distinct.

Her great failure was in interpretation, of which she seemed to have little notion. Everything was done in a smooth, clear, unmodulated tone, very pleasant to hear, but almost meaningless. Her fortes and pianos were dictated by the attitude of the notes rather than by the mood of the songs, and she managed to make Debussy sound like Mozart and Mozart like Scumann. She is a good vocalist, but she has much work to do before she becomes an interesting singer.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Ethel Hayden, a soprano not heard here before, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Her program was exacting, including airs by Mozart and Handel, the "Depuis

la Jour" from "Louise" and impromptu lyrics of Schubert and Schumann. Miss Hayden's singing evoked genuinely enthusiastic applause. Her success was immediate and pronounced and there was every reason to hope that a rich future is before her.

This young woman is a pupil of Mme. Marcella Sembrich and her singing reproduced—in an imitative way, to be sure—some of the characteristics of her distinguished teacher's art. Nature was very generous to Miss Hayden in bestowing upon her a soprano voice of unusual beauty and richness of quality. The young woman has learned to produce the tones of this voice with excellent technical skill. Her head tones were especially good.

The voice is well equalized and the young singer ranges freely and effectively through its entire scale. A clear attack, adequate breath control, a nice conception of phrasing and something of the elegance and finish of style which were among Mme. Sembrich's assets made her singing a continual pleasure.

Her pronunciation of text was generally clear and her interpretations such as might have been expected from her instruction. Miss Hayden is not yet ready to stand wholly on her own feet. Her intonation was not always perfect yesterday and there were some crudities in her art such as were natural to a young and inexperienced vocalist. But her debut was one of uncommon merit and her promise very great. Francis Moore aided her with good accompaniments.

'VICTOR GOLIBART'S RECITAL.

Victor Golibart, a tenor new to New York, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. His debut was an artistic success. His delivery in general showed a fine understanding of the texts of his well varied selections, together with much admirable training in technique. His rather light voice proved to be of a better natural quality in the upper range than in the lower registers and his tone was not always well focussed, but with a vocal equipment not of the best he was able to achieve many fine results. He sang different old airs, classic German songs, modern French songs and American lyrics, each in turn, with correct style, taste, clear diction and a musical feeling quite capable of producing thrills for the listener. His stage presence was dignified and his composure while singing had a

restful effect. Stuart Ross furnished admirable piano accompaniments.

A New Rosina at the Opera.

The performance of Rossini's opera "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening not only served to bring Titta Ruffo before the public again as the irrepresible barber, but also to introduce a new Rosini, Mme. Angeles Ottein. Mme. Ottein is a Spanish singer who is said to have gained popularity in her native land and in Spanish-American countries.

She had, perhaps, the advantage of presenting the character with an intimate knowledge of what the Spanish young lady should be, should look like and should act like. It is not long since the Metropolitan stage presented another Spanish Rosina in the person of Mme. Barrientos. It may be said that the two most diverse nationalities in the world could not have shown two more radically different Rosinas. And, after all, the question is not so much what a Spanish Rosina really would have been, looked like and acted like as what Rossini and his librettist and Beaumarchais, from whom they took it all, intended and made Rosina to be and to do.

Mme. Ottein presented her as a short, arch and vivacious person, rather weighty, yet very active on the stage and voluble in gesture. Mme. Ottein's first disclosure of her powers as a vocalist in "Una Voce poco Fa" did not stamp her as a notable one. The voice is worn and deficient in beauty or color; it reaches high altitudes, but not as a beautiful sound. She is prodigal in pouring out florid passages, but it is all a rough and crepitant staccato; the smoothness and legato of the "bel canto" are not for her, and the voice takes on from one passage to another the quality of several different voices, being quite unequal in its different ranges.

Mme. Ottein is a singular appearance upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, where the memories of great singers in the part of Rosina have not yet completely vanished. There was hearty applause for her from certain portions of the audience, however, after her singing of the caravina in the second act and of the "Carnival of Venice," which was her interpolation in the lesson scene. Other portions of the audience may have thought more and applauded less, and even may have smiled.

Mr. Ruffo's weighty interpretation of Figaro had all the qualities that were recognized in it when he has presented it here before. Mr. Chamlee's Almairis was excellent in voice, as he has been before. The Don Basilio was Mr. Didur, who elaborates the comic aspects of the character, but his voice is not fortunate in coping with Rossini's vocal style. Mr. Papi conducted.

"Carmen" was sung at yesterday's special Metropolitan matinee for the Vocation Association's fund, the cast including Mmes. Farrar, Bori, Tiffany and Telva, Messrs. Harrold, de Luca, Martino, Meader and Ananian, and Mr. Hasselmanns conducting.

THEATRE

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Maria Ivogun's Song Recital.

Maria Ivogun went further yesterday afternoon, in her concert in Carnegie Hall, toward justifying her great reputation in Germany and other parts of Europe than she had in her previous appearances in New York. She appeared as Rossini in a performance of "The Barber of Seville" by the Chicago Opera Company, that gave great pleasure to lovers of Rossini's opera, and then given a song recital in the Town Hall that sustained the high expectations she had aroused in the opera. Yesterday she sang better than she had on either of these occasions and gave a finer exposition of her really remarkable equipment in voice, technique of style. Her program required of her some of the most exacting tasks at all to the operatic coloratura soprano, and also showed again her fine singing, delicate sensibility and a deep musical appreciation of the essentials of song singing.

The two arias of "The Queen of the Night" from Mozart's "Magic Flute," which now, as they were when he wrote them, among the most difficult of operatic arias, in the demands of their style, the difficulties of their florid passages and their exceedingly florid usage. They take the voice up to the "ghetto" and they demand also the greatest dexterity and certainty in vocalization. Miss Ivogun met these demands with brilliant facility and great purity of tone. Her other operatic arias that she sang were the gavotte from Massenet's "Manon" and the romance from Debussy's "Lakmé," the former requiring grace and flexibility and precision in long leaps and the latter a pure and sustained legato, both of which requirements Miss Ivogun met with unerring skill. Her songs included three by Schubert, of the less familiar ones; and more by Hugo Wolf and Mahler, Debussy's "Villanelle," and the long air in the "Chamber Music," "Her Heart is Broken" by Schubert. She added a song by Stravinsky, a song by Gounod and a waltz by Strauss.

Miss Ivogun's voice has hardly sounded of so great purity and beauty of quality that it has on this occasion, and it had the effect of more power than it has had when she has sung seriously, and if there were any who would it would not be ample to fill Carnegie Hall they were agreeably disappointed. Nor did she meet with nearly as many embarrassments in the matter of intonation as she did before. With a voice of this kind and quality, the range of emotional expressiveness is necessarily somewhat limited. Miss Ivogun undertook nothing she could not entirely achieve. In doing so she showed herself possessed of fine taste and a deeply musical feeling, captivating grace and persuasive sincerity, power of truly characterizing the expression and the sentiment of what she sang.

There are things more valuable than even the brilliant command of the florid ranges of song that are hers; but in her exhibition of these latter there were a delightful spontaneity and freedom of utterance and limpid purity; her scales, passages, trills were executed not only with precision but with an allurement of style that gave them a musical value of their own. It is such coloratura singing at alone justifies and gives fascination to the genre.

Miss Ivogun's audience was large, but more general realization of what her singing really is would have made it larger.

Pietro Yon's Organ Recital.

Pietro Yon, the admired organist of this city, gave an organ concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, in which he exhibited a virtuoso's skill. His program included Liszt's prelude and fugue in the name of Bach; Saint-Saëns's prelude in E, Bach's prelude and fugue in A minor, and groups of shorter pieces, including three of his own compositions: "Hymn of Glory," "Gesu ar.bino" and his first concert study.

Trovatore and "Lohengrin" Sung.

"Trovatore" was sung to a capacity audience at the Metropolitan yesterday, the matinee cast comprising Muzio, Gordon, Martinelli and Danise, with Papi conducting. A sixth performance of "Lohengrin" drew another sold-out house last night, when the singers were: Gaston, Claussen, Sembach, Whitehill and Gustafson, and Bodanzky conductor.

Schelling Plays Own Piece

"Impressions of an Artist's Life" Deals With Various Notables of Music World

By H. E. Krehbiel

The program of music presented at the afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday was of the so-called popular order which Mr. Theodore Thomas used to reserve for special afternoons and summer-night garden concerts and Mr. Schelling for the private delectation

of the members of the society at an annual gathering in a hotel. It began seriously enough with a little-known overture by Beethoven ("Leonore No. 1") and ended with one of Johann Strauss's waltzes "Wiener Blut." A tendency toward music of easy enjoyment has been noticeable of late also in the Sunday concerts of the Symphony Society and is readily justified in view of the flood of orchestral concerts by which New York is now deluged. There were seven of such entertainments in the city last week and there will be seven this, counting a concert by the organization whose purpose it is to increase the number of orchestral musicians in the city. Obviously if the present number of symphonic concerts is to be maintained the conductors must leave the mountaintops where the higher forms of instrumental music are to be found and make search in the valleys where there is a greater plenitude of growth.

The music need be none the less excellent on that account, however, as Mr. Mengelberg's program showed. Between the classic overture and the dance there fell a set of variations for orchestra, with a pianoforte as an integral factor, entitled "Impressions from an Artist's Life," in the performance of which the composer, Mr. Ernest Schelling, took a hand. Then came the first set of pieces selected by Grieg from his incidental music, to Ibsen's drama "Peer Gynt"; Berlioz's transcription for orchestra of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" and then the Viennese waltz.

Schelling's Piece Given Here in 1916

Mr. Schelling's music was scarcely more unfamiliar to the audience than Beethoven's overture. It was composed about seven years ago and played here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on January 6, 1916, when it was quite new. In a general way it has a model in Elgar's "Enigma" variations, which are doubly enigmatic in that they are based on a fundamental theme which the composer refuses to disclose. We thought we had discovered the secret and said so two or three years ago; we think so yet despite Sir Edward's refusal to confirm our guess. So long as he wishes to maintain an air of mystery about something that is admittedly only in his mind and can be subjected to a new metamorphosis every day, his secret is as safe as if it were sealed with the seal of Solomon. Mr. Schelling is less cryptic—he states his theme at the beginning and only asks us to guess at the persons and incidents and things that provided him with the impressions to which he gave musical utterance. And to some of these he furnished illuminative clues.

Considering the genesis of the piece, especially that it was first made audible in Boston, it is not difficult to recognize the mask of the Boston band in "B. S. O." or Dr. Muck in "K. M." or Georges Longy in "G. L." (seeing that the characteristic of this variation is an oboe solo), or Mr. Paderewski in that gentleman's initials, "I. J. P." or Henry Wood in "St. Petersburg, H. W." or Fritz Kreisler in "Fr. Kr." or Willem Mengelberg in "W. M." The chief difficulty is in finding anything characteristic of these old friends in the music to which they have been attached as labels. The portraits are miniatures, it is true, but a subject's lineaments ought to be recognizable even in a miniature. It is quite as satisfactory to listen to the music and ignore the legends. There are too many of the little pieces, though Mr. Mengelberg apparently spared us a pair of them yesterday, and too great a likeness between some of them to rivet attention fairly; but there is winning, ingenious and effective music in the work, not the least winning, ingenious and effective being the pianoforte solo, from which we are disposed to remove the label "B." and substitute "E. S." The composer-performer was warmly applauded for his work.

Rarely Heard "Leonore" Overture

One would scarcely think that an overture by Beethoven, composed 109 years before Mr. Schelling's piece and known to the world for more than ninety years, would be almost a complete stranger to our concert lists, but so it is. The overture "Leonore No. 1" was the third of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote as introductions to his opera "Fidelio." Familiarity with the third of the overtures bearing the name of "Leonore" (which Beethoven thought ought to have been the title of his opera) makes it hard to believe that "Leonore No. 1" did not precede Nos. 2 and 3, but was composed for a projected performance in Prague in 1808 which fell through. Yet such is the fact as established after much inquiry and controversy. We can only marvel that the mind which could create the "Leonore" overture No. 2, then put it into the crucible and bring forth the No. 3, could, apparently in obedience to popular taste (or want of taste and intelligence), set itself to work again and bring forth the No. 1 and the introduction which now bears the name of the opera and is generally played in the theater. But

the overture which we heard yesterday has as much right to repeated performances as some pieces of its kind from the same mind which are played ten times where this is played once.

It has some of the melodious material of the opera in it (the beautiful slow melody of Florestan's air and a motif from its allegro) and, after a somewhat disappointing introduction, its first section has delightful freshness and verve. The last time it was heard in New York was in November, 1909, when the late Mr. Mahler played it with its three companions in the Beethoven Cycle of the Philharmonic Society's concerts. The public would like it if given an opportunity.

When it was performed for the first time at the Düsseldorf Festival in 1836 Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny Hensel, wrote to Rebekkah Dirichlet: "Oh, Becky! We have got acquainted with an overture to 'Leonore'; a new piece. It is notorious that it has never been played; it did not please Beethoven and he put it aside. The man had no taste! It is so refined, so interesting, so fascinating that I know few things which can be compared with it!"

By W. J. HENDERSON.

In the concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon there was nothing demanding profound consideration. The orchestral numbers were the music by Mozart from the ballet "Les Petits Riens," Glazounov's E flat symphony, No. 4, and Mozowski's "Moto Perpetuo." The entertainment was diversified by the singing of Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, who contributed first Gluck's "Divinites du Styx" and afterward Tchaikowsky's "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone," an "Agnus Dei" by Bizet and the seguidilla from "Carmen."

Without much doubt the interest of the audience centered in the doings of the Peruvian singer. When Mme. d'Alvarez had finished strewing the stage with the shattered fragments of Gluck's grand aria the enthusiasm was great. The hall rang with applause and the contralto was recalled twice. The demonstration aroused wonder as to what might have happened if the soloist had sung the number in the lofty style in which it was conceived. In her later numbers the distinguished contralto gave added pleasure by singing somewhat off the pitch. This is now very popular.

The ballet music of Mozart was performed apathetically, but its simplicity appealed to the audience. The melodious and richly colored symphony of Glazounov had evidently been carefully rehearsed. It was well received.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC CONCERT.

Alexander Schuller, Soloist, Plays Mozart Violin Concerto Laudably.

The ninth concert of the Society of the Friends of Music took place yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. The program consisted of Haydn's G major symphony, known as "The Oxford," Mozart's D major violin concerto (No. 218 in the Koehel catalogue) and Vitezslav Novak's "Slovak Suite." The solo violinist was Alexander Schuller. The solo Bodanzky and an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House were the other forces engaged in the concert.

The Mozart concerto is no stranger to local music lovers, who find in it many things to interest them. Not the least of these are certain foreshadowings of ideas employed in "Le Nozze di Figaro." But possibly what signifies most of all is the delightful spontaneity of the composition and its perfect suitability to the instrument for which it was written. Mozart studied violin at the feet of his father, who was a performer and teacher of fine accomplishments, and at one time he was ambitious himself to be a great violinist.

Mr. Schuller played the concerto very laudably. His tone was lacking in limpidity and sonority, but his style was excellent. There is always a temptation to spoil Mozart by dramatizing him, even when he is uttering his simplest thoughts. Mr. Schuller was not led astray. He played the concerto unaffectedly, with care and evidently with affection.

The orchestral numbers proceeded rather haltingly. There was ground for suspicion that not many rehearsals had been given to the works. They should not, indeed, call for many, but they plainly needed more than they had. An audience of fair size delivered an encouraging amount of applause.

The boy soprano, Robert Murray, held the attention of a curious audience at the Hippodrome last evening when he appeared for the first time as soloist before the New York public.

Master Murray, who gives the impression of a precocious youth just entering his teens, is undoubtedly gifted with unusual vocal ability. His program was composed for the most part of coloratura arias and songs, including "Queen of the Night," from "Magic Flute"; "Charmant

Oiseau," by Strauss; "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," and numbers by Noyon, Mendelssohn and other composers, George Barvere, flutist, assisted with obbligatos.

While the boy's range is remarkable—it is said to cover over five octaves running from C below middle C to A above the piano forte—it must be admitted that his highest tones are more shrill than musical. It is in the middle and upper middle registers that the real music of his voice lies and his musical understanding is best shown. The audience liked him largely on account of the novelty of hearing a boy deliver the difficult songs identified with Galli-Curci, Trazzini, Frieda Hempel and other leading coloraturas and partly because of the real merit of his work and a pleasing personality.

At the present writing Master Murray should not be taken too seriously as a concert artist. He is perhaps well fitted for vaudeville, and indeed men with the same ability to imitate birds have frequently entertained in the two-day. After listening to the youth's imitation of bird calls in his last group of songs one is more inclined to think his voice should be placed in the pure novelty class than under the classification of vocal phenomena. There is little real sentiment and feeling in his work. Emil J. Polak gave him encouragement and support at the piano and told him when to bow.

Siloti Plays at Metropolitan.

The regular Sunday concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was largely attended by music "fans," who delight in seeing their operatic favorites minus make-up as well as in the very excellent music treat these concerts always afford the patrons.

Two guest artists were a feature of the program, Alexander Siloti, pianist, and Gutin Casini, cellist, while Mmes. Nina Morgana and Julia Clausen were the soloists selected from the Metropolitan forces. Mr. Siloti played the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer Fantasy," accompanied by the Metropolitan orchestra, with Bamboschek at the helm. Mr. Casini presented numbers by Schumann, Sanmartini, Piat, Wieniawski and other composers, with Kathryn Kerin assisting at the piano. Mmes. Morgana and Clausen sang several groups, with orchestra accompaniment, and the orchestra numbers were the overture to "I Promessi Sposi," the "Sprengeloch-Ka" suite and Chabrier's "Rhapsody Espana."

Ballad Concert Draws Many.

The third Frederick Warren Ballad Concert of the current season occurred in the Selwyn Theatre last evening, presenting Harriet Van Emden, soprano; Colin O'More, tenor; Norman Jolly, baritone, and Andre Polak, violinist, and Francis Moore, pianist.

Interest in Mr. Warren's concerts and the object he has in view in promoting American music, was shown by the attendance and the enthusiasm of the audience. Mme. Van Emden and Mr. O'More opened the program with three duets by Ronald and Liza Lehmann, which were followed by groups by Messrs. Polak and Jolly. American composers were liberally represented along with Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Bach and others.

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Mr. Mengelberg offered a quaint assortment of the ageless, the hackneyed and the new at yesterday's afternoon Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall. His programme included Beethoven's first "Leonore" overture (less played than the third, but hardly inferior), Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and—possibly in acceptance of the invitation—Johann Strauss's "Wiener Blut" waltzes.

The new piece was Ernest Schelling's "Impression From an Artist's Life," a set of variations for orchestra and piano. It was first played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on New Year's Eve, 1915, in Boston, and was repeated here in January, 1916. Although the piano plays a prominent part in the score, the work is by no means to be classified as a piano composition. The thought and development are fundamentally orchestral, with the pianist as a sort of obligato member of the band.

A comparatively brief but violent series of contacts with arias and variations seems to establish the hypothesis that the number of variations on a given theme that can be borne in comfort is five. After that number has been reached the listener tends to be occupied more with the intellectual

tual sport of running the theme down, through its disguises, than with listening to the music. Mr. Schelling's variations total twenty-two, and even though a pair of them were omitted yesterday there were still too many.

Perhaps it was a mistake to give the work such an intensely subjective and programmatic title. For one kept looking for definite meanings and sharp characterizations in what, in form and subject, was "absolute" music of the strictest type. The brief titles affixed to the variations ("B. S. O.," "K. M.," "F. S.—Siciliano," "Afghan") are only confusing if they are intended to be descriptive, though they do very well as dedications. After all, the music would have been perfectly understandable if it had been labelled simply "Variations for Orchestra and Piano," and one could have listened with a mind free from the bondage of reading matter.

There is much that is interesting in these variations. The theme is brief and plaintive, given out first by muted strings with piano accompaniment. It receives rough treatment by some of the variations but is generally recognizable. The first variation of all, marked "B. S. O." ("Boston Symphony Orchestra") and intended as a tribute to an illustrious orchestra, not far from Cambridge, Mass., is one of the best, simply and charmingly scored for woodwind, horns and harp. The third, a shepherd's song, is good, and the sixth, labelled "Flonzaley," is a brief and lovely bit for muted strings and horn.

The last—"Warburg, 1522"—is perhaps the best of all, a broad chorale, impressively scored for organ and full orchestra. Several others are excellent, and none is really bad; but the work as a whole suffers from redundancy and a lack of variety in key. The treatment of the orchestra is individual and generally effective. Mr. Mengelberg gave it a colorful and pulsating performance, ably abetted by Mr. Schelling's well-proportioned handling of the piano part.

A NEW BOY SOPRANO.

At the Hi, podrome last night Robert Murray, a twelve-year-old boy soprano, sang a programme of songs and operatic airs, with George Barriere, flute, and Paul Kefer, cello, as assisting artists. His selections included the aria "Queen of the Night," from "The Magic Flute," "Dell' Acqua" "Villanella," David's "Charmant Oiseau," Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," the aria "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville," and some songs with incidental birdcalls by Cadman, Nevins and Mendelssohn.

His performance was really extraordinary. His lower voice is rather weak and characterless, but his middle register (what would be a woman soprano's top scale) has a clear soprano quality that is not unattractive. His real accomplishment, from the audience's point of view, is the ability to go on up from the ordinary soprano notes to dizzy heights of sound that can be scaled by no normal human vocal cords. The result hardly came under the head of music, for the sounds were too piercing to give aesthetic pleasure to any one but a piccolo player, but the boy undoubtedly did produce them, and his hearers seemed to be charmed by the feat.

14 Nov. 1922

Brahms Horn Trio Also Part Ha

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The programme of the fifth concert of the Beethoven Association at Aeolian Hall last evening consisted of the Brahms horn trio, song songs by Mme. Susan Metcalfe Casals with Mr. Casals as accompanist, and the Schuman piano quartet. The violinist was Alexander Schumacher, Hugo Kortschak played violin and William Bachaus was the pianist. Mme. Casals sang, played the cello part in the quartet. The horn player was Xavier Belter, long the solo hornist of the Philharmonic Society.

The horn trio, in which the other two instruments are violin and piano, is infrequently heard. This is to be expected. In chamber music, as in the orchestra, the horn, without being intrusive, is decidedly obtrusive. There

is no way of suppressing the aggressive emergence of its characteristics, except by relegating it to the useful but subordinate office of sustaining harmonics.

As a solo voice it mercilessly dominates any instrumental body and hence a horn trio cannot be played often. To use the horn to advantage a composer must be on terms of intimacy with it. Rossini was always happy when writing for the horn quartet as witness his successful passage in the "Semiramide" overture. Weber was his superior in that he was equally at home with one horn as in "Oberon" or four as in "Der Freischütz." Beethoven did wonders with three in the "Eroica." Wagner sported with the horn as a boy with a new toy and at least once, in his "Phaeton," Saint-Saens created a model passage for the horn quartet.

But no one else surpassed Brahms, whose magnificent proclamation by horns in the last movement of the C minor symphony is unrivaled, and who showed in the trio how perfectly he could adapt the peculiarities of the horn to chamber music. The instrument dominates the thematic style of the composition, which is nevertheless not a mere horn solo, but a real trio in which each of the other instruments speaks eloquently alone and in which all three unite in beautiful utterances.

The work was admirably played last evening by the three artists. They steeped themselves in the spirit of the music and successfully communicated it to an audience which received the message with every evidence of pleasure. Mme. Casals delivered four songs of Beethoven, "Adelaide," "Wonne der Wehmung," "Ich liebe dich" and "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben." She sang all four with much sincerity and with plenty of voice, but was not always happy in her treatment of the music or the text. She made the best impression with the second song. Mr. Casals showed that he was a distinguished accompanist among cellists.

Harold Bauer, president of the Beethoven Association, also appeared on the stage at this concert, but confined his performance to turning pages for

Mr. Bachaus. He seemed to give perfect satisfaction.

Mrs. Casals sang four Beethoven songs with her distinguished husband, celloless for the nonce, as her accompanist. Her voice was rather inflexible, her intonation was uncertain and her interpretations were so terrifically in earnest that they narrowly escaped being forced. The programme ended with a performance of the Schumann piano quartet in E flat by Messrs. Schumacher, Kortschak, Casals and Bachaus.

THE OPERA.

The week at the Metropolitan began with "Faust" with the following results: Miss Farrar acted Marguerite charmingly, looked lovely and was bombarded with several bouquets of carnations and roses. Mr. Martinelli was in good voice and sang with vigor and considerable beauty. His acting was violent but unconvincing. At the curtain of the second act, after the long kiss with Marguerite, he so obviously came up for air that the audience lost its collective dignity.

Mr. Rothier made a sound but rather humorless Mephistopheles; Louise Berat as Marthe was not always interesting vocally but gave the role excellent characterization. Mr. de Luca touched Valentin with the magic of his beautiful art—as he always does. Mary Ellis was Siebel and Mr. Ananias was Wagner. The chorus sang very well indeed, but its stage work was of the good old "stand and deliver" variety. Mr. Hasselmans conducted a well knit performance of real dramatic intensity.

MALKIN AT CARNEGIE.

At Carnegie Hall Manfred Malkin gave his second piano recital of the season, playing an all Chopin programme that included the B flat minor sonata, two etudes, the D flat major nocturne, the F major ballade, three preludes, two mazurkas and the polonaise in A flat.

MARGARET NICOLORIC.

At the Town Hall in the afternoon Margaret Nicoloric, pianist, gave a debut recital, playing an unconventional programme that opened with two Brahms Intermezzi and included three Chopin pieces, Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, et Fugue" and a group of Debussy.

She is well equipped technically and plays with commendable restraint and sensitiveness. A tendency to overuse the damper pedal rather blurs her effects at times. The greatest want in her playing was decision. The two Chopin nocturnes were very charmingly done, but she failed to equal the interpretative demands of Franck's heroic work. She prettified it, sacrificing breadth and power to an insufficiently varied and much too gentle beauty of tone.

MME. NIKOLORIC'S RECITAL.

Mme. Margaret Nikoloric, a pianist new to New York, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. She was heard by a large audience, which waited at the end for encores. Her program, if not of most comprehensive scope, was unconventional in design and of interesting selection. It comprised two "Intermezzi" by Brahms, Chopin's nocturne in C sharp minor and two etudes, the "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" of Cesar Franck; "Kochlin's" "Promenade Vers la Mer," two "Movements Perpetuels" by Poulenc, and in closing a group of pieces by Debussy. Mme. Nikoloric's performance showed her as being a player of serious musical purpose and possessed of a well poised rather than impassioned style. She played always with a normal piano tone, her technique was commendable and her rhythmic sense and phrasing were good. Her playing of Chopin's music was generally pleasing if not always defined in character, and the same may be said of her Brahms readings. In the Cesar Franck composition there was lack of breadth with some lagging of tempo; the fugue had clarity and the whole work no little feeling. The artist was at her best in the Debussy numbers, where her tone coloring was always well varied, her nuance finished and often brilliant, and her taste excellent.

MALKIN'S PIANO RECITAL.

Manfred Malkin gave his second piano recital of the current season last evening in Carnegie Hall. His program was an all Chopin one. It included the B flat minor sonata, a nocturne, the ballade in F, the C sharp minor scherzo, two mazurkas and the A flat polonaise.

Mr. Malkin is a pianist whose color palette is hardly rich enough to paint the delicate or more sensuous tints of Chopin's music. He prefers to draw his lines clearly, sharply and with dynamic force. His intelligence and fleet finger work assisted him last night in a performance of incisive which was marked by poetic and imaginative qualities. He was warmly applauded by a large audience.

Malkin Gives All-Chopin Program.

Manfred Malkin gave a second piano recital at Carnegie Hall last evening, his all-Chopin program including the sonata of the "Funeral March," and a dozen etudes, preludes, mazurkas and other pieces, ending with the A-flat polonaise. Mr. Malkin, who made his debut in Paris in 1903, was greeted last night by a houseful of friends of many years in New York.

Mrs. Casals sang a group of Beethoven's songs—"Adelaide," "Trocknet nicht," "Ich liebe dich," "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben" and, on a recall, "Der Kuss." Hers was an unaccountably breathless performance, sadly lacking in the reposefulness and sustained style which used to mark all her singing. After these songs Mr. Casals, who had played the accompaniment for his wife, joined Messrs. Bachaus, Schumacher and Hugo Kortschak in a performance of Schumann's piano-forte quartet in E flat, Op. 47.

Nov 15 1922

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

The handicaps under which the average concert piano concerto labors are two, the instrument and the player. Usually, just as the orchestra is embarked upon the development of a promising theme and is beginning to communicate an authentic message to the audience, the "king of instruments" enters, uttering banalities of great technical difficulty and manned by a virtuoso who makes audibility his supreme aim. The mood is shattered and the chastened listener remembers belatedly that what he hears is only a concerto after all.

From the first defect the piano concertos of Johannes Brahms are nobly free. They are all music. There is no single bar of the solo part that does not take its place, instantly and inevitably, as an integral part of the musical structure. The unaccompanied piano passages are few, and when they do occur they come to carry on the burden laid down by the orchestra rather than to astonish the hearers.

It was the second Brahms concerto (the one in B minor that Hanslick called "a symphony with pianoforte obligato") that Ossip Gabrilowitsch selected to play in Carnegie Hall last night with the Philadelphia Orches-

tra. For once the force of virtuosity was lifted. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was more than a pianist; he was an artist, helping to interpret great music and playing it with an understanding and reverent selflessness of which only a true artist could be capable. Mr. Stokowski's accompaniment was worthy of the music and the soloist—indeed it is difficult to appraise the work of the two men separately. Pianist and conductor did what they had to do with a mutual sympathy and unity of intention that one might wait long to hear again. It was a memorable performance, and be it to the audience's credit, it rose to the occasion, applauding soloist, conductor and orchestra with thunderous emphasis.

Mr. Stokowski offered a new American composition as the novelty of the evening, John Alden Carpenter's tone poem, "A Pilgrim Vision," written for the Mayflower Celebration held in Philadelphia in 1920. It was heard here for the first time last night. The work bears no specific programme beyond a brief note by the composer announcing that it is intended to suggest the mood of the Pilgrims' embarkation, their voyage and safe arrival on these shores.

This is music written for a special occasion, and, like much "occasional" music, is a little too well suited to its purpose. The piece suffers from a too highly sustained pitch of intensity. It opens with "Old Hundred" played on the organ and proceeds in a more or less religious mood to solemnly triumphant end. It is the Pilgrims, right enough, yet it is not quite fair to them. One hears only the voice of those who frowned upon music and love-making and persecuted the Quakers, with never a reminder that the Mayflower also carried spinning wheels, and Peregrin White's mother, and warming pans, and Henry Cabot Lodge's ancestors, and all sorts of jolly people and things. There is much that is fine and beautiful in "A Pilgrim Vision," but it needs a lighter side.

There was more to the concert—too much to write about. In the beginning came Wagner—the entrance of the Gods, from "Rheingold," "Waldweben, from "Siegfried," and Siegfried's Rhine Journey, from "Goetterdaemmerung," all played gloriously, with a scandalous disregard for stage tradition that mattered not at all. Last came Liszt—the first Hungarian Rhapsody.

Mr. Carpenter's composition was written for a Mayflower celebration held in Philadelphia in 1920. It is a descriptive piece, in which we are invited to a delineation in tones (very many and a great many very loud) of scenes of adventure in the life of the Pilgrim Fathers, their last religious service in England, the embarkation, the voyage, through tempestuous seas, their exultant landing. "Surely, an extraordinary adventure!" comments Mr. Carpenter in his programmatic note on the music, "and surely at the moment when the sea seems its most tremendous and the Pilgrim ship is most forgotten it is easy to think that in that moment the Eye of God rested upon them and smiled."

The musical symbols and their treatment are easily followed: The "Old Hundred" psalm tune, played on the organ, denotes the final religious service, a stately march melody punctuated at the last when it has been developed to a climax by the clamor of bells, some sea music of varied aspect but logically wrought out, solemn proclamations by the trombone (which instrument is but the sabbat of ancient Israel) of the Divine watchfulness, finally, a swelling canticle in which great joy was measured in last night's performance by immensity of sound. It is a pity that such splendid muscularity of tone as that of the Philadelphia band must go down at every climax before Mr. Stokowski's brazen phalanges.

We do not wish to hold Mr. Carpenter too closely to historical accuracy but if he felt that the psalm tune which he asks us to accept as a symbol of the final church service in England ought to be used, why did he not quote it correctly? The Pilgrim Fathers may have sung the psalm on their departure, but if they did they sang it as it is set down in the old Genevan Psalter, in Sternhold and Hopkins, or, more likely, in the "well worn psalm-book of Ainsworth" from which Priscilla was singing it when John Alden was wooing for Captain Standish. The tune as it is sung now and as John Alden Carpenter sings it has a vast different rhythmical physiognomy than it had in the days of the Fathers. Mr. Carpenter is a man of culture; he didn't he look the matter up? It would not have been difficult.

LOUIS DORNAY SINGS.

A Dutch tenor, Louis Dornay, sang an interesting programme of songs at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. He began and ended with German, singing Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Strauss, and offered two other groups that included compositions by Courdrian, Debussy, Poldowski, Cole-ridge-Taylor and Winter Watts and two old Dutch folksongs.

Mr. Dornay, despite a tendency to throatiness and forced tone, showed decided gifts as an interpreter of song. Nothing that he did was less than interesting, and much of it was really fine. He mastered the formidable vocal difficulties of Schubert's "Die Allmacht" satisfactorily and delivered its weighty measures with beautiful phrasing and impressive dignity. He was excellent, too, in Poldowski's "Nocturne," a fine song, whose tristful mood he communicated subtly and surely.

His German diction was excellent, his French and English less good, but reasonably clear. He was rather handicapped by an accompanist whose heavy, matter-of-fact playing threatened to smother his voice, and was undoubtedly responsible in part for his forced notes.

OTHER MUSIC.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Willem Mengelberg, played the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture of Mendelssohn and Strauss's tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben." The soloist was Erna Rubinstein, the remarkable fifteen-year-old violinist, who played the Bruch concerto. The audience was one of the largest that have attended the Philharmonic's Metropolitan concerts.

Another youthful virtuoso, Jerome Rappaport, the boy pianist, played at Aeolian Hall. His programme included pieces by Scarlatti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Grieg and Scriabin, and Beethoven's first piano concerto, with second piano accompaniment.

Boy Pianist Plays Classics.

Jerome Rappaport, a tiny boy pianist heard occasionally in public for some years past, gave a program of well chosen little classics at Aeolian Hall last night, closing more ambitiously with Beethoven's concerto No. 1, in C, with accompaniment of a second piano. He played also short works of Scarlatti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Grieg, MacDowell and Scriabine.

E. C. TOWNE.

Edward C. Towne, tenor-soloist of the First Presbyterian Church, widely known as a church singer and instructor of vocal music, died Monday of a complication of diseases, at his home, No. 255 Penn Street, Brooklyn. He was a native of Providence, R. I., and had been a resident of Brooklyn for twenty years.

He was soloist of the Church of the Pilgrims during the late Dr. Storrs' pastorate. His wife also is well known as a singer. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, minister emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church, will conduct the funeral services in the house at 8 o'clock this evening. Interment will be to-morrow in Evergreen Cemetery.

'Snegourotschka' Is Repeated at Opera House Before a

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy tale opera "Snegourotschka" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was a large audience and the applause was more frequent and hearty than at any previous performance. The opera seems to grow in popularity, and this is a subject for felicitation, because it is an art creation quite different from these which have apparently fastened public attention. It is now shown that local operators are ready to welcome something fanciful in substance, delicate in sentiment and full of grace and charm in treatment. It is not necessary that excitement should be aroused since pleasurable emotions of a gentler sort seem to be satisfactory.

A very good performance was given. Miss Bori was not in the best of voice, but was equal to all the demands of her part. She brings to the impersonation of the unhappy little snow maiden a captivating personality and much apparently ingenuous acting, which, however, is not improved by her growing employment of a manner of gesticulation much affected by a famous opera manager.

Orville Harrold was the Berondey

Chor. Mr. Diaz had a splendid solo in some representations, but Mr. Harrold was the original. The part is not a long one, but its vocal demands are exacting. Mr. Harrold, as opera singer well know, fears nothing. He sings everything and usually in such a way as to please the auditors. Thomas Chalmers now replaces the lamented Laurenti as *Mi puer* and acquits himself with credit. Mme. Delaunols as *Le*, the shepherd, who sings some of the best songs in the opera; Miss d'Arle as *Koupara*, Mme. Howard as *Boblycka* and Mr. Rothier as *Winter* continue their laudable doings in this opera and Mr. Bodanzky presides at the conductor's desk.

Rachel Morton-Harris Sings.

Rachel Morton-Harris, soprano, gave a recital at the Town Hall last evening, assisted at the piano by Isidore Luckstone. Mrs. Harris, who has sung with the Symphony Orchestra in former seasons, was heard to advantage in the "Frauenliebe" cycle of Schumann. A French group included Wachs's "Le Vieux Saint Jean," and there were lyrics by Goossens, John Ireland and John Powell.

MENGBERG LEADS AGAIN.

Philharmonic Plays Strauss's "Heldenleben," Dedicated to Him.

Mr. Mengelberg led another Philharmonic concert at the Metropolitan last evening, when the great house echoed to Strauss's "Heldenleben," dedicated to the Dutch conductor, with Scipione Guidi as solo violin.

Erna Rubinstein, lately introduced both with orchestra and in recital elsewhere, was applauded in Bruch's G minor concerto, which the young girl played with confidence and power, enhanced by Mengelberg's vital and varied accompaniment. Preceding the solo was Mendelssohn's overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

At Carnegie Hall the last but one of the Boston Symphony concerts for the season broke with precedent last night by invoking the aid of a soloist—a rare procedure for the Boston band. Evidently Mr. Montoux decided that so long as he must have a singer he might as well have a good one, for he offered no less a personage than John McCormack. The great Irish tenor sang twice, once in two Bach arias and again in Charles Martin Loeffler's settings of three Irish poems.

The Loeffler songs are from a group of "Five Irish Fantasies for Voice and Orchestra," of which the first two were written in 1907 (David Bispham sang them in Boston in 1909) and the last was finished two years ago. The texts of four of them are by William Butler Yeats, the last being the work of a blind Irish poet, otherwise unknown, named Heffernan. The titles are "The Hosting of the Sidhe," "The Ballad of the Fox Hunter," "The Host of the Air," "The Fiddler of Dooney," and "The Song of Caitilin-ni-Holahan"—or, if you prefer, "Cathleen Ni Hoolihan," which as all Gaelic-speaking persons know, means Ireland. The last three were done last night, their first hearing in New York.

Announcement of a new work by Charles Martin Loeffler is always good news, for Loeffler, even at his lowest ebb, is always a sensitive, fastidious artist, and one who can do miraculous things with an orchestra. These songs are no great. Something that is in the poems is wanting in the music. Loeffler has overset them, for one thing. He is happiest when he is conveying subtleties, and these poems are simple. No word in them has escaped his sophisticated scrutiny, yet in the very act of catching every syllable and sentence that is characteristically Celtic he has lost the overtones, the mood that is implicit in every one of the poems, yet is never expressed in them—the immense, melancholy humor of the Irish soul.

It is not the words of "The Fiddler of Dooney" that are Celtic. There is not a sentence in Yeats's verses that is not good, clean English. But the

idea, if Loeffler's hand conviction that when he gets to the gates of Heaven he will be let in ahead of his two priest brothers—

For the good are always the merry.

Save by an evil chance,

And the merry love the fiddle

And the merry love to dance.

only an Irishman could be as cheeky about Heaven as that! Here is the mood that, to this listener, Loeffler has missed. His music is Irish enough; but it is too Irish. It in all the Ireland of reels and bagpipes, never the Ireland of "Would God I were the Tender Apple-blossom." His three songs lack the big simplicity of greatness.

For this his orchestration is partly responsible. It is too colorful, too kaleidoscopic, too infernally clever. It lets nothing go by implication, stepping in officiously to imitate everything that the hearer would rather imagine for himself. When, in "The Host of the Air," the poet says, "old men and young men and young girls were gone like drifting smoke," one is mournfully certain that smoke is about to be imitated, no doubt excellently. And sure enough, high-placed divided strings, assisted by two harps and the flutes, do their best to show one's ears how smoke sounds when it drifts.

This sort of thing is fascinating, but it is not creative imagination, and it is not music. The thoughts of the poems are peasant's thoughts, simple, humble, and beautiful; but the orchestra is that of Baudelaire.

It is beautiful music, nevertheless, however far it may fall short of perfection. "The Host of the Air" is haunted by the ghosts of a wistful bagpipe that is not only a tour de force of orchestration, but a stroke of art as well. "The Fiddler of Dooney" has a real Irish jig for its theme, which flits impartially among the strings until it evaporates on the xylophone with enchanting effect.

"The Song of Cathleen-Ni-Hoolihan" is the best. It has a real tragic sweep, but does not disdain an abrupt reversal of mood that is the best piece of Irish characterization Mr. Loeffler has achieved. Just before the last verse, two piccolos, the snare drum and the harps collaborate on a march tune that is like a smile on a tragic mask. It aroused unbounded enthusiasm in the young person in the next seat—her nose was not Roman. "You see?" she whispered, excitedly, "it's a military march. They're an army—but they're not gettin' killed, particularly!"

Mr. McCormack sang gloriously, of course. It was quite a privilege to sit in Carnegie Hall, where the English language has so often gone down in defeat, and hear every slightest word and syllable, clear as crystal and perfectly phrased. The audience received the singer and the music enthusiastically. After several recalls Mr. McCormack went back and returned with the composer, who was forced to bow repeated acknowledgments. It is a long time since new music has had such a cordial reception here.

Mr. Montoux conducted the new work enthusiastically and well. Otherwise the concert was not particularly good. Schubert's Seventh Symphony, which is long enough, in all conscience, when it is played superbly, managed to sound endless. The Bach pieces were ragged and hard in color. The heterogeneous bowing of the violins seemed to point to under-rehearsal. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" ended the programme. It is Rimsky at his worst—rather uninspired and tuneless, but none the less confident and reliable.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The final evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the present season was that given in Carnegie Hall last night. The program comprised Schubert's symphony in C major, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" and several vocal numbers. These were two arias from cantatas of Bach, namely, "Lost Is My Dear Jesus" and "Take Thou for Thy Very Own," and three of the five settings of Irish songs by Charles Martin Loeffler which he calls "Irish Fantasies for Voice and Orchestra." The singer was John McCormack.

The lyrics of Mr. Loeffler heard last evening are Nos. 2, 3 and 5 from the set. The poems are Yeats's "The Host of the Air" and "The Fiddler of Dooney" and "The Song of Caitilin-ni-Holahan" by W. Heffernan. These are good texts, poetic in content, rich in character and

inviting musical treatment. Mr. Loeffler yielded quite readily to the temptation to compose this music. His is a mind that revels in fairy fantasia and the treasures of folk lore. That he has imagination and humor are known to all who have heard his "Villanelle du Diable" and his grimly tragic, "Death of Tintagiles." Perhaps most of his admirers did not know how delightfully and jovially Irish he could be till they heard his "Fiddler of Dooney" last night.

The songs are all good, though they are not constructed with a view to vocal exhibition. They are literally fantasies for voice and orchestra, in which the instrumental background is descriptive and illustrative and also plays the chief part in creating the mood. Folk tunes play their part in the web of melody and excellent instrumental characterization is conspicuous. Mr. McCormack sang the songs admirably and at no time this season had the orchestra been heard to better advantage than in these numbers.

Mr. McCormack's delivery of the Bach arias was noteworthy for its fine dignity, its sincerity and its artistic conviction. Those who hear this tenor only in his recitals do not know his highest achievements. The Boston Symphony musicians played Schubert in a solid and opulent manner which seemed to give the audience great satisfaction.

'LORELEY'S' SECOND HEARING.

Belated Production One of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's Experiments.

Catalan's "Loreley" had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was a large audience and much applause. It is likely that the production of this belated novelty will prove to be one of the happy experiments of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's administration. It is not a great opera, nor is its music of a distinguished character, but it contains certain elements which possess popularity.

The beautiful scene in which the nymphs of the Rhine make their first appearance is one of the most attractive stage pictures ever put on the Metropolitan Opera House stage and at the first performance of the opera it evoked long and warm applause. The bridal scene is also unusually pleasing, and the choral climax, although conventional in idea and treatment, has theatrical effectiveness.

The opera is well performed. Miss Muzio is very well suited to the role of Loreley and does some of her best singing in it. Mr. Gigli was the unfortunate Walter, who is willing to be happy with either charmer if only the other were away, sings well, and Mr. Danise makes much of Herman, the rejected lover. Mene, Sundelius sings very well as Anna

and Mr. Mardones is a competent Morgrave. Mr. Moranzoni conducts with understanding.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition.) In nowise distinguished was the performance of Schubert's great symphony in C major by Mr. Montoux and the men from Boston in Carnegie Hall last night. Its best feature was that which was laudable because it was in marked contrast with other performances of the work which distressfully vex our memory; performances in which the composer's lyricism, especially in the last movement, was crushed by the noise of the augmented brass contingent, and a plug was thrust into the throat of the trumpet to consort a second ghostly visitor, but an unbeautiful one, with the celestial being that Schumann found haunting the Andante. For permitting his strings to assert their privilege of being heard as they ought to be, Mr. Montoux deserved well at the hands of the audience; but he did not invite the music to exhale all of its beautiful poesy. It was, in sooth, a rather prosaic reading.

McCormack in Better Estate

The thousands who crowd into the Hippodrome of Sunday evenings to hear John McCormack do so to enjoy the sentimental balladist. Their hearts are more responsive to "Pal o' Mine" and his Irish songs than to the beautiful performances of arias by Handel and Mozart, which he gives them occasionally as if to keep himself conscious of the fact that he is an artist of fine type. The hundreds who heard him last night heard him in his better estate, as an interpreter of Bach (he sang two arias from two of the church cantatas) and also as a laudator of Ireland and an exponent of a new phase in Irish song—song which was Irish in spirit, but uttered in the idiom which has recently reached our ears from Italy, France and even, though less effectively on the whole, from England. For Mr. McCormack, who sang them, but more for such a band as played them, Mr. Loeffler has made five settings of Irish poems—two of

them by W. B. Yeats, "The Host of the Air" and "The Fiddler of Dooney," and a loftier poetic utterance by W. Heferman, "The Blind" (visions of an old harper rise before our fancy), entitled "The Song of Caitilin-ni-Holahan."

Loeffler's Fantasies

Mr. Loeffler's native tongue is neither Gaelic nor Erse, for he is an Alsatian, but he is a modern musician, with a fancy which can penetrate to the heart of any subject and a capacity for uttering the modern orchestral idiom second to that of no composer alive. He calls his settings of these songs fantasies by a greater right than the late Gustav Mahler called his settings of six German paraphrases of Chinese poems a symphony. Their essence lies in the instrumental part of them; the singer's voice does little more than provide a guide to the orchestra's exposition of the contents of the poems. Debussy makes use of Spanish rhythms to evoke pictures of Iberia; Mr. Loeffler goes to Irish folk tunes to illustrate the sentiments of the words of his poets. He quotes, he paraphrases and he imitates, but always with a fecund individual fancy in his melodic contours and an exquisite sense of euphony in his application of colors. His music for the song of the blind minstrel is big with eloquence, a beautiful preachment and a persuasive plea.

Delightful humor dominates "The Fiddler of Dooney" (at its foundation lies a rollicking jig capably worked up) and the sound of the pipes in "The Host of the Air" melts away mysteriously, vanishes in thin air, drifts away like a wisp of smoke. Mr. Loeffler has disclosed himself in a new mood in these fantasies, one that is as amiable as it is admirable. Mr. McCormack put his heart into the songs, and in the

few instances in which the words were not clearly conveyed to the ears of the listeners the fault was not that of his voice or diction, but of a few obstreperous passages in the orchestration. Singer and composer were repeatedly called to the platform.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture, "La Grande Paque Russe," ended the concert.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS CONCERT.

Large Audience Enjoys Final Program of the Season.

The third and last concert of the season by the People's Chorus of New York (The People's Liberty Chorus, founded in 1916), Lorenzo Camilleri conductor, took place last night at Town Hall. Former State Commissioner of Education Dr. John H. Finley, who was the guest of honor, spoke on the influence of ensemble singing in a great city. The assisting artists were Rafael Diaz, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera, whose numbers included the "Una Partiva Lagrima" air from "L'Elisir d'Amore," Oley Speaks's song, "Morning," and Miss Rozsi Varady, who played several cello solos, and with the chorus Handel's "Largo." The advanced unit of the chorus sang the "Celestial Chorus," from Gounod's "Mors et Vita," the excerpt, "Come with Flowers," from Rossini's "William Tell," and the "Chorus of the Philistines," from "Samson and Delilah" of Saint-Saens.

St. Patrick's eve was observed by the chorus in such Irish songs as "The Mintrel Boy," by Thomas Moore, and "The Bells of Shandon," by G. B. Nevlin. The other choral selections included Mr. Camilleri's new song, "Softly She Is Lying," and in closing, for chorus, his "Home Is Best." The concert was greatly enjoyed by the audience, which crowded the hall.

BROTHERS IN JOINT RECITAL.

Sergei and Max Kotlarsky, Violinist and Pianist, Heard.

Sergei and Max Kotlarsky, violinist and pianist, gave their first joint recital here in Aeolian Hall last evening. Each of the brothers has been heard here separately in recital and won favor. Sergei was an original member of the one time Berkshire Quartet, which he left in order to enter the army at the time of the war, and he toured in concert twelve years ago with Enrico Caruso.

The program was pleasing in selection. It comprised two groups of pieces for each artist, including Macdowell's "The Eagle" and Liszt's two "Saint Francis" legends for the pianist and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" for the violinist. Franz Ries's third suite for both players closed the list. Each player is an artist of taste and plays with an agreeable tone and a good technique. The program was warmly received by the large audience.

"Tosca" Sung at Benefit For 5th Ave. Hospital

Mme. Jeritza, Chamler and Scotti in Cast; "Loveley" Is Heard in the Evening

Two Italian operas, vastly different in theme, were presented at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. In the afternoon musical melodrama held sway, when Puccini's "Tosca" was sung for the benefit of the Fifth Avenue Hospital, with Mme. Jeritza, Mr. Chamler and Mr. Scotti as chief protagonists.

In the evening Catalini's "Loveley," based on the Rhenish legend of the golden-haired siren, had its second performance this season. In spite of its well made and dramatic music, in spite of a certain charm which clings to any work in which inhabitants of fairyland play an important part, to some this opera seems hopelessly old fashioned. "Snegourochka," too, is a fairy opera, but the score is a treasure-house of Russian folk-song, national legends and customs peep through the fanciful scenes of the libretto, and there is a touch of grotesque humor about many of the minor characters which charms and entertains.

On the other hand, Walter, Hermann and Anna are not persuasive personages, but intensely operatic puppets. Their tangled romance awakens no burning interest in the minds of some spectators, while even Loveley, herself, working her nefarious spell, throws little enchantment upon the casual observer. Beautifully staged and as beautifully sung, it might be wished that the resources of the Metropolitan Opera House had been turned in the direction of some opera of livelier interest.

Miss Alice Miriam Makes I Metrop

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Carmen," with Miss Farrar as the heroine, attracted a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The cards had been shuffled once more and the new deal brought to the surface a young American *Micaela* in the person of Miss Alice Miriam. The singer, who had been heard several times in concert and in minor roles in opera, has a pretty soprano voice, which will doubtless be heard with more pleasure when its owner has had longer training and more experience. She seemed last evening to be somewhat timid, especially about her upper tones. She was kindly received by the audience.

Miss Farrar was in good voice and repeated her familiar and admired impersonation of the wayward gypsy. Mr. Martinelli, whose powerful voice was also in excellent condition, uttered the sentiments of *Don Jose* without reservation and frequently aroused the audience to enthusiasm. The *Escamillo* last evening was Mr. Mardones, who surely knows how to be a Spaniard because he was born one, and who sang the music with good effect. Louis Hasselmans was the conductor.

MARTIN RICHARDSON'S RECITAL.

Martin Richardson, tenor, was heard in a recital of songs and operatic and oratorio airs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The scope of his program may be gathered from the fact that it included "If with all your hearts" from "Elijah," the dream from "Manon," "Moon of my delight" from Liza Lehmann's once popular "In a Persian Garden," "Spirto gentile" from "La Favorita" and a variety of Italian, French and English songs.

Mr. Richardson proved to be a singer with a voice of very limited value, but a good deal of skill in the production of effects. He over elaborated some of them, but his earnestness and his cleverness in the employment of contrasts kept his audience generally interested.

BELGIAN SINGER RETURNS.

Miss Alice Verlet Gives Recital at Carnegie Hall.

Miss Alice Verlet, a Belgian coloratura soprano, who has sung in the leading opera houses of Paris and London and was heard here in a recital given years ago, appeared in a program of airs and songs last night at Carnegie Hall. Her singing made a pleasing impression upon her large audience.

She has a lovely nautical voice, although it seems to have lost some of its freshness. She sang Mozart's two difficult airs, "Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni," and the "Il Re Pastore," with violin obligato played by Xavier Cugat, with a good knowledge of style, although her florid work was not always

smooth nor her pitch correct. In certain songs in her list she showed much charm and taste. Mr. Cugat played also some solos. John Warren Erb was at the piano for Miss Verlet.

much 19 1922
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The last of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this season was given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The program comprised Debussy's "Iberia," the second of his "Images" for orchestra, Franz Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama" and Brahms's first symphony.

The piece by Schreker gave an opportunity of hearing music of a contemporary German composer who is hardly known in New York except by name. He has been enthusiastically admired and bitterly attacked in Germany; but this composition seemed to show no very urgent reasons for either. He is more favorably disposed toward recognizable and sustained thematic material than many modern composers; and he shows that he has not entirely forgotten Wagner or Strauss or even Puccini in his invention of it. He writes with the modern skill for orchestra and demands a very large one—twenty-first and twenty-second violins, other strings and wind instruments in proportion; and a great array of percussion instruments. Their presence in the orchestra, however, is not made overpoweringly evident.

There is richness of tone and of color in the work and there are passages that are effective and even impressive. And if the whole does not give the impression of great originality, it is the product of one who has something today and who has not abandoned all feeling for beauty and expressiveness as they have hitherto been conceived. His development of the overture is elaborate and the composition is very long—it would seem that the drama must be a short one, or is postponed till the following evening. It is, in fact, too long and its development begins to seem labored and to pall before it is completed. Nevertheless the composition gave the impression of power and dramatic expression.

The performance was of great beauty of tone and careful finish. So was that of Debussy's "Iberia." This piece scarcely seems to be holding its interest and importance. Its minor ingenuities and picturesque touches, its pleasant little originalities and use of what were once Debussy's new formulas give an agreeable sensation, but no very stirring one. There was a great contrast in Brahms's first symphony, of which Mr. Montoux gave careful and sympathetic and intelligent performance.

Four Italian Operas Sung in Day.

Four operas, all Italian, were sung by the Metropolitan stars yesterday, a matinee of "Manon Lescaut" being followed by "Rigoletto" at night, while a flying detachment closed the Brooklyn Academy series with a gala evening of "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Pagliacci."

Angeles Otteln, heard in her second rôle, sang Gilda in "Rigoletto" to a big house on Broadway; Chamlee, Danise and Didur reappeared and Bambochek conducted. Alda, Gigli and De Luca headed the matinee cast in "Manon," which was sung for the second time, under Papi's direction.

Gabrilowitsch's Last Recital.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his last recital of the season before an audience that filled Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and crowded the stage around the pianist. He was heard in Schubert's sonata Op. 120, Mendelssohn's "Serious Variations," a Chopin group and the E minor Intermezzo and E flat rhapsody of Brahms.

Pierre Montoux conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its last New York concert of this season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of Debussy's "Iberia," Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama" and Brahms's "First Symphony," all magnificently played, and the audience applauded the conductor and the musicians in detail at the end.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, at his piano recital in the afternoon at Aeolian Hall, played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sericuses," Schubert's "Sonata in A Minor," Chopin's "Etude in E Major," his "Etude in C Minor," his "Prelude in D Flat Major," and his "Scherzo, Opus 20," Brahms's Intermezzo in E Minor and his "Rhapsody in E Flat Major."

In the evening Adele Bliss, soprano, at Aeolian Hall sang Veracini's "Pastoral," Chausson's "Fapillons," Fauré's "Chanson Normande," Tchaikovsky's "Was I Not a Blade of Grass?" and songs by Handel, Gretschaginoff, MacDowell and others.

AT THE AMBASSADOR.

At the last of the "Concerts Internationaux," at the Hotel Ambassador on Saturday noon, Robert Schmitz, pianist, played some interesting modern French music, including a "Toccata et Variations," by Arthur Honegger, and two Debussy études, Mariotte's "Impressions Urbaines," a suite of three pieces subtitled "Usines," "Decombres" and "Guinguettes," has a quality of griminess shot through with flashes of real beauty and eloquence. Without adhering to the appalling series of dissonances that disfigure so much modern impressionistic music, this suite does manage to convey an impression of steely harshness that is a powerful reflection of the mood of modern, machine-ridden industry. The melancholy "Decombres" (rubbish heaps) has a curiously MacDowellish flavor that is reminiscent of the "New England Sketches." Perhaps the best is "Guinguettes," with its hysterical evocation of the frenetic and brutal gaiety of a wayside tavern.

An English baritone, John Barclay, shared the programme with Mr. Schmitz, singing songs by Magnard, Florent Schmidt, Debussy, John Ireland, Deems Taylor, Goossens and Joseph Marx. The two Goossens songs were admirable, particularly "Tea Time," which had a flavor of romantic irony that is Goossens at his best.

Mr. Barclay disclosed a voice of unusual beauty and schooling and sang with intelligence, fine diction and a good command of style. He is to appear in Carnegie Hall with the Toronto Choir next month. He made an excellent first impression, so good, in fact, that he is probably going to be a welcome addition to the small group of really first class baritones in this country.

much 20 1922
By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Artur Bodanzky conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon in a typical Philharmonic programme—safe, properly classic and completely unexciting. Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony is a fairly well known work and need not be analyzed in detail. Mr. Bodanzky gave it a good performance, particularly in the scherzo, whose alluring measures had just the crisp articulateness that they demand—and do not always get.

The funeral march seemed pulseless, but that defect was undoubtedly attributable in part to the Metropolitan's deadening effect upon string tone. The vast spaces of the auditorium seem to kill all the string overtones, so that the thick, "meaty" quality of massed violins vanishes leaving only an attenuated, nasal sound that might be coming from one rather poor instrument instead of from eighteen good ones.

The nearest approach to a novelty was Ravel's suite, "Ma Mere l'Oye," which took second place of the programme. Walter Damrosch has played it at his children's symphony concerts and Mr. Bodanzky conducted it several times when he was head of the National Symphony Orchestra. The five movements are based on the seventeenth century fairy stories of Charles Perrault, who was a French combination of our own Mother Goose and the Brothers Grimm. They comprise a "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," a brief reverie by "Hop-o'-My-Thumb," a march from the land of "Laidronette, Imperatrice des Fagades," a "Conversation Between Beauty and the Beast" and "The Enchanted Fairy Garden." Ravel wrote them originally as four-hand piano pieces for two juvenile friends, an later orchestrated them. They are charming, fragile pieces, for the most part rather too tenuous in musical substance for the elaborate orchestral treatment they receive, but they do possess the virtue of brevity, and they were nicely played. Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, which has been heard here before, closed the programme.

Conducted by Mr. Uodanzky, the Phil
monic Society gave the ninth of the
trial series of concerts at the Met-
ropolitan Opera House yesterday after-
noon. The program consisted of Bee-
thoven's "Heroic" symphony, the five
pieces for children by Maurice Ravel
titled "Ma Mère l'Oye" and the over-
ture to "Rienzi," by Wagner. The sym-
phony received a good performance, how-
ever better or worse than the previous
performances this season by the same
and under Mr. Strinsky, the Boston
orchestra under Mr. Monteux or the
Symphony Society under Mr. Damrosch
need not be discussed.
Those in the audience who heard one
more of the preceding performances
ought want to read a comparison; so
ought those who live in the expectation
that Mr. Meingelberg and Mr. Stokowski
may publish their notions about the
work before the season ends. And
comparisons are proverbially odious (see
Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," pages
10, 12, 177, 789). The pretty "Mother
Goose" music (which has nothing to do
with the Mother Goose who lives in the
mind and affections of American and
English children) and the overture had
also been heard here this season.
At the regular Sunday night popular
concert at the opera house in the eve-
ning Mr. Mischel Piastro played Tschai-
kovsky's violin concerto extremely well
and Miss Peralta, Miss Peterson and
Messrs. Mardones and Seibach, all
members of the opera company, sang to
the delight of their hearers.

H. E. K.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

A good sized audience assembled yes-
terday afternoon in Aeolian Hall to listen
to Walter Damrosch's concentrated re-
cital of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."
It was the first of three discourses ex-
pository of Wagnerian dramas. The
next will take place on April 2 on "Par-
falle" and the third on April 9 on "Die
Meistersinger." The lecturer yesterday
devoted some time to a history of Wagne-
r's early struggles and his final deliv-
ery by the young King Ludwig of
Bavaria.
In laying before his auditors the ethi-
cal basis of "Tristan und Isolde" Mr.
Damrosch said that the work was in es-
sence autobiographical, because if Wagne-
r had not married Minna Planer and
been completely misunderstood by her
and had not afterward met Mathilde von
Wesendeneck, who supplied the missing
understanding, he would probably not
have founded his drama on the solution
of love difficulties through adopting the
Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana, or nega-
tion of the will to live.
Mr. Damrosch sat at the piano as he
talked, and having finished his oratorical
prelude proceeded to read portions of
the text (in English) and play parts
of the music, principally those developed
from the representative themes, of which
the score is mostly made. He quoted
Voltaire's assertion that the chromatic
scale is effeminate and therefore suited
to the expression of love. Mr. Damrosch
admitted that Wagner probably was un-
acquainted with the dictum of the French
friend of Frederick the Great, but pointed
out that his employment of chromatic
sequences perfectly fitted the purposes
of his great drama of passion. Also the
lecturer acquitted Tristan and the Irish
Princess of all moral error and offered a
highly noble construction of their ap-
parently shabby treatment of old King
Mark.

Occasionally Mr. Damrosch, who talked
most of the time, dropped into song,
when it was learned he sang like a
conductor. He played the piano vigor-
ously, with occasional flashes of exqui-
site color, such as he was accustomed
to display in his early song accompani-
ments. The lecturer held the audience in
attentive mood and at the end was hearti-
ly applauded.

Gustave Tiniot and Leroy Smith played a
new sonata of Florent Schmitt at the
Greenwich Village Theatre last night. Eva
Fautsch and Lawrence Strauss sang other
new works of the International Composers'
club.

POLIAKIN'S VIOLIN RECITAL.

Miron Poliakin, a Russian violinist,
who trained with Auer in the class with
Elman, and was first heard here some
two weeks ago, gave his second recital
yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall
before a large audience. In the arrange-
ment of Vitti's "Chaconne" by Charlier,
Mendelssohn's concerto and other pieces,
including Wieniawski's "Polonaise" in D
major, Mr. Poliakin showed again ad-
mirable breadth of conception, accurate
intonation and a general intelligence.
His playing in the Vitti music had
some lack of tonal smoothness, but in-
sistive rhythm and a bold freedom of
style made it thoroughly interesting.
His performance in the concerto had
taste and fine musical feeling.

AT CARNEGIE HALL.

Miron Poliakin was less nervous
yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall
than he was recently at his first violin
recital in America, and consequently
his playing was much better. His
technique does not seem dependable,
but when it is at his service his mu-
sic holds attention. If there were more
assurance in his tone, he would have
great effect.

H. O'C.

**RL O. LANGLEY DIES;
CELLIST, COMPOSER**

**Toured Europe and America
and Joined Music Firm of
G. Schirmer.**

Otto Langley, cellist and
composer, died Thursday night at his
home, No. 42 West 94th Street. He
was a native of Frankfurt, Germany,
twenty years old and a resident of
this country more than thirty years.
He toured Europe as a concert
cellist in 1885, came to America four
years later and made a tour with the
New Symphony Orchestra. After-
ward he established a conservatory
and wrote a book of instruction for
cellists.
In 1909 he joined the music pub-
lishing house of G. Schirmer and was
author of 100 orchestrations, of
a "Tango" and "Arabian Sere-
nade" became popular. Funeral ser-
vices were held yesterday at the
bell funeral church, Broadway
6th Street.

March 21 1922

Farrar as Mimi in

**Appears in Role in "La B.
With Great Tenor at**

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The annual benefit performance for
the emergency fund took place at the
Metropolitan Opera House yesterday af-
ternoon. The program consisted of the
fourth act of "Il Trovatore," with Mmes.
Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Salazar and
De Luca; the fourth act of "Faust,"
with Mme. Sundelius, Messrs. Harrold
and Rothier; the third act of "La Bo-
hème," with Misses Farrar and Roselle,
Messrs. Chanille and Scott, and the
third act of "Aida," with Misses Muzio
and Gordon, Messrs. Martinelli and
Whitehill.

After the excerpt from "La Bohème"
there was much enthusiasm and Miss
Farrar was literally covered with flow-
ers. When she had been recalled several
times, both alone and with her asso-
ciates, she finally addressed the audi-
ence, saying that she was very glad to
sing Mimi once more after eleven years
in memory of Mr. Caruso. Miss Farrar
was calling attention to the fact that
she had not sung the role in all those
years and that she had always sung it
with Mr. Caruso.

In the evening the opera was Boito's
"Mefistofele." Mme. Alda as Marguerite,
Mme. Easton as Helen, Mme. Howard as
Marta and Miss Terini as Pantalis, Mr.
Gigli as Faust and Mr. Mardones as
Mefistofele were the principals.

The performance was one of general
merit. Mme. Alda's Marguerite is one
of her best achievements, and the music
of the classic Sabbath scene is excel-
lently suited to the voice and style of
Mme. Easton. Mr. Gigli's singing last
evening was quite equal to the standard
which he set up for himself when he
made his New York debut as Faust in
Boito's opera. He showed no inclination
to sacrifice beauty to mere power of
voice.

Mr. Mardones is not a particularly
diabolical Mefistofeles. He has a voice
equal to the demands of the music and
he sings it in a fine ringing manner,
honest and painstaking, but without
much subtlety. A businesslike devil is
at course to be praised, but Goethe's
devil was a philosopher and a cynic, as
a devil has got to be if he expects to
succeed in his profession, and Boito,
who tried to be respectful and sym-
pathetic in his operatic transformation of
the German poet, has given his bass
hero some considerable opportunities for
sardonic eloquence. But these do not
seem to lie quite within the scope of the
craft of Mr. Mardones.

The spectacular features of the opera
again evoked manifestations of approval
and the orchestral part of the perform-
ance was admirable. Mr. Moranzoni
conducted.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

New York Chamber Music Society.

The wide variety of compositions that
are at the disposal of such an organiza-
tion as the New York Chamber Music
Society was shown last night as it has
been shown before in the program of its
third subscription concert in Aeolian
Hall. It included Brahms's horn trio,
played a week before by the Beethoven
Association, Soleridge Taylor's quintet
in a few clarinet and strings, an An-
dante and Scherzo for a chamber orches-
tra and piano and Roussel's Divertisse-

ment of a ballet, Op. 12, for piano and
wind instruments.

Excellent performances of these com-
positions were given. Mr. Van Praag's
playing of the horn in Brahms's trio
was delightful in beauty of tone, phras-
ing and his sense of proportion. Coler-
idge Taylor's quintet made interesting
use of the negro idiom that was his as
a birthright, yet in this composition, as
in others embodying the same attempt,
there is a certain sense of monotony en-
gendered before the end is reached.

Mr. Hadley's two movements are new
and were played from manuscript. The
first, an Andante, seems disproportionately
long in its elaborations, for which
perhaps amends is made by the short
scherzo. They are written with great
skill in instrumentation, in utilizing the
effects of the strings, wind and piano,
and there are many charming effects of
color. The substance of the music, how-
ever, is not wholly satisfactory; it is of
no great originality or distinction. There
are promising, even felicitous begin-
nings, but they are too seldom brought
to convincing issues.

Miss Margaret Keyes's Recital.

Miss Margaret Keyes, a contralto, or
perhaps rather a mezzo soprano singer,
who is well known in New York, gave a
song recital last evening in the Town
Hall that was heard by a large and
friendly audience. She presented an in-
teresting program of old airs, a group
by Brahms, a group of French songs
and a group of English ones.
Miss Keyes's rich and sympathetic
voice was heard to great advantage in
this music. It has a fine quality, is
well equalized through the range, though
its higher tones are less satisfactory,
and are taken sometimes with caution.
She sings with intelligence and a truly
musical feeling and with the power of
interpreting a wide variety of styles and
of moods grave and gay, sombre and
brilliant.

Miss Keyes's diction is excellent,
especially in English; and in her group
of English songs the book of words en-
closed in the program was superfluous.
Her accompaniments were delightfully
played by Coenraad V. Bos.

Mildred Faas in Song Recital.

Mildred Faas gave a soprano air from
Bach's "Peasant Cantata" at her first
recital in the Town Hall yesterday, re-
calling the young Philadelphia singer's
association with the Bethlehem Bach festi-
vals for the last five years. She had in
those festivals shown qualities of sym-
pathetic personality that as yet hardly
compass the more varied moods of a pro-
gram of songs. Among her selections,
accompanied by C. V. Bos, were vigor-
ous old English airs of Purcell and Mor-
ley, others in Italian, German and
French, the "Vocalise" of Rachmani-
noff, lyrics by Quilter, Watts and Besly,
and one in manuscript, "The Midnight
Sea," by Frances McCollin.

**Mildred Faas Heard in
Pleasing Song Program**

**Shows Excellent Musical In-
stinct and Training in
Town Hall Appearance**

Miss Mildred Faas, a singer with a
mezzo soprano voice, gave a song recital
in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. Her
good taste, intelligence, fine musical in-
stincts and a considerable degree of
sound training were in evidence in her
selection of songs as well as her singing
of them. The only drawback in respect
of her singing was a lack of vitality
and vibrancy in her voice and its some-
what restricted range. Her program
was most commendable the first group
of classical airs consisting of Lully's
"Amour, vois guilts maux tu nous fais,
Morley's madrigal, "Now is the Month
of Mazing" (set as a solo song), "When
I am Laid in Earth," from Purcell's
"Dido and Aeneas," (a pathetic lament
built on an ostinato figure wholly
worthy of Bach) and as "Ach, res-
schmeckt wech gar ja gut," an ingeni-
ous bit of humor from Bach's "Peasant
Cantata." Schubert and Schumann con-
tributed the songs for the second group,
Bizet, Staum, Chausson and Rachmani-
noff to the third Frances McCollin,
Roger Quilter, Winter Watts and some-
body named Besly to the fourth.

March 22 1922

**Alberto Sciarretti Gives Re-
Sound N**

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Alberto Sciarretti, pianist, from Italy,
made his American debut last evening
in a recital in Town Hall. His program
was composed largely of compositions by
compatriots. Scambati contributed a
prelude and fugue and Martucci a
scherzo, romanza, giga, tarantella and
theme with variations. Saint-Saens,
Debussy and Liszt furnished the remain-
ing numbers. It was a pleasure to hear
the Italian music, for the pianists with
whom the local concertgoers are best
acquainted rarely if ever offer any of
the gems of the Italian treasury.

Without doubt this is because popu-
larity is best preserved by keeping to the
beaten path. When in doubt, play
Chopin. It is a safe rule and is gen-
erally followed. But pianists might well
consider Scambati's piece, which Mr.

Schiarretti played with evident affection.
The pedagogues will find fault with
Scambati's fugue and carpers will in-
quire why he said nothing about the
pupable chorale. But technical fink-
ing aside, it is good piano music and might
be made to sound even better than Mr.
Sciarretti made it sound with his mono-
chrome performance.

And every American ought to delight
in Martucci's tarantella, which rejoices
in the possession of a middle section made
out of something marvelously like a
good old plantation melody.

Mr. Sciarretti proved himself to be a
good pianist. He has an excellent finger
technic, clean, swift and crisp, and a
perfectly sound and healthy tone. He
plays with appreciation of rhythm and
form and shows himself to be a good
musician. His art wants something in
respect of warmth, color and variety;
but he can be heard with interest.

HEMPEL GIVES SONG RECITAL.

**Her "Request" Programme Includes
Many Delightful Selections.**

Mme. Frieda Hempel gave another
song recital last evening in Carnegie
Hall before an audience which filled the
great auditorium. Coenraad Bos played
her accompaniments. Her "request"
program, of delightful selection, had
such numbers as "Sweet Bird," from
Handel's "Il Penseroso," sung with
flute obligato, the "Mignon" polonaise
and the "Il Bacio" of Ardit, also Ger-
man lieder and French lyrics, with Ra-
meau's "Pauvre Jacques."

The singer, whose lovely voice seems
to have taken on an added lustre and
warmth this season, sang with her ac-
customed skill, beauty of phrase and dic-
tion. Her rendering of her opening air,
Bach's "The Day is Done," was an ex-
ample of legato style, while in her color-

ature work in the "Sweet Bird" her
singing had grace, charm and finish.
Her German songs were very warmly
applauded.

MISS McNEVIN IN SONGS.

**Discloses Again a Voice of Un-
usual Beauty.**

Miss Evelyn McNevin, contralto, was
heard in song recital last evening in
Aeolian Hall. She was not in condition
to do herself justice, since she was suf-
fering from a cold, and the indulgence
of the audience was asked. She gave a
recital here last April and showed much
promise, so that it was a pity that last
evening she was unable to prove that
she had made progress.

What was said of her voice a year
ago, however, can be repeated. It is one
of unusual beauty and abundant power.
It is quite likely that most of the bad
tone placing disclosed last evening was
caused by the singer's inability to con-
trol her voice. In spite of her handicap
she interested an audience of consid-
erable size and received much real ap-
plause.

MISS CONRAD GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Henrietta Conrad, a soprano
who had been heard here in a New
York Symphony Orchestra concert, gave
a song recital—postponed from Novem-
ber 30 last, in Aeolian Hall yesterday
afternoon. She was assisted by Frank
La Forge, who played the accompani-
ments. Miss Conrad has had much
training and concert experience in
Europe, and she had operatic engage-
ments in Germany which the war pre-
vented her from fulfilling.

Her program yesterday comprised two
groups of German lieder, three modern
French numbers, including Liszt's air from
Debussy's "L'Infant Prodigue" and a
group of American songs with Carpen-
ter's "May, the Maiden" and three
lyrics by La Forge. Throughout her
program the singer gave evidence of
serious study and a frequent under-
standing of the composer. Nervousness
and lack of breath control frequently
marred the quality of her tones, but
in certain numbers her voice showed
well in the middle and upper registers.

Her German diction was better than
her French and English. Her general
range of expression, while limited, had
taste and artistic sensibility. Her stage
presence was greatly in her favor. Mr.
La Forge gave her excellent support at
the piano and likewise at the organ in
one of the several encores.

**Calve Thrills Old
And New Admirers**

By H. E. Krehbiel

Two large audiences keenly appreci-
ative of the artists who entertained
them filled Carnegie Hall yesterday.
The artists were Mme. Emma Calvé
and Mme. Frieda Hempel, and the
entertainments were called song re-
citals, though the former gave us both
something more and something less.

than lies in the term as generally accepted. The latter, who has every reason to be proud of being Frieda Hempel, does not seem to be satisfied with her name, but wants it associated with that of another artist, so she has taken to calling herself "the Jenny Lind of to-day."

Mme. Calvé does not resort to any such ruse, but is content to be the Emma Calvé of to-day and to suggest and recall by her art the Emma Calvé of a quarter of a century ago. This she does delightfully, and thereby awakens more wonder and admiration than does her companion of yesterday, though no keener artistic enjoyment. To do that would, indeed, be difficult, for Mme. Hempel's lovely voice and exquisite art have made her hers on the concert stage.

Calvé Scorns Printed List

Mme. Calvé would not have been the unique creature she is if she had given a song recital of the conventional type. She had a printed list of pieces yesterday, but it seemed to become irksome to her before she had fairly got into it. In the first part, scarcely waiting for the formality of a demand, she interpolated Berlioz's "La Captive," a beautiful song which breathes the languors of the East and nostalgia, and a few minutes later, bringing in the aid of gesture and pose, she was pouring out the emotions of Martin's "Plaisirs d'Amour." Now so complete an intimacy had been established between her and her hearers that before singing Massenet's "Les Larmes," which was one of her set pieces, she left the stage and came back with Carmen's red rose, Carmen's smile, some of Carmen's flexures of the body and Carmen's "Habanera," with more than a relic of the seductive significance with which in the long ago she used to fill the words and music of the wanton gypsy of Merimee and Bizet.

As we looked and listened the memories of thrilling experiences came back to mind; not only to ours, but to those of hundreds of other listeners. There were telltale expressions on the faces at which we looked. They were thinking of the memorable days of 1893 and 1894 when Mme. Calvé's Carmen provided the greatest sensation that the Metropolitan Opera House has domiciled except the production of "Parsifal" by Mr. Conried. There were twelve representations of Bizet's opera that season, and in the short post-Lenten season in the spring of 1894 three more. The opera was a familiar one and had been for many years, but now Carmen and Calvé were so wholly identified with each other that though when Mme. Calvé absented herself the next year Messrs. Abbey and Grau engaged Miss Zelli de Lussan for the express purpose of keeping the opera in the repertoire and enlisted Mme. Melba for the secondary part of "Aida" and Mr. Jean de Reszke for "Jose," the public were content with performances.

Carmen Means Calvé to Many

Then Mme. Calvé returned and the big theater was crowded at eleven "Carmen" representations in 1895-'96. Other admirable things did she do between 1899 and 1906, but from that day to this old opera-goers when they say Carmen think Calvé. She sang in the opera four times toward the close of Mr. Hammerstein's second season in March, 1908, since which time New York has not seen her on the dramatic stage. When she came to visit us seven years ago and was eagerly asked if she did not intend to appear in the character which she had so signally made hers, she replied (it must have been sorrowfully) that Carmen belonged to youth.

How did Mme. Calvé sing in the days which fond memory has recalled? Those who heard her yesterday, but had not heard her before, could easily imagine, for many of the essentials of her art have been preserved, much of the technique, a surprising amount of the variety of emotional color, some of the characteristic timbre, some of the sometimes impertinent projection of herself and her whims into the

music. Then, as now, her singing was what singing ought to be in the lyric drama—dramatic speech with its emotional potency raised to a higher power by music. She could not have sung as she did twenty-five years ago if she had not been able to act as she did. The two forms of expression were not merely complementary of each other—they were one in origin and purpose. Everything that she did bore the stamp of her individuality. So it did yesterday. What stories she told us with her fan in the Spanish song which she interpolated! And how triumphantly she entered upon the territory which we were prone to think Mme. Yvette Guilbert had pre-empted in the quaint French legend which she substituted for some of the things whose

title had been printed in the house bill! Altogether it was a memorable afternoon, memorable for the recollections which it aroused, but also for new glimpses which it gave of Mme. Calvé's knowledge of art. She sang two of Schumann's songs, "Der Nussbaum" and "Die Rose, Die Lilie," in French, of course, but with lovely sympathy and understanding of their spirit.

By RICHARD ALDRICH

Mme. Calvé's Song Recital.

Before it had advanced very far down the program, Mme. Calvé's song recital, given yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation, became a very informal affair. The program itself was put out of commission, and what Mme. Calvé sang was what she wanted to sing at the moment, without regard to the limitations of cold type.

She began circumspectly enough with César Franck's "Nocturne," but before she reached the third number, Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," in French as "Le Noyer," she inserted Berlioz's "La Captive," and then she added Martin's "Plaisirs d'Amour," and there were various other changes later. To the "Habanera" from "Carmen" she added the card air from the third act and a song by Paul Vieux.

Mme. Calvé showed, as she showed in the few times that she had previously sung this season, now well her voice and style, remembered by New Yorkers who can remember her nearly thirty years ago at the Metropolitan Opera House—twenty-eight to be exact—have been preserved. Of course the voice of a singer approaching 60 years is not that of a singer of 27. But there is much of the remarkable beauty remaining, especially in the lower tones—tones that approach so near the contralto quality. As is inevitable, the higher ones have suffered most, especially when delivered with power. And yet there were beautiful tones in the head voice in the highest range.

Mme. Calvé's breath control and command of the long phrase are still unusual, and they were much in evidence in enhancing the effectiveness of her singing yesterday. And her diction in French is such as goes with a finely schooled vocal production.

But what has been least touched by the tooth of time in Mme. Calvé's singing is her remarkable power of characterization, the exposition of mood and of the play of feeling. In her singing yesterday afternoon she aided herself in this respect with gesture, play of facial expression, movement upon the stage; things that are often considered, and often are, unsuited to the methods of a concert singer, but which were employed in such a way, and seemed so much a natural outcome of Mme. Calvé's personality, that perhaps it occurred to but few to blame her for them.

They do not, to be sure, seem so much in place in some songs as in others, but when she reached the "Habanera" from "Carmen," they were indispensable. When that came she ran off the stage as one who had forgotten something and returned with a red rose, which played its due part in the captivation of an imaginary Don José. And when she began the song that Carmen sings over the cards, her tones assumed the veritable accents of a proclamation of Fate, and they, with the expression of the singer's face, summoned back in a moment the baleful magic of that scene that, to older opera-goers at least, has never completely been reproduced since the days when Mme. Calvé summoned it upon the stage. And when she sang her Spanish song and seized a fan, lying favorably at hand for the purpose, it was hard to tell whether the management of her voice or of the fan were the more eloquent.

But these may be externals. They need not conceal the fact that, though the voice does show signs of what the years do to voices, there was much beauty in it, and there was much that was fine, noble, searching, charming, in her singing. And it was quite appreciated by her listeners.

Mme. Frieda Hempel's Song Recital.

Mme. Frieda Hempel's fourth song recital in Carnegie Hall last evening was heard by a large audience that had ample occasion for the manifestation of en-

thusiasm. Mme. Hempel appeared to us in the best of voice, and her best voice is very good indeed—surpassed, indeed, by very few now before the public.

She seems at the height of her powers. The voice has not often sounded more beautiful, more vibrantly rich and penetrating, than it did last evening—a true "sf-gato" quality. Nor has her singing shown a finer art than it did last evening. Her command of all the devices of coloratura singing is extensive and sure. Such pieces as Handel's "Sweet Bird," from "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," the polonaise from Thomas's "Mignon" and Ardit's waltz song, "Il Bacio," she sings with the brilliancy and certainty that they require, and that give them their excuse for being.

She sang an air by Bach, "The Day is Done," with breadth and fullness of tone—the air itself is not highly characteristic of Bach's style—and in groups of songs by Schubert, Schumann and Strauss she disclosed, as she has before, a understanding of their meaning and competence to express it. Her singing of Schubert's "Der Jüngling am Brunnen" had much charm, and it was so much applauded that she repeated it; and at the close of the group added two very different "Ständchen," Schubert's and Strauss's.

Mme. Hempel's English pronunciation is now unimpeachable, as was shown in Handel's air. Mr. Bos played her accompaniments with well remembered finish and delicacy.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's tale)

March 27 editions. 1922

THE PHILHARMONIC.

The programme of the Philharmonic concert at the Metropolitan last night opened in Hamburg and closed in Weimar, with an interim spent in New York, for it began with Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture," continued with two American works and concluded with Liszt's "Les Preludes." The first of the American pieces was Ernest Schelling's set of orchestral variations, "Impressions From an Artist's Life," which Mr. Mengelberg introduced to Philharmonic audiences a week ago last Sunday with the composer playing the solo piano part. Mr. Schelling performed a like service last night.

A second hearing confirms the impression that the Schelling work is too long for its material. The motto theme is interesting and the music is well wrought, but twenty variations of the parent theme are simply too many. The fun of tracing the family resemblance wears thin after about the fifth offspring.

The other American composition was MacDowell's "Indian" suite. The "Dirge," from this suite is frequently played, but one has few opportunities to hear the entire work nowadays. It should be heard oftener, if only as a reminder that MacDowell remains a composer of whom this country may be proud. Not that the suite is of even excellence in all its movements. The "Love Song" has tenderness but not much passion, and its amorous flutes turn sentimental at times. "In War Time" and the "Village Festival" never quite shake off the shadow of civilization, stirring and sanguine music as they are.

But there can be no doubt about the first and fourth movements. "Legend" has a sombre power that etches an indelible impression of the savage, tragic race that the white man swept out of existence; and the solemn bars of the "Dirge" speak with the moody eloquence, the heartshaking beauty of truth. Here is great music. Mozart, knowingly writing his own "Requiem," is no more tragic figure than MacDowell writing this dirge, all unknowing, that thirteen years later he would be dead, his time up and his work but half done.

STUDENTS HEAR SYMPHONY.

New York Orchestra Plays Before 1,500 High School Pupils.

The New York Symphony Orchestra played a demonstration programme before an audience of 1,500 high school orchestra pupils of Greater New York at the Washington Irving High School yesterday afternoon. Walter Damrosch conducted.

The programme consisted of music which the high school orchestras have themselves studied and rehearsed and which was performed before them yesterday by the New York Symphony Orchestra as an object lesson in proper execution. It was made possible through the courtesy of Harry Harkness Flagler and the directors of the New York Symphony Society.

Tickets were restricted to school officials and to active members of the school orchestras. The programme consisted of Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the allegro and the andante movements of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite, the prelude to Act 1 of Wagner's "Lohengrin" and the overture to "Tannhauser."

March 23 1922

Miss Farrar the Marguerite Gounod's Opera at

By W. J. HENDERSON.

A few days ago a list of the new operas produced by Mr. Gatti-Casazza, and the revivals accomplished in the course of his management was published. Naturally it did not contain the name of Gounod's "Faust," which was repeated last evening in the presence of a large audience. This work has never had to be revived but once. It came into the Metropolitan Opera House when that institution opened its doors to the New York public, and it survived even the transition from Italian to German opera. It needed some reviving after the imposition of the burden of German text upon it, but even in those days' strange eyasons took place, as on one occasion when Miss Alma Poestrom and Julius Perotti sang in Italian while Emil Fischer and the rest sang German.

In the days of polyglot operas, the original text of "Faust" was not slighted. Last evening the cast embraced four Americans, two Italians, one French singer, but all used French, and at least two of the Americans did so with distinction. Miss Farrar as Marguerite and Mr. Whitehill as Mephistopheles were these two and both also won great applause for their singing, although Mr. Whitehill was hoarse and at times seemed to be in difficulties. Mr. Danise as Valentin and Mr. Martinelli as Faust were the Italian members of the cast and had their army of adherents. Miss Ellis as a little green clad Siebel and Louis d'Angelo as a little Wagner were the remaining Americans, and Mme. Berat as Marthe was the lone bearer of the national tricolor. However, Mr. Hasseimans in the conductor's chair did his share for the glory of France.

PIANIST MAKES DEBUT HERE.

Miss Trumbull Gives First New York Recital.

Miss Florence Trumbull, a pianist who has played on the Continent and in London, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. In Mozart's D minor fantasy, a seldom heard "Gigue" by Haessler, Beethoven's sonata, opus 27, No. 1; Chopin's E flat minor polonaise, also seldom heard, and other selections.

Miss Trumbull played with a clear, firm tone, a good but not brilliant technique and a nice sense for rhythm, phrasing and accent. Her work had little emotional depth, nor had her touch a wide range of color. The mechanical side of her art seemed to be generally her first consideration, rather than the message which the composer wished to convey. But if her performance leaned toward an academic style it was nevertheless praiseworthy for being musically sincere and well finished in details.

Florence Trumbull Plays.

Florence Trumbull, pianist, an American who played abroad as early as 1907 and who was teaching in Vienna before the war, gave a matinee yesterday at the Town Hall. Her program, conventional but of considerable variety and competently played, included little classics of Mozart, Scarlatti and Haessler, Beethoven's sonata op. 27, No. 1, and pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninoff and Leschetizky.

March 24 1922

By Deems Taylor

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY.

It was pleasant to hear Chaikovsky's fourth symphony again when the New York Symphony Orchestra played yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall—one of its few hearings this year. One need not share the composer's opinion of it as being his greatest work in order to enjoy it immensely at not too frequent intervals. It lacks the structural grace and orchestral beauty of the fifth and the terrible sincerity of the sixth, but it is none the less tuneful and engaging music.

Chaikovsky had George M. Cohan's genius for keeping things going, and it seldom failed him. Whenever the homophonic melodiousness of the fourth symphony begins to pall he steps forward with an abrupt shift in the instrumentation or a change of pace that generally saves the day. Occasionally, though, he lapses into the habit of repetitiousness that was his greatest weakness. Piotr Ilich never could quite resist the temptation to repeat his own bright sayings.

Mr. Damrosch conducted a performance of the work that had suave beauty of tone and admirable light and shade, but his tempi were sometimes disturbing. He took the slow movement so very slowly that the chant-like passages for the string section lost tone and crispness. The last movement fell with great gusto. Chaikovsky has an imposing programme for it, all about watching other people be happy, no matter how miserable you may be yourself. The idea sounds rather snobbish, emotionally, but luckily music is such a highly democratic medium none of the snobbery gets through. For the hearer there is only the jolliest kind of circus music, with a few long-drawn trumpet calls that only heighten the fun. Chaikovsky's life may have been as unhappy as his biographers say, but he certainly got a deal of satisfaction out of his misery.

There was a new soloist, a soprano named Elsa Stralia, whom nobody seemed to know anything about. She sang the "Ocean, Thou Mighty Mon-

The "Hohenzollern" played the concerto with an appreciation of its spirit and wit than evident devotion; with a tone that was generally beautiful, though not often large. But not all his skill could master completely the difficulties of the last movement, its double stoppings and its blizzards of passages, and in these his intonation was sometimes at fault. He was much applauded for his performance.

Mr. Damrosch played other excerpts from "Tannhäuser," including the Prelude to Act III and the well-known March from Act II. The feature came last—like the table of contents in a French novel.

'Lohengrin' Sung

"Lohengrin" was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening by one of the largest audiences that have attended in many moons a performance of this poetic drama of the mission of Christ's son. The cast was in some degree different from that which officiated here in the season in the restoration of the original German text to the local go.

Mr. Whitehill, at one period of his career the chosen impersonator of Amleto on the stage of the sacred festalhaus in Baireuth, had sung a most intently French *Mephistopheles* in unadorned "Faust" the previous evening, and therefore was excused from wrestling with the misfortunes of *Tramund*. A place was taken, but not quite filled, by Louis Rosza, an acceptable representative of the weakling husband Radborg's masculine daughter.

Mme. Matzenauer had retired from her role as this malicious *Ortrud*, who was represented by Mme. Julia Claussen, a sonnet and well-schooled impersonator of the agent of *Elsa's* undoing. The other members of the cast were those heard in the previous performances of the opera.

Mme. Jeritza was again the *Elsa*. Her sion of the part had naturally undergone no discernible alteration. Her voice is perhaps not in its best condition. At rate she had some difficulties with the hazardous passages and her tones were sometimes unsteady and uncertain in pitch. Her skill in the use of color and her excellent stage line once more commanded admiration.

Mr. Sembach's *Lohengrin* continues to be a dignified, though not especially etio figure. He sang well last evening. Mr. Gustafson as the *King* and Leonhardt as the *Herald* were the other singers. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Two Orchestral Concerts.

The program of the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon comprised Schalkowsky's fourth symphony and three selections from "Tannhäuser" for orchestra, and four soprano, the air, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Oberon, and Elisabeth's air from the conduct of "Tannhäuser."

The lines were sung by Mme. Elsa Jeritza, a newcomer to New York, hence she comes and what she has done was not stated. She possesses a small soprano voice of great power and resonance, especially in its high notes; a voice equal to the demands of the singer's exacting air so far as timbre and power were concerned. In the matters of style and finish there was something as it was.

Mr. Damrosch gave a well-finished and effective performance of Tchaikovsky's symphony.

In the evening the Philharmonic Orchestra occupied the same stage. Mr. Engelberg offered an extremely fine performance of Schumann's overture to Manfred, a performance that brought it all the tragic intensity and gloomy power of the music and that lent it a rich orchestral color. The piece has been neglected by conductors in recent years, and not with justice, for it is, as Schumann thought it, one of his best orchestral compositions.

The other orchestral number on the program was Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," dedicated to Mr. Mengelberg and his Amsterdam orchestra, which, naturally, he plays with special predilection and fervor. Alexander Schuller, violinist, appeared as soloist, playing Sibelius's violin concerto. The piece is not unknown here, for as Mr. Gilb points out in his note, it was played here as long ago as 1909, a year after its publication, by Mr. Maud Powell. But it has never played much to violinists and has not been played often enough to be familiar to New York.

It is very long, especially the first movement, and very difficult, especially the last one. But there is much beauty in it, of a sombre and reticent kind—a beauty that does not force itself upon the listener. It has many of the qualities of that one individual, Sibelius, and especially the dark and rhapsodic coloring, is peculiarly, in fact, his own, and suggests no leaning upon another, attachment to a "school."

The slow movement is especially fine. The last movement has been called by the composer in conversation—it is not marked in the score a "danse macabre"; but not, it would seem, altogether fortunately. It does not possess the "macabre" quality in any conspicuous degree.

He played the concerto with an appreciation of its spirit and wit than evident devotion; with a tone that was generally beautiful, though not often large. But not all his skill could master completely the difficulties of the last movement, its double stoppings and its blizzards of passages, and in these his intonation was sometimes at fault. He was much applauded for his performance.

BY MAX SMITH.

AT the Symphony Society's last Carnegie Hall matinee of the season yesterday Walter Damrosch introduced a very remarkable singer, Elsa Stralia. The newcomer disclosed a genuine dramatic soprano of expansive range and extraordinary power.

Mrs. Stralia's vocal scale is by no means perfectly equalized; for her lower tones lack body and character. Her middle register, however, especially in the upper portion combines great beauty of timbre with ear-filling volume and resonance. And her high tones have a massive resonance and clarity little short of phenomenal.

A stupendous organ is that of the Italian-trained Australian; of lovely quality, too, in mezza-voce, and sufficiently elastic, despite its weight, to meet easily the demands of florid music. In fact, if Mme. Stralia could bring to her delivery as much dramatic vitality and emotional intensity as sheer magnificence of sound she would probably take rank among the greatest singers of her day.

From a purely interpretative point of view, though, her performance was neither interesting or inspiring. And that was the reason presumably why the audience did not express approval in terms tumultuous.

Use Niemack displayed her skill as a violinist in a well-arranged and varied programme last night at the Town Hall. The event was a season's swan song, for within a few days the gifted young musician will leave for a long concert tour in Europe.

Her performance of a Handel Sonata and Paganini's Concerto was significant of her appreciation and understanding of the classic period of composition. Less exacting works by Tchaikowski-Auer, Wieniawski, Chopin-Sarasate and Zarzky formed her later contributions.

Idelle Patterson is a soprano who has already made a pleasant impression in local music circles. Her singing of an exacting and interesting programme in Aeolian Hall last night afforded pleasure to a large and critical audience. She is a musician of much resource and undoubted talent. These qualities were convincingly disclosed in Handel's "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre"; Haydn's "She Never Told Her Love"; the brilliant Queen of the Night aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute"; and the same composer's "Non so piu," she was undaunted by the quaint Oriental character of Waller's setting to a Chinese legend or by the demands of florid Italian airs; Russian, French, German, Spanish and English songs.

Idelle Patterson, Soprano, in Songs.

Idelle Patterson, soprano, remembered with the American singers in Gounod's "Mock Doctor" and Donizetti's "The Night Bell," sung to a full house at Aeolian Hall last evening, assisted by A. Russ Patterson, in airs of Handel, Mozart and Bellini. She sang expressively many lighter songs in English, German and French, including manuscripts by Frank Waller and John Prindle Scott.

MAR 25 1922

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Cosi Fan Tutte" by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

The Cast.

Don Alfonso	Adamo Didur
Ferrando	George Meader
Guglielmo	Giuseppe De Luca
Dorabella	Frances Peralta
Fiordiligi	Florence Easton
Despina	Lucrezia Bori
Conductor	Artur Bodanzky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

It might be exaggeration to say that the production of "Cosi fan Tutte" at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening was the most laudable of Giulio Gatti-Casazza's administration, but as an artistic presentation of an opera demanding the best efforts of the interpretative intelligence of an operatic institution it placed itself beside the his-

toric revelation which had in Metropolitan famous.

In the first place it restored the immortal name of Mozart, not in its fullest luster, to be sure, to the list of composers whose songs may still be heard in the place where they should be heard. Secondly, it demonstrated that within the Metropolitan Opera House, which has bestowed much of its recent energies, consideration and taste on the recussitation of what Schumann called "slashed and mangled opera jingle," the fire of high artistic ambition was still ablaze and that a conductor, a scene painter and singers could be found to present this whimsical opera buffa in a manner even more admirable than that of the sacred Residenz Theater of Munich.

Therefore to-day let there be general rejoicing in that Mr. Gatti-Casazza had the courage to venture into the subtle intimacies of Mozart's art, that Joseph Urban was able to design and paint for the comedy such perfectly eloquent scenery, that Mr. Bodanzky could lead all the musical forces concerned in the representation to such ardor, such appreciation and such polished methods of expression, and that in the company singers could be found who could so delightfully cooperate in a vivacious and captivating performance of an opera brimming with farcical fun and streaming with melody.

Ravishing Seaside Picture.

It is generally conceded that modern operatic manners are rude and that Mozart singers must be musically well bred. Ten minutes of "Cosi fan Tutte" will serve to convince even the young generation of opera-goers, who have been brought up on "Pagliacci" and the big drum in song that for this elegant fooling of the eighteenth century Vienna something very different is demanded.

The ravishing picture of the seaside garden in which *Fiordiligi* and *Dorabella* parade their voluminous skirts and their decorous curls, the deft manipulation of the wires by the cynical but always courtly *Don Alfonso*, the pert intrusion of the smart *Despina* into the love affairs of her mistresses and the lamentable weakness of the sighing swains who fall so easily into the trap set for them, all set forth in action which makes pictures like those of a Watteau and music which sings a comedy of manners in every conceivable accent from broad travesty, to the most celestial chanting of maiden emotions frightened at their own intensity—all this evokes an operatic spirit and a theatrical envisagement far removed from the styles to which the daily opera goer is accustomed.

The problems inevitable to an attempt to perform "Cosi fan Tutte" on the large stage of the Metropolitan have been met by a very clever subterfuge. We are permitted to behold a stage within a stage. The action of the opera—except in matters to be mentioned later—takes place on a small raised stage some distance behind the footlights. This little stage has its own footlights of the old fashioned type, each one apparently an oil lamp with a green back to keep the light out of the eyes of the audience. You can see the glass lamp shade and you can see the powdered attendants touch their torches to these lamps before the opera begins.

The little stage is draped on either side and above with handsome curtains gracefully festooned, and a small flight of stairs leads up on each side from the real stage. Curtains on the small stage open and close on the scenes of the opera, and in the last act we find that the problems of presentation made it impossible for the devisers of this plan to keep all their action on their miniature stage. Some of it takes place while the small curtains are closed, and some other of it is carried forward on the steps and amid the draperies which connect the Metropolitan stage with that of Mozart.

Travesty on Manners.

But whatever disillusionment may come from this confession of make believe is easily forgiven for the sake of the charming effect given to the rest of the action by the use of the small stage and by the scale of perfect adaptation on which Mr. Urban has planned the hangings, the scenes and the accessories. The whole of each picture presented to the eye of the spectator is engaging, and since the old fashioned artificiality of the story and the action cannot be disguised, the comedy, which is in effect a polite, though somewhat bold travesty of manners, proceeds without loss of character or entertaining quality.

In this capricious world of artifice and over elaborate manners Mme. Easton as *Fiordiligi* moves with ease and confidence, accompanied by Miss Peralta, whose *Dorabella* will raise her in the esteem of thoughtful observers. Miss Bori impersonates the forward maid. She is not yet entirely certain in her drawing of the outline of the character nor in her painting of all its lights and shadows; but she is charming, as she has never failed to be, and in the scene of the disguised notary she displays a skill in tone coloring and impersonation of which perhaps her fondest admirers had not suspected her.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza was fortunate in having in his company three such capable men as Mr. de Luca, Mr. Didur

and Mr. Meader. The first of these three has not how to demonstrate his ability as an actor or a singer, but the Mozart requirements are special. Mr. de Luca met them triumphantly. Mr. Meader, who has in song recitals proved himself to be a competent interpreter of the classics, was generally successful as *Ferrando*, the adorer of *Dorabella*.

Mr. Didur had a congenial role in *Don Alfonso*, and his impersonation had no notion and pronounced individuality. The general musical treatment of the opera was elastic and vivacious. Mr. Bodanzky had his heart in the thing and doubtless it was due to him that there was so close an approach to homogeneity of style. The orchestra sounded somewhat too ponderous at times, but it would be difficult indeed to reduce it to the proportions suitable to the score and at the same time make it sound potent in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Uses the Original Music.

At this moment the opera itself must be discussed swiftly and inadequately. The libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte, who at the time of its making was court poet at Vienna, is rather sorry stuff. Mozart was commissioned by the Emperor to write the score and received the libretto from the Imperial hand. Of the many later attempts to turn this book into something really human and dramatically cohesive nothing need now be said. Mozart's music has had numerous librettos, but there are frequent cuts in text and music.

The business of betting on the constancy of two betrothed women and setting out to prove it by pretending to go off to war and immediately returning in disguise to lay siege to the tender hearts is wholly without illusion. You must accept the premises with infantile simplicity of mind before you can begin to enjoy the conventional comedy. At the Metropolitan some of the action is marred by over-emphasis. It was not necessary to make the pretended phials of poison the size of champagne bottles nor to label them with skulls and cross bones designed to be visible in the top gallery.

The success of the performance is that it hesitates on the safe side of buffoonery, which might easily be admitted by Da Ponte's nonsensical book. The beauty of this work is to be sought in Mozart's extraordinary music. And here also the opera-goer must put himself in the right frame of mind by deliberately sacrificing all expectation of any demonstration of that matchless skill in characterization which glorifies the score of "Don Giovanni." There is no psychological material in "Cosi fan tutte" for great musical expression. The people are farcical puppets, the emotions are shallow, the moods are monotonous. Therefore Mozart was thrown back upon the necessity of emphasizing every point in the text rather than attempting to make broad utterances of underlying feeling.

His recitatives are in the old fashioned Italian style with harpsicord support. They are generally conventional, though the composer sometimes develops freshness of character by the employment of two voices in simultaneous recitative. The trios, duets and ensembles are saturated with the Mozartian spirit and here indeed we receive in its full measure the readiness of his invention and the opulence of his musical fancy. For instance, in the very beginning of the opera the men sing three terzetta in succession and yet Mozart has almost bewildered us with the variety of his utterances.

Disclose Straits of Mozart.

The arias disclose convincingly the straits to which Mozart was driven in his attempt to breathe vitality into the book and the manner in which he sought to surmount his obstacles by the apt employment of musical device. *Fiordiligi* is the more stable character of the two sisters, *Dorabella* the more volatile. The latter publishes her personality in the air, "Smanie implacabile" and *Fiordiligi* makes herself more clearly known in the air "Come scoglio immoto resta," a bravura air in contrasting movements and with a coda, a palpable forerunner of the later form called the "dramatic scena."

In both these airs Mozart gives to the voices melodic figures and progressions intended to set forth details, and likewise he occupies himself with laying on many high points of instrumental coloring in a manner less subtle and more directly addressed to momentary recognition than is his custom. But the melodic flow throughout the opera is so swift, so fluent and so beautiful that the typical opera-goer should be able to sit comfortably through a performance with his ear enjoying a continual feast of music appropriately to be described as delicious. The celestial duet for the two sisters indeed is one of the highest flights of pure vocal loveliness accomplished even by Mozart, the master of all writers for the voice.

In "Die Zauberflöte" this composer was compelled to hurry a poverty stricken libretto under the glories of his music. In "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" he had real dramatic materials. In "Cosi fan tutte" the music lover will

perceive evidences of effort to reproduce some of the brilliant achievements of "Don Giovanni" by employment of the methods of that work, but the soul was not in the libretto and the fruit of Mozart's labor has a superficial beauty. But beauty it assuredly is and without demanding too much of the score, which embodies the humor and rather forced sentiment of a very farcical libretto, one may enjoy every moment of "Cosi fan tutte," even the second assault of the disguised lovers on the fidelity of their ladies.

"BUTTERFLY" AIDS NURSES.

Some of the Boxholders at Benefit for Henry Street Settlement.

There was a last matinee of "Madame Butterfly" at the Metropolitan yesterday under the auspices of the Henry Street Settlement, the net proceed going to the nursing service administered by that organization. Miss Farrar made a speech during one of the curtain calls, thanking the large audience for attending "on behalf of the nurses of this splendid charity." Messrs. Chalmers and Scott sang with Miss Farrar, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

MUSIC NOTES.

Thomas O'Kelly, baritone, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall, assisted by Lila Waddell, violin, and Conal Quirke.

Feb 26 1922

ERNA RUBINSTEIN.

The fifteen-year-old Erna Rubinstein delighted a large audience at her second violin recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Probably no other violinist who has played here this season has such control of beautiful tone.

She has a temper also; and her piano accompanist, Josef Bonime, stirred it up as he labored through the principal piece of the concert, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." Miss Rubinstein looked angry and disgusted and repeatedly hissed directions at him; and during the first movement of the symphonie her anger seemed to make her bow hand too vigorous and her tone somewhat harsh. In the second movement, however, her playing became a marvel of tones in flux; and in the third movement her brilliant execution of the bright, springing passages which open it spread smiles of ecstasy among the audience.

BACHAUS.

Bachaus's piano recital Friday evening was of particular interest because he has returned here this season after eight years' absence; he has already given four recitals; his programme at each succeeding recital has included less of great emotional music

and more of virtuoso pieces; and at each recital his audience has increased. Last night it seemed from the downcast expression on Bachaus's face that he now believes the more virtuoso pieces he plays, concluding as he did last night with the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire," the larger and more enthusiastic his audience will be.

His programme last night at the Town Hall was the sort that would attract piano teachers and advanced pupils and others who might be permanently or temporarily preoccupied with piano technique. And his performance would have sent them home at the end giving praise ecstatically. That was the way it affected the audience last night.

Whether it was a technical audience or not may be decided only by general observation; yet the fact remains that an extraordinary number of heads could be seen wagging metronomically and hands clutching chords in the air during the playing and waving rhythmic figures in discussion during the intermission. Moreover, the intermissions were painfully short, yet the audience continued absorbed. And the applause was always proportioned to the technical difficulties which Bachaus overcame so triumphantly. The more difficulty, the more applause.

The emotional content of the music was meagre or mediocre. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to that. Schumann's "Des Abends" framed a magnificent play of tones; his "Aufschwung" illustrated general

dynamis; control; "Warum," exquisite delicacy of shading; "Traumes Wirren," whirling prestissimos. And so on, without interruption, through nine of the Chopin works with which

ambitious practitioners usually struggle. And here they were, conquered gloriously. The experience was exciting, but it was not great music.

Bachaus is an artist and he seemed downhearted. H. O'C.

Feb 27 1922

Mozart Symphony, Bach Concerto for Piano, Flute, Violin and Orchestra, and Brahms 'Song of Destiny' Arc Selections Given

By H. E. Krehbiel

The Society of the Friends of Music gave the last of its concerts for this season in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. It was not only its last but also its most interesting meeting, and the one which most fully met the purposes for which ostensibly the society was founded.

The program embraced three numbers only—one of the many unfamiliar symphonies of Mozart, a concerto for pianoforte, flute, violin and string orchestra by Bach, and Brahms's "Schicksalslied" ("Song of Destiny") for chorus, and orchestra—all music demanding sympathetic intimacy as well as understanding on the part of performers and hearers.

The symphony was the one in C major identified as No. 338 in Köchel's Catalogue of the composer's works. In a way, like Schubert's exquisitely idyllic work in D minor, it is a torso, since it lacks the customary minuet. Schubert began a Scherzo for his work, but for an unknown reason abandoned it and, so far as is known, made no attempt to write a finale. Mozart, too, started a jocular movement for this symphony, but put it aside, though he wrote a peculiarly animated last movement. Why no minuet? Nobody knows. He certainly was not indifferent to the work, for when it was played in Vienna in 1781 he wrote home that the performance was "magnifique" and a complete success. Moreover, the orchestra was one of extraordinary size for those days—forty violins, ten violas, ten double basses, eight violoncellos, all the wind instruments doubled and six bassoons. The record is an interesting and instructive document and certainly testifies to unusual interest in the composition either on his part or that of the conductor. Its beauties were capably published yesterday by Mr. Bodanzky and his men, and (as at the opera last Friday night) the wonder grew that so much loveliness is suffered to remain hidden under the dust of ignorance and neglect. Perhaps we are about to experience a renaissance in the musical art. Certain it is that a reaction would be wholesome.

Bach Concerto-Pleasees

More archaic, but also delightful to the sensibilities of those who believe that music was designed to be heard instead of seen, touched, tasted and smelled, was the Bach concerto, the solo parts of which were played by Harold Bauer, Gino Nastrocci and Nicolas Laucella. It was that in A minor, transcribed by Bach himself from a clavier fugue, with a slow movement, which has no accompaniment, taken from a Trio Sonata in D minor. This adagio was the most charming portion of the work, not only because of the exquisite tenderness of its themes, but because in it the balance between the solo instruments was better preserved than in the first movement and finale. Mr. Bauer indeed strove, with the taste and continence characteristic of him in all his playing of Bach, to prevent the pianoforte from assuming a too dominant part, but the weight of the string orchestra when all the forces were employed crushed the life out of the solo parts for violin and flute nevertheless. The same thing was noticeable recently at a concert of the Symphony Society when Mr. Siliti brought forward his revision of the Brandenburg Concerto Grosso in D. Perhaps we shall never hear one of these concerted pieces of Bach sound as they ought to sound until some one plays it for us with the harpsichord instead of the modern pianoforte, and a small accompanying body.

Brahms's "Song of Destiny" Given

The choir of the society showed evidences of excellent training at the hands of Mr. Stephen Townsend, in respect of precision, nuance and tone quality, but for a complete understanding of the extraordinary beauty and the significance of Brahms's "Song of Destiny" it was deplorable that so few of its words were intelligible. A performance in English might have bettered matters somewhat, though the best conceivable translation would have sacrificed some of the composer's musical effects, especially the superbly descriptive setting of the words "Von Klippe zu Klippe geworfen."

The cantata is one of the composer's finest and most inspired works. We

know nothing in vocal music which so convincingly illustrates how a composer can idealize and expand the words of a poet. Holderlin's text gives voice to the primeval plaint

touching the differing lots of gods and men. It describes the contrast felt by the poets of antiquity between suffering mortals and happy immortals; between turbulence and peace, terrestrial care and celestial bliss. There were but two pictures before the mind's eye of the poet—Olympus, with its happy denizens, untroubled by fate, walking in soft and yielding paths in perpetual light; and earth, with its inhabitants, struggling, suffering, striving, erring, "tossed like a wave from reef to reef," sinking at the last into the depths, leaving the problem of existence unsolved. To these pictures the composer has added a third. His voices sing of Olympian weal and earthly woes and cease with the poet's last words attuned to accents of sorrowful resignation. But now the orchestra lifts up its voice and, recurring to the serene theme of the introduction, speaks comfort, hope and surcease of suffering to humanity in the beyond. It is Christian hope grafted upon Pagan fatalism.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Yesterday afternoon's Philharmonic programme at Carnegie Hall contained only three numbers, two of them familiar and the other by no means a novelty, yet so superlatively were they all played that the afternoon became one to stand out among the year's concerts.

To begin the day there was Sinigaglia's overture, "Le Baruffe Chizzotte," which was first played here by the Philharmonic eleven years ago, a well built, well scored piece, frankly and gratefully tuneful, energetic without being noisy and healthily free from sentimentality. Mr. Mengelberg and the orchestra had great fun with it and made their enjoyment satisfactorily contagious.

Myra Hess, the English pianist who created such a stir in recital this season, made her first appearance in New York as an orchestral soloist, playing the Schumann concerto. This is the ideal concerto for a woman to play, with its suave and gracious counterpoint, its graceful melodic profile and the feminine beauty that underlies its noblest passages. Miss Hess gave it a rare performance, playing with a lovely, liquid tone that held its own with the orchestra without stridency, and with a brilliance that made it a thing of swirling gusts and drifts of sound and flashing color.

Mr. Mengelberg's accompaniment was worthy of the occasion. Between them, conductor and pianist achieved a balance and fusion of tone quality that approached perfection. In the last movement particularly Miss Hess's tone was wonderful. Beneath the steady march of the strings one heard a sound of horns, with only the lightning speed of the passage and its crispness of articulation to reveal the fact there were no horns at all but the piano. The audience gave the young pianist a noteworthy reception, greeting her final note with a crackle of applause that was like a burst of musketry and recalling her times without number.

Last came Chalkovsky's "Pathetique" symphony, which has not often been heard this season. The orchestra played it in the main superbly. The third movement, which was thunderously applauded, was perhaps the least successful, for the brasses were sometimes too loud, with the filling-in notes of the trumpets drowning the strings, and once, near the end, the players nearly ran away from their conductor. The other movements, however, had beautiful color, elasticity and fire.

It is hardly fashionable any more to like the "Pathetique." It has been too long a favorite; its themes have all been memorized and its last emotional secret has been wrung from it by a generation of intensive playing. To hear Mengelberg conduct it, however, is to have a lesson in eternal verities. He can still make it a work of troubling, pathetic beauty and, at times, almost intolerable poignancy and eloquence.

SYMPHONY'S CONCERT.

Joseph Lhevinne, Pianist, Appears as Soloist With Orchestra.

The New York Symphony Orchestra closed its subscription season in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon with a delightfully varied program and Joseph Lhevinne as the soloist. Walter Damrosch

first led his orchestra in a performance of Schubert's unfinished symphony. This he followed by the fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis for double string orchestra by Vaughan Williams, which he had introduced to this country recently at one of the society's concerts.

Mr. Lhevinne's number was Beethoven's first concerto, a youthful work of the composer which he used to play himself in concerts. It is seldom heard now, although it had been played here with the society four seasons ago. Mr. Lhevinne was in sympathy with the beautiful music, and he played it with excellent clarity and finish. The other selections for orchestra were D'Indy's "Istar" variations and Johann Strauss's waltz, "Roses from the South."

Nyiregyhazi Guest Artist.

The Metropolitan Opera House Sunday evening concert had for a guest artist last night Erwin Nyiregyhazi, the Hungarian pianist. He played Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 and a group of shorter numbers.

Those from the company appearing were Yvonne D'Arle, Raymonde Delaunoy, Anne Roselle, Augusta Lenska, Johannes Sembach, George Meader, Carl Schlegel and Giovanni Martino. Each sang one number, all but one being an operatic aria.

The orchestra, under the direction of Wilfrid Pelletier, played Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture, Saint-Saens's "Marche Heroique," and three Russian pieces.

Mabel Corlew, American dramatic soprano, sang a number of songs last night in the Della Robia room of the Vanderbilt Hotel. Miss Corlew is becoming one of the most popular of the young singers appearing in New York this season, and has signed numerous contracts for recitals and oratorio appearances for the next six months.

The pupils of Baroness Olga von Tuerk-Rohn were heard in a recital in Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon when they gave evidence of careful training and reflected the sincere endeavor of the baroness to prepare the young idea for the concert and operatic stage.

Among the students taking part in the recital were Misses Reed, Kearney, Macri, Frederick, Zinnecker, Walsh, Bernara, Pope, Kelly, Regan and Fleischer and Messrs. Macer, Schulze, Jajare, La Fere and Zanzi.

Miss Ethel Grow, contralto, appeared last night at the Waldorf-Astoria on a program with Ruth Kemper, violinist, and Henry Holdeu Huss, composer-pianist.

Miss Grow sang a group of French songs and a group of songs by Mr. Huss, which were much appreciated.

REIMHERR.

George Reimherr, tenor, shared his programme with his accompanist yesterday evening at the National Theatre. The piano solos were by Brahms, Sinding, Scriabine and Debussy, and the songs of Mercadante, Verdi, Chalkovsky, Bleichman, Haile, Richard Strauss, Hugo Kaun and others.

Clara Butt and Husband In Hippodrome Concert

Voice of English Contralto No Longer Retains Full Measure of Former Beauty

Dame Clara Butt and her husband Rumford, the well-known English contralto and barytone, were heard here for the first time in seven years at the Hippodrome last evening. Dame Clara's unusual height made her an imposing figure on the stage. Dressed in white satin and lace, she wore several decorations, while a band of brilliant light shined on her forehead. At the time she appeared the footlights were turned on in her honor.

Unfortunately much of the richness which formerly made her voice extraordinary in quality as well as volume, has disappeared since she sang here. The extreme lower notes have lost in color and opulence, now chiefly in her middle tones. She sang Beethoven's "In Questa Tona" and Creation's Hymn, "Objet d'Amour," from Gluck's "Orpheus," Haydn's Spirit Song and three sentimental songs of the type which she and her husband have made popular with English audiences.

Mr. Rumford's contributions consisted in songs of the same character, which he sang sympathetically, and Melsa, the assisting violinist, closed a beautiful tone, much faulted, and good taste in pieces by Pugnani and Schubert-Wilhelmi, Hubay and other composers. The accompaniment was delightfully played by Miss Corlew. Torrens were a feature of the evening.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Chamber Music Art Society.
The Chamber Music Art Society, which has already been heard before in New York this season, gave a concert at the Town Hall last evening at which the program was made up of Brahms's Inet trio, op. 114; Albert Runnase's rtissement for wind instruments and o, and Schubert's octet for strings and wind instruments.
The finest results were gained in the ing of Brahms's trio, a work seldom d in chamber concerts. It is music retrospective, elegiac character in all our movements, in which the crinet sed with an exquisite feeling for its l quality and for the union of that lity with the tone of the 'cello and o. There are none of the bravura ages that distinguish, for instance, slow movement of the clarinet quin- written at about the same time. The position was played into the finest ose of proportion by Messrs. Charles t. piano; Percy Such, 'cello, and eges Grisez, clarinet; with great h and great beauty of tone.
Runnase's divertimento is in one ment; music of not the most seri- mport, characteristic of some of modern French ways of thought and expression and adeptly calculated for instruments. Schubert's octet is her piece opportunities for hearing h one seldom is given, full of the acetic wealth of the composer's s; one in which his melodic vein is richest and most liberal. There are e in it, but they are of absorbing est, even at their longest. The in- mental combination is rich and the ness is enhanced by the use of the le bass.

Snow Maiden" and "Manon" Sung.
Two performances of opera in French ade a rare coincidence at the Metro- litan yesterday, the matinee of "The ow Maiden" being a benefit for the ew York State League of Women oters. Bori, d'Arle, Delaunais Diaz, amiers and Rothier appeared in usky-Korsakoff's translated fairy tale d Bodansky conducted. Massenet's "Manon" was repeated last evening in e regular subscription with Farrar, amilee and Scott headlining a largely milar cast, and Hasselmanns leading.

New York Trio Plays Beethoven.
Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi and melius Van Vliet closed their third ason as the New York Trio with a rd concert last evening in Aeolian all, where a large audience greeted air special Beethoven program. The ayers were applauded in Beethoven's os in E flat, op. No. 1, and in E at, op. 97, between which numbers e "Kreutzer" sonata was played by ller and Guidi.

Charles Carver in Romantic Songs.
Charles Carver, a young basso with a ht, pleasant style, gave an Aeolian tinee yesterday as an earnest of pro- ss since he won last year's Federated sic Club prize. He sang with simple inement romantic pieces by Robert anz, Rachmaninoff, Laparra and La ege. Mr. La Forge accompanied all, duding the song "Before Thy Cross," h organ, as a last encore.

Charles Carver, the tall young Ameri- basso, gave a delightful recital in olian Hall yesterday afternoon before ot of friends and music lovers. Mr. rver has much to give his hearers, ng possessed of an unusually fine sical voice, splendid diction and deep, onant tone. Also, a really remarkable nissimo for a basso allows for more lity in expression than one expects a low voice.

Mr. Carver's program comprised a nber of lovely songs to which he did justice. "Hear Me, Ye Winds and ves," by Handel, and "The Sea Hath Pearls," by Franz, proved to be ex- ent vehicles for his voice, although as in the more romantic songs that fine pianissimo and legato appeared best advantage. Brahms's "Sapphic" and Richard Strauss's "The er's Pledge." "In the Silence of the ht," by Rachmaninoff, and La ege's "Longing" were striking ex- ples of the true lover's music. Two dican folk songs, "Heart Mislead," "Sanctuary," by La Forge, closed program, which included several en-

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Philadelphia O

By W. J. HENDERSON.
The ninth concert of the Philadelphia chestra took place last evening in egnie Hall. The program was ar- ged to meet the needs of all sorts i conditions of men. For persons of astastic inclinations, fond of the ostly mysteries of the deep, there was agner's "Flying Dutchman" overture. For those cherishing affectionate mem-

one of dear old I... far away there was Mendelsohn's "Scotch" sym- phony, compounded of some Scotch mu- slo and much German seltzer, a com- forting orchestral highball of historical type. For those who enjoy beholding a man battling with trouble there was D'Albert's cello concerto, with Hans Kindler as the solo performer. And finally for ladies and gentlemen who enjoy musk'd tragedies bristling with agonies and concluding with celestial rapture, there was Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration."
Wagner's overture retains its vitality in spite of all the modernizations of music, the new methods of depicting storm and stress and the discoveries of new ocean to be painted only in jade green, aureolin and periwinkle blue. The performance of the composition was vig- orous in the extreme. The winds blew and the waves roared; the poor Hol- lander beat vainly at the point of the eape and *Senta* hymned a salvation badly needed. Vanderdecken was not *King Lear*, but one could fancy him declaim- ing "Blow winds and crack your cheeks." At any rate the blowers of brass some- times seemed to be trying to do it. Otherwise the overture was brilliantly performed.

The same deprecatory observation as to winds might apply to the playing of the peaceful symphony of Mendelssohn, who was too much of a gentleman to be an Ossian and ride on the breast of the storm. Otherwise the symphony, which was performed without pauses between movements, was admirably done. The finesse of the orchestra was exhibited in it to great advantage. Mr. d'Albert's concerto is a good work in its kind, not a masterpiece, but something with which a competent cellist with a good tone can accomplish much to his own glory. Mr. Kindler is such a cellist and the audience approved of what he did.

About the Strauss work only this need be said. We have had a magnificent feast of Strauss this season. Every one has had his readings and the singular old musician who composed the Strauss pieces has had his. Curiously enough

his were often different from the others. Which goes to show that he also is a virtuoso conductor.

NEW SOPRANO MAKES DEBUT.

Miss Augusta Redyn Discloses Voice of Good Quality.

Miss Augusta Redyn, mezzo soprano, was heard for the first time here in a song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Her program was planned ap- parently to exhibit as comprehensively as possible her versatility in style and interpretation, as well as to test the range and quality of her voice. Opera was represented by the familiar "Invo- cation" of Orfeo from Peri's "Euridice" and Gluck's more familiar "Divinities du Styx." There were German lieder by Ries, Mendelssohn and Strauss and French, Russian and English songs. Miss Redyn was content to sing the Russian lyrics in French.

The singer disclosed a voice of good natural quality, especially rich and pow- erful in the medium, which, as was to be expected, the managed better than the upper and lower ranges. Her technic showed that she had reached competent instruction, but not enough of it. It seemed as if the lady had emerged into the glare of the footlights somewhat pre- maturely. But it is within the bounds of possibility that she can make a career as a singer, if her ambition does not out- run her powers. She was heard by a friendly audience and received many bouquets.

CHICAGO PIANIST HERE.

Frederic Dixon Pleases Large Au- dience at Town Hall.

Frederic Dixon, a pianist from Chi- cago, who is now living in this city, gave his first New York recital yester- day afternoon at Town Hall. He is a player who comes with an admirable technical equipment and, what is of greater importance, something to say for himself. His principal number, Mac- Dowell's "Keltic" sonata, he played with intelligence and dramatic power, although he failed to impart to the slow move- ment all the "naive tenderness" called for by the composer. He gave several pieces from Chopin, including the scherzo, opus 39, with clarity and technical finish, rather than with an abundance of richly hued tone colors.

A player of strong and virile musical instincts, he was again at his best in the stirring martial prelude, opus 23, No. 5, of Rachmaninov. His program began with Beethoven's "Andante" in F and closed with a group by Liszt. His audi- ence was large and enthusiastic.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.
The Philadelphia Orchestra last eve-

ning presented a program of familiar orchestral works: the overture in Wagn- er's "Flying Dutchman"; Mendels- sohn's "Scotch" symphony; Strauss's tune poem, "Tad and Verklarung." Mr. Hans Kindler, formerly the first cellist of the orchestra, was the soloist and played Eugen d'Albert's 'cello con- certo.

Mr. Stokowski was in a vehement mood. The "Flying Dutchman" start- ed, it; the overture needs vehemence and got it. Then it was carried over into Mendelssohn's symphony and was manifest especially in the blowing of brass instruments. Mr. Stokowski has so beautiful a choir of brass players that it was a pity to make them sacri- fice so much of their beauty of tone as they had to meet his requirements last evening.

It created something of a disturbance in Mendelssohn's symphony, though this is not quite so tame a piece as it is sometimes made to be. And then, in the adagio movement, when he wanted the brass to play softly Mr. Stokowski had them play at one point with stopped instruments—another pity, for the brass players command a most beautiful pi- anissimo with their instruments in their natural state. Dir Mendelssohn write for stopped trumpets in this movement? Did he even write for stopped trumpets?

Mr. Stokowski commendably met Men- delssohn's wishes in regard to this sym- phony by playing the four movements without interruption. He might have gone a little further and played the score as it is written. In other respects he gave an admirably finished, brilliant and rhythmically stirring performance of the symphony—a work which well deserves a hearing at not too frequent intervals.

Mr. Kindler played d'Albert's concerto while Mr. Van Vliet, a few blocks further downtown, was playing the same concerto with the Philharmonic Society; another instance of the failure of deep thought and anxious care on the part of conductors to avoid duplications of each other's schemes.

D'Albert's 'cello concerto is not one of the most frequently recurring items on the programs of symphony concerts. It was heard here twenty-one years ago; it seems now cloyingly sweet in its sed- uctive melodies, to which the composer has devoted most of his attention, ap- parently inserting now and again elabo- rate passage work such as is least fit- ting for the 'cello to deliver, not be- cause it had anything to do with the case, but because he remembered that he was writing a concerto, and such things are necessary in concertos.

Mr. Kindler played the sweet melo- dies fervently, though his tone is not quite of the warmth and expressiveness that they cry for, and the elaborate passage work skillfully and fluently; an excellent performance that was much applauded.

Frederic Dixon, Pianist, Pleases.

Frederic Dixon, pianist of long arms and nimble fingers, made himself wel- come in a first matinee at the Town Hall yesterday, playing as he had in Chicago with frank homage to Joseffy and Bloomfield-Zeissler. He brought power and swiftness, if not all its ten- derness, to MacDowell's "Keltic" sonata, adding words of Beethoven, Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Liszt.

Augusta Redyn Gives Song Recital.

Augusta Redyn, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Emily Miller at the piano. Her tasteful program need- lessly tabulated the poets with the com- posers' names, while her voice was easily forced to a vibrato for emotional stress. Her singing had a note of sin- cerity, however, and the erwas novelty in songs of Loeffler, Cyril Scott and Florence Grandland.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

D'Albert's Concerto Played by First 'Cellist of Orchestra.

Eugen d'Albert's cello concerto in C major, played by Cornelius Van Vliet, a first cellist of the orchestra, was the second number in Mr. Mengelberg's program at the Philharmonic concert last evening in the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Van Vliet played the music with exquisite finish, taste and a polished style. At the close he was recalled four or five times.

The orchestral numbers—both re- peated from Mr. Mengelberg's recent programs—were the B minor suite, No. 2, of Bach, which is scored for strings and flutes, and Tchaikovsky's "Pa- thetic" symphony. The Bach music, in which Mr. Mengelberg plays the con- tinuo on a piano transformed to repre- sent a harpsichord, was received with delight. His reading of the symphony is always dignified, brilliant, and brings him genuine success. The audi- ence was large.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Mr. Stokowski has evidently been up in the attic poking around among the old boxes full of thr— that might come in handy some day. "Hello," he may have said, "If here isn't Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony! Just the thing for a warm night in March." So, dusting it off carefully and smoothing out a few of the deep- est wrinkles, he brought it down- stairs and tried it on the Philadelphia Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall.

And really the old thing was rather becoming. There was a faint mustiness about it that even the lav- ender couldn't quite disguise and it had given way here and there at the themes, but on the whole it was not so badly out of style as one might think. Certainly it didn't show its eighty years.

Mendelssohn still contrives to be interesting in his lighter moods. The scherzo of the Scotch symphony last night was a delight, with its oboes and clarinets chuckling over Gaelic witticisms and the strings quoting the more Rabelaisian utterances of Burns. Parts of the finale and a re- spectable proportion of the first movement as well were engaging and harmless.

But the more serious Mendelssohn of the adagio is a bit soporific at this late day. It is the music of a man who felt sincerely but never very deeply, whose greatest joy was con- tentment and whose deepest sorrow was a vague sadness at the thought of other people's tragedies. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, which preceded the symphony, sounded pos- itively terrifying in retrospect. Those savage open fifths wrought havoc with the polite melancholies of the amiable Felix.

The next scene might have been called "The return of the Prodigal," for the soloist in d'Albert's cello con- certo was none other than Hans Kin- dler, who came back to play as as- sisting artist with the orchestra of which he had been a member. In this concerto d'Albert has made a valiant attempt to overcome the restrictions imposed by the low register of the solo instrument and has nearly suc- ceeded. The work is hardly compa- rable with a masterpiece like Brahms's great double concerto, which Mr. Kin- dler and Mr. Rich used to play so well, but it is graceful, melodious music, well written for soloist and orchestra, and not much too long.

Mr. Kindler played it superbly, flashing through the florid passages with never a suspicion of a scratch and lending warmth and distinction to the cantabile sections with his lovely, full tone. His fine playing, coupled with the undeniable charm of his stage presence, won him long and hearty applause.

Strauss's "Tod und Verklarung" ended the programme, played with the same faultless finish that Dr. Strauss won from the orchestra last fall, and with rather more fire and oratorical contrast. Throughout the evening Mr. Stokowski's conducting was of his best. The men played with the sup- pleness, surety of attack and delicacy of color that have made them one of the finest orchestras in the world.

'St. Frances of Assisi,' by First Time Anywhere

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The program of Italian music which the Schola Cantorum under Kurt Schindler's direction offered in Carnegie Hall last evening, consisted of two of Verdi's four sacred pieces written in 1898, namely, the "Stabat Mater" and the "Te Deum," Ildebrando Pizzetti's "Lament for the Death of Hyppolitos" on text by D'Annunzio, and Francesco Malipiero's "Saint Francis of Assisi." Of these the second Verdi piece, and the Pizzetti composition were new here, while Malipiero's work was given for the first time anywhere.

Verdi may be permitted to rest on his laurels for the moment. The place of honor must be accorded to the last number on the list which addressed itself to its first public audience. It is divided into four episodes, first, the address of St. Francis to his flock on the excellence of poverty; second, the ser- mon to the birds; third, the supper of St. Francis and St. Chiara, and fourth, the death of St. Francis.

The text of the first section begins with the familiar passage from St. Mat- thew containing the words, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." This passage contains the fundamental doc- trine of the Franciscan order. Then fol- lows text from the Canzone della Pov- erta of Jacopo da Todi. The sermon to the birds and the third scene are from the "Fioretto" of St. Francis. The final scene is taken from the life of the saint by Bonaventura. Malipiero told Mr. Schindler that he even dreamed of scenic setting for his work; but that appeared to be impracticable.

Mr. De Luca Soloist.

The score is written for solo barytone (Mr. de Luca of the opera), chorus and an orchestra of full modern dimensions, even to the piano. Mr. Malipiero's appreciation of the character of his text determined him to give his music a medieval color in spite of its modern apparatus. The melodic substance, therefore, is created out of the Gregorian materials and the harmonics are rigidly archaic, often harking back to the style of the first crude experiments denominated "Organus" by Hucbald.

It would be natural to expect that such a work, enjoying its first performance, would furnish material for extended and perhaps even important comment, but precisely the contrary is the case. Signor Malipiero's text is immeasurably better than his music. He has written much lugubrious declamation for the solo barytone and with this Mr. de Luca labored with profound sincerity and palpable emotion. But what he had to sing was very poor stuff, indeed.

The chorus had no extraordinary matter to present, unless one might apply the term extraordinary to the cries of alarm uttered when St. Francis was supposed to be in a burning church. Such music can inspire nothing but regret that choral art has fallen to so low an estate in the land of Carissimi.

The orchestra makes a great parade of devices in this work, but the melodic materials, which the confusion of sounds cannot conceal, are threadbare remnants of the ages. They have done

duty on land and sea and they are entitled to a rest. The listener could not help recalling the pompous and theatrical "Te Deum" of Verdi, which had already been heard. The grand old man at any rate had ideas. The young one had only mannerisms.

From the Composer's Opera.

Pizzetti's threnody is from his opera "Fedra" (1913) and is for mezzo-soprano and double chorus a cappella. The composer's fondness for recondite musical effects is revealed in the fact that his first chorus contains no basses and the second no sopranos. Each choir sings in a different "mode" or ecclesiastical tonality, while the solo voice uses a scale approaching the modern minor. The fragment proved to be remarkably beautiful and interesting music. The composer's tonal devices did not obtrude themselves, but cooperated perfectly in his well developed scheme. The solo passage, not very well sung by Miss Elsie Lyon, revealed itself as a fine piece of lyric declamation.

Signor Pizzetti's purpose, if one might judge from this excerpt, was to compose music for a classic opera story as a Monteverdi might have composed it were he living to-day. In other words he has endeavored to write an opera score in the form and manner of the fathers of Italian operas, but with the use of modern idioms in melodic and harmonic utterance. It would be decidedly interesting to hear the whole opera.

But one wonders what Italy can think of it. The thing seems inconceivable in these days. But if Italy will not endure a renaissance of its own golden age, what other country will welcome it? One thing is tolerably certain. If the rest of Pizzetti's "Fedra" is like what was heard last night it will never be successful in the Metropolitan Opera House.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(From the New York Times, London edition)

How much of the work of the Schola Cantorum may be described as love's labor lost and how much hard labor wasted it would require a keen analyst to determine; and he would not be able to do it without searching the hearts of the society's patrons and conductor. Perhaps they consider nothing lost that enables them to press the unction to their souls that they are accomplishing so long as they are performing music which is out of the ordinary. If it is music hitherto unheard in New York, it is supposed by that token to be deserving of performance, no matter how it offends the ear. If it is new it marks what the untinking call progresses if it is "progressive" it is good. It is a fetish and must be worshipped.

The attitude of the self-elected promoters, in their innermost hearts, is, fancy, like that of the Hindu before an idol—he knows that it is ugly but he feels that it is great. Or he affects so to feel.

There was a demonstration at last night's concert of the society in Carnegie Hall of a truth to which Dr. von Bülow once gave expression in a letter to Macagnoli. He had lost his head in the "Rusticana" and in order to emphasize his praise of it he

made a grand success; his name was Verdi."

Two Sacred Pieces by Verdi

At the concert in question we heard two of the four sacred pieces which were Verdi's last bequest to the world. They were a "Stabat Mater," for chorus and an orchestra, and a "Te Deum" for double chorus and orchestra. These compositions, together with an *oratorio* "Ave Maria," based on a singular succession of tones which he called an "enigmatic scale," and a hymn of praise to the Virgin for female voices, whose text he took from Dante's "Il Paradiso," he published in 1898, less than a year before he died in the fullness of years and fame. The unaccompanied pieces were sung years ago by the Musical Art Society; the "Stabat Mater" was brought forward by the Schola Cantorum in January, 1914.

Last night's performance was therefore a repetition, whereas the "Te Deum," so far as we know, was given a first hearing in America. After these compositions came two products from the minds of two men whom some devotees of the new would have us believe are the fine flower of Italy's creative genius to-day—a Threnody by Ildebrando Pizzetti and a sort of dramatic cantata entitled "San Francisco d'Assisi" by G. Francesco Malipiero. After listening to them with the patience and openmindedness enjoined by duty, we felt with Dr. von Bülow that the man who still stands for the greatest advance which music has made in Italy is he who in plain English would be called Joseph Green.

"Stabat Mater" Work of Beauty

The "Stabat Mater" is a work of strength and beauty from beginning to end. It is an eloquent setting of the old sequence—melodious, dramatic in its delineation of the text, but never theatrical, reverential, direct. Not a word in it is repeated—not even the final "Amen." It calls up images of the sufferings of the Virgin Mother at the foot of the cross, of the fear of eternal punishment and the hope of joy in Paradise by means of harmonic and orchestral devices which may not be new, but which fire the imagination, quicken the emotions and are musical.

The "Te Deum" seems to us less inspired, but it also has its moments of exaltation. Though a double chorus is employed the antiphony associated in tradition with the composition of the text, though something like it is suggested in the successive proclamation by the different voices of the chorus of the phrases "Te gloriosus Apostolorum," "Te Prophetarum," "Te Martyrum," "Te per orbem terrarum," etc., followed by a splendid tutti on "Patrum immensae magistatis," and a still more sonorous outburst on "Te Rex glorie, Christi." It is music for the church and compels regret that it falls under the tabu of the Congregation of Rites.

Two Newer Works Contrasted

The Threnody by Pizzetti is a choral lament over the death of Hippolytus, written as between-acts music for the opera "Fedra," for which d'Annunzio supplied the words. In a manner it marks a reversion to the choral madrigals which were written for the first lyric dramas at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the music is of the new type—now but not without emotional power and beauty and not strained, unnatural and unlovely like the music of Malipiero.

In his cantata the composer prescribes scenes, as did Rubinstein in his Biblical operas. Preceded by a prologue, these scenes picture St. Francis's hymn in praise of poverty and the comments of his companions, the saint's sermon to the birds, the supper with his friend St. Clara, his death and his dying song to the sun. Before Francis consecrated himself to the service of religion he was a young man of the world and so musically gifted, not to say addicted to secular song in the Romance tongue, that he was nicknamed "the little Frenchman."

Years ago the Oratorio Society performed an oratorio by Edgar Tinell, in which we were permitted to discern the saint's lyric gifts. As represented by Signor De Luca, he was a sorry musician. It was not De Luca's fault; he would have sung delightfully had Mr. Malipiero given him a tune. But melody and euphonious harmony have no place in Malipiero's scheme of musical illustration. The saint declaims and chants. So do his followers, but never with the tunefulness of even the dryest of the old Gregorian canticles. Under their voices the orchestra makes sometimes shrill, sometimes weird and cadaverous noises. An unruly congregation of birds utters irregular calls during the sermon, which is far from being as impressive as that which Liszt preaches on the pianoforte.

But the strangest part of the score is that descriptive of the supper of the saints. The orchestra, with maddening reiteration, utters a phrase which sounds like (certainly no more melodious or dignified) the tune of a children's game, "Ring Around a Rosy"—now high, now low; now in one key, now in another; anon in half a dozen keys at once—while the chorus of men and women utter glissando shrieks like a siren (the instrument, not the crea-

ture that tempted Ulysses with song). The din was atrocious. A first performance of the work in the world it was; we wonder how much merit there was in that circumstance.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

Nearly every summer Kurt Schindler, the conductor of the Schola Cantorum, goes abroad seeking what he may find and he rarely returns empty handed. Every winter or spring he gives us, through his chorus, such a trove as he may gather on his pilgrimage. The trove is not always valuable, but it is at least new and it is generally interesting. Last year he brought back a varied assortment of Spanish music and this year's harvest was revealed last night at Carnegie Hall, where the Schola sang an all-Italian programme that included one work that had never before been performed in New York, one that had never before been performed in this country and one that had never before been done anywhere.

The programme opened with Verdi's "Stabat Mater" and "Te Deum," two of the four "Pezzi Sacri" that the old master of modern Italian opera wrote toward the end of his long life in 1898. The Schola introduced the "Stabat Mater" to America in 1914. Both are impressive examples of Verdi's ability to write massive and effective choral music when he chose. They are obviously the work of a master craftsman, well-knit in structure and calling for the best efforts of a large chorus.

The "first time in America" number was Ildebrando Pizzetti's "Lament for the Death of Hippolytus," a threnody for unaccompanied double chorus and mezzo-soprano solo that constitutes the prologue to the third act of his opera "Fedra."

Pizzetti, one of the band of young composers who are working consciously for the regeneration of Italian music, has been heard here before in other works and seems to have something genuinely interesting to say. This threnody, written in the Greek modes, is a work of sincerity and directness, the fruit of a genuinely creative imagination. Pizzetti has taken over the antiphonal form of the Greek chorus and, upon this classic framework, has spun a web of modal counterpoint that has beauty, dramatic intensity and genuine emotional appeal.

It is difficult music, for modal harmony always is hard to sing in tune. The absence of "scales" in the modern sense seems to rob the singers of their sense of location and tends to throw them off the pitch. The chorus last night sang with excellent intonation, although their preoccupation with keeping in tune made their performance a little anxious and lacking in light and shade.

The evening ended with a world premiere. Francesco Malipiero's "San Francesco d'Assisi," a short cantata, or as the composer calls it, a "mystery," for chorus and large orchestra, had its first performance anywhere in the world. The piece is in a prologue and four scenes, to be sung with or without scenery. The prologue, sung by a baritone soloist, is a setting of the famous passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew, which begins, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor." The first scene, the text of which is from a mediaeval poem, is a hymn in praise of poverty sung by St. Francis and his companions. The second scene (baritone solo) is the sermon to the birds. In the third, the villagers, seeing a red glow emanating from a small chapel, think it is on fire. Opening the door, they see only St. Francis and his companions at prayer. The last scene (male chorus and baritone solo) is the death of St. Francis.

Space and time compel a postponement of any detailed discussion of this new Malipiero opus until next Sunday. Suffice it to say now that, except for one brief and cacophonous moment for the full chorus, the choral writing is entirely for men's voices in unison; that the music is a sort of parlando—very much like the intoning employed in the Roman Catholic service—that begins nowhere, goes on endlessly, without much dramatic or musical interest, and ends where it began; that the harmonic scheme is dry and wilfully dissonant; that the only vestige of melodic interest is one lone air to which, in primary school days, one used to sing "I tisk it, I tisk it, a green and yellow basket," and that Giuseppe de Luca wasted his beautiful voice and artistry upon a dreary stretch of uninteresting recitative that was as meaningless as it was difficult.

The chorus, Mr. Schindler's orchestra worked hard, and, so far as one could determine, gave the work a good performance. Mr. Malipiero cannot be said to have labored entirely in vain. For the first time in several centuries he has succeeded in making St. Francis of Assisi a bore.

A NEW CELLIST.

Felix Salmond, a cellist who has won considerable reputation abroad, made his first American appearance at Aeolian Hall Wednesday afternoon. He deserves credit for his excellent programme, which demonstrated the fact that it is quite possible to give a cello recital without playing rubbish. He began with three eighteenth century pieces in delightful transcriptions by Joseph Salmon, continued with Brahms's cello sonata in F and Lalo's concerto in D and concluded with an attractive "Melodie" by Frank Bridge and O'Connor-Morris's arrangement of the old Irish "Londonderry Air."

Mr. Salmond's tone is not as large as some we are used to hearing; it lacks the power that Hans Kindler displayed in Carnegie Hall night before last. But it has superlative warmth, sympathetic appeal and velvety richness of texture. He played the Brahms sonata with deep feeling, flawless musicianship and an interpretative conception that had spaciousness and breadth of vision. Frank Bibb played the accompaniments with his wonted technical dexterity, but rattled on with an indifference to the exigencies of dynamic balance that threatened at times to swamp the less powerful instrument completely.

By RICHARD ALDEICH.

Felix Salmond's 'Cello Recital.

Felix Salmond, a well-known English cellist, appeared for the first time in New York yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall in a recital, where he had the assistance of Frank Bibb at the piano, and where there was an audience not large but frequently moved to enthusiasm.

Mr. Salmond is a cellist of high attainments; and not merely in the matter of technique. He has a fervent and impressive style that often reaches a high pitch of intensity and eloquence, qualities that are not reached at the expense of repose and balance or in violation of a sense of the fitness of things. They were shown in a set of three movements by old Italians, Nardini, Veracini and Guerini, arranged with piano accompaniments by Joseph Salmon. In some of these the style and figuration of the accompaniments appeared too jauntily modern for the music.

They were shown also in Brahms's second sonata for piano and cello, op. 99, in Lalo's concerto in D, and in an arrangement of the famous "Londonderry Air" and a melody dedicated to Mr. Salmond by Frank Bridge. It is to be observed from this list that Mr. Salmond is no friend of the florid school of violoncello composition, in which the noble instrument is made to emulate the capricious of an ox. For even Lalo's concerto is a soberly conceived concerto, in which the composer has apparently concentrated his mind more upon the musical expression he wished to make than upon the futile adornment of it with runs and passages that can be performed upon the cello by the exercise of sufficient manual dexterity, but are always totally ineffective.

Brahms's sonata was the most significant number on the program—a work whose passionate spirit is in striking contrast with that of his earlier sonata. It was sympathetically played by Mr. Salmond, with great energy and sustained power; and he was well supported by Mr. Bibb, whose interpretation of the piano part was excellent.

Mr. Salmond has a fine tone, warm and searching. His intonation is rarely at fault, and his technical accomplishments are high. What he could do in the way of brilliant passage work was not revealed; nor is it important that it should be.

NEW CELLIST PLEASES.

Felix Salmond, an English cellist, gave his first recital in this country yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall with Frank Bibb at the piano.

Mr. Salmond has played with success in Europe and he has been a member of the much liked Chamber Music Players in London. At his recital yesterday he won distinct success with an audience made up of appreciative music lovers. His program had variety from start to finish and his interpretations in general were given with intelligence, a musical tone, fine technical ability, artistic finish and poetic instincts.

His program comprised pieces by Nardini, Veracini and Guerini, with piano accompaniment by Joseph Salmon; Brahms's sonata in F, op. 99, for cello and piano; Lalo's D major concerto, the old Irish melody, "The Londonderry Air," and a "Melodie" dedicated to himself by Frank Bridge. The two players did some very effective work in the long Brahms sonata, although the piano at times was too loud for the cello. Mr. Bibb played admirable accompaniments.

"LORELEY" HEARD AGAIN.

Muzio Appears as Rhine Maiden in Catalan Opera.

Catalan's delightful opera, "Loreley," was given another hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with the same cast that has been heard in the work on former occasions this season. Claudio Muzio was irresistible in her dramatic delivery of the vocal score allotted to the Loreley; Benvenuto Gigli gave his usual satisfying interpretation of the role of Walter; Marie Sundelius was the Anna of the story, while Jose Mardones as Margrave of Biberich and Giuseppe Danise as Hermann made up the cast of principals. Rosina Galli and the corps de ballet furnished the incidental dances, with Moranzoni again conducting.

PATRIOTISM.

At 8.30 o'clock last night Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and guest conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, strode upon the platform of Carnegie Hall to conduct the Philharmonic's 1667th concert. And from 8.30 until 10 o'clock Willem Mengelberg did what he could to encourage the American composer.

His method was as subtle as it was effective. Instead of making the mistake so many champions of American music make—that of performing some immature orchestral work by an earnest but utterly inexperienced native coposer—Mr. Mengelberg played three Dutch compositions that triumphantly refuted the oft repeated assertion that Americans write the feeblest music in the world.

Piece No. 1 was a "Gothic Chaconne" by Cornelius Doppe, who for fourteen years has been Mr. Mengelberg's assistant conductor in Amsterdam. It was originally called "Theme With Variations" and remains so, notwithstanding its rechristening. The theme is in quarter-notes, four bars long, adagio mesto, full close. Variation No. 1 is four bars long, with different instrumentation, full close.

Variation No. 2 is four bars long, with different instrumentation, full close. Variation No. 4—but why go on? There are twelve or sixteen of them, none over sixteen bars long, most of them four. After every one the composer draws a long breath, looks around and begins all over again. The variety is almost entirely confined to orchestration and tempo; rhythmically there is almost none. Toward the end the piece breaks into the prelude to a waltz which never arrives.

It is not a composition at all, merely a series of samples of orchestration, analogous to the cards one sees in paint shops showing the various colors in which Windsor & Newton's watercolors may be had. Time: thirty-five minutes.

Number two was an overture to "The Birds" of Aristophanes, by Alphons Diepenbrock. It contained six minutes of imitation bird-calls where two would have been enough, and some Spanish rhythms that did not suggest Aristophanes, but it was fairly tuneful and had humor. Time, fifteen minutes.

Number three was a suite for violoncello and orchestra by H. D. van Goudoever. There are four movements. The first, andante tranquillo, started with some alarming chords for muted strings, woodwind and celesta but soon settled down to a maudlin pilgrimage for the solo cello upon the upper sections of the A string. The second, allegretto, made use of a "pronounced rhythmic formula" which was not pronounced enough to be discernible and soon reverted to another exhibition of sustained notes for solo cello.

The third, tempo do tango, was a fairly good tango with thematic material that alluded to "Scheherazade" and the barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman." It gave the solo cello a chance to end on one of those pizzicato portamento whines so dear to the

hearts of Hawaiian guitar players.

The fourth, tempo do fox trot, was a fox trot, a little better than Friml and not quite so good as Kern. Mr. van Goudoever played his own solo cello part with a pleasant but unvarying tone, fair intonation and apparent enjoyment. Time: thirty minutes.

After the fox trot was over the audience, delighted to have heard some music it could understand, applauded frantically, while wreaths were laid at the feet of Mr. van Goudoever. There was nothing for the other two. Mr. Doppe is in Amsterdam and Mr. Diepenbrock, the most talented, is dead.

Intermission. After that Harold Bauer came on and played Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, and the American pianists and composers relapsed into despair. Strauss's "Don Juan," tone poem concluded the evening's entertainment.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Hollanders have come back to New Amsterdam, but how they have shrunk! At the last Thursday concert of the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last evening Willem Mengelberg, guest conductor, produced three new compositions by his countrymen. The first was a "Gothic Chaconne" by Cornelius Doppe, assistant conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam; the second an overture to "The Birds" of Aristophanes by Alphons Diepenbrock, an Amsterdam composer who died last year, and the third a suite for cello and orchestra by H. D. van Goudoever, born in Utrecht and now visiting this country. Mr. Goudoever was the solo player in his own work.

Mr. Doppe has modernized the chaconne form by liberating his theme from its old time confinement to the bass and permitting it to undergo various musical transformations in different parts of the orchestra. The composition is inordinately long, instrumentally overelaborated and in the end offers little for serious consideration. Mr. Diepenbrock's overture is somewhat better, though of no large significance. For a few moments the composer succeeds in steeping himself in something like Grecian atmosphere and makes a flute sing engagingly. But for the most part he is busy with reproductions of the cries of all sorts and conditions of birds, among which the catbird and the crow seem to have much the best of it.

The cello suite consists of an andante, an allegretto, a tempo di tango and a tempo di fox trot. The last two arouse hopes, but bring disappointment. They write these things better in Twenty-eighth street. Sergeant Berlin turns them out in dozens and surpasses the most laborious efforts of the sitting Hollander heard last evening.

The other numbers on the program provided the serious enjoyments of the evening. Harold Bauer was heard in Cesar Franck's "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra and the closing number was Strauss's "Don Juan." The audience was apparently much interested in the attempt of Mr. van Goudoever to elevate American jazz. However, the primitive Hollanders who built New Amsterdam did much more for American ideals. Last evening's importations made one long for Anthony van Corlear, the trumpeter. "One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men" of the contemporaneous type.

ERNESTO BERUMEN'S RECITAL.

Ernesto Berumen gave his annual piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He had a large audience and his work was warmly applauded. He began with Liszt's "Weinen und Klagen" variations on Bach's theme, which he performed very well indeed. He played also Liapounov's long sonata, in one movement, opus 27, and thereby

gave cause for wonder at his bravery in having taken the pains to learn so much difficult and at the same time futile music. A "Pan" suite, dedicated to himself, by Betty Boutele, was reminiscent of Debussy in its best movements. A rather showy piece, it was excellently executed. Mr. Berumen gains in technical power rather than musical interpretation. His final group included a seldom heard "Allegro Appassionato" by Saint-Saens.

MISS DE VESCOVI'S RECITAL.

Soprano Is Heard by Large Audience at Town Hall.

Miss Lucilla de Vescovi, soprano, gave a recital of modern Italian songs last evening at Town Hall. The recital was novel in plan. It offered much interest, and especially to the student of vocal art, who is on the lookout for new songs. Twelve composers contributed lyrics. The composers were Scambati, Martucco, Bossi, Zandonai, Alaleona, Respighi, Pizzetti, Luizzi, Luaidi, Tommasini, Casella and Malipiero.

Many of these composers had been known here chiefly by their compositions in larger form. Miss de Vescovi showed an unusual gift for revealing the content of her songs. Her voice was not always well used, but it had much color and fine dramatic power. Her stage presence was charming. She seemed to resemble a beautiful old Italian portrait. She had many listeners, among whom was her distinguished compatriot, Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House.

PIANIST MAKES DEBUT.

William Julliber, a pianist of this city, gave his first piano recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. His program was of fine and broad selection. It included Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Schumann's "Symphonic Etudes," Korngold's piece called "The Brave Little Tailor" and Chopin's A flat "Polonaise." Lack of rhythmic values was a defect in Mr. Julliber's performance, but he played with admirable technical ability and musical feeling. His audience gave him warm applause.

Chaconne by Doppe and Overture by Diefenbrock Other Novelties Heard

(Representative of the new Dutch school.)

The Philharmonic Orchestra forsook the stately measures of classic symphonies last evening and experienced the singular adventure of tangoing and foxtrotting at the bidding of Mr. Mengelberg and H. D. Van Goudoever, a young Dutch composer and cellist, who devoted two movements of a suite for cello and orchestra to these popular dances. The suite was one of three works by Dutch composers to which Mr. Mengelberg gave their first hearing in America. Unlike M. Monteux, he has not taken advantage of his position to deluge his audiences with the music of his countrymen, and the interest in these novelties was therefore all the keener.

The most important of the three was a Gothic chaconne by Cornelius Doppe, now assistant conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam, who studied at the Leipsic Conservatory and in 1906 toured America as one of the conductors of Henry W. Savage's English production of "Madame Butterfly."

Chaconne Ponderous at Times

The Chaconne is solidly built, at times even oppressively ponderous. It departs from customary form in that the recurring theme is not confined to the bass but appears in different portions of the tonal structure. This theme has a dignity and breadth in keeping with the title of the Chaconne, but it undergoes many changes of mood. Some of the variations are curiously Oriental in character. The composer is passionately addicted to the use of percussion instruments. The tam-tam acts as a period for the ending of almost every variation in the first half of the work, and, not content with the usual tactics employed in the manipulation of the bass drum, Mr. Doppe prescribed that the unfortunate instrument should be soundly thrashed with a switch. The continual use of these instruments made for monotony, not effectiveness, and the length of the work was another objectionable feature.

Amiable Overture Played

The second number, an overture to "The Birds," of Aristophanes, by Alphons Diepenbrock, considered in Holland as one of the founders of the modern Dutch school of composers, was nothing more than amiable music, ingeniously scored to represent the feathered beings of the Greek comedy. No doubt students of ornithology present in the audience recognized familiar calls and cries. At least one nightingale was of the company.

Mr. Van Goudoever's suite was a strange apparition on a Philharmonic program. It is cheap music, more suited to hotel or ballroom than to the concert hall. His tango was far from inspiring, although he was more successful with the rhythm of the foxtrot, if indeed such music be worthy of any serious consideration. He himself played the part for the solo cello.

On the whole, the Dutch pieces were disappointing. Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra, with Harold Bauer as the soloist, and Strauss's "Don Juan," the concluding works on the program, came as a distinct relief.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Mengelberg devoted last evening's concert of the Philharmonic Society to exploiting the music of his native land. On the program he put works of three of his contemporary Dutch composers, whose music has been unknown to New

York and whose very names were to most likelihood similarly unfamiliar to most.

They were Cornelius Doppe's "Gothic Chaconne," Alphons Diepenbrock's overture to "The Birds of Aristophanes" and H. D. Van Goudoever's suite for violin, cello and orchestra. Mr. Van Goudoever, who is a cellist himself, played the solo part. The program further contained Franck's "Symphonic Variations" for piano and orchestra with Harold Bauer in the solo part and Strauss's "Don Juan."

This selection of three Dutch pieces caused some to wonder whether they were fully representative of Dutch musical art of the present day. If they are, there might be question whether that art is in the true line of succession to the Netherlands school that history tells of. The most important of the three was Doppe's chaconne. The composer is assistant conductor of Mr. Mengelberg's Amsterdam orchestra, and is known in Holland as composer, violinist and pedagogue.

He has adhered to this piece in a general way to the form denoted by his title, a "ground bass" with a long, too long—series of short variations. He has, of course, taken the modern freedom of letting his theme escape from the bass, and, furthermore, of adhering to it only so far as his fancy and imagination dictated. It is of a sombre and gloomy character, and the variations rarely depart from this mood.

The composer has shown a very considerable technical resource and ingenuity in developing his variations; in musical substance and all the resources of modern orchestration, in which instruments of percussion and especially the tam tam of the largest size and resonance play an important part. He shows, in fact, knowledge and skill in large measure. There is also imagination in many of the variations; but hardly a very vital kind of inspiration; and the lack of contrast in the spirit and expression of the series of variations gives the piece a certain heaviness and monotony of effect before the end is reached. It is not everybody who can sustain the interest of this form as Brahms did in the finale of his fourth symphony.

Diepenbrock's overture was intended for a performance of Aristophanes's comedy. It has something of the comic spirit and verve. It has also a good deal of bird chatter, appropriate, no doubt, to the occasion, but here again Mr. Diepenbrock invited dangerous comparisons, for it is not everybody who can make the birds speak with as much point as they spoke to Siegfried. He has some ideas of value, but this piece seems to show a lack of constructive skill and a lack of skill in writing for the orchestra.

Mr. Van Goudoever is a very young man. He is a good cellist, and is to be especially commended for his tonal position. There are an andante tranquillo on an allegretto, which he has intended, the program notes say, to contrast with the following tango or fox trot. He has written these with much extravagance of manner, but with no extravagant expenditure of musical thought, and without extricating himself from the slough of commonness into which this brilliant intention was likely to lead him.

It is easy enough to use tango and fox trot rhythms and formulas with the jazz effects obtainable from the modern orchestra—not forgetting the tam tam, for which he shares Mr. Doppe's predilection—and thereby capture the favor of part of the audience. Mr. Goudoever succeeded in this, at least, and was uproariously applauded and recalled.

After this the performance of Franck's beautiful variations on a fragrant theme was a solace. They were beautifully played both by the pianist and by the orchestra. And Mr. Mengelberg's interpretation of Don Juan's loves, longings and regrets is one of the most brilliant.

OTHER MUSIC.

The modern Italian composers were excellently treated Friday night at the Town Hall by Lucilla de Vescovi. She sang their difficult melodies, unusual phrasing and strained emotions with a clarity of effect which was a great artistic achievement.

Apparently she understands the modern Italians and sympathizes with them. What she conveyed concerning them was that they are aesthetically disorganized. They write down fragments of impressions in succession and do not pull them together into a coherent expression. Perhaps they have no intuition of any definite pattern of expression that will please them. Or perhaps if they have such an intuition it is disturbed in its operation by the upsetting effect of mental uncertainty or by arbitrary mental interference with it.

As Mme. de Vescovi sang their songs last night isolated impressions emerged with marvellous effect. She made the opening of Malipiero's "Mirinda" a memorable performance. And among the songs of the other composers who were represented—Scambati, Martucci, Bossi, Zandonai, Alaleona, Scalero, Respighi, Pizzetti, Luizzi, Luaidi and Tommasini—fine musical expressions occurred frequently enough. Nevertheless the lack of coherent effect was tiring and the emotional result when the recital ended was the feeling of futility.

H. O'G.

"Tosca" was given at a special matinee at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Mme. Marie Jeritza impersonated the Roman singer for the last time this season and information was disseminated that Mr. Caruso in his most triumphant days had never drawn a larger audience. The assembly was most cordial in its demonstrations of approval of the new style Tosca, and flowers were thrown to the stage in considerable quantity. After the first and second acts the prima donna was recalled frequently and accepted her honors impressively.

Mme. Jeritza did not perform Puccini's opera all by herself, but apparently the other members of the cast did not greatly signify. Mr. Scotti was the *Scarpia* and Mr. Chamlee the *Cavaradossi*. There have been more successful representations of the unfortunate painter than Mr. Chamlee, but Mr. Scotti's *Scarpia*, even when his voice is in such a poor state as it was yesterday, remains without a peer. It may be added that Mme. Jeritza also was not singing especially well yesterday, but her impersonation was sufficiently strenuous to satisfy her admirers.

After the opera the prima donna was recalled a number of times and finally addressed the audience in English. She thanked her hearers from the bottom of her heart and hoped they would like her as much when she returned to America to sing in opera in the autumn.

With Miss Geraldine Farrar again in the title role Charpentier's brilliant French opera "Louise" attracted a large audience to the Metropolitan last evening. It was the fourth performance of the work this season. The other principals were also all old friends in their parts. Orville Harold was the lover, *Julien*; Leon Rothier was the *Father* and Mme. Berat the *Mother of Louise*. Miss Farrar was in good voice and sang her music with excellent finish. The smooth performance was led by Mr. Hasselmanns. The applause was enthusiastic.

Mme. Jeritza said farewell to a houseful of enthusiastic people at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon. The opera was "Tosca," in which her principal companions were Mr. Scotti and Mr. Chamlee. With them she shared ten or a dozen curtain calls after the first and second acts, going off the stage time after time with all the flowers which she and her fellow-artists could carry. After the third act she appeared as many times more with Mr. Chamlee, then yielded to what was the obvious popular desire and appeared before the footlights alone. Again and again she came out, made a low courtesy, bowed gravely, smiled her gratitude and retired. Finally, since it seemed as if there was to be no end to the popular demonstration, she fetched a deep breath, advanced to the footlights and said: "I thank you from my heart for your great kindness to me and I hope you will continue to like me when I come back next fall."

Thus ended the first American season of this truly great artist, who, coming a stranger, achieved a triumph with scarcely a parallel in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House. Her engagement with the Metropolitan management was for twenty performances, but counting two representations in Philadelphia and two in Brooklyn, she sang twenty-eight times—nine times in "Die tote Stadt," seven in "Tosca," three in "Die Walküre" (as Sieglinde), six in "Lohengrin" and three in "Cavalleria Rusticana." She will sail for Europe tomorrow.

In the evening Miss Farrar repeated her performance of Louise in Charpentier's opera.

Lucilla de Vescovi in Italian Songs.

Lucilla de Vescovi, a dark, slender Italian whose soprano voice, low and flute-like, achieved remarkable results with slight physical means, gave her first public recital here at the Town Hall last night before an audience of unusual quality. Modern Italian songs, almost all unfamiliar, made up her program, accompanied by Maurice Eisner. The lyrics were of varied poetic content, less "kind" to the voice than those of an elder day in Italy, yet poignantly appealing and at times dramatically expressive. It was the singer's special merit to give variety to these, where their modernism itself conducted to monotony. Among a dozen composers the better known were Scambati, Zanonai, Respighi, Pizzetti and Malipiero.

April 4, 1922
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Emma Roberts's Song Recital.

It was more than three years since Miss Emma Roberts, an admirable contralto singer, had given a recital in New York before the one she gave in the Town Hall last evening. She was heard with interest and pleasure in a program of unusual variety and unconventionality. Miss Roberts's contralto voice is an organ of large potentialities, not perhaps of the highest nature,

beauty, not of the "velvety" quality, but well produced, well managed and at the disposal of a true musical intelligence and sympathetic understanding.

Her program was quite out of the usual, including two unfamiliar songs by Brahms, a tragic one and one of his charming folksong settings; Wolf's "Elfenlied"; a not very distinguished song of Weingartner's, "Unter Stergen"; a song by the sardonic Frenchman Erik Satie about Alice's Mad Hatter, burlesquing in a most amusing manner Gounod's mannerisms in song-writing, which she repeated; two Russian songs by Sachnovski and Slerov, the latter's "Ragnieda's Song," from the opera of "Ragnieda," marked as for the first time in America; three songs with cello obbligato played by Percy Such, in at least two of which Brahms's "Geistliches Wiegenlied" and Loeffler's "Danse de la Gigue" the cello took the place of what should be the viola; and a group comprising a Mexican and a Spanish song and songs by Americans and Englishmen. This list denotes an inquiring mind and a diligent research, as well as a wide sympathy with different styles that are as refreshing as they are uncommon.

Miss Roberts's singing of them was admirable. She has the art of expressing a variety of moods and emotions, of coloring the voice to brighten the significance of the music. In songs of deeper emotional quality she reached a powerful intensity. Her phrasing is musically felicitous. She sometimes sang a tone, especially an upper tone reached from below, a shade too flat, but this was only occasional. Her diction was excellent. The Russian songs she sang in Russian, with apparent fluency. It was a recital of great interest.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Emma Roberts, mezzo-contralto, who had not given a recital here since early 1919, was heard in one last evening in Town Hall. Since her previous appearance Miss Roberts, who was then recognized as one of the foremost concert singers in this country, has made substantial progress. She has learned much about program planning and about the subtle art of putting herself in rapport with an audience. She has gained authority, ease and grace, as well as a larger variety of utterance.

Her voice retains its individuality and its uncommon beauty. It is especially opulent and captivating in the upper middle range, where it has no superior among those of the distinguished singers of this country. Her technique is so sound and so finished that it will always command the admiration of connoisseurs. Her adaptability in the matter of languages is one of her valuable assets. She sang English, German, French and Russian last evening, all of them with spontaneity of utterance and with clarity.

Miss Roberts sings musically. She has a keen sense of rhythm and excellent taste in phrasing and shading. She possesses in an unusual degree ability to weld her musical delivery and her text into an organic whole. Added to this power is a nice differentiation of styles, which gives her delivery of every song a well defined individuality. She rarely sings two successive songs in just the same manner.

She had a very well arranged program. There were four groups, the first and third very serious and the second and fourth softening to lighter and more fleeting moods. Miss Roberts is especially fond of Brahms, whose "Lied" and "Meln Madel Hat Einem Rosenmund" were in the first group and "Geistliches Wiegenlied" in the third. She sang the first two better than the third, but all well. Wagner's "Schmerzen" in the first group was admirably delivered and Wolf's "Elfenlied" was delightful.

In the second group Erik Satie's setting of a passage about the mad hatter of Lewis Carroll was given with charming archness and humor and had to be repeated. Sachnovski's "The Clock" was excellently sung and Miss Roberts introduced a number from Slerov's opera "Ragnieda." The three songs of the third group had cello obbligati, played by Percy Such. The singer was happiest here in Loeffler's artistic setting of Verlaine's "Danse de la Gigue." Among the songs in the last group were Mrs. Beach's "Ah, Love, but a Day," and Marshall Kernochan's "We Two Together." There was a large audience and abundance of applause and Miss Roberts received as many flowers as an opera prima donna.

'LA FORZA DEL DESTINO' SUNG SECOND TIME

Martinelli Appears in Role of Don Alvaro.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" was sung for the second time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. A newcomer in the cast was Giovanni Martinelli as Don Alvaro. Twice this season it had been announced that the part so often sung by Mr. Caruso would be taken by Mr. Martinelli, but once he was indisposed, with Manuel Salazar appearing in his place, and once the opera was changed for another work. Mr. Martinelli as the Don Alvaro sang with abundant tonal power and good declamatory effect, and he looked well.

Miss Buselle, who had closed her regular season here with the company some

weeks ago, returned for last night's performance as the Leonora. Her fine voice was again a leading feature of her impersonation. Mr. Danise as the Don Carlos was good, and earned special notice in the popular duet with Don Alvaro. Miss Gordon as Preziosilla, Mr. Mardones as the Abbot, Mr. Chalmers as Father Melitone and Mr. d'Angelo as the Marquis of Calatrava were the other principals. The fine ensemble was led by Mr. Papi. An enthusiastic audience packed the auditorium.

MISS TESCHNER'S RECITAL.

Mme. Helen Teschner-Tas, violinist, who played here this season at a Philharmonic concert as soloist, gave her annual recital last evening in Aeolian Hall with the assistance of Emil Friedberger at the piano. Her program comprised Brahms's G major sonata, opus 78; Corelli's "La Folia," Chansson's "Poeme," three "Preludes," by Jacobi; Szymanowski's "La Fontaine d'Arethuse," a manuscript number dedicated to herself by Boris Levenson entitled "Dance Orientale," and Wieniawski's "Scherzo Tarantelle." Mme. Teschner-Tas played her list with taste and musical feeling. Her audience filled the hall.

April 2, 1922

The Metropolitan Opera Company repeated Mozart's entertaining comic opera "Cosi fan tutte" for a crowded and delighted audience yesterday afternoon, with the same excellent cast as at the first performance here last week—Florence Easton, Frances Peralta, Lucrezia Bori, George Meader, Giuseppe de Luca and Adamo Didur, with Artur Bodansky conducting.

In the evening "Lucia" was sung by Mmes. Ottein and Anthony and Gigli and Picco, with Gennaro Papi conducting.

The Klemen Trio in the evening at the small Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, played Brahms's C minor trio, Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin opus 30, No. 3, and Dvorak's Dumky trio opus 90. In the large auditorium of Carnegie Hall, Nina Tarasova sang Russian folk songs.

Nina Tarasova's Farewell Recital.

Nina Tarasova gave a costume recital of Russian ballads and folksongs last evening in Carnegie Hall as her farewell before sailing for Europe. Joseph Cherniavsky assisted in cello solos and in the obligato to a "Lullaby" and "Sud Is My Soul" from the songs of Russian gypsies. Mme. Tarasova added folk tunes adapted in operas or other works of Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky.

'Cosi fan Tutte'

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition.)

It is the voice from the box office which speaks oracularly and convincingly to the purveyors of entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House, and what that voice will say touching the future of "Cosi fan tutte" during the remainder of the season we shall not attempt to guess. As for the voice of the lovers of music, it spoke in enthusiastic approval at the first performance of Mozart's opera on the night of last Friday week, and again yesterday afternoon. It was indeed heart-warming yesterday to listen to plaudits which rolled through the house after every scene and still more heart-warming to witness the groups of musicians, amateur and professional, gathered in the corridors between the acts and hear their ejaculations of delight evoked by the music and its performance.

It might have reminded one of a scene described by Thayer. Some of Beethoven's friends gathered about him and questioned him about the great composers. Cherubini, he said, was the greatest of his contemporaries, but when somebody mentioned the name of the composer of the music which we heard for the second time in New York yesterday, the composer of "Fidelio" threw up hands and eyes in an ecstasy and ejaculated "Oh, Mozart!" That was all. Much later, perhaps half a century, when styles and tastes had greatly changed, the composer of "Faust" confessed that in his youth he was wont to say "I and Mozart"; then, as he ripened in knowledge, "Mozart and I," and finally in the maturity of his fame, when he knelt before the autograph score of "Don Giovanni," he

summed up his credo in one word: "Mozart!"

Criticism of Book Disturbs None

So the host of musicians in yesterday's audience all spoke rapturously about the music to which they were listening and in praise of the artists who were so successfully evoking of the master who died young so that he might remain ever young and ever fair. Criticism of the book on the ground of its improbability seems to have disturbed nobody here, nor any of the translations of the title. The ladies whose too great conscientiousness of sex have led them to inveigh against the proposed monument to Civic Virtue have not yet, so far as we know, put in a protest and petition to Mr. Gatti that "Cosi fan tutte" be changed to "Cosi fan tutti," so as to make the charge of fickleness apply to both sexes. Perhaps it is because opera-goers as a rule care as little now about the words sung in a foreign tongue as they did in the day when Addison indulged his pretty wit at their expense. Perhaps there will be an indignant awakening if the opera is ever sung and played in English with some such title as "The Way of All Women," which is the best equivalent we can think of for "Cosi fan tutte." A forgotten English version called it "Tit for Tat," but in that version, as in most of the German versions (that by Dinkelstedt, for instance, which Kugel edited), the two ladies of the play were informed by their maid of the conspiracy against their constancy and played out the comedy for the purpose of discomfiting their lovers. We do not see how the change improved the comedy, but we do see and feel how it must harm the music.

Delightful Contrast in Music

One of the most delightful elements in Mozart's composition is the contrast between the sincere utterances of the women and the mock sentiment of their lovers when they are laying siege to

them in disguise. Their jeering laughter when they think for a moment that they have discomfited Don Alfonso is one of the most delightful moments in the opera, and we sincerely deplore the elision of Ferrando's air when, in the moment of his rage when convinced that his innamorata had played him false, he confesses that he cannot help but love her. That air, as well as the earlier one, "Un aura amoroso," ought to have been left to Mr. Meader to aid him in differentiating his character from that of Guglielmo.

But the Metropolitan patrons are much more concerned with Mozart's music, Mr. Urban's pretty pictures and the farcical element in the play than they are with the matter essence of Da Ponte's book. At the first performance Dorabella forgot to carry her lover's miniature about her neck. Consequently she could not exchange it for the trinket which Guglielmo gave her for it, and Ferrando flew into a rage without visible evidence of justification. That oversight was corrected yesterday.

The scene of feigned suicide by poison is burlesqued to such an extent as to make the conduct of the ladies inconceivably stupid. It is another illustration of our oft-repeated complaint that the stage management of the Metropolitan, being devoid of imagination, attributes the same vacuity to the audience. Mere swigging from quart bottles bearing labels a foot long ornamented with skull and crossbones and acting as if colic were gripping their bellies would never receive such sympathy as Mozart's music expresses, even if the women were as blind as bats in the daytime.

Music Overshadows Faults of Action

But it is the music which wins pardon for every fault of the action and the mise-en-scene. There is one chord in the tertettino in which the ladies and Don Alfonso wave farewell to the supposedly departing lovers, which illustrates how beautifully dissonance may be employed, more eloquently than all the pages of music which have been written since disharmony came into fashion. For one measure it floats over the murmuring muted violins which delineate the breezes which the women pray shall waft their lover safely over the waters, and dies away in a sweet consonance on the word "de sir." There's one effect which Gassella, Pizzetti, Malipiero and the rest of their tribe might study with profit.

Yesterday's performance was a great improvement on that of Friday week. While its most perfect musical feature was the lovely legato and perfect phrasing of Miss Bori, its least effective was caused by the lack of power in the same lady's voice in the concerted numbers.

In the evening Mme. Ottein, Mr. Gigli, Mr. Picco, Mr. Martino, Mr. Badi, Mr. Audisio and Miss Anthony unite in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" under the direction of Mr. Papi. It is to be regretted for Mrs. Ottein's sake that she did not choose Donizetti's opera for her debut instead of Rossini's "Barber." It would have given her a higher place in the opinion of the Metropolitan's patrons.

By Deems Taylor

NINA KOSHETZ.

It is probably safe to call Nina Koshetz a great artist. In her recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon she displayed the musical light, the sense of artistic values, the power of projecting a mood until the listener feels rather than hears what she has to utter—in other words, attributes that set apart a few artists in a generation.

She shares a gift that distinguishes singers like Javitz and Challa; a "human quality"—call it personality, stage presence, artistry—that commands belief. It is not an attribute that can be completely analyzed, for it is a matter of voice or method or interpretation. It is some synthesis of all these things, none of them necessarily perfect, illuminated by an immense simplicity, a power of penetrating to the essential meaning of things. She knows reality and she creates it.

She began with a group of Schubert—"Mondnacht," "Widmung," "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet," "Der Aschbaum," and the marvellous "Abendlied." In these, as in everything she sang, she gave no impression of singing—although sing she did, and beautifully at most times. She approached the music as a medium through which to heighten and communicate the meaning and action of the words. "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet," she sang under her breath, almost tonelessly, like a monologue delivered without thought of music or audience, yet with an intensity of tragic power that held her listeners spellbound.

In a group of Russian songs she did her best singing—as singing. She has a Russian voice, white and clear, with a curious pathetic, crying quality in its upper register. Most Russian singers have it. It must come from the Russian language, produced perhaps by the peculiar position in which the tongue must be held in order to sound the k's and l's. Included in this group were three of Modest's songs, two of which, "Remembrance" and "Conjunction," were new. They have a rugged directness of treatment that recalls Moussorgsky rather strongly. Of Moussorgsky's songs there were four, including the captivating "Humoresque," which had to be repeated, and "Trepak" and "Death the Commander," neither of which could have been done with more thrilling dramatic power.

Her next group contained two songs by Sergei Prokofiev, both dedicated to her, which revealed much more lyric feeling than anything else of his that has been heard here. She also sang two new and decidedly interesting songs by Frederick Jacobi, "Medusa" and "Roundel." The former, sung without words, is an attempt to paint a definite picture of the snake-haired enchantress without words, and, thanks to the composer and Mme. Koshetz's magnificent delivery, was so successful the audience redemanded it. The last two in the group, "A Song for Lovers" and "Twenty, Eighteen," by the dean of the World's music department, were so charmingly sung they revealed beauties obviously unsuspected by the composer.

Yielding to loud and insistent applause, she returned after this group without her excellent accompanist, Nicolas Stember, and, sitting at the piano, sang a song of Grieg to her own accompaniment. She ended the concert with two songs of her own, "The Knowledge of Life's Joy" and "To the Sun," the latter with organ accompaniment. These were both in the form of dramatic monologues, almost chanted (the texts are also hers), and showed genuine creative talent. They have a force and starkness that suggest earth and spaces, the utterances of one who sees and feels simply and greatly.

OTHER MUSIC.

Walter Damrosch enthusiastically explained the merits of Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" at his lecture-recital at the piano yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. He played the greater portion of the opera music, recited the text, and made it all clear and admirable. The audience listened absorbed.

\$5,500 Earned at Mr. Rachmaninov's Concert for Russia

The concert arranged by Sergei Rachmaninov, Russian composer and pianist, for the benefit of Russian musicians, artists and men of letters, was given last night at Carnegie Hall and earned about \$5,500. As Mr. Rachmaninov defrayed all the expenses of the concert this entire amount will be turned over to the American Relief Administration for distribution in Russia.

Mr. Rachmaninov had the assistance of Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra in an all Russian program, in which he himself was the soloist in two of his own compositions. The program in full was: Concerto, No. 2, in C minor, for piano with orchestra, Rachmaninov; from Tchaikovsky, the andante from string quartet and the pizzicato ostinato, from the symphony No. 4, in D minor, and the concerto, No. 3, in D minor, for piano with orchestra, Rachmaninov. With an admirable support from the orchestra Mr. Rachmaninov played his concertos with his accustomed splendor of style and brilliant technique. He was enthusiastically applauded by the large audience.

Mr. Rachmaninov, in response to appeals for aid made to him from Moscow and Petrograd, has devoted himself ardently to the cause of Russia relief ever since the American Relief Administration has made remittance possible. He has said that he personally has forwarded many food drafts to the professors and other employees of the universities, conservatories and other Russian institutions of learning in complying with the appeals of these people, who have written him that they are dying of hunger.

U. W. J. HENDERSON.

A concert in aid of the Bialystoker Center and Bikur Cholim took place at the Hippodrome last evening, but there was a serious disappointment for the large audience which assembled. Titta Ruffo, who was to have made his farewell appearance in concert for this season, did not do so. A letter from him was read from the stage. In it he declared that he had never been so grieved at his inability to sing. He was suffering from a cold and forbidden to use his voice for a week. He had cancelled his engagement to sing in "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday evening.

Two substitutes for Mr. Ruffo were provided. They were Ulysses Lappas, the Greek tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, and John Charles Thomas, the poplar barytone. The others announced to take part in the concert were present. They were Miss Graziella Pareto, the Spanish soprano, who sang here with the Chicago organization; Berthe Erza, an Algerian soprano, who had been heard earlier in the season in recital, and Alberto Sclaretto, the Italian pianist, who lately made his New York debut.

SCOTCH VIOLINIST PLAYS.

Mme. Alix Young-Maruchess, a Scotch violinist, who lives in this city and has been heard here frequently, gave a recital with Carl Deis at the piano last night in the Princess Theatre. Her programme included Haydn's sonata in F for violin and piano, a "Praeludium" by Reger, Victor de Cabata's piece, called "Melodies," three "eighteenth century pieces" by Alfred Moffet; one "La Nuit Douce," and from England the "Rope Dance" and "Farmer's Wedding," and the introduction and adagio from Bruch's G minor concerto. Her playing was enjoyed by an audience of good size.

MISS KOSHETZ'S RECITAL.

Miss Nina Koshetz, Russian opera and song singer, who was heard here in concert halls last season and once recently with the Chicago Opera in Prokofiev's "Love for the Three Oranges," gave a song recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. She was assisted by Nicolas Stember at the piano and Boris Lang, organist.

Her interesting program included German lieder, two songs, "Remembrance" and "Conjunction"—scheduled for a first hearing—by Modest, Moussorgsky's "The Commander," two of Prokofiev's

songs, dedicated to herself; two new songs by Jacobi, with one dedicated to herself; Deems Taylor's lyrics, "Song for Lovers" and "Twenty, Eighteen," and in closing two songs of her own, which were sung for the first time, and entitled "Songs of Happiness and Truth" and subtitled "The Knowledge of Life's Joy—the Bosom of Peace" and "To the Sun" with organ. The singer's voice was often strident and uneven in its scale, but she sang with dramatic intensity and clear diction.

The American Orchestral Society played a Wagner program last night at the last of its free concerts in Cooper Union. Andre Polah and Louis Grunberg closed a series of the International Composers' Guild at the Greenwich Village Theatre with a program of sonatas by Busoni, Goossens and Stoeckl. Alix Maruchess, violinist, appeared at the Princess, and Bela V. Kornyei, a Hungarian tenor, at the Lexington Opera

Adele Kanan, soprano, yesterday afternoon at the Princess Theatre, sang Handel's "Care Selve," Thomas's "Je suis Titania," David's "Charmant Oiseau," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hymn to the Sun," Kurt Schindler's arrangement of the Russian folk song "Yashka," and a final group by Thur-low Liorance, Deems Taylor, A. Walter Kramer and R. H. Torry.

Dame Clara Butt sang airs of Gluck and Elgar at last night's opera concert, with Lenora Sparkes, the Misses Miriam and Telva, Messrs. Harold and Rother, of the Metropolitan. The orchestra under Bambooshek gave Tchaikovsky's "Overture 1812," a suite from Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Mlada," and Paul Tietjen's new "Bacchanale."

April 4, 1922

Ruffo III, De Luca to Sing His Role.

Because of Titta Ruffo's continued indisposition the rôle of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan on Wednesday will be sung by Giuseppe de Luca, it was announced last night. The opera last evening was the "Loreley" of Catalani, sung for the fourth time here by Muzio, Sundellus, Gigg, Danise and Mardones, with Moranzoni conducting. A crowded house greeted the performance, which ushered in the season's final three weeks.

Old Slave Chants Rendered by Negro Singing Society

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

It is a long time since Nate Saulsbury had a big out-of-doors show (in South Brooklyn, we think), at which, with the help of several hundred colored folks, a field of cotton, a group of cabins representing slave quarters and a big open-air stage, he reproduced pictures of plantation life "befo' the wah." A long time, twenty years or so, yet that was the last time we heard Afro-American music sung as it ought to be sung. Twenty years before that we had listened to the first concert given north of the Ohio River by the original choir of Fisk Jubilee Singers, who, with a large infusion of art but still conserving the spirit of the slave "spirituals," disclosed first to the people of the Eastern states and soon after to audiences of cultured music lovers in England and Germany the beauty of the songs which during centuries of slavery had grown up on the plantations of the South.

Ever since we have watched the growth of interest in that expression of the folksong spirit in the strong belief and hope that out of it would be developed something which would place American folksong by the side of that created by the cultural peoples of Europe. In fancy we saw a fruition as significant, if not as rich and beautiful, as that disclosed by some of the national schools of the Old World. That it would take time was obvious, and it has been our good fortune to chronicle some striking results. Along with those results, however, we have observed the deterrent effects which have followed the decay of tradition in performance and the growth of sophistication.

Little Feeling for Spirit of Songs

The fact is deplorable, but it was inevitable. It was illustrated at the two ambitious attempts at a pageant in Carnegie Hall two or three months ago, and again at the concert given in the same room last night by the Negro Singing Society for the benefit of the Manassas Industrial School. A return to sound methods was disclosed by the singing of some spirituals in something approaching their primitive simplicity, but though the songs were unspoiled in the settings there was little evidence of feeling for their spirit, for their spontaneity, for their ingenuous sincerity.

The leader, Daisy Tapley, tried to make the choir sing like a band of artists, and her principal device to that end was to achieve precision in utterance. She seemed to think she had attained to this when she made them bite off the ends of the phrases. She forgot all about the free swing and undulation of the melodic line and the inspiring outbursts of the characteristic refrain of the slave songs. There were strange misconceptions of tempo also, and it was obvious to the listeners familiar with the music that such songs as "Oh, rock me, Julie" (a Mississippi River chanty of striking character because of its use of the whole-tone scale) and the three Creole songs, "Rémon," "Musieu Bainjo" and "Aurora Pradaire," which were sung in unison, some by the men, some by the women, were as foreign to the conductor and her singers as they would have been to a visitor from Spain.

Women's Choir Better Than Men's

The female contingent of the choir was much better than the male, but that is true, as a rule, of our white choirs all over the country and need not be dwelt on. It is creditable to our negro fellow citizens that they are making so honest an effort to cultivate

choral music. The compositions of Harry T. Burleigh, R. Nathaniel Dett and J. Rosamond Johnson, in which artistic use is made of Afro-American folksong elements, were an interesting disclosure of the grounds on which our expressed hope of a coming school of music is based. High artistic attainment along the same lines in piano-forte music was evidenced by the pianoforte transcriptions of Coleridge-Taylor ("I'm Troubled in Mind" and "Bamboula") and also in Mr. Dett's "Juba," played in good taste and with considerable skill by Miss Andrades Lindsay. There is some fine part-writing in Mr. Burleigh's "Deep River," "Dig My Grave" (this melody came from the Bahamas) and "Ethiopia's Psalm of Exaltation," and Mr. Johnson showed appreciation of the value of exotic tone (a flatted seventh) in his harmonization of "A Great Camp-meeting." Our negro musicians are still feeling their way, and some medium better than "jazz" bands ought to be found for their encouragement.

April 5, 1922

Toronto Choir

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

If the extent to which choral music is practiced in a community is an evidence of that community's musical culture (and that conviction has been uttered by great musicians and accepted as truth by many critical observers), then the metropolis of the United States ought to stand abashed this morning in the presence of Toronto, Canada, as a few weeks ago it ought to have hidden its face from a little community of foreign antecedents which sent a college choir to show New York what choral music is. It is an observation which was forced upon the chroniclers of music in the United States long ago that as urban communities grow their interest in choral music dwindles. Such music feeds upon sincerity and love; it dies when intelligent appreciation gives way to affectation. Our opera is a social institution and is so much of a fad and fashion that, though enormously expensive, it receives enough patronage to make it financially profitable to the operating company. Professions of high artistic aims from that quarter are no longer needed or expected.

Last season half a million dollars was contributed by a score of wealthy individuals to make a hundred more orchestral concerts than the public needs, or is willing to maintain, possible. This season the backers of some of our concert institutions will repeat the experience of last. Meanwhile, for want of a pitiful \$3,000 a year the Musical Art Society, which had given New York high class choral music for a quarter of a century, was compelled to suspend its activities, the Schola Cantorum is moribund and the Oratorio Society is kept alive, as it has been for a generation, by the generosity first of Mr. Carnegie and then of Mr. Schwab. These are facts which, though viewed with indifference by the public to-day, will invite attention from the historians of our art culture in the future.

Mendelssohn Choir Returns

Until last night the only singing for several years which caused a swelling of the heart in lovers of choral was that of the choir from St. Olaf College—a small band of Scandinavian-Americans from Wisconsin. Last night the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto, 235 voices strong, gave a concert of unaccompanied choral music in Carnegie Hall. It was heard by perhaps twice as many persons sitting in the chairs on the main floor of the hall, by perhaps a quarter as many seated in the boxes and by we do not know how many or few in the galleries. We do not know because the front rows of seats, which were visible to us, were empty. Yet the concert was one worthy of an audience as great as or greater than the room can accommodate.

The choir did not come as a stranger to New York; it was not an unknown factor; for it had visited the city before and aroused profound admiration. Dr. Vogt was its conductor then, and intelligent music lovers marveled at the perfection which the choir disclosed as the result of his training. His place was filled last night by Mr. H. A. Fricker, a splendidly capable choir-master. The choir has not deteriorated in the interim. Its tone is still superbly sonorous, wonderfully equable in its distribution of voices, both as to volume and quality, and the precision in attack, the distinctness of enunciation and the harmonious gradation of dynamics on the part of the singers are comparable only with the performances of the orchestras with which we are familiar when they at their best. If we were disposed

be hypercritical (which we are not in the presence of such a phenomenon as the choir presented), we should say that the only defects in the performance were a little too much rigidity in the matter of tempo and a little lack of variety of color in such music as the compositions written for the Russian Church service by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff and Rachmaninoff, for the German Reformed Church by Bach (the motet "Sing ye to the Lord") and the Roman Church by Palestrina (the motet "Surge Illuminare," for double chorus). But when so much was given that was thrillingly beautiful, it seems churlish to utter a single word of cavil.

Secular Music Also Heard

There was secular music also in the program: an arrangement of Hugh S. Robertson of a love song from the Hebrides collected by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser (who ought to be remembered by all lovers of folksong), a Catalonian ballad expanded by Kurt Schindler from a setting by Morera, and part songs by Elgar, Sibelius, Ferrari and Edward German. Here was variety enough, but to add to that element Mr. Herbert Seitz played some pianoforte solos and Mr. John Barclay sang some barytone songs in a thoroughly artistic manner. This evening the choir will give a second concert and produce an extended work for solos, chorus and orchestra.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE TORONTO CHOIR.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, 230 strong, led by H. A. Fricker, sang a programme of unaccompanied music last night at Carnegie Hall. They will sing again to-night, accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra in a miscellaneous programme that includes a first New York performance of Vaughan-Williams's new choral "Sea" symphony.

The Toronto Choir established an enviable reputation for itself here in other years, when Dr. A. S. Vogt had it in charge, and one could pay Mr. Fricker no higher compliment than to say that he is maintaining in every way the standard that Dr. Vogt set.

There is nothing quite like this chorus, certainly nothing like it to be heard in these parts. Imagine a choral body as large as the Oratorio Society, as fresh and colorful in the quality of its voices as the Schola Cantorum and singing with the delicacy and precision of St. Olaf's Choir, and you will have some idea of the superlative attainments of this, probably the finest body of singers on the continent.

They began their programme with "The Star Spangled Banner." To begin with, the choral arrangement was unusual and effective, giving the difficult high notes in the middle to the men's voices and employing the sopranos for an added climax at the end. The brilliance, solidity and thrilling power of this number were indescribable. The end was a torrent of sound that brought cheers from an audience that at the beginning had risen to its feet with languid perfumtoriness.

What followed was ample fulfillment of the high hopes raised by the singing of the national anthem. Despite its great size, the choir responds with marvellous flexibility and precision to the excellent conducting of its leader. In the fortes the voices have immense power without a suspicion of stridency, and they are capable of a pianissimo that is nearly soundless, yet has the vibrancy and still immensity of an organ pedal. Their attacks and releases are always crisp and clean-cut, and their phrasing is about perfection. So uncannily perfect is their ensemble that one can hear them take breath before a forte passage.

Their first group comprised Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's hymn, "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," simple and massive; a lovely Palestrina motet, "Surge Illuminare," whose great length and difficulty did not prevent their finishing not a hair's breadth below the pitch; an "Eriskay Love Lilt" from the Hebrides, and Kurt Schindler's superb twelve-part arrangement of the Catalan folk-ballad, "The Miracle of St. Raymond." The Hebrides song suffered somewhat from a harmonization by Hugh S. Robertson that was too much in the style of a rather pedestrian English anthem, and it had a stunning refrain in which men's voices sang the air to an accompaniment of soprano and alto

hummed notes that swirled softly about the words like a mist.

A second group contained two motets—one, Rachmaninoff's short, "To Thee, O Lord," the other, Bach's "Sing Ye to the Lord," sung as Bach should be sung, with tenderness, pastel-like shading and dramatic fire. A last group of secular pieces included Elgar's "Love's Tempest," Sibelius's male chorus, "The Broken Melody," Ferrari's "Sleep, My Pretty One," for women's voices, and Edward German's "London Town."

The assisting artists were Ernest Seitz, pianist, and John Barclay, barytone. Mr. Seitz played Liszt's "Sonetto di Petrarca" and Chopin's A major ballade, and Mr. Barclay sang a French and Italian group that included Peri's "Invocazione" a Orpheo, Lemaire's "Chanson a Manger" and Debussy's "Beau Soir" and "Ballade des Dames de Paris." Mr. Barclay, who was heard at one of the Ambassador concerts a few weeks ago, amply confirmed the impression he made at that time as a singer of exceptional vocal and interpretative talents. The large hall last night seemed to give his voice added beauty and impressive volume, and his perfect diction and intelligent singing were a pleasure to hear.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, H. A. Fricker conductor, gave the first of two concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of a capella music, interspersed with piano solos by Ernest Seitz and songs by John Barclay, barytone. The list was prefaced by "The Star Spangled Banner," sung with some novelties in harmony and other trimmings.

The Mendelssohn Choir visited this city some years ago. It was then conducted by Dr. A. S. Vogt, who is still a vice-president of the organization. Its admirable singing made a deep impression. When Dr. Vogt retired a few seasons ago—it was feared that the chorus might lose some of the excellence which distinguished its art. But last evening served to dispel such doubts.

In Mr. Fricker the organization possesses a director quite able to preserve all that his predecessor developed and to add something of his own. Such choral singing as the Mendelssohn Choir did last evening is very rare indeed. In some of the contests of song out in Scranton or Wilkesbarre, where choirs meet in competition after months of grilling preparation, each bent on carrying off the big prize, a music lover may hear one number sung four or five times in a single evening by different choruses with tone quality, balance, phrasing, shading and enunciation altogether remarkable.

Fresh, Vigorous Voices.

But the Mendelssohn Choir sings its entire repertory apparently as if it had done nothing since it was organized, but rehearse each number day in and day out. It is a delight to hear a chorus of such fresh, vigorous, unworn voices, singing with such a range of dynamics, such a finesse in nuance, such a keen appreciation of musical character and such military precision.

For example, last evening's program began with Ippolitov-Ivanov's Russian hymn, "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," which was followed by Palestrina's "Surge Illuminare." No two a capella compositions could lie farther apart. The first leans toward the harmonized chant type, while the second is distinctly Roman polyphonic, a work for double choir with the imitations emphasized sharply and the florid fugato passages calling for accurate vocal enunciation and a fluent legato. The Russian music demands the greatest skill in the nuance

ing of separated phrases, a nice adjustment of chord balance and the accomplishment of effect by sheer virtuosity in shading.

Second Concert To-night.

The demands of these two types of song were met triumphantly by Mr. Fricker's splendidly trained singers. And to increase admiration they sang "An Eriskay Love Lilt," arranged by Hugh Robertson, with a still different variety of style. It is unnecessary to go through the list of compositions on the program, describing how each was sung. From what has been said any lover of choral singing will understand that this organization is a highly developed body of singers, whose conductor is a musician of knowledge and ability.

The choir will give its second concert this evening, when the first number on the program will be a novelty, Vaughan Williams's "A Sea Symphony" for soprano and barytone soloists, chorus and orchestra. The Philharmonic Society will furnish the instrumental aid and the solos will be sung by Miss Florence Hinkle and John Barclay.

BONDANZKY'S LAST CONCERT.

He Makes Final Appearance of the Season With Philharmonic.

Artur Bodanzky made his final ap-

pearance of the season as guest conductor with the Philharmonic in the society's last Tuesday concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. He began his program with Brahms's beautiful second symphony, which has been less frequently heard during the present Brahms anniversary season than the master's other three works in the same form, and after a sympathetic and powerful performance of the score he was enthusiastically applauded by the large audience, as was the orchestra.

Following the intermission, when he returned to his desk, the applause was resumed, with the orchestra on its feet until Mr. Bodanzky had been made the recipient of a genuine ovation. He then continued his program, which further contained Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl"—and it was admirably played—and Liszt's poem, "Tasso," which had its first hearing this season.

Toronto Choir 'Sea Symphony'

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"How do they do it in Toronto?" There were several musicians in Carnegie Hall last night, when the Mendelssohn Choir gave a second concert, whose minds must have been occupied with that question in the breathing time between pieces. While the singing was going on they were probably too fully occupied in enjoying it and thinking critically about the music to wonder how such a choir could be kept alive. Is it because the characteristic love of the British people for choral music has survived longer in Canada than the United States? We say survived because we know that it once existed in this country in urban as well as suburban communities.

We have read many articles and heard many talks from the younger generation of conductors, composers, players and reviewers which published the conviction that musical culture began at about the time when they first began to make more or less tuneful noises. It is nothing to them that the Philharmonic Society, which is now eighty years old, had predecessors here and in Philadelphia and Boston and elsewhere; that there were choirs of amateur singers in America before such choirs had come into existence in Europe, where such music as our amateurs cultivated was in the domain of professional singers. It is nothing to them that the choruses from the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, besides good songs of a lighter order, were sung by societies as far west as Cincinnati as long ago as 1817. For them the all important things in music are themselves and their doings.

Shows What New York Lacks

We, too, caught ourselves wondering how such an aristocracy of music as is represented by the Mendelssohn Choir should exist in Toronto when New York, with all its population and wealth and boasted culture, cannot maintain anything like it even on a small scale, even by enlisting singers for pay, as New York has done for years. Evidently it is not the democratization of art, of which we hear so much, that is needed, but its greater aristocratization. We do not know, but we opine that it is a surer sign of membership in the musical elect of Toronto than ownership of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House or a subscription to all the concerts of the Philharmonic, Symphony, Philadelphia and Boston orchestras in New York.

First Hearing Here of "Sea Symphony"

But we are reverting to the subject of a probably ill-natured discourse yesterday which must be dismissed to make room for a record of newer things. In last night's concert the Mendelssohn choir had the co-operation of the New York Philharmonic Society, and with its help and that of Mme. Florence Hinkle and Mr. John Barclay it gave a first hearing in New York to what the composer, Mr. Vaughan Williams, calls a "Sea Symphony." Mr. Williams is a staunch upholder of the English spirit, as we know from all of his music that has been heard here, notably the "London Symphony." He upholds the English spirit, not by adherence to the tendencies which were created by Handel and which it will be safe to denounce as conservative and reactionary until some modern Englishman comes with an endowment of musical genius which will stand in some proportionate ratio with Handel's. He is English because he believes that music may illustrate some of the things which progress has brought into the art without becoming invertebrate, impressionistic, atmospheric, idealless, formless. His is a stout, manly modernism.

We were not convinced last night that the work which we heard was a

great one, not that the experience of using a chorus in something like the fashion that instruments are used in a symphony was altogether a success. He did not go to the extreme reached by Mr. Bantock in his effort to make orchestral play with words from Keats, we believe, or Shelley, but we question if his selection of passages from Walt Whitman's "Song for All Seas, All Ships," "On the Beach at Night, Alone," "After the Sea Ship" and "Passage to India" was a happy one for musical treatment. The poems are not lyrical, they do not invite song, and to illustrate them musically is to invite either verbal or musical incoherence.

Much Good Music

Yet Mr. Williams made much good music, either because or in spite of them, and, save in the last movement, created something like the impression which a symphony makes. Sometimes we wondered why the voices were used at all, as in the slow movement, which told us of night thoughts and emotions on the beach, and in portions of the scherzo, which discoursed descriptively about the waves chasing the ships. Yet here we had some thrilling descriptive music in which the voices took part.

Think as we might about the value of the music as such, however, there could be nothing but admiration for the performance, in which a virtuoso orchestra was consorted with a virtuoso chorus and solo singers. There was music of a lighter order in the rest of the program till the stout choral finale of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" came to end the evening's pleasures. To the credit of New York's music lovers it must be recorded that the audience was at least twice as numerous as on the previous evening.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

GREAT CHORAL SINGING.

When a large, genteel and somewhat sophisticated Carnegie Hall audience stays en masse until the very last note of a choral concert and then still refusing to leave, rises to its feet, applauding frantically and bellying "bravo!" at the singers and their conductor—when that happens you may be sure that something extraordinary has just taken place. That did happen at Carnegie Hall last night, at the end of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir's second New York concert—as fine an exhibition of choral singing, perhaps, as has ever been heard in this city.

For its second programme the choir offered a list of works with orchestra accompaniment. The most imposing of these was R. Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" for soprano and barytone solos, orchestra and chorus. Taking lines from several of Walt Whitman's poems, the composer has written a setting of them which is divided into the four movements of the traditional symphony.

The first movement is based on stanzas from "Songs of the Exposition" and "Songs for All Seas, All Ships," and is named after the second poem. The second movement "On the Beach at Night Alone," based on the "Clef" poem, and is the slow movement of the symphony. The scherzo, "The Waves," has for its text lines from "After the Sea Ship" and the finale, "The Explorers," is a setting of a part of "Passage to India."

The work is a long one (it takes nearly an hour) and the extreme concentration of attention necessary to follow the doings of soloists, chorus and orchestra, as well as the rather voluminous text, made it almost impossible to get any critical perspective upon the work after a single hearing. One thing is fairly clear: that Williams has come much nearer writing a great choral symphony than Mahler ever did. The work has dignity and breadth that never degenerate into pomposity, and the choral writing, though difficult, is effective and sometimes powerful.

One hearing left the impression that many of the themes, though sincere conceived, rather lacked deep significance; sometimes they seemed almost to have been chosen for their contrapuntal workability rather than for any intrinsic eloquence or profundity. One seldom felt that the music was keeping pace with the colossal sweep and surge of Whitman's titanic verse. Like Browning, Whitman writes his own music, and to overtop him is a feat that might well daunt an musician. But regardless of whether Williams has completely succeeded, he has made an admirable attempt, and

one of the great vocal recitals of the last movement was possibly the first, where chorus and orchestra combined to give a vivid musical picture of the great lines beginning the life of the ship, after the whistling winds. The slow movement in mood, and was superbly sung by Mr. Barclay. Mr. Barclay's work on heat was admirable; his voice of power enough to cope with the various forces that were sometimes raised against him, and his diction was clearly itself. Florence Hinkle's brief and ungrateful part to and labored with it heroically. It is a pity that time and space for any extended report of the rest of the concert. One might write columns about the glorious quality of the singing and the superlative interpretations of the conductor and organ. The symphony was followed by Fanning's little a cappella setting "How Sweet the Moonlight sleeps," a rather old-fashioned bit, but sung in a beautiful and exquisitely sung. Two of Kurt Schindler's settings of the ballads were heard again for the first time since the Schola Cantorum sang them in other years. "The Silversmith," a captivating Spanish bit, was encored. The macabre "Ballad of the Kremlen" from Siberia had an excellent accompaniment arranged by F. L. Plant, a member of the chorus. O'Hara's ballad "The Song of the June Plante," arranged by the composer, gave Barclay an opportunity to display his decided gift for humor. He sang a delicious unctious in a voice that was startlingly like Reinald Warren's in quality. The piece made a decided and emphatic hit with the audience and could have been repeated. Last of all, the chorale finale from Die Meistersinger, sung with such thrilling beauty and power as would have moved its composer to happy tears. The audience would not leave until Mr. Fricker had conducted his "God Save the King," which, after the second verse, magically turned into "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second concert of the Mendelssohn choir of Toronto took place last evening at Carnegie Hall. The solo singers were Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, and John relay, baritone, and the Philharmonic chœur supplied the instrumental part. The program consisted of R. Vaughan Williams's "A Sea Symphony," soprano, baritone, chorus and orchestra; Fanning's "How Sweet the Night Sleeps," for double chorus accompanied; the Spanish ballad, "The Silversmith," for chorus alone; "The Prison Song," for chorus and orchestra; Geoffrey O'Hara's "Wreck of the Julie Plante," for baritone solo, chorus, and the choral from the last of "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Williams's "Sea Symphony" was heard for the first time here. The text taken from several different poems of T. Whitman, and the work is conducted in four parts, with the titles "A Song for All Seas, for All Ships," "On Beach at Night Alone," "The Waves," and "The Explorers." It is well known music, characteristic of the choral and the land where the names Handel and Mendelssohn are still in daily worship. The sea is proverbially treacherous, and the poets have bravely adventured into it from time immemorial, and it usually welcomed them as it welcomed Byron's man "without a grave, called, unconfined and unknown." It is a pretty clearly demonstrable fact that the ocean is larger than music that no composition has yet been of which could bear one instant's comparison with a full grown Atlantic wave in the roaring forties. Nature has done much better with sea, and in the case of last evening's there is hardly a line of Waltman that is not so large and so strong that it does not crush the music which Mr. Williams has united it. The last section of the composition are a few moments in which the composer seems to approach the real of his theme but most of his is just excellently made composition which might have been written by anyone about anything, especially unless it is a commission from the stival of the Three Choirs or some sacred source. The work was admirably performed under the direction of Mr. Fricker, the conductor of the Mendelssohn choir. The soloists discharged their duties zealously and the choir sang bravely. But as seems almost inevitable when the sea is celebrated in one thought only of that saltiest seas in which they say no man

"The Barber" Sung for Last Time.

"Last time this season" ran the special announcement of "The Barber of Seville" at the opera last night, as will also be the case with today's "Aida" matinee and with "Madame Butterfly" tomorrow night. It was, in "The Barber's" case, the sixth performance in the Metropolitan's current list, a frequency beyond that enjoyed by Rossini's comedy in recent years, and explained by a multiplicity of its not rivalry of prima donnas of its school. Mme. Otten sang again last night, with Harold, Malatesta, Dildur and others, while De Luca took the title rôle in place of Ruffo, who was ill, and Papi conducted.

Phoebe Crosby, Soprano, Sings.

Phoebe Crosby, soprano, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Walter Goido at the piano. Miss Crosby displayed, as she had as a newcomer last season, a fresh voice and style, backed by happy choice of unfamiliar songs of Donaudy and Weingartner, Maurice Pesse and Charles Cuvillier. She gave a group in English by Florence Barbour, Messrs. Josten and Hincitor, Montague Phillips and Martin Shaw.

Phoebe Crosby, Soprano, Gives Recital Demanding Versatility

Miss Phoebe Crosby, soprano, who gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, has the natural advantage of a fresh and sonorous voice, often conspicuously dramatic in timbre. Her singing showed signs of experience and familiarity with the laws of song and was generally commendable. As an interpreter Miss Crosby was intelligent, sympathetic and sincere. Her program, which included songs by French, German and American composers, was varied and demanded versatility, a requisite amply provided by the singer. Among her most effective numbers were Weingartner's "Unter Sternen," Strauss's "Heimliche Aufforderung" and Paladilhe's "Lamento Provençal."

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

The performance of "Samson and Delila" offered at the Metropolitan last night was the first to be given by the Metropolitan since Caruso's death—not the first to be given in New York, however, for the Chicago Opera Company opened its season here with it in January. It had a memorable performance, with Lucien Muratore as Samson (it turned out to be one of his only two appearances here) and Marguerite d'Alvarez as Delila.

Last night's performance hardly covered the earlier one with a mantle of oblivion. It was not a bad performance; indeed, on the whole, it was rather good. Only, in comparison with what the Chicago company did with "Samson" and what the Metropolitan company has done with many others, it seemed a little—what Daisy Ashford would call "mere." The two halves of the title rôle were sung by Giovanni Martinelli and Julia Claussen, and sung well. Mme. Claussen, who had not been heard in the part for some time, was somewhat metallic in voice but made an effective picture and sang with confidence and authority. Mr. Martinelli was excellent, vocally, especially in the second act, where he displayed some of the best singing he has done this year.

The acting of the two chief protagonists was adequate but hardly impressive. Neither ventured out of sight of the safe shores of routine and both showed a tendency to confide their best thoughts to the audience. The dramatic honors went emphatically to Clarence Whitehill as the High Priest, who made a figure of power and menacing distinction and sang superbly. Mr. Bada made a cameo of the tiny part of the Philistine Messenger. Mr. Rothier was the Old Hebrew and Mr. Ananias died untimely as Abimelech. Louis Hasselmans conducted a performance that went with surprising smoothness for a season's first.

OTHER MUSIC.

A special performance of "Aida" was given yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the National Child Labor Committee. The cast included Muzio, Sundellus, Gigli, Mardones and Danise, with Moranzoni conducting.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last night, the following artists appeared: Giovanni Martinelli, Lucien Muratore, Marguerite d'Alvarez, Clarence Whitehill, Julia Claussen, and others. The program included "The Barber of Seville" and "Aida."

Soprano and Tenor in Joint Recital.

Inez Church and Leon Carson, two young singers, assisted at the piano by Edith Roxas, appeared at Aeolian Hall last evening in joint recital, with a duet for soprano and tenor from "Rigoletto" as their closing number. Each gave groups of songs, Mr. Carson adding opera airs from "L'Africaine" and "Rol d'Ys," and Miss Church from "Louise."

PABLO CASALS GIVES SYMPHONIC CONCERT

Spanish 'Cellist Conducts an Orchestra of Ninety Recruited Men With Distinction.

Pablo Casals put forward and promptly justified a new claim to distinction as symphonic conductor with an orchestra of ninety men, recruited from local organizations, at Carnegie Hall last night. There was present an audience that in itself was a tribute to the Spanish 'cellist's commanding musicianship and personality. An eager public saw no Quixotic tilt with windmills in such adventure by the man whom Kreisler called "the best that draws a bow."

He had, indeed, appeared as guest conductor once long ago with the Friends of Music, as 'cellist more recently in chamber music of the Beethoven Association, in addition to his many tours, and as pianist accompanying recitals of his wife, the former New York soprano, Susan Metcalfe. At home, too, he founded and has for some years conducted the Symphony Orchestra of Barcelona, Spain.

Two symphonies made the bulk of Mr. Casals' program last evening, the "Pastoral," sixth of Beethoven and the first of Brahms. The latter was followed by Wagner's prelude and finale from "Tristan and Isolde," while Beethoven's work was preceded by his "Coriolanus" overture. Swift impetuousness and rhythmic verve marked the "Pastoral's" cheery view of country life in Beethoven's thunderstorm and shepherd's hymn, his peasants' merrymaking, cuckoos calling, even the Alpine horns, that also echoed grandly in the later Brahms. Though the music lay open, Casals had the score in his head, not his head in the score; he led eagerly, with persuasive force, clear upward beat and colorful variety.

There were many recalls at the pause midway in the program and again at the close, as the audience caught the pace, so to speak, in rounds of applause, while the stageful of players in holiday mood heartily joined in the demonstration.

Richard Hale, Baritone, Appears.

Richard Hale, a young baritone from Missouri who had won a Columbia scholarship and toured as actor with Mrs. Fiske before his New York debut as singer last year, appeared last evening at Aeolian Hall, assisted at the piano by Helen Chase, who also returned after a year's absence. Mr. Hale showed again a rare union of vocal and dramatic gifts in German and French lyrics. He sang some Russian pieces in English and recent songs of Robert Nathan, Tom Dobson, Treharn and Carpenter.

Ovation for Farrar in "Butterfly."

Farrar, Gigli and Scotti sang in "Madame Butterfly" for the seventh and last time at the Metropolitan last evening, with others of a familiar cast and Moranzoni conducting. There was a large audience and a long continued ovation for the American prima donna in the most popular rôle that she is laying aside for a lengthy concert tour next season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Saint-Saens's opera "Samson et Dalila" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in a long season which is now approaching its end. It was feared that the death of Mr. Caruso would remove this work from the repertory of the theater. This would have been regarded by most opera-goers as regrettable, since the Saint-Saens opera had acquired a considerable amount of favor. To apply the acid test to the work and find out just how much of the favor was due to Mr. Caruso's immense popularity and how much to the opera itself would perhaps have been a hazardous experiment. But Mr. Gatti-Casazza seemed to have the courage of his convictions and it

was his belief that Mr. Martinelli would prove to be an acceptable substitute for Mr. Caruso as the strong man of Israel. That his first essay at the rôle was deferred till last evening is not at all astonishing. It has been a busy season and Mr. Martinelli has done much hard work. But his first Samson was a decidedly creditable effort and it was recognized as such by the entire audience.

Mr. Martinelli is physically quite as well suited to the part as Mr. Caruso was. It is not in the Bible that Samson was a person of gigantic size any more than Sandow was, but in the theater, as we long ago learned from the learned discussion of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by Bully Bottom and his brother eavants, it is necessary to notify matters very clearly to the public, and it would therefore be well to have a Slezak for the rôle. There being none available, a tenor of ordinary size must do what he can by his acting and singing.

Mr. Martinelli looked well. He acted with much dignity, even reserve, perhaps more of the latter than he will show when he is more at home in the part. The music is well suited to his voice and style. He sang much of it with the necessary vigor and much of it with commendable judgment. It seemed altogether likely that he would soon develop into a very good Samson and that because of this the opera of Saint-Saens would easily retain its place in the repertory and its popularity.

Mme. Julia Claussen was the Dalila last evening. She had been heard as the Philistine siren in previous seasons. Her impersonation is not one of brilliant distinction, but it has substantial merit and fits well into the Metropolitan scheme. Mr. Whitehill appeared as the High Priest. He was suffering from a cold and sang only to oblige the im-

presario. Mr. Rothier was once more the old Hebrew and Mr. Hasselmans conducted. The choruses were well sung and the ballet was good to see.

LA FORGE MUSICALE IS MUCH APPRECIATED

Ernesto Berumen Blanche Da Costa and Others Give Pleasing Program.

The seventh program in a series of noon day musicales, directed by Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, and Ernest Berumen, pianist, was given in Aeolian Hall yesterday under the auspices of the Aeolian Company and the Evening Mail.

Charles D. Isaacson, in the capacity of chairman, introduced the soloists and made a little speech entitled "Who Said Popular Music Is Bad," which called for frequent and merited applause. Among the soloists were Blanche De Costa, soprano; Albert Rappaport, tenor; Mildred Wallace, contralto; Elinor Warren, pianist; Rosamond Crawford, pianist, and Ernesto Berumen.

Miss Da Costa sang four songs in charming manner, with Helen Crawford at the piano. Mr. Rappaport presented two Strauss numbers, with accompaniment by Kathryn Kerin. Miss Wallace sang La Forge's "Before the Crucifix," with organ accompaniment played by the composer. Miss Warren contributed two numbers by Liszt and Moszkowski which she handled in thoroughly artistic manner. Mr. Berumen played "Novelozza," by Godard, and "Bagatelle," by Dambros, with a second piano part played by the Duo Art piano. The last number on the program was Liszt's concert (C flat), the first piano played by Miss Crawford and the second by Mr. Berumen.

Angelo Raggini Sings Opera Airs.

Angelo Raggini, tenor, appeared at the Town Hall last evening, assisted by Eleanor Buckley, soprano, and by Philip Parenteau at the piano. Mr. Raggini was heard in opera airs from "Elixir d'Amore" and "Favorita." Miss Buckley in the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," and both singers in a duet from "La Bohème." The tenor also gave songs in English and popular Neapolitan folksongs.

Matteo Bensman, Blocked From Premier Here by Musicians' Pay Demand, Dies of Shock.

Matteo Bensman, composer of several operas and winner of the Gold International Medal at Milan in 1905, died of heart failure early yesterday morning, after his inability to meet the demands of the Musicians' Union for advance payment had made him realize that

could not hold his scheduled concert at Carnegie Hall tonight.

This was to be the first American appearance of Bensman as a conductor. He had planned to produce his symphony "Palestine" and other works with an orchestra of eighty pieces. The final demand for advance payment for rehearsals and for the main performance, coming after many difficulties, shattered his health and caused his death by breaking his heart, not figuratively, but literally, according to the account of his friends. His physician reported his sudden death from heart disease.

Instead of the concert which he was to conduct, as the first exhibition of his powers to an American audience, there will be held at Carnegie Hall tonight a memorial concert at which his death will be mourned by many noted artists and speakers.

Bensman was a Russian, 45 years old. Among his compositions were the operas "The Jews" and "Erasmus," which were produced under his direction in various European cities and by Mahler's Orchestra in Berlin, where they won the praise of Mengelberg. Bensman was a personal friend of Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Mahler, Stokowsky and Zimbalist.

He was induced to come to this country, where a bright future was predicted for him. Admirers here formed the Bensman Concert Association to bring his music before the public. On the Honorary Committee of the Bensman Association are William Edlin, editor of The Day; Leon Gottlieb of The Forward, and Michael Aronson of The Jewish Daily News.

The first American appearance of Mr. Bensman originally was scheduled for March 18, but difficulties due to his inability to make advance payment for rehearsals caused the postponement until April 9. Bensman thought he had met all his difficulties, when he was confronted on Friday with the additional demand that he should pay cash at once, not only for the rehearsals, but for the concert itself. He made great efforts to raise the money on Friday, but he notice was too short. The excitement ended in a collapse. At midnight the heart lesion killed him.

Among those participating tonight in the memorial concert will be the Cantors Rosenblatt, Herschmann, Schinsky, Kwartin and others; the Synagogue Choral Alliance, under M. Posner; the violinist, Maximilian Rose, and soloist, Leon Reconi, and others. Music from the works of Bensman will be given.

The speakers will include Henry Lefkowitz, Dr. J. L. Magnes, Dr. William Edlin and Joseph Barondess.

April 9, 1922

"Boheme" and "Andrea Chenier."

"La Boheme" was sung for the sixth time and "Andrea Chenier" for the third, before large audiences at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon and evening. Martinelli, Bori, d'Arie, De Luca, Rothler and Didur were the matinee cast in Puccini's opera, and Papi conducted. Manuel Salazar made another first appearance as the French poet and patriot in Giordano's work, as he had in "La Forza," "Pagliacci" and "Aida" earlier this season. Muzio, Howard, Danise and others reappeared, and Moranzoni conducted.

Claire Dux in Farewell Concert.

Claire Dux of the Chicago Opera Company made her fourth and farewell concert appearance at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted at the piano by Richard Hageman. Her program included the Countess's air from Mozart's "Figaro," one from Haydn's "Jaguarita," songs of Brahms, Strauss and Hageman, and Czechoslovak folksongs.

COLUMBIA GLEE CLUB.

The Columbia University Glee Club opened its concert on Friday evening at the Town Hall with the song it sings best, and then it sang the one it sings next best—excellent choral singing, both of them, with a fine massed tone within the separate parts, good attack, release and phrasing; and the interpretations held attention. Then the quality of the singing fell abruptly.

The opening song was Columbia's own well known "Alma Mater" and the second was Gounod's "O Salutaris Hostia," which had been prepared carefully and sung by the Glee Club at the recent intercollegiate glee contest. After that the chorus broke into a seventeenth century carol, "While by My Sheep," with an explosive burst of sound and sang ponderously through it, pausing occasionally to bark "Joy! Joy! Joy!" They sang fiercely at God. And when they reached the "Chant of the Volga Boatmen" the choral ensemble fell apart and the fifty young men sang separately at the same time.

If the Glee Club had stopped after the first two songs, or if enough time could have been devoted to the remainder of the programme to bring up to the level of these first two songs, the concert would have been fine.

H. O. C.

Last Philharmonic Concert.

Mr. Mengelberg conducted Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture and fifth symphony and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" at the last of the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall last night. Elly Ney was solo pianist in Strauss's "Burlesque," which she had played at one of the composer's own orchestral concerts last winter.

April 10, 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

There was a question whether Fritz Kreisler would be able to play with the Philharmonic Society at its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening, as announced. He was ill in the morning and unable to be present at the rehearsal. He played in the evening without one, fighting the indisposition which threatened him.

There was little or no evidence of it, however, in his performance. He played Mozart's concerto in D, finely identifying the spirited urbanity that belongs to the music, the suavity and grace, with a delicate firmness of rhythm and with a rich and vibrant tone. It was a performance of much beauty and was heartily appreciated.

Mr. Mengelberg began the program with Bach's suite in B minor, in which he conducted at the harpsichord, as was the custom in Bach's time, when the harpsichord was an invariable member of the orchestra. The harpsichord was on this occasion represented by a modified grand piano intended to imitate the harpsichord tone, which it did with only partial success in getting away from the characteristic tone of the piano.

The performance of Bach's orchestral works always presents problems to the modern conductor. There is, chiefly, the problem of balance. Bach wrote for, or at least had at his disposal, an orchestra of fifteen or sixteen men. In this suite the flutes have a distinctive part that would be lost among the tones of the sixty-six stringed instruments that are included in the Philharmonic Orchestra, all of which played last evening. Mr. Mengelberg sought to rectify this balance by giving the flute part to eight flutes. This was to a considerable degree efficacious, but not entirely so. In the last movement, Badinerie, all the flutes played, but only half the violins.

There was great vigor, firm modeling of the phrasing and rhythmic strength in the orchestra's performance; there was little light and shade, or nuance of dynamics, and this was, of course, intentional on Mr. Mengelberg's part. Whether the true effect of Bach's music might not have been more characteristically rendered by greater variety in this respect may be questioned.

The program contained also Beethoven's first symphony—played by that change fatality which pursues orchestral conductors, a few days before by Mr. Damrosch and Weber's "Oberon" overture. The reading of the symphony was highly finished and of beautiful tone, and again the performance of it seemed worth while, though probably no more of this particular symphony would be required by the New York public this season.

Mr. Damrosch's program for the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall comprised two of Respighi's arrangements of sixteenth century Italian dances, out of the set of four originally announced; César Franck's symphony, a new fantasia for strings by Vaughn Williams on a tune by Thomas Tallis and Rachmaninoff's first piano concerto, played by the composer.

Respighi's arrangements are charming, made with taste and skill to fit them for modern ears as heard from the modern orchestra and not destructive of the essential quality of the old music. Mr. Toscanini played them here with his Italian orchestra and Mr. Damrosch had given them in his "Historical" series last season.

The fantasia by Vaughn Williams is based on a tune written by Tallis in the sixteenth century for Archbishop Parker's metrical psalter. Tallis was one of the most distinguished of the English ecclesiastical composers and one of the most dexterous conformers to the faith, Protestant or Catholic, that happened to be uppermost. This tune is evidently a product of one of his Protestant moments. It is purely modal in character and, as the program annotator justly observes, does not strike modern ears as "raging" and "roughly braying," as it was called in the book for which it was written. But these characteristics were traditionally assigned to the mode itself.

Mr. Williams has carried out his fantasia quite in the mood of the tune, which strikes modern ears as very dignified, not to say gloomy and depressing. The music is skillfully written for the string orchestra, with an effective employment of the different timbres. And it is in its way imaginative, interesting and impressive—up to a certain point; but Mr. Williams is so entranced with the evolution of his fancy that he forgets to stop before the listening ear is satiated with the gravity and severe decorum of the music. It was well played with a great richness of dark tone.

The symphony received a vigorous and effective interpretation; and Mr. Rachmaninoff played his concerto with his accustomed skill—both the concerto and his performance of it are now among the more familiar incidents of a season's music.

By H. E. Krehbiel

There was much music in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, albeit it was a Sunday and a day of rest—a term which is a mocking euphemism for all musical scribes and Pharisees from November till May. In the afternoon the Philharmonic Society gave a concert under the direction of Mr. Mengelberg. Mme. Myra Hess played Grieg's pianoforte concerto, and the orchestra, besides the accompaniment to that composition, gave Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

It was the fourth performance of the symphony in Manhattan this season and the fourteenth by the band, counting the Borough of Brooklyn and the other cities visited on tour. It is to be hoped that nothing remains cryptic in the composition to players or any one of the society's conductors. It was an open book to the world before conductors began to discover significances in innocent middle voices. Now no one knows what to expect, not even what moment is to be the next.

Methods of Transformation

Not in the symphony but in the symphonic poem by Strauss we felt moved to gratitude yesterday that the person who suffered death was only a common mortal. Had he been one of heroic mould his transfiguration would have demanded all the brazen hosts of heaven to describe his transfiguration. It will be a welcome day when the reverism to barbarism shall have been reached in the climax of the utmost attainable noise and the return to symmetrical sonority begun. Then again orchestral music may suggest the opening of heaven's gates in Milton's epic—"Harmonious sound on golden hinges moving." There was something like it in Madame Hess's snare, yet rhythmically energetic performance of the pianoforte part of the concerto.

Opportunity for Setti

The evening concert was out of the usual order of such things; it was largely choral, and the excellent Mr. Setti (one of the generally inconspicuous, but potent factors at the opera) had an opportunity to bring himself into public notice. Time was in the old days of the Academy of Music and the early days of the Metropolitan, when such an entertainment at that of last night would have brought us Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Last night, as in a few of the later years, the "opera in ecclesiastical vestments" was replaced by Gounod's "Gallia" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." There was also an agreeable, wholly dignified choral setting of the "Ave Maria" composed by Mr. Setti to an Italian text. In all this the chorus sang intelligently, spiritedly, feelingly, with credit to itself and its conductor.

Miss Grace Anthony sang the solo in "Gallia," and the solos of the opera were sung by Frances Peralta, Flora Perini, Orville Harrold, Millo Picco and Minnie Egner.

ANDRE POLAH.

Andre Polah is one of the four or five sincere and articulate musicians who have played the violin here this season. He is unhampered in technique; his intonation and his rhythms are excellent, and his playing yesterday afternoon at the Greenwich Village Theatre of Mendelssohn's violin concerto seemed an original and direct expression of his own feeling.

It was feeling that seemed more profound in quality than Huberman's, more sardonic than Kreisler's, less exalted than Kochansky's, more vigorous than Schuller's—and more complex than any of them. In Loeffler's transcription of a Caprice Espagnole by Ketten he communicated a subtlety of feeling which evades words at the first occurrence.

GERMAINE SCHNITZER.

Germaine Schnitzer's first programme of "popular" piano music for large audiences was played yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. It was a benefit performance, under the auspices of the American Jewish Physicians, Dentists and Pharmacists' Committees, and consequently no criticism is possible. It is one of the musical conventions that works of charity shall not be scrutinized.

H. O. C.

GIVE LAST BALLAD CONCERT.

Program of Unusual Merit Presented Under Warren's Direction.

The last of the Frederick Warren Ballad concerts for the present season was given last night at the Selwyn Theatre, with a program of musical merit presented under personal direction of Mr. Warren.

The soloists were Olga Warren, soprano; Alice Louise Mertens, contralto;

Colin O'More, tenor, and Jerome Swinford, bass-baritone, with piano accompaniment played by Francis Moore.

The program opened with two old-time classics, arranged for quartette, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" and "Annie Laurie." The soloists mentioned formed an excellent quartette, their voices blending in beautiful harmony. Each soloist presented a group number and each in turn was heartily encoored, but the piece-de-resistance was Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden." This lovely cycle for four solo voices, with occasional duet and quartette ensemble, was admirably done. Especial credit must be given for clear diction and fine conception of this poetic music drama.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The last subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society's season took place yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. The program consisted of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," Grieg's piano concerto and Beethoven's fifth symphony. The solo pianist was Miss Myra Hess, an English artist who is in her first season here and has made a very favorable impression. The audience quite filled the theater and bestowed much applause on William Mengelberg, the guest conductor, after the Strauss number and again at the close of the entertainment, when the demonstration was especially vigorous.

Miss Hess was not altogether fortunate in her experiences of yesterday afternoon. The Metropolitan auditorium was not proportioned to her tonal powers. Therefore at times her interpretation sounded weak, whereas it was excellent both in conception and execution. Miss Hess is a sound artist, not one of astonishing methods but rather a sane, well balanced and thoroughly musical player. Her tone is always beautiful and her treatment of the crisp rhythms of Grieg was so clean and precise that it brought out admirably the piquant quality of the vivacious themes. The cantabile melodies were all sung with fluent legato and with poetic appreciation. Her comprehension of the whole work was well published. It was good piano playing and was warmly applauded.

Perhaps it was because there have been so many deaths and so many transfigurations in the Metropolitan Opera House that Dr. Strauss's work seemed greatly in need of rejuvenation. Its prolonged repetitions begin to seem vain and the gorgeous disguise of its magnificent instrumentation no longer hides the real character of its pedestrian ideas. The imagination, eager to find in it the deliverance of a soul from its earthly fetters and the celestial transfiguration which awaits it beyond the great divide, finds much ponderous machinery at work, and catches an occasional flash of light, but in the end sinks back weary with fruitless effort.

However, it can be said that it was not the fault of Mr. Mengelberg nor the Philharmonic musicians if the work failed to move. The conductor's reading was masterly, as it always has been, and the orchestra played superbly. And something more is to be said, namely, that it was a joy to hear such an excellent accompaniment as Mr. Mengelberg and his men gave in the Grieg concerto. There was not a moment of slovenliness. Every phrase was played as if it were thoroughly worth while, and Grieg's composition was presented as it ought to be—a concerto for piano and orchestra.

CANADIAN BARYTONE SINGS.

Duncan Robertson, a Canadian barytone, gave his first song recital here last evening at the unch and Judy Theater. Walter Golde was at the piano. The program, which was finely selected, contained classic airs and modern songs from composers of several lands. Mr. Robertson's singing was very warmly received.

Plays Piano Favorites.

Germaine Schnitzer shortened a program of favorite piano melodies yesterday at Carnegie Hall to give place to assisting artists, Rubin Davis, violin and May Peterson, soprano, the latter whom was encoored in "La Coeur de M. Mie." By Dalcroze, and "Comin' Thru the Rye." Miss Schnitzer was applauded in Schubert's "Military March" and Chopin's "Winter Wind" study, repeating Kreisler's "Schoen" Rosemarin and adding Staub's "Sous Bois."

ment of a medical college in Palest The artists who took part were Germaine Schnitzer, who filled the part of the program by playing a of favorite piano pieces—mostly standard composers—including Kreisler's "Schoen Rosemarin," which she played; Miss May Peterson, a soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, who, Francis Moore at the piano, sang groups of airs and songs, including excerpt from Korngold's "Die Stadt," and Thane's "Norwegian Song," and Rubin Davis, who, accompanied at the piano by Ralph Dot gave two groups of violin solos. In Ing Zimbalist's "Hebraic Melod The large audience seemed great enjoy the entertainment.

AMERICAN SCORES IN PARIS.

Charles Hackett Appears in the Duke's Role in Rigoletto.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
PARIS, April 9. Charles Hackett, the first American tenor to appear at the Paris Opera, who was formerly of the Metropolitan, scored a triumph last night as the Duke in "Rigoletto" in a cast with Battistini, and other artists. The French critics are enthusiastic over Hackett's voice, musical mastery, and histrionic ability. He will appear again in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Tosca" at the Opera Comique in "Tosca" and "Manon," returning to the Scala in Milan in May.
It is probable that Edward Johnson of the Chicago Opera will appear this summer at the Opera Comique, and also Josephine Macbeth.

April 11 1922
By W. J. HENDERSON.

It was evident at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening that "Tosca" is still a very popular opera. Mme. Jellison, the Viennese prima donna who created a sensation earlier in the season as the Roman singer, had been shipwrecked after the manner of European singers two days after her final performance and sped eastward across the Atlantic to her nest in the Austrian capital. Mrs. Geraldine Farrar, who had to have Tosca all to herself, returned to the part. The house was packed to the walls.
In bygone days the Metropolitan had more than one Tosca. The public seemed to enjoy different impersonations of the role. Audiences were large whether Mme. Ternina embodied "the best Roman of them all" or Mme. Jellison showed that a professional singer might be cool and aristocratic and yet give Scotti to violent passion. Of course it was Scotti. He has been opera ever since the curtain first rose on this work of Puccini. He has chased more Toscas than any other living man. He has lately been chased. He has lost his job. It is said that he will go into retirement next summer at Saratoga to recuperate.
But in the bygone days no matter what Tosca killed Scotti in: the second act the house was always full. Perhaps the old days have come back. And perhaps it was a partisan audience last evening. Surely the honorable band of flycatchers was present and attending its usual duty. Miss Farrar, however, was in no need of organized aid. She was in good voice and she sang Tosca for the last time at the Metropolitan in such manner as to leave a happy impression.
When Miss Farrar first impersonated Tosca she was uncertain, colorless and lifeless. But she devoted herself to the conquest of the part until in recent years she has given admirable performance, especially from the musical point of view. She was never better in the part than she was last evening. She gave the audience her best and, with Mr. Scotti as Scarpia and Mr. Gigli as a pitiful Caravadosi, she made the presentation of Puccini's opera memorable. Mr. Moranzoni contributed to the general result by his conducting.

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SCHUMANN CLUB CONCERT.

Women's Chorus Is Assisted by Chamber Music Association.

The Schumann Club, a women's chorus of sixty voices, Percy Rector Stephens conductor, gave its second concert last evening in Aeolian Hall. The club was assisted by the Chamber Music Association and Harold Osborn with at the piano. Organized as a chorus nine years ago, the choir gave its farewell concert last night as a body of women's voices. Its purpose has been to learn the details of ensemble singing and to promote the development of musical literature for a chorus of women's voices.

Mr. Stephens has said that where the club now stands, it can do little more of work except it be to repeat what has already accomplished. Next season the choir will have been reorganized into a mixed chorus.

Last night the program comprised German and French songs of admirable selection, five Czech-Slovak folksongs, Deems Taylor's "Chambered Nautilus," and, for the third number, Wolf-Ferrari's "Kammersymphonie," opus 8. The Czech-Slovak folksongs, repeated by request from the club's first concert

season, with many of the other songs in the list, had been arranged for this choir by Mr. Taylor. The folksongs and the French and German lyrics were sung in their original tongues.

The program was very warmly received by the large audience. The singers, robed in gowns of different and charming colors, made a pleasing picture. Their performance was praiseworthy for precision, clear enunciation and no little finish and spirit. The quality of voices was fresh, but not of the best among the sopranos. The choir shows the effects in its work of arduous rehearsing.

By Deems Taylor

April 11 1922

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE SCHUMANN CLUB.

The Schumann Club of women's voices gave its farewell concert at Aeolian Hall last night. It will be disbanded to make its appearance next season as a small mixed chorus.

Percy Rector Stephens, its conductor, had selected a programme chosen from the club's most effective numbers of other seasons. There were four Schumann songs, including "Widmung" and "Der Trauemende See," sung in German; a French group, including Duparc's "Soupir," the Belgian street song, "La Bolteuse," Chausson's "Le Colibri" and the Breton "La Petite Robe," all sung in French; five Czech-Slovak folk songs, sung in Bohemian and Deems Taylor's "The Chambered Nautilus." The Chamber Music Art Society, of strings and wind instruments, with piano, played Wolff-Ferrari's "Kammersymphonie," and, in company with the organ, supplied the accompaniment to "The Chambered Nautilus."

Having progressed thus far, culled with the irrefutable facts of the occasion, one pauses, baffled. How does one write a dispassionate review of a concert that consisted, with four exceptions, of one's own arrangements and compositions? The thing is difficult. Proceeding cautiously, one might say, without bias, that the organization retired in a blaze of glory; that the quality of the voices, particularly of the sopranos, was clear and fresh; that the attacks were clean cut, the phrasing excellent, and the intonation perfect; and that Mr. Stephens succeeded in winning from his chorus of sixty a clarity of diction, a variety of tone color and a subtlety of rhythmic and dynamic shading that would have been worthy of a solo performer.

The Wolff-Ferrari work, melodious, graceful and not too weighty, was excellently played by the Chamber Music players. As for the rest of the programme, suffice it to say that this reviewer enjoyed it.

April 12 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Elly New, German pianist, gave her fifth and concluding recital last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program arranged by this important artist for her farewell was not prepared for infants in the art of listening to music. It was all solid food. Seven compositions of Brahms constituted the first group. There were two ballades, two intermezzi, a romance, a waltz and a rhapsody. Schubert's sonata in D major, Chopin's F minor fantasia and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" were the other numbers. Such a program was likely to tax the receptive tower of any but a devoted lover of the most serious piano music.

Mme. New carried away with her the admiration of all such concert goers. She leaves behind her recollections of a performer of what may be called typical German superiority. The typical quality of her playing is racial and national. Breadth of view, profundity of conception, high dignity of style and absence of merely sensuous effect for its own sake have characterized all her recitals. She plays poetically at times, but yet would not properly be classed among romantic pianists. Intellectuality predominates in her art.

She rises occasionally to lofty levels of utterance and at all times she shows a feeling for the potentialities of piano tone, but without ever developing these to their fullest possible extent. It has been said that her technique does not reach to the limits of contemporaneous resource, that she sometimes falls short of her own ideals by reason of incompletely mastered mechanics. Perhaps this is true. But she is a player of large style, of strong personality and of scholarship. Her recitals have been very interesting.

MISS WINIFRED BYRD PLAYS.

Pianist's Performance in Recital Shows Artistic Growth.

Miss Winifred Byrd gave her annual piano recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her program comprised music by Schumann, Chopin, MacDowell, Sterlin-Vallou, Leschetizky, the Schulz-Evler arrangement of Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltzes and pieces by Liszt. Always an interesting player, Miss Byrd's performance last night showed artistic growth. She has gained gen-

erally in the breadth of her interpretative range and her technical ability has acquired more finish. Her playing in Schumann's "Fischingschwank aus Wien" lacked something in rich tonal

quality, but it had musical sensibility, good dynamic power and a fine feeling for rhythm. Her accentuation in this music as elsewhere was often exaggerated.

In five preludes, "moods in miniature," of Chopin there was variety of touch with poetic taste, and in one of the master's études, a well balanced and brilliant technique. The player had an enthusiastic audience, which filled the hall and overflowed onto the stage.

MISS HOLSTMAN IN SONGS.

Discloses Voice of Pretty Quality. Sometimes Well Produced.

Miss Orpha Kendall Holstman, soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was a true song recital in that there was not an operatic aria on the program.

It was not a formidable list that the singer offered, but it seemed to be quite as exacting as her abilities could endure. She disclosed a voice of pretty quality, sometimes well produced and sometimes rather unkindly treated. Her diction was fair and her style generally indicated that she had been carefully coached. But there was no impressive individuality in her delivery, which seemed to be that of vocalist with no generous musical equipment. She was heard by a friendly audience.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ELLY NEY'S FIFTH.

Elly Ney gave her fifth and last piano recital of the season at Carnegie Hall last night before a large audience whose enthusiasm was almost as warm as the evening—but not so damp. The programme was—for her—a comparatively light one; seven Brahms pieces, Schubert's D major sonata, the Chopin F minor fantasia, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques."

Mme. Ney revealed again the personal and artistic traits that have come by now to be associated with her appearances—the incandescent flowing garments and the swaying and droopings over the keyboard that are all so quaintly unlike the dignity and sincerity or the purely musical part of her performance. The masculine power and superb vitality of her playing were at their finest in the Brahms E flat rhapsody and the first two movements of the Schubert sonata. There were tenderness and great charm in Brahms's E flat intermezzo and a little set of variations upon his "Wiegenlied" that she played as an encore.

She is not quite so successful in what might be called the prose moments—those passages wherein the composer aims to interest rather than to sway. She does not always make them interesting. Her love of the piano classics seems to amount almost to idolatry. To her the names Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Brahms are synonymous with consistent sublimity. When she is moved by them she is artist enough to be able to communicate her emotion. But when they merely interest her it never seems to occur to her that they might possibly need her assistance to keep them from wearying her hearers just a little. So she contents herself with passing on what they have to say without much emphasis or variety—very much as the Theatre Guild conscientiously gave its audiences every "the" and "and" in "Back to Methuselah."

However, overreliance is better than shallowness, and Mme. Ney's absorption in what she plays produces unforgettable results when she has something to play that is worthy of her devotion. She will be back next season.

NEW SOPRANO SINGS.

In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall Orpha Kendall Holstman, a soprano new to New York, sang a group of German Lieder in English, songs by Gretchaninoff and Sachnovsky, some arrangements of melodies of Revolutionary times, and other songs by Oberndorfer, McKinney, Parker, Dobson and Curran. She displayed vocal gifts that were decidedly moderate, a reasonably clear diction, and interpretative intentions that were sincere but handicapped by preoccupation with unimportant details.

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April 13 1922
By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mozart's "Così fan tutte" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before a large and evidently well pleased audience. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's newly combined Mozart sextet—Mme. Easton, Miss Peralta, Miss Bori, Mr. Meader, Mr. de Luca and Mr. Dildur—remained unchanged. No one was indisposed and no one was out of voice or spirits and the opera was given with delightful spirit. The applause that followed each number was of the kind that experienced operagoers recognize as a spontaneous demonstration of real enjoyment.

This is one of the most encouraging signs of the latest possibilities of public taste. The audiences at the performances of "Così fan tutte" act as if they had found a long sought fountain of delight. Not in several years have they heard music of this pure, fluent, restful kind, and it unquestionably sounds good to them. Furthermore, the manner in which it has been received will almost surely induce the impresario to revive more Mozart works next season. Perhaps we may have a new production of "Le Nozze di Figaro." But will the Countess and Susanna have to sing the letter duet three times, as they used to in the days of Mmes. Eames and Sembrich?

All that is needed to make Mozart enjoyable is good singing, and the standard of vocal art is not so high in these days that acceptable vocalists cannot be found. We may not have really great performances of these old works, but we can have remarkably good ones. The production of "Così fan tutte" has proved this. The good work should go on.

ORATORIO SOCIETY IN 'ST. MATTHEW PASSION'

Bach's Work, First Sang on Good Friday, 1729, Given With Noted Soloists in Carnegie Hall.

Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew," which bears a cumulative emotional expression of the religious life of two centuries since Johann Sebastian Bach first gave it at service in the St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, on Good Friday, 1729, was sung on the eve of the recurring observance last night at Carnegie Hall by far larger forces under Albert Stoessel's direction. With this solemn presentation of a masterpiece, the Oratorio Society of New York closed its forty-ninth season.

Reinhold Werrenrath was the baritone intoning the words of Christ. Others were Olive Marshall, heard in "The Messiah" last December; Marguerite d'Alvarez, of the Chicago Opera; George Meader, of the Metropolitan, and Charles T. Tittman, basso, of Washington. Assisting the 275 singers on the stage was a orchestra of sixty from the Symphony Society, with Frederik Shattuck and Philip James at the piano and organ.

Mr. Stoessel's division of his chorus brought the men forward at centre, two groups of contraltos and sopranos at left and right, while a third chorus of women from the Parnassus Club, seated at the back, supplied the chorales sung by the congregation of old-timers at points in the score. The separately massed voices reached the hearer with telling effect in question and answer, preachment and popular outcry. The choral harmony was powerful and clear.

The three men, who replaced the deacons or "readers," before Luther's and Bach's day, were well contrasted. Werrenrath, in spite of a recent cold, sang with rare sympathy, and Tittman, with inclusive, impulsive declamation as both Judas and Peter, while Meader most admirably and lightly added the connecting narrative. Mme. d'Alvarez did better with a sustained air, "Grief and Pain," than with her recitatives. Miss Marshall, on the contrary, was most effective in the simpler, devotional passages, characteristic of the work.

In the audience were many persons in clerical garb, with others, evidently former members of this or other choirs, who joined in singing the chorales. That one known in English hymnals as the "Passion Choral," "O Sacred Head now Wounded," occurring with ever-changing words, was sung with varied and moving beauty. There was a demonstration of greeting as Mr. Stoessel appeared on the crowded stage, but the audience was asked to refrain from applause both during and after the performance.

Mme. Alda in "La Bohème." "La Bohème" was sung for the seventh and last time at the Metropolitan last evening, when Mme. Alda as Mimì took her leave of the company for this season. With her in the cast were Miss d'Arle, Messrs. Martinelli, Scotti, Dildur and Rothier, and Mr. Papi conducted.

BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

On Good Friday of the year 1729, in the Church of St. Thomas at Leipzig, was performed for the first time a new setting of the Passion of Christ according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, written by Johann Sebastian Bach, the cantor of the local music school and organist and choirmaster of the two biggest churches in town. The new work was one of ambitious proportions and called for a body of good singers and players that taxed the musical resources of Leipzig almost to their limit.

There was a large double chorus, which had twelve or fourteen voices in each section, with an additional choir of at least a dozen boys for the prologue. There were five soloists besides, most of whom were professionals. The instrument forces called for by the score were fully as large: a pipe organ, a cembalo (a new sort of clavicord that Cantor Bach had devised, which had gut strings), and a specially augmented double orchestra of strings and woodwind instruments that numbered at least twenty men. Altogether a gala occasion, and a fine feather in the cap of the forty-four-year-old singing master who had written the music.

Last night at Carnegie Hall, 193 years after that first Leipzig performance, the New York Oratorio Society, conducted by Albert Stoessel, gave another performance of Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion music. There had been a good many hundreds of performances in between (the Leipzig cantor had turned out to be the greatest musician the world has yet seen), and times had changed. There was a large chorus for this performance, too; it numbered well over 200 voices, with 40 to 50 boys to sing the prologue. The five soloists were Olive Marshall, soprano; Marguerite D'Alvarez, contralto; George Meader, tenor; Reinold Werrenrath, baritone, and Charles Tittmann, bass—all professionals, and famous professionals at that.

The organ, played by Frederick Shattuck, had a console that Bach would have gaped at, for it could be moved about at will and its keys kept the same light touch, no matter how many stops the organist drew out. It was connected with the pipes by a slender cable and was blown and operated by a mysterious fluid called electricity. When it wasn't out of order it worked. The cembalo had disappeared, giving place to a marvellous descendant of Bach's well-tempered clavicord that had power and sonority enough to be heard above the entire congregation of St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig. The orchestra was about the same, except that the oboes weren't so noisy and the tone of the strings was better. There were more players—nearly seventy of them, in fact—from the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The proper literary thing to do now would be to expatiate regretfully upon how much better Bach's first performance of the St. Matthew Passion music was than last night's. Unfortunately for literature, that probably is not so. With all its defects—and there were several—the performance that the Oratorio Society gave yesterday evening in Carnegie Hall was probably better than anything Bach ever dreamed of.

To begin with, there was George Meader's singing. Upon his shoulders fell the burden of the solo work, for he had all the narrative portions of the Gospel. He sang with a perfection of diction and phrasing and a grasp of the poignant drama of the music that have seldom been equalled by oratorio singers in this town. Mr. Meader's voice improves steadily. It lacks warmth and sensuous beauty, but he handles it with such great skill and expressiveness that one hardly misses the other qualities. The purity of his style and the apparent ease with which he conquered the difficulties of pitch and interval last night were a delight.

Reinold Werrenrath's performance as the Voice of Christ had all its wonted dignity, finish, and beauty of phrasing, but it was obvious that he was under a severe physical strain, and the drain on his strength made inroads upon the power and timbre of his voice. He has been suffering from a severe illness, and literally got out of a sick bed to sing at the concert. Under the circumstances he de-

serves nothing but praise for giving as good an account of himself as he did.

Mme. d'Alvarez was somewhat of a disappointment. She was not in good voice, and seemed to have little control over its color. Bach's taxing voice writing seemed to baffle her and she lapsed occasionally from the pitch. Olive Marshall sang smoothly, but lacked the power to hold her own against any but the most attenuated orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Tittmann was effective in the declamatory moments of his part, but his voice was too heavy and intractable to do justice to the more lyric passages.

The chorus showed evidence of conscientious and intelligent drilling. Its attacks were splendidly clean cut, its phrasing was good, and under Mr. Stoessel's baton it achieved a really admirable variety in tempo and shading. Its great shortcoming—poor tone in the soprano and alto sections—probably lies beyond Mr. Stoessel's power to ameliorate. The tenors and basses had been brought forward out of their usual position on the extreme horizon, and showed their gratitude by singing with exceptional and sometimes disconcerting power.

The orchestra was Bach's—that is, there had been no attempt to give it more power to cope with the chorus by writing in brass and percussion parts. Instead, the woodwind instruments were doubled, and in some cases quadrupled, with excellent results, for the instrumental balance remained true, even in the fortissimos. Unlike the usual "oratorio band," the men played with precision and excellent tone, thanks to Mr. Stoessel's good conducting. All in all, Johann Sebastian would have spent a pleasant evening.

By Deems Taylor

A GOOD FRIDAY "PARSIFAL."

The season's last "Parsifal" was the best. Thanks to a good cast, the performance at the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon had a beauty and illusion that have not been equalled this season. Orville Harold sang well and gave a performance of the title role that had pathos and real emotional depth. Florence Easton's Kundry is one of her most successful roles, and she was never better than yesterday. Her limp voice and perfect diction were balm to the ear and her acting of the role was as moving and subtly conceived a performance as her appearance was beautiful. Here at last was a temptress who could tempt.

Mr. Whitehill still seemed to be suffering from hoarseness, but the tragic power of his Amfortas was as impressive as ever. Mr. Leonhardt replaced Mr. Didur as Klingsor, and Mr. Blass sang Gurnemanz in place of Mr. Gustafson, who was the Titurel of the day. The singing of the Flower Maidens was distinguished both for the excellence of the ensemble and the lovely freshness of the voices.

Mr. Bodanzky's lust for brevity seems to be insatiable. He made brand new cuts in the second act which would have been highly desirable if getting the performance over by 5.15 had been Wagner's chief aim in writing the score. Otherwise there was not much point to them. Except for a disposition to allow the orchestra to make too much noise in the opening scene of Act III, he conducted superbly.

The weak spots in the performance were mechanical. The first act went well, as did the first scene of Act II, but Klingsor's Garden was unpardonable. At best, it is an ugly act—the worst Mr. Urban has ever made for the Metropolitan—but that fact is no excuse for handling it badly. Once more, Mr. Urban's distant view of the Pyrenees was replaced by a crude and dingy cyclorama dross that bagged at the knees. Kundry's bow was gone too, and she came in on something that looked like a Mardi Gras float. The spear-throwing incident was so bungled that the audience giggled.

The landscape scene in Act III was lighted so as to lose all perspective, and was full of disquieting shadows, and in the last Grail scene the spotlight that was to tip the spear with red spent most of its time wandering aimlessly up and down the right-hand side of the proscenium arch. When Parsifal lifted the Grail a strong white light beat upon him as it should; suddenly vanished, as it shouldn't; then hastily reappeared. Is it beyond human powers to stage "Parsifal" perfectly—or does nobody care?

April 16 1922
"The Secret of Suzanne," "Love of Three Kings" and "Manon" Sung.

Metropolitan operagoers rained Easter bouquets upon three prima donnas yesterday afternoon, beginning when Borl in a Malibran gown led off a matinee double bill with Scotti and Patrinieri in "The Secret of Suzanne," now most aptly called "Costi Fan Tutta" of the cigarette. It was the only occurrence of Wolf-Ferrari's charming trifle in the season's repertory and Papi, who conducted, shared the recalls. An Eskimo pie combination of this dainty delight with the more sustained tragic impressionism of Montemezzi's "Love of Three Kings" gave another round of curtain calls for Muzio, Martinelli, Danise, Didur and Conductor Moranzoni.

"Manon," with Farrar in another favorite rôle and a farewell to her public of the popular Saturday nights, sold out the big house last evening. With the American star, who retires from the company after tomorrow's special "Carmen" and next Saturday's last "Zaza" matinee, there appeared an almost wholly native cast, comprising Chamlee, Chalmers and Whitehill, Meriam Arden, Meader, d'Angelo and others, under Mr. Hasselmann's direction.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ANOTHER IMMORTAL.

One Sunday afternoon last winter Emma Calve suddenly appeared at Carnegie Hall and gave a triumphant demonstration of the fact that when the veterans prate of the vocal glories of bygone days they are telling the truth; and just as one was regaining one's faith in the present as the best of all possible times, who should loom up at the Hippodrome last night but Ernestine Schumann-Heink, another disquieting reminder of what "opera singer" used to mean.

To hear her sing the Erda scene from "Das Rheingold" was an object-lesson in diction, phrasing and tone production by which almost any contralto now before the public might profit. Her voice is a living refutation of the calendar. As those enormous, organ-like tones rolled out, smooth and effortless, filling the Hippodrome as though it had been a drawing room, it seemed incredible that Schumann-Heink should have been singing Erda at Bayreuth twenty-six years ago. Yet such is the record.

She sang Brangaene's Call, from "Tristan," in a way that might well arouse the envy of any Brangaene at the Metropolitan since Louise Homer. Not that the others sing it poorly, only no one else seems to have quite the epic breadth and monumental deliberation with which the greatest of all Brangaenes can still invest this music.

She was not quite so successful with "Thy Beaming Eyes," which she sang as an encore. There was some Brangaene left over, apparently, for MacDowell's most popular song (how he loathed it!) assumed proportions of terrific dramatic intensity that were rather more than it could bear.

She came back into her own in her German group, which included Schubert's "Der Wanderer" and "Heidenreuelein," Brahms's "Sapphische Ode" and "Wiegenlied," Strauss's "Allerseelen," and her old favorite, the captivating "Spinnerliedchen." Not all that she did came under the head of traditional Lieder singing—she is still too utterly of the music drama stage to be able quite to tame her style down to the slender dramatic exigencies of mere song—but her great voice, her humor and tenderness and her infinite variety of style forgave everything else.

A final group in English and Italian included Lieurance's "Indian Love Song" and Arditi's "Bolero." Arthur Loesser, at the piano, played her accompaniments and two groups of solos.

Her American selections included Ward Stephens's lyric "Have You Seen Him in France?" and the "Flanders Requiem" of Frank La Forge. She began by singing an air from Rossi's "Mitrane." Arditi's "Bolero" closed her program. Arthur Loesser gave able assistance at the piano by playing the accompaniments and some solos.

MISS IVOGUN'S RECITAL.

Hungarian Soprano Delights Large Audience at Carnegie Hall.

Miss Maria Ivogun, the Hungarian soprano, who has been heard here this season with the Chicago Opera and in recitals and concert, gave her third and last program of songs yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall before a large audience.

She again delighted her hearers by her fine interpretations and emphasized her claim for being one of the most interesting singers heard here this season. In her opening selection, Mozart's aria "Marten Aller Arten," from "Entführung Aus Der Seel," she was happy in her exhibition of a fine legato style, although she was too frequently prone to sing sharp on her high notes. The beauty of her voice in her middle range shone forth in such airs as Pergolesi's "Se Tu M'Ami," and her dramatic sensibility and exquisite finish embellished her singing of German lieder.

In an interesting set of lyrics by Leo Blech she repeated the "Tintenheinz Und Plaetscherlotten." A closing group by Grieg was much liked. Walter Golde played the accompaniments with rare taste. There were encores during and after the program.

Opera Aids at Metropolitan.

Boere an audience in holiday mood Giulio Setti last evening led the Metropolitan's orchestra and chorus and sixteen assisting soloists in the last, but one, of the popular Sunday night operatic concerts this season. Chamlee, with Suzanne Keener and others, sang the music of "Rigoletto's" second act Raymonde Delaunais, with Kingstons and Alice Miriam—not forgetting the special chorus of small boys—took part in the first act of "Carmen." Between the two, there was heard for only the second time this year the opening act of "Samson and Delilah," sung by Clausen, Sembach, Chalmers and Rothler, the audience bursting into eager applause at the choral "Spring Song" that is among the chief beauties of Saint-Saens's opera.

SPRING IN THIS RECITAL.

Orpha Kendall Holzman Gives Songs in Season.

Orpha Kendall Holzman, a soprano gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall which catered to the muses of Spring. Almost the entire program was given over to songs of indefinite contemplative character. Read some of the titles: "The Heavy Hours," "Love's Morn," "Aspiration," "In My Soul's House," "Life." The atmosphere was in keeping with the lazy, dreamy day and most pleasant to the audience.

Miss Holzman's voice was eminently fitted for the particular kind of work she chose to offer, and she sang with pure tone and easy assurance.

Marx E. Oberndorfer was at the piano.

FRANZ KNEISEL CONDUCTS.

Last Concert of Beethoven Association Fills Aeolian Hall.

Franz Kneisel conducted twenty young players, four girls among them, as the magnified "quintet" of strings accompanying Ernest Hutcheson in a concerto of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach which opened the sixth and last of the Beethoven's concerts at Aeolian Hall last night. The hall was filled with a musical assembly that applauded the early concerto here, arranged by Sam Franko, and also another by Vivaldi, from the "Estro Armonico," in which the leading instruments were two violins and a cello.

George Hamlin sang five songs of J. S. Bach, Handel, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf, and Harold Bauer, Svecenski, Piastró, Stoeber and Manoly closed with Schubert's "Forellen" quartet, a program probably unique in omitting the name of Beethoven himself.

Dwight Fiske's Recital.

Dwight Fiske gave a matinee of his songs and piano pieces at the Princess Theatre yesterday, including accompaniments to spoken texts given by Paul Leyssac, who followed "Les Elfs" of Le Conte de Lisle with a solo encore "At the French Embassy." Dorothy Fox also repeated a song, "Metamorphosis," adding later "A Great White Bird," and, after a "Stevenson Cycle," Mr. Fox played his piano works, ranging from a "Romance" dated 1914 to recent "Excerpts From the Russian Ballet," which his audience encored.

Orchestral Society Concert.

Two thousand persons greeted Max Bendix and the Manhattan Orchestral Society, newly formed by seventy-five professional musicians of the various suburban theatres, in their first concert at the Century last evening. The volunteer players had given three afternoons of their own for rehearsals and they made a good start with Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, Tchaikovsky's "Italian Caprice," and "Slavie March," Gounod's "Faust" ballet and other

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition.)

THE LAST "CARMEN."

Geraldine Farrar's last performance of "Carmen" with the Metropolitan Opera Company, given yesterday afternoon at a special matinee, was a benefit affair for the Charities Aid Association. Marie Sundelius was Micachu, Orville Harrold was Don Jose, Jose Mardones was Escamillo, and Angelo Bada was Dancaire. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted, and Miss Galli and Mr. Boniglio danced.

It was a tumultuous afternoon. Dancaire lost his wig in the inn scene and had to be reminded of the fact by Carmen. In the last act Escamillo's white horses, fired with the spirit of the occasion and emulous of the ballet, did a bit of toe dancing on their own account and displayed an inclination—fortunately discouraged—to go visiting in the orchestra.

The Gerryflappers were out in force and after the second act pelted Miss Farrar with a shower of bouquets that kept all the male members of the cast busy retrieving them. Among the trove was a gold wreath, which Mr. Harrold placed on the singer's head, and a bouquet of roses tied to a tambourine. At the close of the performance many of the audience, particularly the feminine members, refused to go and crowded to the orchestra rail, applauding and cheering. Even after the asbestos curtain had been lowered, at 5.25, upward of eight hundred people remained, calling "Gerry! Farrar!" At ten minutes to 6 a representative of the management shouted that Miss Farrar was leaving the theatre.

The crowd left then, but only to re-assemble outside the stage entrance on 40th Street, where, over 1,000 strong by now, they stood waiting, resisting all efforts of the Opera House attaches and a lone policeman to dislodge them. At 6 o'clock Miss Farrar's chauffeur emerged and put down the top of her car. Cheers. At 6.10 o'clock Jose Mardones appeared in his street clothes. More cheers, and cries of "Bravo, Mardones!" Finally, at 6.20, Miss Farrar herself appeared, still in make-up and wearing her last-act headdress.

The crowd cheered and applauded as, bowing and obviously in high spirits, she stood up in the car and tossed an enormous sheaf of roses among her admirers. It was demolished before it touched the ground. Just as her car began to move, most of the girls of the chorus and ballet, some rather briefly arrayed, crowded to the windows and clambered out upon the fire escapes, shrieking: "Gerry! Gerry-ee-ee!" Miss Farrar smiled and waved to them as the car disappeared east on 40th Street.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

Slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely, American musical taste seems to be improving. Fifteen years ago such a concert as the Harvard Glee Club gave at Carnegie Hall last night would have been unthinkable. Gone was Bullard's "Winter Song," gone were the sentimental ballads with barbershop harmonies; gone was the once inevitable "campus medley" with "I've been working on the railroad" somewhere in it. Instead, this organization of fifty-three college undergraduates stood up and sang, under an excellent conductor, a programme of serious music that would have delighted the most implacable purist. The only hint of the club's origin was contained in "Fair Harvard," with which the evening began.

Here is the programme in full: Bach's "Come Thou, Oh, Come!" Palestrina's "Ecce Quomodo;" Pergolesi's "Gloria;" a "Credo" by Grechaninoff; Florent Schmitt's "Chant de Guerre" and Franck's "Choeur des Chameliers" from "Rebecca" (sung in French); Bantock's "Lady of the Lagoon," Ballantine's "Song of Night" and Darius Milhaud's "Psaume CXXI;" three Finnish student songs, a song from Brahms's setting of Ossian's "Fingal," Morley's "Dainty, Fine, Sweet Nymph" and "Let Their Celestial Concerts," from Haendel's "Samson."

This is music to tax the skill and artistry of any choral organization, and it is a pleasure to record the opinion that the youthful choristers sang it, on the whole, extraordinarily well. A great deal of the credit for their good performance goes to Dr. Archi-

bald T. Davison, the conductor, who obviously knows his business. In attack, dynamics and diction the work of the club was consistently of the best. Their French diction was amazing; if anything, it was crisper and clearer than their English.

The balance of voices is not all that it might be. The baritones and basses are mellow and powerful, but the tenors lack brilliance. Their tone is decidedly white in quality, with the result that in forte passages, even when they are carrying the air, they are frequently swamped by the heavier bass choir. The club's best work was done in the quieter numbers or those in which the baritones or basses shouldered the melodic burden. The Cesar Franck chorals were particularly fine, crisp in phrasing and superbly shaded.

The Milhaud setting of the 121st Psalm, written especially for the club after its European tour last summer, offered great tonal difficulties, as its close dissonances and uncertain thematic outline are hardly effective for a male chorus. The club gave it an excellent performance, however, and remained triumphantly on the pitch. Of the Finnish songs (the male chorus of the Schola Cantorum sang these four or five years ago) the most effective was the second, Palmgren's "Summer Evening," a lovely setting of an old folk melody for tenor solo against a sotto voce accompaniment of the chorus. In this Joseph Lautner, the soloist, revealed a light, even tenor voice of considerable beauty and won an encore by his excellent singing of the piece.

The audience, a large one, contained a generous proportion of sisters, aunts, mothers and junior prom partners. They had a perfectly heavenly time.

April 5, 1922

The Philadelphia Orchestra finished its season of concerts in Carnegie Hall last evening with a varied and interesting program, including a grand display of fireworks appropriate to the conclusion of its labors in this ponderous metropolis. Leopold Stokowski, the conductor of the organization, had arranged this program: Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter," Alexander Scriabin's "Poem of Fire," Mozart's familiar E flat symphony, No. 543 in the Koehel catalogue and the Bach passacaglia in C minor, which had been performed once before in the course of the season. Harold Bauer performed the apparently unnecessary piano part in the Scriabin composition.

We New Yorkers had the joy of hearing this work played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra on March 20, 1915, when it was given with the eye music designed by the composer. For it was his intention to have the ear music accompanied by a sort of kaleidoscopic color pattern thrown on a screen, the colors shifting and changing in such a manner as to intensify the mood creating effect of the music. The personality indicated by the composition is that of Prometheus, not in his primitive Aeschylean revelation but rather as the spirit of fire, light, heat and other elemental matters.

When Mr. Scriabin's poem was bestowed upon us in 1915 most of us felt that we had not grown up to it. We had not even started to do so, and we did not know whether we ever would. Those who had heard it then and heard it again last evening were sure that we would not. It was no use. We had not made a foot of progress. We had heard music by Casella and Pizzetti and Bloch, and we were no better prepared than we were seven years ago. We were still ancients of the earth and the splendid procession of modernists had swept on toward the future and left us grovelling in the dusty catacombs of the past. We listened honestly to Mr. Scriabin's work and wondered why the Philadelphia Orchestra wasted Harold Bauer on it.

Scriabin is admitted to be a fifth rounder among symbolists and that is what leaves the prosaic mind in the dark. It cannot follow his symbolism. All it perceives is his music and it evades the real issue of the matter by declaring that it does not sound like music. Of course it does not. All musical symbolists compose something above and beyond all music, and until the earth worm can learn to look up and see the ecstasies that leap and whirl and shiver in it like the flames of fire itself.

The Philadelphia Orchestra played the composition amazingly. Mr. Stokowski conducted it without a score, just as if were simple Brahms. It was an astounding feat of memory. The orchestra aroused more enthusiasm when it played the Rimsky-Korsakov number. That, of course, was because

the Philistines were not groping among the sublime mysteries of a rare soul, but listening to sounding brass and thundering drums and singing lullabies that made old fashioned church tunes assume the triumphant glory of an Easter morn.

Anyhow, it was a great concert and it brought the Philadelphia players' season to an impressive end. Perhaps if Mr. Stokowski wishes to play the "Poem of Fire" for us next winter he can engage Morris Gest to put it on for him with the original scenery.

PIANIST GIVES RECITAL.

N. Val Peavey, a pianist who lives in this city, was heard in his annual recital last night at Aeolian Hall. He gave a good program of works by Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms and other composers. Two American pieces were Mrs. Beach's "La Fée de la Fontaine" and the "Scherzo," opus 10, No. 4, of Ernest Hutcheson. Mr. Peavey played with seriousness, but his style was on alway clear or incisive and he struck new few wrong notes. He had a friendly audience and he received warm applause.

Luella Melius's Last Recital.

Luella Melius gave a final recital at the Town Hall last evening, singing airs for coloratura soprano from Mozart's "Escape From the Seraglio," Bellini's "Puritani," and with flute Handel's "Sweet Bird" and Sir Julius Benedict's "The Wren." Raymond Williams was the flute player and C. V. Bos accompanied at the piano, also Saint-Saëns's "Nightingale," Stravinsky's "Pastoral" and songs by Alice Barnett, Watts and Hageman.

N. Val Peavey, Pianist, Plays.

N. Val Peavey, a pianist who has before appeared here, was heard at Aeolian Hall last evening by an audience that followed with attention Haydn's F minor variations, Beethoven's sonata "Quasi una Fantasia" and pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Brahms and Debussy. He gave, in conclusion, Palmgren's "The Sea," a scherzo by Ernest Hutcheson and "La Fée de la Fontaine," by Mrs. Beach.

MISS MELIUS, SOPRANO, SINGS.

Assisted by Coenraad Bos at Piano and Raymond Williams, Flutist.

Miss Luella Melius, coloratura soprano, gave her second song recital last evening in Town Hall. She was assisted by Coenraad Bos at the piano and Raymond Williams, flutist. She sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" and from "Il Penseroso," an excerpt in French, from Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," and among other selections songs by Stravinsky, Liszt, Amhurst Webber and Watts.

Her fine lyric voice again gave pleasure and her grace and ease of manner while singing were quite charming. In coloratura work she lacked finesse, but her intonation was correct and her top notes were remarkably clear. More variety of color and style would improve her delivery where now there is a tendency towards monotony. Her audience was well pleased.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition.)

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its last New York concert for this season in Carnegie Hall last night. It performed some music—Rimsky-Korsakov's overture "La Grande Pâque Russe," Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and a transcription of Bach's "Passacaglia," which had been given at a previous concert and was repeated by request—as was notified to the audience on the program. It also produced a pandemonium of horrific noises, which, being continuous for a space, was set down on the program as "Prometheus—the Poem of Fire," by Scriabin.

We heard this thing when it was new and when it was accompanied by a series of colors flashed upon a screen by a machine which the composer had invented and which had been laboriously constructed in accordance with his designs by some ingenious mechanics from the Edison laboratory. That was seven years ago. The poppy show was amusing and served a good purpose by diverting the minds of the curious from what some persons with strangely constituted intellects were pleased to call music.

Bauer Performs on Piano

A pianoforte is also called for by the score and a choir of singers who are asked to make inarticulate sounds. The pianoforte was on the platform last night and Mr. Harold Bauer manipulated it to the obvious satisfaction of Mr. Stokowski, who warmly shook the hands which twenty-four hours before in Aeolian Hall had evoked from the instrument sounds of a vastly different order.

There are creatures—dogs, for instance—to whom the stench of ordure

and carrion seems to have a sweet savor. There are men and women who delight in the shrieks of beasts and human beings undergoing torture. There are also persons who think that painting means splotches of color daubed on canvas without thought of symmetry or significance of line or form. There are pitiable copies of humanity whose every sense is perverted and who have made cults and religions out of their disordered appetites and mental operations. There have always been such unfortunates both inside and outside of madhouses. There always will be, no doubt. It is a great, a monstrous, an incalculable pity when, because of them, the taste, intelligence and feelings of the millions of intellectually and aesthetically healthy human beings are outraged in order that a sensational desire to present or hear the ravings of diseased minds may be gratified.

Appeared Here in Concert

When Mr. Scriabin was in New York fifteen or sixteen years ago he exhibited himself in our concert rooms as a mild, gentle, somewhat Chopin-esque figure. In a few years those who were most closely associated with him had frequent occasions to know that he was mentally unbalanced. His mental disorder reached its height in the production of "Prometheus," after which he died. His friends knew of it. Why should anybody affect now to think it the utterance of an inspired seer and prophet? He consented that his work should be presented without a choir and without the *clavier a lumieres* which had played so large a part in his fantastically creative imaginings. It will not fully be appreciated until it is played without musical apparatus of any sort. Then it will be possible to think patiently and with sincere pity about the work and its creator.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

EXIT PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, which opened the orchestral season here five months ago, closed it last night in Carnegie Hall and a blaze of glory. The programme offered only one number that the Philadelphians had not already performed here, but was so brilliantly played throughout that everything upon it took on the glamour of newness.

The one work that was unfamiliar to New York ears was Skryabin's oft quoted and little played color-poem, "Prometheus." According to the record, last night was the first time it had been heard here since March 20, 1915, when Modest Altschuler and the now defunct Russian Symphony Orchestra gave it its first American performance.

On that historic evening it was produced with the accompaniment of the color organ devised by the composer and for which he had written a part in the score. What the audience saw was a sort of motion picture screen behind the orchestra, upon which colored light played, the colors changing and intensifying in alleged correspondence with the moods of the music. The result was not very satisfying, as the strain of paying close attention with eyes and ears was too taxing, in addition to which only the most credulous could discover any possible connection between the performances of the color-organ player and the orchestra.

The Russian Orchestra, to make sure of the poem's having a thorough hearing, played it through twice in succession—both times very badly. Last night Mr. Stokowski dispensed with the color organ and the second performance, both omissions adding greatly to the comfort of his hearers.

"Prometheus" has been volubly discussed and explained and attacked and defended and analyzed. Rosa Newmarch and Eaglefield Hull have both written long analyses of the work full of the most frightfully impressive theosophic and philosophic ideas. Mrs. Newmarch even went so far as to invent terse, almost curt names for the various themes, such as, "the theme signifying possession of a complex frame of mind, the enjoyment of the process of creation, the magic of activity itself, enchantment and finally hypnosis introducing the element

of mystic fear." Yet even this crystal-clear exposition did not prove of much avail last evening. "Prometheus" is undoubtedly a work of tremendous sincerity, stupendously conceived, constructed and harmonized with great skill, and scored for the orchestra with enormous cunning and resourcefulness; but it also seemed a little dull.

The "mystic chord" (C-F sharp-B-flat-E-A-D) upon which the composer built his entire melodic and harmonic structure no longer sounded as terrifying and ominous as it did in 1915—Casella and Schoenberg had seen to that—and the restless, shifting color of the instrumentation could not hide an inevitable stiffness and sameness in the music itself. There were passages of eloquence and beauty, but the composition as a whole sounded sterile, the sort of music a man might write who had no real creative gift and strove to escape his own realization of the fact by resorting to abstruseness and complexity. The orchestra and Harold Bauer, who played the thankless and difficult piano part, played it superbly.

Mozart's E-flat "Clarinet" symphony, which followed it, came like a draught of clear, cold water. Here was music by one who had never heard of color organs—or Theosophy either, in all probability—but who could write music. Mr. Stokowski and his men gave it a lovely, transparent performance, particularly in the *tristretto*, which they played enchantingly.

The programme, which began with Rimsky-Korsakoff's gaudy "Russian Easter," ended with Mr. Stokowski's magnificent orchestral transcription of Bach's great Passacaglia in C minor. This is one of the few completely satisfying modern orchestral arrangements of Bach. It never goes after instrumental color that is not implicit in the music, and it attains the Gothic solidity and majesty of effect that Bach himself would have striven for if he had had a modern symphony orchestra through which to express himself.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"WALKUERE" AGAIN.

Last night's performance of "Die Walkuere" at the Metropolitan may have been, in one respect, unique in the history of opera in America. It was a performance without a single singer of Teutonic extraction in the cast. Siegmund was a Welshman, Hunding, Wotan, Fricka and six of the Valkyrs were Americans, Sieglinde was English, Bruennhilde was Scandinavian and the other two Valkyrs were Scandinavian and Italian.

It was also—in part—the best performance of the season. For this the superb singing and acting of Morgan Kingston and Florence Easton in the first act were largely responsible. Heretofore this year the first part of Wagner's drama has been wanting in conviction, notwithstanding Maria Jeritza's fine performance as Sieglinde. The part of Siegmund is so important in the first act that unless it is adequately sung and acted the whole action sags, and Mr. Sembach's vocal and histrionic resources were overtaxed by the role. Last night conditions were different. Mr. Kingston sang the difficult music with a consistent beauty of tone and breadth of style that made it sound easy, and acted with admirable authority and dignity. He was not so good in the second act, as his voice sounded tired and he missed one important cue. All in all, though, he was excellent.

There is danger of taking Florence Easton for granted. She is so fine and versatile an artist, yet so free from striking mannerisms, that the extraordinarily high standard of her work is sometimes overlooked. On Monday night she gave a brilliant performance of the bravura role of Fiordiligi in "Così fan tutte," and last night she gave an equally good performance as the quasi-heroic Sieglinde. In some respects she is better in the role than Jeritza. Certainly, she sings it better. Her delivery of Wagner's tremendously sustained phrases, and her handling of the exhausting vocal placing of the music were a notable exhibition of beautiful singing. Her dramatic conception of the role lacked a certain heroic

stature that belongs to Sieglinde, but it had pathos and great tenderness, and she looked beautiful.

Clarence Whitehill's Wotan needs no exposition. It is a superb characterization. William Gustafson was Hunding. His gestures still lack direction and deliberation, but he sings the part well and is obviously gaining in self-confidence.

The Bruennhilde was Julia Clausson. She looked well and gave an acceptable if not inspiring performance. Jeanne Gordon was indisposed, and Grace Bradley, who has heretofore sung only minor roles, replaced her as Fricka. Miss Bradley was nervous and may not have done herself justice, vocally speaking. She seemed to force her voice a good deal and sometimes pushed it off the key. Her acting was indifferent. Mr. Bodanzky conducted spiritedly and well. The staging, particularly the handling of the lights, showed marked improvement.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Walkuere" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was of good size and its attitude betokened a warm interest in the work. The cast was one of no small excellence despite the fact blown in the glass German Wagner singers were conspicuously absent from it. Mme. Clausson, the Bruennhilde, is a Swede. Mme. Easton, the Sieglinde, is English. Morgan Kingston, the Siegmund, is a Canadian. Mr. Whitehill, the Wotan, and Mr. Gustafson, the Hunding, are plain products of the United States.

The performance of the music drama had some striking merits. Mme. Easton's beautiful Sieglinde again gave great pleasure to those who care to take such interpretations seriously. Mr. Kingston confirmed the favorable impression made by his previous appearance as the Volsung. He might easily be developed into a very serviceable Wagner singer. Of Mr. Whitehill's Wotan it is possible to say again that it is a well conceived and effectively executed impersonation of the troubled god.

Mme. Clausson was a Bruennhilde of the type familiar in the theaters of the smaller German cities. She worked very hard, but the results were not always what she seemed to desire. As for Miss Grace Bradley, who essayed the role of Fricka, nothing need be said except that she made a courageous first attempt at a leading role. The playing of the orchestra was one of the delights of the evening. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

A benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera House and two benefit concerts by prominent artists in private houses took place yesterday afternoon.

At the opera house "Snegourochka" was sung for the benefit of the Camp Fire Girls by Mmes. Bori, d'Arle, Delaunoy, Howard and Messrs. Chalmers, Rothier and Meader, with Mr. Bamboschek conducting. The souvenir programme contained messages to the Camp Fire Girls from the President and Mrs. Harding, from Hamlin Garland, Zona Gale, Mary Austin and Booth Tarkington.

BANKS GLEE CLUB SINGS.

Bruno Huhn Conducts Men's Chorus of 90 in Last Concert of Season.

The New York Banks' Glee Club gave the last concert of its forty-third season at Carnegie Hall last evening. Its ninety singing members, assisted by Kathryn Meisle, contralto, and Ilse Nicmack, violin. Bruno Huhn conducted the men's choir in Coleridge-Taylor's "Drake's Chorus in Coleridge-Taylor's 'Evening.' Franz Abt's 'Good Night, Beloved,' and Monk's 'Balaklava,' which was sung with a vim.

There were also Laurent de Rille's 'The Christian Martyrs' and, in light, er vein, Cecil Forsythe's 'Tobacco,' Caro Roman's 'Caroline' and Julius 'The Gongs Arc Beating,' a Chinese burial march. William Falk accompanied at the piano.

Miss Nicmack played solos by Wieniawski and Tchaikovsky and Miss Meisle sang songs by Laura Lemon and James Rogers and an air from 'The Barber of Seville.'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there were two performances yesterday. In the afternoon "Snegourochka" was given for the benefit of the Camp Fire Girls and the house was filled with the cheering atmosphere of "work, health and love." Miss Bori again impersonated the heroine and the honor

she won was not announced. Perhaps she will be permitted to cook and serve two Sunday dinners while mothers rest, but it is more likely that, being a star herself, she will learn to know the planet and seven constellations and their stories.

She had her usual helpers in working for the good cause. Mme. Delaunoy as *Lel*, Mr. Harold as the *Czar*, Mr. Chalmers as *Misguir*, Mr. Rothier as *Winter* and Mme. Howard as *Bobylicka*. There was a large audience, and the camp fires will doubtless burn more brightly by reason of the benefit.

In the evening "Andre Chenier" was presented for the last time, and before an audience which completely filled the house. Hundreds were turned away unable to gain admission. Mr. Gigli, new in the performance, was able to sing in good voice, and was able to arouse much applause by his vigorous delivery of the indiscreet utterances of the revolutionary poet. Miss Muzio once more pleased her hearers by her singing of the music of *Madeline*.

Mme. Howard, not wearied by her afternoon adventures in Russia, strutted successfully her brief hour in the fading salon of the French countess. Mr. Dassin repeated his impersonation of *Gerard*, one of the most excellent portraits in his interesting gallery. Mr. Dura as *Mathieu* and Mr. Bada as the spy were again most commendable. The opera was generally well given. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

TWO OPERAS AT MET.

"Snow Maiden" and "Andre Chenier" Have Last Performances.

The final presentations of "Snegourochka" and "Andre Chenier" for the season were given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday, the former in the afternoon as a benefit for the Camp Fire Girls, and the latter at night. Both operas were sung by virtually the same casts heard in them during the Winter months. Lucrezia Bori once more appeared as the melting heroine of the Rimsky-Korsakoff work, with Orville Harrold as the *Czar* and Yvonne d'Arle as *Koupra*. Other characters in the fantastic story were Raymond Delaunoy, Grace Anthony, Marion Telva, Kathleen Howard, George Meader, Giordano Paltrinieri, Thomas Chalmers, Leon Rothier, Angelo Bada, Louis D'Angelo, Pietro Audisio and Vincenzo Reschiglian. Giuseppe Bamboschek again conducted.

Claudia Muzio gave her usual commendable portrayal of *Madeline*, the beloved of Andre Chenier—represented by Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe Danise wore the robes of Charles Gerard. The cast was further supported by Kathleen Howard, Ellen Dalossy, Flora Perini, Adamo Didur, Angelo Bada, Vincenz Reschiglian, Giordano Paltrinieri, Pomilio Malatesta, Millo Picco and Paolo Ananias, with Roberto Moranzoni wielding the baton.

FARRAR'S GIFTS FALL IN SHOWER AT OPERA

Farewells began in earnest at the Metropolitan yesterday, when Lucrezia Bori and her companions in "The Snow Maiden," singing a benefit matinee, were followed by Gigli and Muzio in "Andre Chenier" last night. Large audiences heard both performances, conducted, respectively, by Bamboschek and Moranzoni. There was some throwing of flowers last night, even interrupting the performance, to the disturbance of many auditors.

The opera house was astir with interest in a last public shower of gifts yesterday from Miss Farrar, who has given her opera costumes to members of the company on the eve of her own last appearance tomorrow. Her wigs she gave to Marla Savage, and the chorus, her "Carmen" fans to Florence Rudolph of the ballet, and Miss Wilcox of the box office, besides handsome gold bracelets to Miss Morton and Miss Alexander of the opera telephone booths, and Mme. Castal-Bert, the costumer.

Miss Farrar gave gold watch chains the fobs bearing her miniature autograph and tomorrow's date, to some of the men of the house, in token of their courtesy to herself or to her father and mother at her performances. Among the recipients were Earl Lewis, Walter Raleigh, Alexander Irwin, Frank Callahan, Vincent Villamena, Clement Venturi and others at the front of the house; M. C. Burns and J. T. Edgar at the stage door, and on the stage Fred Stahl, Jules Judels, Philip Crispian, Fred Hosli, Charles Ross, W. Brown, J. Buchter, A. Weber, Ed Pyne, A. A. Quinn, William Shephard, and the assistant conductors, Delera and Pelletier. The famous 500 "Gerry-flappers," the young girls and women who have attended and applauded Miss Farrar's performances, were invited to her dressing room after "Carmen" last Monday to take souvenirs from her costumes and stage jewels. Their plan to present a gold wreath to her fell through when the singer, like Caesar, "refused to crown." These admirers, however, understood to have prepared with their own hands a "trousseau" or complete outfit of clothes in which Miss Farrar to dress when she quits the theatre.

now leaving the last of her stage costumes that remain. The house staff, it is said last night, have planned to leave the Fortieth Street doors for the occasion of her departure.

April 22, 1922
By W. J. HENDERSON.

The last German opera performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House took place last evening when "Zaza" and "Isolde" was given. Mme. Farrar Easton was the Isolde. She sang the work before at the Metropolitan and with great success, but last evening her voice was in ill state and she evidently was not at all with the significance of the role. She sang with deep feeling, with a passion, with that finer emotion which expresses itself without violence and without stridency of tone. It was a fine and finished performance that gave, albeit lacking something of the heroic proportions which have been associated with the part.

Mr. Sembrich, who was the Tristan, was less able to supply heroic illusion and his singing, conventionally good, did nothing important toward putting into the evening's interest. Mme. Clara Clauss sang Brangäne in a way which would have won her much praise in Düsseldorf or Hanover, but she had no memories associated with the Metropolitan.

Whitehill's Kurvenal continued to be the stalwart figure of old, and Mr. Sembrich made it perfectly clear why King Lear was unable to win the heart of young Irina Princess confided to his paternal protection. Mr. Bodanzky continued with sympathy and intelligence.

The season's last operas today are Farrar's farewell to this house in "Zaza" and a final popular tonic, when the curtain will ring Verdi's "Forza del Destino." Tonight two opera specials will be given from the Pennsylvania station on different routes to Atlanta. A number of the artists remaining will sing at Sunday concert tomorrow night.

Marie Jeritza Hailed in Vienna.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
VIENNA, April 21.—The reappearance of Marie Jeritza at the Vienna Opera House last night as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser" was greeted with unparalleled enthusiasm by the audience. The opera was received with incessant cheering and a profusion of flowers. She recalled dozens of times.

Julius Koehl Gives a Recital.

Julius Koehl, a young pianist who has appeared here, gave his annual recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Because a sonata of Beethoven, Opus 12, "The Minuet," was the "Papillons" by Schumann and Rachmaninoff's "Polka," with others of Schubert, Kline Liszt.

JULIUS KOEHL'S DEBUT.

American Pianist Gives First Recital in Aeolian Hall.

Julius Koehl, a young American pianist, gave his first recital here last evening in Aeolian Hall. In Grieg's minor sonata, with which he began his program, he disclosed an interesting musical talent.

His performance of the beautiful music with freshness of spirit and same individual expression in interpretation. His playing, while often agreeable, was again new to hardness in forte passages, but showed understanding of dynamics and a good technique. His general style was not yet entirely finished and smooth.

His list further included Schumann's "Papillons" and the sonata, opus 13, of Beethoven. His playing was much liked by his audience.

"BOBBY" BESLER'S RECITAL.

Many Small Children in Audience at Town Hall.

Many children, some very tiny, were in the audience at Town Hall yesterday afternoon when "Miss Bobby" Besler gave her annual costume recital of songs for young and grown up children. The children came with their adults in groups small and large. At the back of the hall and up in some of the boxes, were large numbers of them, of varying ages and sizes, which had come from different institutions of the city.

Hermaine Schnitzer, pianist, and Irene Polah, violinist formed a temporary partnership and gave a recital at the Town Hall last night. Their programme featured a sonata by Eugene Goossens, the Belgian composer. The performance was well balanced, for the musician showed a competent understanding of proportion and effect. The music, however, of uneven merit and attractiveness. This was especially so in the opening movement when the

performers seemed to have only the common interest of rhythm, for the melody—if it were melody—was continually obscured by

HAIL FARRAR QUEEN

Geraldine Farrar has gone and the Gerry-flappers are disconsolate. The American singer who has won many triumphs in her sixteen years with the Metropolitan Opera Company, won her greatest triumph yesterday when as Zaza she sang her adieu to New York opera audiences. She was showered with flowers, crowned with a jewelled tiara, hailed with "bravas" and tears. She intimated that although opera will see her no more in New York, she may appear as a star under David Belasco's management.

It was a unique occasion at the staid opera house which has seen the beginning and close of so many notable careers. Other singers of renown have retired there, but most of them, Sembrich, Fremstad and Eames, more or less conventionally. But Gerry could never leave that way. The flapper clique, as ardent a group of worshippers as ever paid tribute to their idol, wept and shouted at their Gerry, strung banners across the orchestra pit over the heads of the audience and flapped generally and unreservedly.

After the last curtain they flocked to the street, and with them this time were many older men and women. Farrar fans. Fortieth Street was filled between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, and traffic policemen gave up all attempt to keep a lane through it. Ecstatic debutantes and "sub-debs," perched on fire escapes with bouquets and strings of ribbon, ready to shower their idol when she appeared.

On Broadway With Tiara.

They shrieked and waved when she came around the corner with the big American flag that had been presented to her, and the tiara on her head. She had not bothered to remove her make-up. She climbed to an automobile, and like a carnival queen, waved kisses and dodged flowers. Some enthusiastic stage hands had planned to pull her up Broadway by a rope attached to the car, after the fashion set by Jenny Lind once upon a time when New York was younger and barouches were in style. But a motor car is another matter, and the rope got tangled up in the wheels.

Traffic was stalled for five minutes. The crowd added around her car, four husky policemen under Captain Howard, pushing emotional admirers off the running board as fast as they limbed up. Farrar waved and smiled and threw kisses to them all. The flag waved, and the tiara shone, excited men worked at the rope. At last it was clear, a foot on the horn, and hastened by a fussy police car behind, the automobile party forsook the rope and shot up Broadway at the head of a trailing procession of Gerry-flappers two blocks long.

The Metropolitan was jammed from floor to roof yesterday for Farrar's last appearance, which was also the next to the last performance of the year, a season which has set a record for successful opera. People stood two and three deep behind the railing, and the only vacant seats were a few in the famous horseshoe. Farrar was hailed with a burst of applause when she appeared during the first act, at the conclusion of which she was almost swamped by a Niagara of flowers.

Audience Rises in Tribute.

After the second act the flappers got in some of their best work and flowers fell on the stage until it was covered, an occasional bouquet hitting Farrar. One of them landed on De Luca's head. A tiara with its scarlet cushion and a sceptre were handed over the footlights, and after a moment's hesitation Farrar placed the mimic crown upon her head and stood bowing, with the sceptre in her hand. The flappers went wild.

But when a big American flag in a standard, its base surrounded by roses, was placed on the stage beside her, the audience, moved by a sudden impulse, rose to pay tribute to the fame this American singer had won. Farrar evidently was more moved by this demonstration than she was by the noisy acclaim of the young folks. She lifted a corner of the flag and pressed it to her lips, and was hailed with shouts of "Bravo!" De Luca stood smiling beside her, his arms full of flowers which he had picked up. Martinelli on the other side with a handful of bouquets, smiling their encouragement at Farrar. She snatched a rose, pinned it in De Luca's lapel and threw an arm around his neck as she kissed him. Both he and Martinelli frequently waved her into the centre of the stage alone, signifying that it was her day and the tributes so dear to a singer were hers alone.

Demonstration at Close.

There was a reconciliation on the part of the audience of the drama in the situation at the end of the opera, when Farrar in her part of Zaza fell swooning on the floor, and the last curtain fell over her. People jumped to their feet, calling for her, and from

part of the lower floor men and women and girls ran forward until there was a solid mass of faces looking up at her and cheering as she appeared. Some flappers unfurled a huge banner that stretched across the pit with the words on it, "Hurrah, Farrar, Farrar, hurrah." Some persons in the balconies protested that they could not see, and at Farrar's request the banner fell fluttering to the seats below. She raised her arms and the house became silent.

"Twenty years ago I slaved that achievement might be mine," she said, "that I might be a prophetess in my own country, but I never thought it would be like this. There are two folks down there in a corner who are probably shedding a tear now, two who gave everything that I might have my start, but I think that their parents' hearts are proud of this moment."

"I don't want a tear shed in this house today," she went on and was interrupted by a sobbing flapper who cried, "I can't help it, I've wept bushels," while the crowd roared with laughter.

"I am leaving this institution because I want to, but that does not mean farewell to you," she continued. "I have many plans. I see on this side a dear man whom perhaps you have not seen, David Belasco. He is a very tempting person, he has whispered in my ear, but we will keep our secret a little while. These have been sixteen years of happiness, such great happiness that if I died tonight I would not regret it. I love you all dearly, but we are weary, and we must say good-by."

Miss Farrar has sung for twenty years. She began at the Berlin Royal Opera and made her debut at the Metropolitan Nov. 26, 1906, as Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." It was the only time in all Caruso's eighteen years in America that he yielded the opening night of a season to another star. She has retired to go on concert tours, and it has been estimated that she will be able to earn \$250,000 a year. Her leaving the Metropolitan was due to a dispute over a contract which offered her only half a season. Her intimation yesterday that she might appear under Belasco's management has been the first suggestion that she would go on the speaking stage.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

THE Metropolitan Opera House closes its doors upon what must be one of the most prosperous seasons, from a financial point of view, that it has ever had. Crowded houses have been the rule almost without an exception; extra performances, if possible still more crowded—all "new money," in addition to the takings of the subscription list, which was the largest in the history of the house—have been more and more frequent.

And expenses for the payment of great and high-priced artists must certainly have diminished, in consequence of what seems to be the prudent business policy of the management. And if reports are true—though reports that fly around the Opera House often are not—the saving in this class of expense is going to be still greater.

Those who thought with dread of the effect the death of Enrico Caruso was likely to have on opera in New York, or the interest of the public in the operatic entertainment, of even the possibility of "carrying on" without him, have been undeceived. He is very greatly missed: all great artists have been missed when they have been removed from the scene of their activities. But the art goes on, as the art always has gone on, without the favorite tenor; the public interest in opera has apparently suffered no diminution, and music is once more seen to be greater than the musician.

The departure of Mme. Geraldine Farrar will be lamented and regretted by a large number of her admirers. There are others who will regret it less; who, though they have been gratified by her more musical singing in the season just closed, cannot shut their ears and their eyes to a general deterioration in her art. They remember, and with pleasure, a number of her beautiful impersonations in the past. It seems like a chapter that ought not to be closed just in the way it is to be. And to this many will add a sense of loss that the place of an American artist is to be taken by a stranger.

The promises of the management made at the beginning of the season as to the productions of new works, or the reproduction of old ones, have all been kept; as under the present firmly established régime they always are. It must be confessed that to many observers some of these promises, and the considerations that prompted them, seemed strange. Nor has the event, in the fulfillment of the promises, lessened this feeling.

No doubt, operatic managers labor under difficulties in these days in keeping up an interesting operatic repertory that will not fall in attracting the public; and especially in adding to it from season to season. Some who would, perhaps, be able to carry on the impresario's business better than he can himself, make criticisms; and it is hard to see how some of them should be answered. They criticize, especially, the choice of new productions.

It seemed strange to these critics that the management should decide, now, to put on at the Metropolitan Opera House Lalo's opera of "Le Roi d'Ys" thirty-four years after its first production in Paris. They have been thirty-four years of very considerable success for the work, but much earlier was the time to bring the opera to New York. In a time of a century any music but the most unquestionable of masterpieces loses a good deal, or most, of its savor, "Le Roi d'Ys" had lost a good deal of its savor. Its reception as a novelty with the nap worn off was something of a disappointment.

Very much the same thing is to be said of Catalani's "Loreley." To Italy it was new in its original form forty-two years ago; in its revised form, thirty-two years ago. On its arrival in New York it has shown its age. It is interesting to students as a transitional work; but it has not much originality of fibre and it makes no very vivid impression on New York music lovers.

There was a better reason for producing Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," a new work that has had success and the product of a marked talent, even though a candid estimate of it does not credit it with great originality or much power. In "Sneгурotchka," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, the management got hold of a work of real charm and of a great and original talent—another one that might well have reached New York earlier but for the lateness of the vogue for Russian opera, upon whose wave it came to these shores. It was a beautiful production—most of the new productions at the Metropolitan have beauty—and one that appealed to imagination and sympathy of the audience.

"La Navarraise," by Massenet, made no very profound stir, except upon the eardrums of those actually present. Nor did "Ernani" thrill the pulses of many except the old guard and the nationalists. But the old guard wants singing of the sort the opera demands, and all the singing in "Ernani" has not been of this sort. As for the nationalists, they don't care so long as the high notes are abundant and loud. "Die Walküre" in German was greeted with satisfaction by many who await with impatience the

return of the Wagnerian drama completely to the Metropolitan.

But it was in Mozart's opera of "Così fan Tutte" that the management made its finest achievement of the season. The opera, 132 years old, was new to New York—but unlike some of the other newcomers of the season, it had not delayed its coming till its welcome was worn out. The charm of the work was well represented in the performance and in the setting. And the management might take justifiable pride in showing that it can command enough good singing of the Mozart style to put on at least one of Mozart's operas, even one of the smallest ones.

As for the new singers, the greatest impression was made by the few appearances in "Boris Godunoff" of Mr. Chaliapin. He was not announced for the season, but his presence in New York gave an opportunity to have him in opera that the management seized with a somewhat unaccustomed and unexpected access of enterprise.

Mme. Marie Jeritza is the one of the regular company who has made the greatest success. She is a very good actress and a good singer, with a sympathetic personality, a beautiful presence and a plastic style. She is full

of dramatic power, a chief factor in the success of a dramatic singer. It is possible that the public enthusiasm over her, once launched, shot a little far, and that some little revision of the estimates of her abilities may be necessary. This may be particularly true of her vocalism, which is not so perfect a use of a naturally fine voice as might be expected from a granddaughter-in-law of Mathilde Marchesi.

Mme. Galli-Curci brought no new revelations into the Metropolitan company that had not been made in the Chicago company. Her performances naturally attracted great interest. Nor did Mr. Titta Ruffo show powers that were not familiar in the performances of the rival company. An unfortunate illness kept him from doing all that had been hoped and expected from him.

George Meader has made a real success as one of the American artists who reflect credit upon native art; a success both as an accomplished singer and as a resourceful actor.

Mme. Selma Kurz, who was announced, did not turn up; and Mme. Angles Otteln, who appeared several times, did not commend herself strongly to most tastes. The one new conductor, Mr. Hasselmans, who took Mr. Wolff's place in the French operas when he sailed away, showed, as he had shown before in the Chicago performances, ability and distinction.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza's contract as General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company was renewed before the close of the season for a period of three years after 1923. He has occupied the position fourteen years, during which time the institution has

been put upon a basis of permanency and continuity that it had never before had. Its subscription list and the "business" in general have vastly increased during his incumbency. He has shown ability and resource in the conduct of one of the most difficult, intricate and exacting of tasks, that of conducting a great opera house. He has had a great support from the public and from his Board of Directors, which has eliminated the harassment of financial anxiety.

In his fourteen years Mr. Gatti-Casazza has produced a very large number of new operas of many different schools. A number of these have been brilliant successes. A much larger number, as was inevitable, have been failures. Whether the proportion of failures to successes has been any greater than with most impresarios would require long and difficult research to ascertain. There has been occasion to marvel at some of his choices, and opportunity to say "We told you so!" after the event. There has been occasion for much gratitude for artistic pleasures given. There have been occasions for criticism as well as praise of the manner in which some operas have been mounted and sung and of the spirit in which they were given. There has been fault found because this thing was done and that was not, sometimes with reason. But there has been a high average of success, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza may be congratulated on his average. There are very few men who have all the qualities, all the skill and knowledge, that go to make success as an operatic impresario. Some of those who know how Mr. Gatti-Casazza's business should be conducted better than he does would be hard put to name a successor who would improve on his management.

The record of the season is conveyed in the following table:

Metropolitan Opera Season, 1921-1922.

Opera.	First Sung.	No. of P'm'ces.
La Traviata	Nov. 14	16
Lohengrin	17	17
Lucia	17	17
Tosca	18	18
Die Tote Stadt	19	19
Faust	21	21
Louise	24	24
Madama Butterfly	25	25
Meistersinger	26	26
Hugoboth	26	26
Aida	26	26
Tristan	26	26
La Navarraise	30	30
Cavalleria Rusticana	30	30
La Boheme	Dec. 1	1
Armen	3	3
Manon Lescaut	3	3
Manon	8	8

La Traviata	16
Lohengrin	17
Lucia	17
Tosca	18
Die Tote Stadt	19
Faust	21
Louise	24
Madama Butterfly	25
Meistersinger	26
Hugoboth	26
Aida	26
Tristan	26
La Navarraise	30
Cavalleria Rusticana	30
La Boheme	Dec. 1
Armen	3
Manon Lescaut	3
Manon	8

* Novelties and revivals.

By Deems Taylor

THIS is the time of year when the critic turns statistician, seeking in the cool embrace of mathematics some slight surcease from the debilitating enterprise of analyzing emotional reactions. As the Metropolitan to-night closes its season of twenty-three weeks, packs its collective trunks and flees to Atlanta for one last week of opera before disbanding for the summer, the time has obviously come for another of those statistical inquests which are such fun for the compiler to hold—and for the reader to skip. However, if mathematics had had to wait upon popular applause, Isaac Newton would have died obscurely. And so, bravely, to our arithmetic.

The Metropolitan Opera Company began the season of 1921-22 on the evening of Nov. 14, 1921, with a performance of Verdi's "La Traviata," Amelita Galli-Curci singing the role of Violetta. When it formally disbands next Saturday night it will have given 221 performances of opera during the season, distributed as follows: At the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 166; at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, 10; in Philadelphia, Pa., 16; in Atlanta, Ga., 7. There are two ways of reckoning these performances. The Metropolitan calls one evening or afternoon a "performance," even though there be two operas on the bill. For the purposes of this summary, however, any presentation of an opera will be considered one performance (a double bill would thus be two performances). By this method of figuring the Metropolitan's New York performances during the season total 175. These performances, and these only, will be the basis of the statistics that follow.

THERE were thirty-seven operas in the repertoire performed by the Metropolitan this season. Of these, twenty-four were sung in Italian, eight in French, four in German, one in English, and one was sung in English once and in German five times. The nationality of the operas was not, however, invariably that of the language in which they were sung. Thus "Così fan Tutte," a German opera, was sung in Italian; "Boris Godunoff," a Russian opera, was sung also in Italian, and "Snyegurochka," another Russian opera, in French. "Parsifal" was sung in English and "Lohengrin" received one performance in that language. Classifying the works solely by their nativity, they ranked on the list as follows:

Nationality	Per Cent. of Repertoire.	Number of Performances.	Per Cent. of Performances.
No. of Work.			
22 Italian	59.5	103	58.8
7 French	18.9	31	17.7
6 German	16.2	29	16.6
2 Russian	5.4	12	6.9
0 American	0.0	0	0.0

(The fifth set of figures refers to performances of John Alden Carpenter's ballet-pantomime, "The Birthday of the Infanta," declined by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1919 on the ground that it was "too intimate" and produced in New York with great success by the Chicago Opera Company during the seasons of 1919-20 and 1921-22.)

THE most popular composer in point of performance was Verdi, who received twenty-seven performances of seven operas. Puccini, with twenty-five performances of four operas, came second; Wagner, third, with nineteen performances of four operas, and Leoncavallo fourth, with twelve performances of two operas. Leoncavallo should really, perhaps, rank first, for each of his operas was performed six times, whereas Verdi averaged only 3.858 performances per opera.

The most popular opera was "Tosca," which was performed nine times. "Aida" and "Carmen" tied for second place with eight performances each, with "Butterfly," "La Boheme" and "Snyegurochka" dividing third place with seven performances apiece. "Pagliacci," "Zaza," "Cavalleria," "The Barber," "Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Walkure" and "Die Tote Stadt" were all done six times. Four operas—"Boris," "Louise," "Faust" and "Le Roi d'Ys"—were done five times; ten had four performances each, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" had two, and "Samson et Dalila" and "The Secret of Suzanne" had one each. The fact that "Die Tote Stadt" and the unspeakable "Zaza" had six performances each, while "Tristan" and "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" struggled along with four, seems evidence that the number of performances a work received bore no particular relation to its artistic worth.

DURING the past season the Metropolitan made four new productions and three revivals. The first of these was Erich Korngold's opera, "Die Tote Stadt," produced on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19, last. The book is good, but the music, while theatrically effective, is reminiscent and heavily over-orchestrated. The first performance was also the American debut of Maria Jeriza, who will be discussed later. "Die Tote Stadt" may survive a few seasons as a vehicle for her spectacular talents, but it seems too wanting in individuality ever to become a part of the standard operatic repertoire. The other novelties and revivals were the following:

"LA NAVARRAISE," opera in one act by Jules Massenet. Revival. Last sung in New York by Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company in 1907-08. A blood-and-thunder libretto that gave Geraldine Farrar a chance to assassinate a General, be cursed by her dying lover

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(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"SALUT AU MONDE."

When Charles T. Griffes died in April, 1920, he was at work upon the incidental music for a pageant arrangement of Walt Whitman's poem

"Salut au Monde" to be given at a spring festival at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The young composer's sudden death necessitated an indefinite postponement of the festival, but his score, although virtually complete, was in the form of sketches and rough notes that were not easily decipherable.

Edmund Rickett, who was commissioned by the directors of the Playhouse to put the score in shape for performance, copied out Griffes's rough drafts, amplifying them where necessary, and arranged the music for an ensemble of wind instruments, harps, percussion and piano, in accordance with the indications made by the composer. The completed work received its first performance last night at the Neighborhood Playhouse, the small orchestra being recruited from George Barrere's "Barrere Ensemble" and "Little Symphony."

"Salut au Monde," described in the programme as "a festival," is a sort of intimate pageant based upon Whitman's great poem. The principal speaker, the poet, communes with unseen voices, and in response to their questioning describes the people on earth as he sees them. His visions are shown upon the stage, appearing through a circular opening at the back that gives the stage picture an effect of things seen in a crystal ball.

The festival is divided into three parts. Part I, in two scenes, illustrates in a series of pantomimic processions the miserable and happy sides of life. Part II, contains five scenes which illustrate in rustic pantomime and dance, five manifestations of the religious impulse—the Hebrew, the Hindu, the Greek, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. Part III, shows the procession of mankind toward something higher and wiser than itself.

As absolute music, Griffes's score would not be of great importance, for the composer was content to subordinate his accompaniment absolutely to the action and speech of the players. In view of the small instrumental and choral forces at his command, this was probably the wisest thing he could have done, and his music fits the mood of the pageant so unobtrusively and well that even when it goes virtually unheard it is a valuable adjunct to the stage action.

The most interesting part of the performance, musically, was the second, with its five symbolic religious scenes, which embodied not only Griffes's music but authentic chants and dances gathered from Hebrew, Hindu, Arabic, Greek and Gregorian sources.

Ian Maclaren played the important role of the Poet, arrayed in striking resemblance to Walt Whitman himself, and read the lines of the poem with a sonorous beauty and simplicity that helped the mood of the whole performance immeasurably. The scenic effects, which were obtained for the most part by an ingenious use of lights, were remarkably convincing, the dancers and singers showed signs of having had excellent training, and the entire production had beauty and an impressive spaciousness of mood that quite transcended the bounds of the tiny playhouse. The festival will be repeated every Saturday and Sunday night for the next three weeks.

OTHER MUSIC.

Fritz Kreisler played "A Concert of Romantic Music for the Violin" last evening at Carnegie Hall to as many people as the house and the stage behind him could be made to hold.

As he played and as attention followed his music, he seemed to be advancing with such a calm, alert assurance among such clearly understood feelings that the listener felt relieved of all instinct to correct. He had nothing to do but enjoy what he received. The technique of the communication disappeared.

The programme comprised Grieg's sonata in C minor, Bruch's concerto in G minor, Willem Willeke's "Chanson sans Paroles," a London-derry air arranged by Kreisler, Gabriel-Loeffler's "Valse Caprice," two Kreisler transcriptions from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," and his transcription of Smetana's "Aus der Heimat."

H. O. C.

and go insane—all in forty minutes. The score was innocent of musical interest. "La Navarraise" will probably not survive Miss Farrar's departure from the Metropolitan.

"ERNANI," opera by Giuseppe Verdi. Revival. Last sung in New York at the Metropolitan in 1903. A very early Early Verdi opus with an unbelievable libretto and a score composed of uninteresting tunes with "UM, tah-tah" accompaniments. It had five gorgeous scene acts built by Joseph Urban, and the cast included Martinelli, Danise, Mardones, Ponselle and Galli—why, nobody seems to know. It vanished after four performances. R. I. P., let us hope.

"LE ROI D'YS," opera by Edouard Lalo. Novelty. First produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1888; was sung at some remote and unascertainable date in New Orleans. The libretto was a pompous mutilation of a Breton legend. The best part of the score is the overture, but the Metropolitan Company insisted upon going further. The music has its moments, but is generally ineffective. Another elaborate Urban production gone to waste.

"SNYEGUROCHKA," fairy opera by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff. Novelty. First produced in St. Petersburg, 1882. The libretto, though a little tenuous, is charming, and the music is the same. Boris Anisfeld's scenery is gorgeous. The first new production of the season that seemed worth the effort. It did not draw as well as it deserved, and

if it does not reappear next season New York operagoers have themselves to thank for the loss.

"LORELEY," opera by Alfredo Catalani. Revival. Last sung in New York by the Chicago Opera Company in 1919-20. The book and music of this piece make "Ernani" and "Le Roi D'Ys" sound like masterpieces. The scenery was imported all the way from Milan, but probably came in duty free, as "Antiques." The biggest box-office success of all the novelties and revivals.

"COSI FAN TUTTE," opera by Mozart. Novelty. First produced in Vienna, 1790. A musical comedy libretto with a score by Mozart that fits it like a glove. Joseph Urban made a stunning scenic production for it. The best novelty of the season, and will probably survive.

THE most sensational addition to the company was Maria Jeritza, the Viennese soprano. She made her first appearance in "Die Tote Stadt" and swept New York off its feet with her beauty, her voice, her acting ability and her extraordinary stage charm. She is not a great vocalist—misuse of her middle voice and a tendency to scoop her upper tones preclude that classification—but she is a great opera singer and the most vivid feminine personality at the Metropolitan in years. Her best roles this season were Marietta in "Die Tote Stadt," Floria Tosca in "Tosca" and Elsa in "Lohengrin." She was less successful as Sieglinde in "Die Walkure" and Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana." The house was sold out at every performance at which she appeared. She is undoubtedly Caruso's successor as a popular favorite.

ALMOST equally sensational was the success achieved by Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian basso, in five guest performances of "Boris Godunoff," the first of which took place on the evening of Dec. 9. The thrilling power and agonizing reality of Chaliapin's extraordinary impersonation of the tormented Czar made his performance an unforgettable one. Despite the fact that the price of tickets for these special "Boris" performances was almost doubled, every one was sold out and could have been sold out twice over.

THE third exciting event of the company's year was the announcement that Geraldine Farrar would not be a member of the Metropolitan Company after the present season. There was great excitement over the news, and much passionate speculation as to the motives and influences that were responsible for the break. The Metropolitan management officially announced that Miss Farrar had been offered a half season's contract and had refused to sign unless she got one for a whole season. Miss Farrar said nothing, and booked a concert tour for next fall. There the matter stands. Just what the inside story of the affair—if there is one—this department does not pretend to know. However, one factor that must have had some influence in the negotiations was the question of money. Miss Farrar's salary was a very large one, so large that unless she sold out the house at her appearances she was unprofitable; and despite the loyalty of her following her audiences this year were by no means invariably of "capacity" dimensions.

TWO of the most prominent among the company's new members were distinctly disappointing. Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, who was honored by being allowed to open the season, in "La Traviata," seemed to suffer from stage fright during most of the period of her engagement with the company, for her voice sounded generally weak and she displayed her wonted tendency to flat. She did not prove the financial drawing card that she was expected to be. Titta Ruffo, who, like Mme. Galli-Curci, was an alumnus of the Chicago Opera Company, was advertised for five separate first appearances before he finally did sing a performance of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville," on Jan. 10. "Indisposition" was the reason given for his previous non-appearance. Upon his debut with the Metropolitan everybody seemed astounded and outraged to discover that he was neither better nor worse than he had been with the Chicago Company—the possessor of a voice of phenomenal volume, a noisy singer, and an indifferent actor. Ill health continued to dog his footsteps and he made only a few appearances after his first.

THE most interesting of the less famous recruits to the company is George Meader, an American tenor with some previous Continental experience. His voice is not extraordinary for its natural beauty, but he uses it so well and is such a good musician and actor that his future at the Metropolitan looks distinctly favorable. He

appeared first in a small role in "Die Tote Stadt," but proved his real worth with a capital performance of the role of Ferrando in "Così Fan Tutte." Aureliano Pertile, an Italian tenor, made his debut as Cavaradossi the night Jeritza first sang Tosca, displaying a good, average voice and rather exceptional dramatic ability. He was the most convincing Cavaradossi of the season, and seemed to be a useful member of the company, but disappeared before the end of the season. Just why is a mystery, particularly as Manuel Salazar, another new

tenor, whose voice is not so good as Pertile's and who is a poor actor, is still with the company.

LOUIS ROSZA, a Hungarian baritone, made a pleasing debut as Telramund in "Lohengrin." He ought to be useful. Yvonne D'Arle, a young American soprano, was lucky enough to be allowed to create the role of Kupava in "Snyegurochka" during her first season at the Metropolitan, and did it very well. She has a fine voice and a good stage presence. A Spanish coloratura soprano, Angeles Ottein, made a single appearance as Rosina in "The Barber." She is a good routiniere, but that is all.

THE majority of the company are by this time familiar figures. Mme. Alda repeated her performances as Marguerite in "Mefistofele" and Mimi in "La Bohème," and created the role of Rozenn in "Le Roi D'Ys." She sang it beautifully. Lucrezia Bori's performance of Fiora in "L'Amore Dei Tre Re"—the role in which she made her Metropolitan reputation—had a touch of sophistication this year that was not entirely welcome. She did some excellent singing as Despina in "Così Fan Tutte" and was utterly delightful in the title role of "Snyegurochka." Florence Easton added to her laurels by giving a superb performance of Fiordiligi in Mozart's opera. She also made a beautiful Sieglinde in "Die Walkure," acting and singing the role, as a matter of fact, better than the more acclaimed Jeritza. Mme. Easton is one of the best and most versatile members of the company. Frances Peralta showed great improvement, doing memorable work as Dorabella in "Così Fan Tutte." Rosa Ponselle created the roles of Elvira in "Ernani" and Margared in "Le Roi D'Ys" and sang both well. Her acting powers remain decidedly limited. Claudia Muzio sang with the company only half the season, appearing in "Aida," "Andrea Chenier" and "L'Amore Dei Tre Re" and creating the impossible title role in "Loreley." She sang it well. Alice Miriam attracted attention by taking the title role of "Snyegurochka" one afternoon in place of Miss Bori, who was ill, and doing it delightfully. Her acting and singing were amazingly good. Mabel Garrison was listed as a member of the company, but did not sing.

JEANNE GORDON improved consistently during the year. She had several enviable opportunities and made the most of all of them. She gave an impressive performance as Fricka in "Die Walkure" and Margared in "Le Roi D'Ys," and sang well in "Tristan," "Boris" and "Don Carlos." She is rapidly becoming a first-rank opera singer. Marion Telva created the role of the Fairy Spring in "Snyegurochka" and did rather well with it. Kathleen Howard was irresistible as Bobylicka in the same opera, and generally sustained her high rank as a valuable buffa contralto. Marguerite Matzenauer's work, unfortunately, was not what it has been. She did some rarely beautiful acting and singing in parts of "Tristan," "Parsifal" and "Die Walkure," but the impossible feat of singing such dramatic soprano roles as Isolde and Bruennhilde is rapidly ruining her once magnificent contralto voice. The part of Ortrud, a true contralto role that she once handled with ease, is already becoming too much for her.

MOST of the tenors remained more or less stationary. Mr. Gigli created the roles of Mylo in "Le Roi D'Ys" and Walter in "Loreley." He sang them well—indeed, his voice is one of the most beautiful to be heard at the Metropolitan. His histrionic limitations are very narrow, however, and his tendency to step out of character upon any and all occasions for the sake of singing to the audience keeps him from being as effective as he might otherwise be. Mr. Martinelli made sudden strides in both his acting and singing toward the end of the season, giving a really notable performance as Samson in "Samson et Dalila" on April 6. Mr. Chamlee's voice has likewise improved; it is smaller than Gigli's, but almost as fine in quality. Orville Harrold created the role of Paul in "Die Tote Stadt" and the Czar in "Snyegurochka," both thankless parts, vocally, which he handled with great skill. He gave two splendid performances as Parsifal. Morgan Kingston did some unusually fine singing in "Lohengrin" and "Die Walkure." If he could have a year at Bayreuth he would be a first-rate Wagnerian tenor.

MR. DANISE created the roles of Don Carlos in "Ernani," Karao in "Le Roi D'Ys" and Hermann in "Loreley." He is singing better than ever, though his acting is still rather inflexible. Mr. De Luca reaped a whole basketful of laurels with his gorgeous performance of Guglielmo in "Così Fan Tutte." This singer, like Antonio Scotti, makes every role he plays an important one. Mr. Didur also distinguished himself in the Mozart comedy with his singing and acting of the role of Don Alfonso. Mr. Chalmers sang Mizguir in "Snyegurochka" several times and gave an excellent performance as Alfio upon the occasion of Mme. Jeritza's first appearance in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Gustafson is woefully lacking in operatic experience, but he gave a creditable performance of Hunding in "Die Walkure." He has the makings of a good Wagnerian bass. Mr. Whitehill had a good deal of trouble with his throat during the last few weeks of the season, which affected his singing somewhat. Of his general work as an operatic artist there is little to be said that has not grown stale with repetition. He is a great Wagnerian singer. The death of Mario Laurenti was a tragedy. This young baritone

had been with the company seven years, and had worked his way up from the chorus. He made an excellent impression with his singing of the Pierrot song in "Die Tote Stadt" and was given the part of Misguir in "Snyegurochka," which he sang and acted with almost sensational success. He died of cerebro-spinal meningitis a few weeks later, cutting pitifully short what would undoubtedly have been an exceptional operatic career.

ONLY one new conductor joined the company. This was Louis Hasselmann, formerly of the Chicago Opera Company, who replaced Albert Wolf during the second half of the season, with marked success. Mr. Bodanzky conducted some especially fine performances of "Die Walküre," "Parsifal" and "Cosi Fan Tutti." Mr. Bambochek came out of the assistant-conductor ranks to conduct a performance of "Snyegurochka" last Thursday afternoon.

TO Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager, credit must go for two achievements. First of all, he has made opera pay. The past season was a particularly lucrative one, distinguished by many "sell-out" performances, and the company will undoubtedly show a substantial profit this year. What this feat implies may perhaps best be inferred from the statement that the average cost of every performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House is in the neighborhood of \$11,000. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's other achievement is, to an opera-goer, even more creditable—the excellence of his company as a whole. Not only are his stars good, but in general his casts are at least adequate or better throughout. He is avowedly an enemy of the star-system in opera—perhaps mainly for business reasons; but whatever his reasons, the artistic results of his no-star policy are admirable.

ON the other hand, the company is not nearly so good dramatically as it is vocally. The Metropolitan has more good voices and fewer good actors than the Chicago Company. This is good for the ear, but rather painful to the intelligence and the eye sometimes. Moreover, the repertoire is not as interesting as it should be. The new productions were on the whole a disappointment. Who wanted "Ernani" and "Le Roi D'Ys" and "Loreley"? Where were "Le Coq d'Or," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Otello," "La Gioconda," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Pelleas," "Falstaff"? There was an excuse for the lack of Wagner, as the war had cost the company most of its German singers. That omission will probably be repaired next season. But why not some ballet once in a while—"The Birthday of the Infanta," "Petrushka," "The Fire-Bird" and "The Dance in the Place Congo," for example?

THE Metropolitan's weakest link is its staging. This is generally crude and unimaginative, and there are frequent inexcusable blunders in the handling of properties and lights and scenery. It seems almost beyond the power of the Metropolitan stage crew to hang a cyclorama drop without wrinkling it, and the lighting

has sometimes been such as to ruin all illusion. The Metropolitan could learn much from the Chicago company concerning staging and much from the San Carlo company regarding rights. Some of the scenery has been allowed to get unnecessarily shabby. The "Tosca" and "Boris" sets, in particular, are a disgrace. Most of the new scenery is very good. Mr. Urban and Mr. Anisfeld have done fine work during the past few seasons. In fact, why the management still persists in importing some of the sets from Europe is a profound mystery. Of the new sets this season, the only bad ones were that for "Die Tote Stadt," which was painted in Vienna, and that for "Loreley," which came from Milan. Both were triumphs of unimaginative ugliness. By the way, the reproach of bad staging cannot be levelled against "Cosi Fan Tutti." That was superlatively good.

OF course, no review of the current season at the Metropolitan would be complete without some exclusive predictions concerning what is going to happen at the Metropolitan Opera House next year. These are necessarily little more than guesses, chiefly valuable as a means of annoying Bill Guard, the official news dispenser of the Metropolitan. However, even guesses have a certain interest, so here are a few ventured by this department: That Claudia Muzio will not be a member of the Metropolitan company next year and that Marguerite D'Alvarez will; that next year's company will also include a famous German baritone, an equally famous German tenor, and another famous German dramatic soprano besides Maria Jeritza; that the list of operatic novelties and revivals next season will include Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Schrecker's "Monna Lisa," Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" and Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and that the season will open on Nov. 13 with an Urban production of "Thais," with Maria Jeritza in the title role. "Zaza," "Carmen," "Louise" and "La Navarraise" will probably be dropped from the repertoire—at least for a time—now that Miss Farrar is gone. So will "Ernani," "Le Roi D'Ys" and—if the gods be particularly kind—"Loreley."

Fritz Kreisler

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished Austrian violinist, gave a recital last evening in Carnegie Hall. The auditorium was packed, and many persons had to be seated on the stage. Mr. Kreisler had thoughtfully prepared a program which courted the favor of a large assembly.

There was much more fiddle music in it, but that is what a Sunday night audience expects. There was also something for the more fastidious among the hearers.

The list began with the C minor sonata of Grieg, which was followed by the time honored G minor concerto of Bruch. Of course, this is a concert for violin and orchestra, and Mr. Kreisler was accompanied by a piano. But

perhaps there are only two or three other concertos which will bear deprivation of the orchestral part as well as this one of Bruch. The violin sings nearly all the time and the orchestral duty is chiefly one of accompaniment.

Willem Willeke, the cellist of the dearly remembered Kneisel Quartet, was represented by a "Song Without Words," and there were several of those clever transcriptions which Mr. Kreisler is in the habit of making in order to supply himself and other violinists with short pieces. Violinists, like their bows, have their ups and downs, and doubtless there are occasions when Mr. Kreisler does not play as well as he can. But he never fails to play like a distinguished artist. And there is something distinctive about his playing. He has a strongly individual style. He was quite himself last evening, and his audience was moved to much enthusiasm.

MISS SQUIRES'S RECITAL.

Contralto From Middle West Shows Fine Dramatic Power.

Miss Marjorie Squires, a contralto of the middle West, who sang here with success last October, gave her second song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The waning music season brought out a rather small audience, but it was an enthusiastic one. The program included the "Air de Lea" from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and songs of Schubert and American writers. Miss Squires showed her splendid voice and good knowledge of style in Rossi's air, "Ah! Rendimi" from "Mitrane" and also the same in Cimara's "Stornello." Save some forcing of tone her delivery had fine dramatic power in the Debussy

excerpt. For the first time in Schumann's "Stille Thraenen" of the third group she sang off the pitch, but this song was otherwise given with admirable effect. John Doane played the accompaniments well.

YOUNG MEN'S CONCERT.

Orchestra Warmly Applauded by Aeolian Hall Audience.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, Paul Henneberg conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This organization, formerly led by Arnold Volpe, and founded twenty years ago by Alfred Lincoln Seligman, offers good advantages to young men for orchestral training. Its performance shows the results of much rehearsing and it brings forward standard compositions at its concerts.

Yesterday the program opened with Goldmark's "Im Fruelings" ("Spring-time") overture. Beethoven's fifth symphony followed and later came the "Meistersinger" prelude of Wagner. As a solo number Solomon Ruden, concert master of the orchestra, played Saint-Saens's B minor concerto. The audience gave warm applause.

HUBERMAN GIVES RECITAL.

Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, who has been heard here throughout the season in a long and varied list of musical entertainments, gave his fourth and last New York recital Saturday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His brilliant technique, fine tonal shadings and dashing, spirited style elicited admiration in a program beginning with Franck's violin and piano sonata and closing with Sarasate's "Fantasie" from Bizet's "Carmen."

He also gave Bach's "Chaconne," Chausson's "Poeme" and Glazounov's concerto, the last named work receiving some additional interest because of the approaching visit of the composer to this country, according to recent announcement. The pianist was Paul Frenkel.

MARJORIE SQUIRES.

Marjorie Squires is one of the best contraltos who have sung here in recital this season. Her voice is excellent throughout its compass—clear and free at the top, mellow without huskiness at the bottom, large and resonant with the quality of intelligent feeling. It was a great satisfaction to hear her sing the Rossi aria, "Ah! Rendimi," yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, with fine emotional understanding. Her audience was sincerely moved. And in the recitative and aria of Lia from Debussy's "Enfant Prodigue" she built up such a splendid climax of feeling that the applause mounted slowly when she finished. And then it continued for a long time.

YOUNG MEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, which closed its twentieth season with a concert yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, lacks the technical perfection of ensemble and the complete unity of interpretation which have been reached by the foremost professional orchestras here this season; nevertheless, the young men make up for their shortcomings by a general sincerity of feeling which emerged in the music yesterday afternoon sufficiently to make the concert very interesting. Under Paul Henneberg they played Goldmark's "Spring-time" overture, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Saint-Saens's violin concerto in B minor, with Solomon Ruden as violin soloist, and the Prelude of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

H. O.C.

The American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists Pleases Music Lovers.

A concert unique and well worth the attention of music lovers was given in the Town Hall last evening by the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists, an organization now holding its twenty-first annual convention in the Hotel Astor.

Artists from all parts of the country were represented on the program, which opened with the Festival concert orchestra composed of sixty pieces and conducted by Zarl Myron Bickford. A group, Rinsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India," "Spring Serenade" by Lacombe, Hildreth: "A Dream" by Odell, and "Babillage" by Gillet-Hildreth, comprised this number, which was delightfully presented and well received by the audience. Among the soloists were Giuseppe Pettine, mandolin expert, and Vahdah Olcott-Bickford, guitarist. There were numbers by mixed quartettes, quintettes, mando-cello solos by Mr. Bickford and banjo ensemble. A feature of the entertainment was the plectrum quartette by the Pietro String Quartette, which presented "Mimmi," by Amadeo, and "Saltarello," by Filippini.

During the three-day convention of the Guild at the Astor an exhibition of the complicated and valuable instruments used by string musicians will be held in the hotel.

Another event of the evening was the final opera concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Miss Winifred Byrd, pianist, was the assisting artist, and the singers taking part were Miss Anne Roselle, Miss Grace Bradley, Mmc. Flora Perini, Miss Gladys Axman, Mme. Augusta Lenska, Johannes Sembach, Rafaela Diaz, Chief Caupolican and William Gustafson.

July 25, 1922
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

PAVLOVA RETURNS.

It must be a shock, rather, to the Metropolitan Opera House when the opera season ends, for grand opera is an institution that, once started, maintains a convincing illusion of perpetuity. It is difficult to imagine its ever being over. Then, suddenly, it stops—and who shall say that the ugly, friendly old building is not stricken with a sense of loneliness? This year the Met. has evidently decided to taper off, for already there are horrid rumors of a brief season of Russian opera in mid-May; and last night, just to keep busy, it gathered in Anna Pavlova and her company for a week of Russian ballet.

This week will be Mme. Pavlova's last appearance here for two years, as she is leaving for a lengthy tour of the Orient. Last night's performance was a benefit for the Hope Farm Cottage Community for Children, and it must have proved largely, for the house was crowded. The programme, made up largely of familiar favorites, included the popular "Amarilla," the ballet "Dionysus," with its scene transformation effected with changing lights, and eight shorter diversissements.

Of this latter, Mme. Pavlova's incomparable solo dance, "The Swan," evoked long and loud applause, although a grotesque "Hopak," that introduced some astonishing acrobatics, was nearly as popular. Laurent Novikoff danced and leaped with satisfying agility in "Bow and Arrow," and Hilda Butsova was charming in her divertissement. The orchestra, under

for Sunday, tooed diminutive for a Metropolitan's cavernous depths. It played with surprising volume and solidity of tone.

AT AEOLIAN.

Michael Banner, a violinist who played as a boy prodigy with the New York Symphony Orchestra when Leopold Damrosch was its conductor, gave a recital last night at Aeolian Hall, playing, among other things, the Mendelssohn Concerto, the Bach Gigue, an arrangement of his own of Chopin's D-flat Nosturme, op. 27, No. 2, and Bizet's Adagietto.

Barring an occasional want of firmness in bowing, his technique was exceptional and his tone was one of smoothness and clarity. There is a sincerity and simplicity about his playing that stamp him as a serious musician and make his work appealing and interesting.

AT THE TOWN HALL.

William Bachaus gave his fifth and last piano recital of the season at the Town Hall, playing Saint-Saens' arrangement of the overture from Bac's twenty-ninth cantata, Schumann's F sharp minor sonata, a group of eight Chopin pieces, the Weber-Schumann "Perpetuum Mobile," Liszt's concert etude in D flat and the second Hungarian Rhapsody.

The audience was large and demonstrative. There is an engaging intimacy about a Bachaus recital. He is so free from mannerisms, and plays with such straightforward simplicity and obvious interest in the music, that he gives the impression, not so much of a virtuoso appearing before a public as of a musician playing for his familiars. He played beautifully last night, particularly in the smaller Chopin numbers, which had a vibrating vitality and were enveloped in a golden shimmer of sound that was sheer magic.

MISS DE MARE ON DEBUSSY.

Pianist and Lecturer Heard by Well Pleased Audience.

Miss Jeanne de Mare, pianist and lecturer, gave a program styled as an "illustrated talk on Claude Debussy" yesterday in Rumford Hall before a large audience. Miss de Mare, who is of French and American parentage, has often appeared on private occasions in New York this season, when she has taken as her subjects different leading composers of the modern French school. She speaks readily in English or French. Yesterday by request she spoke in English. In an interesting, concise and comprehensive manner she traced the outline of Debussy's life, work and ideas. She stated that the development of a nation's musical language keeps pace with its spiritual development. To understand Debussy's mystic tonal system a keener sense of hearing is required. An accomplished performer, Miss de Mare would frequently illustrate her remarks at the piano by playing from the composer's music.

She was assisted in her program by Miss Barbara Maurel, who sang songs of Debussy with a lovely voice and, and by Frederick Bristol, who accompanied the singer and played piano solos from the master with excellent tone and style.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ROSHANARA.

It requires a certain amount of courage to give a lecture on "Grace in Movement" and use one's self as an example, but Roshanara, the Anglo-Indian dancer, ventured the feat yesterday afternoon at the Booth Theatre with admirable results. She has an extraordinary mastery of gesture and pantomime and was able to demonstrate vividly the basic principles of walking, sitting and dancing as conceived by the Hindus and other races of India.

Her performance was in two parts. In the first she explained the Hindu theories of graceful bodily movement and their application to dramatic dancing as it exists in India; in the second she performed three of the dances to an accompaniment of traditional Indian melodies. These were a Punjabi Kite dance, a classic Hindu spring dance, "In the King's Garden," and a mythological dance, "Krishna and the Milkmaid."

She was accompanied in the dances by two girl drummers, who sat on the stage, and by an ensemble of flute, oboe and piano. The melodies had

been harmonized by E. Chacewright, who succeeded generally in preserving their Oriental flavor. The accompaniment of the spring dance, however, suggested that Haydn must be a favorite Hindu composer.

The audience, another of those dreadfully "smart" ones, spent a considerable portion of the afternoon in arriving, getting in and out of the wrong seats, and recognizing friends. One fashionable auditor probably established a new Olympic record by arriving at 4.09. The performance ended at 4.12.

April 27 1922
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE NINTH SYMPHONY.

The Philharmonic Orchestra gave Beethoven's ninth symphony its first performance in America—but not last evening. That first time was seventy-six years ago, in Castle Garden, May 20, 1846, twenty-three years after Beethoven wrote it. The performance was a festival occasion for the benefit of the Philharmonic Hall Fund. Last night's concert in Carnegie Hall was a benefit too, for the orchestra's pension fund, and a festival as well, to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Mengelberg conducted; the chorus was that of the Oratorio Society, and the soloists were Inez Barbour, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto; Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Royal Dadmun, baritone. Florence Hinkle, who was to have sung the soprano solo, succumbed day before yesterday, to laryngitis, and Miss Barbour took the part on a few hours' notice.

The occasion was likewise a condensed musical biography of Beethoven, for the ninth was preceded by the composer's young and promising first symphony in C major—the one in which the critic of the Vienna Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung found "much art, novelty and wealth of ideas." It is a good phrase, but then one must remember that he took six months to write his criticism of the first performance. Music critics had comparative leisure in those days.

Most of the purely instrumental part of the ninth was magnificently done last night. The men played with the wonderful precision of attack and perfect blending of tone-color that Mengelberg coaxes from an orchestra as no other conductor can. In the second movement, the scherzo, he drew a rough, almost savage, strength of tone from the violins that gave it tremendous vitality and rude vigor. The cello and bass recitatives in the finale were the perfection of ensemble playing. Only the huge richness of the tone gave evidence that not two but twenty instruments were playing.

The choral and solo episodes were another story. Mr. Dadmun fared best among the soloists. His tone suffered at times, but his phrasing and diction were excellent. The others were hardly effective. The blame, however, rests more upon the composer's shoulders than upon their own, for aside from the impossible tessitura of many passages, there are sections, particularly when the soloists are singing with the chorus, that are sheer "paper music;" they look well in the score, but no human beings could make them audible.

The chorus work was generally poor. The volume of tone was disproportionately small, considering the number of singers engaged in the task. There was no diction, and the attacks were weak and ragged. Mr. Mengelberg is not a good choral conductor. He treats a chorus, apparently, exactly as he would treat an orchestra, giving them important cues but otherwise leaving the parts to shift more or less for themselves. There were moments when the choristers were obviously quivering at sea as to what their conductor expected of them.

For the defective quality of tone, as well as for a noticeable tendency to flat, no one who has ever seen the vocal score of the ninth symphony can have the heart to blame them. Either concert pitch was decidedly lower in the early nineteenth century than it is to-day or Beethoven was amazingly indifferent to the limitations of the human voice.

Some day, of course, some unspeakable vandal is going to do to

Beethoven's ninth symphony. For all, he is going to sound a few of the repetitions in the third and fourth movements, then he is going to transpose the last movement into the key of C major. This will, of course, put the fourth movement into a key quite unrelated to the key of the first, and a certain proportion of the audience will probably leave the hall in horror. However, those who remain will hear the last movement of the ninth symphony as no one has yet heard it. They will hear it sung instead of yelled.

By H. E. Krehbiel

To celebrate the eightieth anniversary of its foundation the Philharmonic Society last night gave the first of two concerts, at which the first and last symphonies composed by Beethoven were performed under the direction of Mr. Mengelberg. By the first symphony, of course, is meant that in C major, Op. 21, which must still be accounted such until the authenticity of the so-called "Jena" symphony is established, and we greatly doubt if this will ever be done.

According to a table of performances printed on Mr. Gilman's programmatic pamphlet, it was the twenty-ninth time that the society has performed the ninth symphony in public, the first performance having taken place on May 20, 1846, in Castle Garden, which at that time was used for large concerts (those of Jenny Lind, for instance) and operatic representations. The conductors have been George Loder, Theodore Eisfeld (twice), Carl Bergmann, Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas (three times), Anton Seidl (three times, including one so-called public rehearsal), Frank van der Stucken, Emil Paur (four times, including public rehearsals), Felix Weingartner (twice), Gustav Mahler (twice), Josef Stransky (seven times, including public rehearsals) and a performance in the Borough of Brooklyn.

Last night was the first time in over forty years, we believe, that the Oratorio Society co-operated in a Philharmonic performance, and we have an impression that at one performance given by the two societies, but under the auspices of the former, Dr. Damrosch beat time for the chorus while Mr. Thomas did like duty for the instrumentalists and solo singers.

Mengelberg's 63d Performance

Another interesting fact recorded by last night's program notes was that it was the sixty-third time that Mr. Mengelberg has directed a public performance of the work, though on twenty-one of the occasions the final movement, which employs the singers, was omitted. Of the performances directed by him thirty-four were in Amsterdam and since 1897. Other performances were at The Hague, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Arnheim, Haarlem, Rome, Rotterdam, St. Petersburg, Nimegen, Paris and Berlin. Under the circumstances, if time allowed (which it does not), it might be interesting to discuss some of the features of his interpretation. Interesting, but not essential to local history, for it is to be recorded with satisfaction that there was nothing extraordinary, certainly nothing revolutionary, in his reading of the work. It was a sanely sound and reverential interpretation, differing chiefly from the many that live in our memory in the unusually slow tempo of the adagio.

Though the choral portion was in the highest degree creditable to the Oratorio Society, it left unimpaired our conviction that the most effective performance of the finale that New York has heard in forty-one years was that given under the direction of Signor Toscanini at the Metropolitan Opera House, nine years ago this month.

Miss Barbour Replaces Miss Hinkle

The solo parts were cared for, also creditably, in spite of their all but insurmountable difficulty, by Miss Inez Barbour (Mrs. Henry Hadley). Miss Merle Alcock, Lambert Murphy and Royal Dadmun. Mrs. Hadley sang in place of Florence Hinkle, who, said a slip inserted in the house bill, was "prevented by illness from appearing." At the memorable performance under Signor Toscanini, on April 13 and 18, 1813, the solo singers were Frieda Hempel, Louise Homer and Messrs. Jörn and Gräwald.

As an incident of last night's concert, which will be repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House next Sunday evening, it must also be mentioned that choir and orchestra performed "The Star-Spangled Banner" with the audience standing. Perhaps the reversion to a patriotic function which has been neglected since the civilized nations of the earth quit killing each other in Europe was due to the example set by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto at its concert in Carnegie Hall a short time ago.

From the Canadian singers we had expected also "God Save the King."

but they contented themselves with the patriotic hymn of the United States. It is finally to be noted that last night's concert evoked a great demonstration of enthusiasm after Mr. Mengelberg.

By W. J. Henderson.

The Philharmonic Society is 80 years old. It celebrates that important fact to the musical history of this city by two concerts of Beethoven in the program comprising the first and ninth symphonies. The first of the concerts took place last evening in Carnegie Hall amid demonstrations of public interest quite in accord with the dignity of the occasion. The second concert, repeating last evening's program, will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday evening.

The ninth symphony of Beethoven has long numbered among the priceless gifts of the Philharmonic Society to the musical life of this community. It was first performed by the organization at a festival concert in Castle Garden on May 20, 1846. The program introduced it thus: "Symphony in D minor, No. 9, opus 125, for grand orchestra, closing with four solo voices and grand chorus on Schiller's ode 'To Joy,' first time in America."

That historical production took place in the fourth season of the Philharmonic. Now seventy-six years later the venerable body, its members young, vigorous and untiring in devotion, comes forward once more with the immortal work which it made known to New York. Times, manners and conditions have greatly changed since the Philharmonic began to preach the gospel of Beethoven.

In place of an orchestra subsisting precariously on the dividends of its own labors we now have a splendid body of artists, backed by a large fund, insured by a company of public spirited citizens headed by Mr. Clarence Mackay, and directed by conductors of the highest distinction in their field.

Willem Mengelberg remained in this country to direct the anniversary concerts. It was assured therefore that the performances would be well prepared, for those acquainted with Mr. Mengelberg's methods know that he is indefatigable at rehearsal. The results were made manifest last night in a memorable performance of the difficult final symphony of the Beethoven series.

Meticulous insistence on points was not always to the benefit of the performance, nor was the unusually broad tempo of the slow movement. Mr. Mengelberg's reading emphasized many details with unmistakable purpose, but it must be confessed that there was something lacking in the greater nobility of utterance.

The grandeur of Beethoven's melodic sweep was sometime sacrificed for the sake of a phrase, and this was most frequently the case in the contrasting passages given to the wood winds, the flutes in particular often standing forth with a power and brilliancy that seemed wanting among the strings. But on the whole it was a finely wrought, deeply felt and remarkably finished performance of the great symphony.

The chorus was that of the Oratorio Society, and the solo singers were Miss Inez Barbour, soprano; Mrs. Merle Alcock, contralto; Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Royal Dadmun, baritone. The presentation of the symphony may receive some further consideration when it is repeated on Sunday evening.

PLAY ORIGINAL MUSIC.

Music School Settlement's Young Members Heard in Novelties.

For the first time in its twenty-eight years, the Music School Settlement presented original music by young members of the classes in East Third Street, drawn from twenty nationalities, their annual Spring concert last evening at the Town Hall. The novelties were an "Invention" in D minor by Gertrude Karlan and two "Sarabandes" by Gertrude Price. Elementary orchestra players under 12 years old were heard in a Brahms "Hungarian Dance" conducted by Fannie Levone. Jennie Rosanoff led a children's chorus in songs of Grieg. The senior orchestra under Director Melzar Chaffee closed the program with a first movement from Beethoven's first symphony, played elsewhere by New York's oldest orchestra last night.

Patrons of the Settlement, many of whom were in the audience, include Mme. Sembrick, George Barrere, Louis Svendsen, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Alma Gluck, Ernest Schelling, Harold Bauer, Pablo Casals, John Drew, Mrs. F. B. Kowell, Mrs. Willard D. Straight, Mrs. C. H. Ditson, Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. M. B. Schirmer, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., Mrs. George F. Baker, Douglas L. Elliman, Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, Mrs. Warten B. Delano, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Chester H. Aldrich, Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin and Mrs. Howard Mansfield.

April 29 1922

Ragini Devi Sings and Dances.

Ragini Devi, who in her repertory recalled Ratan Devi, the well-remembered English-born singer of East Indian lore, appeared as both singer and Hindu dancer from Kashmir, here to spread "authentic Indian entertainments," at the Greenwich Village Theatre yesterday afternoon. From Sanskrit hymns to the songs of Tagore, his "Spring Festival" dance, a "Temple Nautch" and "The Water Carrier," who danced to her own reflection, the young Ragini Devi interested a first audience. The dancing was that of tropic calm and storm, of pose and gesture, accentuated by ankle bells and by the assistants beating tambour and drums.

April 30 1922

A SATURDAY RECITAL.

There was a joint recital at Aeolian Hall on Saturday afternoon, given by Maria Samson, a soprano from the Hungarian Royal Opera House at Budapest, and Deszo d'Antalfy, organist and professor at the Budapest University of Music. Louis Rozsa, the Hungarian baritone who sang this year with the Metropolitan Opera Company, also had a share in the afternoon's events, singing the "Credo" from "Otello," the Toreador song from "Carmen" and a song, "Tobog-ganing," by Mr. d'Antalfy.

Miss Samson is young and has a voice of some freshness and unusual volume. It is rather hard in tone, however, and lacks expressiveness. Her part of the programme included Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido!" Brahms's "An ein Veilchen" and "Von ewiger Liebe," Strauss's "Ich trage meine Minne," the aria "Un bel di" from "Madama Butterfly," three Hungarian and two American songs. She sang them all correctly enough but with only a routine degree of variety and interest. Her diction except in her native tongue, was indistinct.

Mr. d'Antalfy played two Each fugues and the prelude "In dir ist Freude," three compositions of his own, "Drifting Clouds," "Festa Bucolica" and "Christmas Chimes," a "Basso Ostinato" by Max Reger, and his own arrangements of Ravel's "Leux d'Eau," and Liszt's "Pinnacles." His pedal technique is excellent, his keyboard skill less so. Some of his registration is good, but in general he displayed too much fondness for the tremolo and the fancy solo stops. His compositions were of the "salon" variety with Debussy-esque trimmings. The audience was consanguineously cordial.

May 1 1922

PHILHARMONIC'S CONCERT.

Orchestra Makes Final Appearance in Anniversary Celebration.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

The second of the two supplementary concerts of the Philharmonic Society given to commemorate the eightieth anniversary of the organization took place in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It marked the end of the season of symphony concerts, on which a retrospective glance was cast in the music section of this newspaper yesterday, and its program was a repetition of that of last Wednesday—the first and ninth symphonies of Beethoven.

The change from Carnegie Hall to the large theater, while it worked some harm, especially to the vocal part of the symphony in D minor, was not devoid of beneficial effects. The cavernous stage swallowed up the excess of din made by the brass instruments and kettledrums at the first performance, and the instrumental movements were given with better balance and greater homogeneity of tone.

The solo quartet, being placed in the front row of the chorists, were rather severely handicapped. Inasmuch as Mr. Mengelberg obeyed the plain wishes of Beethoven in making a close connection between the slow movement and the finale this was unavoidable unless Miss Barbour, Miss Alcock and Messrs. Murphy and Dadmun were to be conspicuously in evidence during the three long movements in which their services were not demanded. The arrangement, therefore, had its compensatory element. Both symphonies were played with finer precision and spirit than on the earlier occasion. This was especially true of the first.

The occasion offered an opportunity

for a popular demonstration in recognition of Mr. Mengelberg's services, of which the musicians as well as the audience, the latter superb in respect of numbers, took advantage. A bouquet of flowers handed to the conductor was given by him to the leader of the violins; an enormous wreath was also bestowed upon Mr. Mengelberg and there was much congratulatory shaking of hands.

That Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Strinsky would retain their connection with the society next season and that the directors contemplated an extension of the activities of the orchestra on educational lines were set forth yesterday. Last night's program contained an appeal for contributions to this end which imparted the information that Mr. Hadley would be retained for this purpose and would make it his special duty to promote the interests of American composers. The appeal held this language on the subject:

"In the course of the season it is planned to perform a number of the best compositions selected. In other words, special attention is to be given to the presentation of new American works under Mr. Hadley's direction, and the plan might be described as the Greater Americanization of the Philharmonic, so far as that proves to be consistent with the society's inflexible standards of musical excellence; since it is scarcely necessary to say that whatever works of native origin it undertakes must be good music as well as American music."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

A new chamber music organization, called the Alexander Kudisch Ensemble, gave its first concert last evening in Town Hall. The members of the body are Alexander Kudisch, first violin; M. Anik, second violin; R. Simonowitz, cello, and P. H. Warner, piano. These musicians had the assistance last evening of Joachim Chassman, viola. The program consisted of Henry Hadley's piano quintet, John Alden Carpenter's sonata for violin and piano, and several arrangements and transcriptions, chiefly of folk music, by Mr. Kudisch.

The playing of the new organization was characterized by good quality of tone and vigor of style. There were incisiveness in the rhythm and some commendable treatment of phrasing and dynamics. The shortcoming was in the department of intonation. There was no great discrepancy, but just enough want of agreement in pitch to impart an acid quality to the playing.

Mr. Hadley's quintet is not a new composition. It was written about five years ago and has all its composer's facility of style and clarity of form. Mr. Carpenter's sonata is also not unknown. Both compositions were received last evening with generous applause.

The program opened with a piano quintette by Henry Hadley, which offered wide opportunity for artistic ensemble. A sonata for violin and piano by John Alden Carpenter was played by Messrs. Kudisch and Warner, with a group comprising "Oriental," for piano quintette, "Russian Folk Song" and "Dance of Delilah," all by Mr. Kudisch, completing the listed numbers.

Mr. Kudisch, who particularly considers himself a pupil of Auer, has appeared in this country with the National Symphony Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra and abroad with the Vienna Symphony under Mahler, Nikisch, Strauss and Mengelberg.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT

Youthful Players Show Certain Evidence of Beethoven's Ideas.

Louis J. Cornu's Junior Orchestra gave its seventh concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This organization, composed largely of youthful players of both sexes—some fifty in number—is wont to give a concert in the spring of the year and always on a Sunday, so that the business men among its patrons may be able to attend.

The concerts show admirable results in so far as determination of purpose, rehearsing and musical instincts go. From the training thus received many of the orchestra's players are already self-supporting. The work is entirely gratuitous. Yesterday the principal number in the list was nothing less than Beethoven's fifth symphony. In view of the ages of many of the young musicians who played it (some of the boys were still in knickerbockers) the performance merited warm praise.

The orchestra as a whole evidenced a certain appreciation of Beethoven's ideas, and its delivery went with a spirit such as showed the different members all knew what they were about. Among the other selections was Weber's "Euryanthe" overture.

MISS BURKHARDT'S DEBUT.

Miss Emma Burkhardt, a young American contralto, gave her first song recital yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theater. She disclosed vocal talent, but yet immature, in a well arranged program of airs and songs. A friendly audience applauded her singing.

GIRL VIOLINIST MAKES DEBUT.

Miss Florence Stern, a 14-year-old violinist, who was born in California and has studied with Leopold Auer, gave her debut recital here last night in Carnegie Hall. She showed talent, although her public appearance was premature. In Bach's E major sonata, No. 6, her performance had assurance, a commendable tone, good intonation and a facile technique. Tchaikovsky's concerto was beyond her powers.

By Deems Taylor

May 3 1922

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

GIGLI IN RECITAL

Beniamino Gigli, the young tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave his first New York song recital in Carnegie Hall last night under considerable difficulties. On the way up from Atlanta, where the Metropolitan finished a week's engagement last Saturday night, Mr. Gigli caught a chill that later developed into rheumatism.

Rather than disappoint his audience, however, he pluckily refused to cancel the recital and appeared upon the platform last night with both hands virtually useless and his back and legs so crippled that he had difficulty in walking.

There were no signs of his ailment perceptible in his voice, for he sang beautifully, and he could evidently be a recital singer of exceptional distinction if he cared to be. The most ambitious numbers on his programme were operatic airs, and the more he did them operatic justice the less they seemed appropriate in Carnegie Hall. They included "M'Appari," from "Marta;" "Salve Dimora," from "Faust;" "Vainement, ma bien-aimée," from "Le Roi d'Ys," and "Una furtiva lagrima," from "L'Elisir d'Amore."

He sang them, of course, with the excellent vocalism and style that distinguish his work at the Metropolitan. It was in some of his shorter songs, however, that he was of particular interest as a concert singer. His third group consisted of three of Stefano Donaudy's "Airs in the Antique Style" and he did them superbly. "O de mio amato ben" and "Vaghissima Sembra" were as perfect examples of phrasing, diction, tonal beauty and classic repose as have been heard anywhere this season. They were Italian vocal art, the true bel canto at its flawless best. "Quand il tuo diavol naque" was done with a gossamer delicacy and sly humor that were irresistible. John McCormack himself could not have done it better. Mr. Gigli could well afford to venture a whole non-operatic programme.

For no very obvious reason the tenor's programme was spared by Bessye Rosenthal, a young coloratura soprano, who attempted "Caro nome," Paradise's "Quel Rusculetto" and a group of shorter airs with meagre success. Vito Carnevali played Mr. Gigli's accompaniments and Charles Gilbert Spross performed a like service for Miss Rosenthal. An air of pleasing informality was given the occasion by the audience which, composed largely of friends, Romans and Neapolitans, had very evidently come to hear Mr. Gigli, and refused to lend their ears to any other. Whenever he left the stage a large proportion of his auditors marched with simple frankness into the lobby, there to remain until he reappeared.

AT THE CAPITOL.

In honor of Music Week the larger motion picture houses are offering unusually ambitious musical programmes. The bill at the Capitol includes Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel," by the orchestra; Kreisler's "Liebesfreud" and Drdla's "Souvenir," played by Frederic Fradkin, the concert master, and the "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda," by the ballet. The Strauss symphonic poem is rather a formidable work for any body of players, and has never before been attempted by a motion picture orchestra. Considering its inevitable limitations, the Capitol orchestra plays "Til" amazingly well. Erno Rapee conducts it with crispness and vigor and gives a reading that is well worth hearing. The enormous size of the house thins the tone of the strings somewhat, with a resultant lack of

balance in the more heavily scored passages, and the violins are sometimes wiry in quality.

Technically, however, the performance is good. The first horn, though a trifle hard in quality, played the difficult solo passages without a slip, and the E-flat clarinet did admirable work. The general instrumental tone is bright and true, and the men play with a surety of attack that argues good training. To play "Til Eulenspiegel" four times a day is no small feat for any orchestra.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Beniamino Gigli, the popular tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, made his first local appearance in concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. He made it under difficulties. For two days before the entertainment he had been suffering from an attack of rheumatism which affected his pedestrian apparatus to such an extent that he could hardly walk. He had to be carried into the hall from his automobile.

It seemed quite in the natural order of things to see William J. Guards of the celebrity department of the opera appear on the stage to prepare the audience in a few perfectly intelligible remarks for the spectacle of a rheumatic romantic tenor. After Mr. Guard's prelude Mr. Gigli lumped into the presence of his audience and began his entertainment by singing "M'Appari," from "Marta." It quickly became clear that his affliction had not touched his voice, for he sang with his customary beauty of tone and skill in dynamic gradation.

Other operatic airs on his list were "Salve dimora" from "Faust," "Vainement ma bien aimée" from "Le Roi d'Ys" and "Una furtiva lagrima" from "L'Elisir d'Amore." He sang also a number of songs.

Mr. Gigli was assisted more or less by Miss Bessye Rosenthal, soprano, who essayed "Quel rusculetto," "Caro Nome" and other selections with tones usually unsteady and considerable uncertainty as to pitch. The audience expended its enthusiasm in large quantities on Mr. Gigli, who received not only applause but also many flowers.

RUSSIAN TENOR IN RECITAL.

Eisenheimer Among Composers Represented in Skrobisch Program.

Jean Skrobisch, a Russian tenor and pupil of Jean de Reszke, gave a recital of songs, sung in German, by Schubert, Schumann and Dr. Nicholas J. Eisenheimer, last evening in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. His program also contained a reading of Tennyson's poem, "A Dream of Fair Women," illumined by living pictures, with incidental music by Eisenheimer for string quartet, harp, piano and soprano solo.

Mr. Skrobisch proved to be an interesting singer. His voice—more baritone in quality than tenor—is a serviceable one, and he knows how to interpret the moods of various songs with clear diction, good phrasing and admirable dramatic ability. His performance was warmly applauded.

Dr. Eisenheimer, an American, who is well known here as a fine musician and one whose cantata for mixed voices was awarded a \$1,000 prize by Edward MacDowell, who was one of the judges, assisted the singer by playing artistic accompaniments, and he was at the piano in his own music for the poem.

Some of those in the pictures were Miss Dorothy Pyle as Helen of Troy, Mrs. Melvin Henry as Iphigenia, Miss Anna Batton as Cleopatra and Miss Ersily Caire as Joan of Arc. Albert Farrington read the poems of the songs in English before each group and he was

also heard in the Tennyson poem. A large audience greatly enjoyed the recital.

By Deems Taylor

May 4 1922

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

GODOWSKI AT CARNEGIE.

It is a specialized audience that assembles whenever Leopold Godowski plays. At least a third of it is made up of students, with an almost equally large proportion of teachers. They come to hear this astounding little man do with ease the things they have spent months and years of labor trying to approximate. The rest come to hear the music.

Last night's audience at Carnegie heard him play a long, difficult, and variegated programme. Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C major began the evening, and for those who variations do not drive insane, began it very well, with Brahms's great 1 flat rhapsody to follow after.

The second group comprised four of the pianist's own transcriptions of a chalc piano pieces and five selectio

om his "Trinkontameron" in triple me. The best of these was Rameau's Tambourin, which kept its original flavor, and the worst was Rameau's Rondeau en Musette, which had some barber-shop harmonies that could have made its composer stare. The "Trinkontameron" pieces were pleasant, and of course pianistic.

The rest of the programme comprised Chopin's B minor sonata, pieces by Ravel and Scriabin, an elaborate symphonic transfiguration of Johann Strauss's "Artists' life" waltzes, and Mr. Godowsky's few contrapuntal paraphrases of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" for three pianos. Guy Maier and Lee Mattison played the first and second piano parts of this, with the paraphraser third. It is a complicated piece, containing an enormous quantity of counterpoint and a negligible endue of Weber. It was well played.

Mr. Godowsky's playing has been a familiar wonder for years. There is probably no pianist on earth who possesses his absolute mastery of the technique of the instrument. Everything he played last night was a miracle of crisp enunciation, perfect pedaling, dazzling bravura and correct dynamics. But surely there is more great piano playing than that.

There were song recitals yesterday by Emma Burkhardt, contralto, at the Lincoln Theatre; George Reinherz, tenor, at the National; and Vernon d'Arville, baritone, at the Hotel Commodore. Twelve-year-old Florence Stern, whose first public appearance on the concert stage was five years ago in San Francisco, made her first New York appearance last night at Carnegie Hall, where her offerings on the violin were well received. Her selections included the Sonata in E Major, No. 6, by Bach, Schalkowsky's Concerto in three parts, and numbers by Brahms, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Wieniawski. Little L. Stern, a student of Auer and Uzdó, was accompanied by Emanuel Alban on the piano.

THE listener with a feeling for Walt Whitman's verse and vision cannot but be moved by the heightened effect of musical and scenic accompaniment in the second example of it that the season has offered, in a production now current, on Saturday and Sunday nights only, at the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street. Poets rarely live their lines so simply and sincerely stated as in this posthumous work by Charles T. Griffes, which follows close to the Toronto Choral's single production of Whitman stanzas in Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony."

There was a thrill of the crystal-ter's magic in "Salut au Monde" as Mascagni sought in his hymn to the sun in the Oriental "Iris," with its organs and instruments by the hundred. The effect in the tiny theatre last Sunday night was wrought instead by few persons, but they worked like artists. The actor of Whitman alone spoke from a draped and dimly lighted stage.

Recently the poet turned and, with audience, viewed as in the crystal five episodes enacted within a great circle of sky at the back. Here, in Part II, Hebrew priests chanted, a solitary Hindu worshipped, six Greeks danced to an ode adapted by Jean Beck to their tongue. A Mohammedan group danced, culminating in a dervish dance, and Edmund Rickett supplied suggested Gregorian chants sung in Latin by a Christian procession.

Griffes's own music is most effective in an overture to Part III. from Whitman's text: "I see ranks, colors, barbarism, civilization. I go among them, and I salute all the inhabitants of earth." A crescendo of voices accompanies the latter lines: "My spirit passed in compassion and determination round the whole earth. I have loved for equals and lovers and found me ready for me in all lands."

Among those embodying these vision-figures, Hunter Sawyer, who sings Greek "Hymn to Apollo," is a boy from North Carolina, studying in New York, and this is his first professional engagement. Sol Friedman, who is the "Kol Nidre" in the Hebrew rite, has been for many years with the Neighborhood Playhouse, playing most of its productions as an actor, and now making his way singing in churches and synagogues. Ante Koomar Roy, who performs Hindu ritual, is an East Indian onal from Bengal and writer of pieces on India. Most of these have appeared in the magazine Asia.

A Mohammedan ritual performer, Bakhtiar, is a Persian and was rated as a shiek. He is now taking post-graduate course at Columbia, where he hopes to study medicine and return to Persia and work for his life. In the presentation of all these ritual scenes, Professor V. H. Kalenian of the Oriental Department of Columbia, gave assistance and advice. Dancing is done by the Festival dancers, most of whom were originally from the Neighborhood company, while they are now entering the dancing professionally. The Junior Festival dancers are all children of the city of Grand Street.

George Barrere, who conducts the orchestra of only a dozen men, declared that the musical setting of "Salut au Monde" gave an idea of what dramatic power Griffin would have been able to put into his compositions if he had lived. In this modest work the director found a keen understanding of the theatre.

Musically, it is astonishing to realize the effect he obtained with such a small group of players and singers. Mr. Barrere added: "There is nothing of the so-called ultra-modern in the music. Griffes is always modern, from inner conviction and with sincerity, not as a fad."

The sombre introduction and the despair of the Chaos scene, the heavy rhythm of the working masses in the Constructive scene, are striking realizations of the pictures suggested by the visions of Whitman in the first part. The finale gives Griffes an opportunity to compose an enthusiastic hymn of hope and optimism, which brings the work to an end in an impressive apotheosis.

During Mr. Griffes's lifetime, Barrere was the first to perform many of his works, most notably a "Poem" for flute and orchestra, in which he played Nov. 10, 1919, at its production by the New York Symphony Society.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Emma Calve made her farewell appearance for the season last evening in Carnegie Hall, singing a program of songs and operatic airs for the benefit of St. Johnland, under the auspices of the St. Johnland Auxiliary of Women. The famous prima donna gave an exhibition not only of her vocal art, but of her physical energy. When she appeared on the stage the piano was not placed to her liking and she sent her accompanist, Mlle. Yvonne Dienne, to summon an attendant to move the instrument.

The pianist returned with a countenance expressive of "Je suis desolée." She could not find a man. Mme. Calve shrugged her shoulders and briskly turning to the piano, bowed herself after the manner of Samson at Gaza, and that piano retired up the stage suddenly, swiftly and silently. The audience applauded vigorously, and the singer acknowledged the acclamations gracefully. She had made a hit without singing a note.

After that she delivered an air by Bach in an exquisitely French manner. Her program was generous and diversified, and it contained some of the operatic airs which Metropolitan Opera House audiences had rapturously applauded in the historic age when Mme. Calve, the de Reszkes, Melba, Sembrich, Nordica, Eames, Plancon, Maurel and a few others sang together.

The singer's voice was in remarkably good condition after a busy season in this country, and she sang with excellent effect. The audience, which listened to her with every evidence of pleasure, was large enough to show that a worthy cause had been substantially aided by her efforts.

'ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION' SUNG:

Music Week's events yesterday included the Oratorio Society's "St. Matthew's Passion" in the evening and a rendition of traditional Jewish music by the New York State Federation of Temple Sisterhoods and the presentation for the first time in New York of the musical film "Immortalized" in Carnegie Hall, both in the afternoon.

The Oratorio Society gave "St. Matthew's Passion," with its full chorus of 225 voices, in the Great Hall of City College before a large audience. Albert Stoessel conducted, with Frederick Shattuck at the piano and Philip James at the organ. There were five soloists—Miss Caryl Bensel, soprano; Miss Mary Allene, contralto; Harvey Hindermeyer, tenor; Edgar Fowlston, barytone, and John Boschen, bass.

The old Hebrew music was presented in Mount Naboth Synagogue, 150th street and Broadway.

More than 5,000 children of the New York Public Schools are to enjoy tomorrow's program of the Music Week celebration. In the Capitol Theater, which has been donated by the management, and with S. A. Rothafel personally planning a program of music and moving pictures, the children will be given an entertainment of which the outstanding feature is to be the presentation of prizes to the best high school essay writers on music, to the best high school orchestras—boys' orchestra, girls' orchestra and mixed orchestra.

Otto H. Kahn, honorary chairman of Music Week, will award the prizes. A boy has won the first essay prize and a girl the second. The subject of the essay competition has been "Musical Appreciation from the Standpoint of the High School Student."

George H. Gartlan, musical director of the Department of Education, together with Miss Lowden, director of Music Week, and Mr. Rothafel have arranged the "big morning." There will not be many grownups present, those who have been invited being special guests. The entertainment will begin at 10:30.

After the awarding of the essay prizes the most novel and interesting feature of the bill will be a short talk on the "Relation of Light to Music," by Mr. Rothafel, which will not be technical at all but mainly illustrative of what can be done in the way of arranging light effects to amplify musical effects.

Gatti Outlines Plans for Next Season's Opera

General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who will leave for Italy next Wednesday on the steamship France, yesterday made a brief statement regarding his plans for the coming season.

"First of all," he said, "I desire to thank the public for its extraordinary patronage during the season just closed—a patronage that surpassed all records of previous seasons. I also desire to thank Mr. Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors, and his colleagues for the new proof of confidence recently given me. I also take this occasion to thank my co-workers for the zeal and good will they have shown in co-operating with me."

Novelties for Season

During the coming season Mr. Gatti will present the following novelties:

"Anima Allegra," libretto by Giuseppe Adami, based on the comedy by the Brothers Quintero; music by Franco Vittadini.

"Mona Lisa," libretto by Beatrice Dowsky; music by Max Schillings.

In addition there will be the following revivals:

"Romeo et Juliette," by Gounod.

"Thais," by Massenet.

"L'Africaine," by Meyerbeer.

"William Tell," by Rossini.

"Rosenkavalier," by Richard Strauss.

"Tannhauser," by Wagner.

New Artists Engaged

The following artists, all with European reputations, have been engaged: Sopranos—Mmes. Barbara Kemp, Delia Reinhard and Elizabeth Rethberg. Mezzo-Sopranos—Mmes. Ina Bour-skaya and Sigrid Onegin.

Tenors—Messrs. Giacomo Lauri-Volpi and Kurt Taucher.

Bassos and Barytones—Messrs. Paul Bender, Michael Bohnen and Gustav Schutzendorff.

Mr. Gatti also has engaged Miss Queena Mario, soprano; Edward Johnson, tenor, and Edmund Burke, bass barytone, three artists already favorably known in America.

Mmes. Laura Robertson, Selma Segall and Lucille Taylor, three American sopranos, and Mr. Italo Picchi, basso, also have been engaged.

The artists who have been re-engaged are as follows:

Sopranos—Frances Alda, Grace Anthony, Lucrezia Bori, Cora Chase, Ellen Dalossy, Yvonne D'Arle, Florence Easton, Minnie Egner, Rita Fornia, Amelita Galli-Curci, Marie Jeritza, Susanne Keener, Mary Mellich, Alice Miriam, Nina Morgana, Angeles Ottein, Frances Peralta, May Peterson, Rosa Ponselle, Margaret Romaine, Lenora Sparkes, Marie Sundelius and Marie Tiffany.

Mezzo-Sopranos and Contraltos—Cecil Arden, Grace Bradley, Julia Claussen, Raymonde Delaunoy, Jeanne Gordon, Kathleen Howard, Marie Mattfeld, Margaret Matzenauer, Flora Perini, Myrtle Schaaf, Mario Telva and Henriette Wakefield.

Tenors—Paul Althouse, Pietro Audisio, Angelo Bada, Mario Chamlee, Rafael Diaz, Beniamino Gigli, Orville Harold, Morgan Kingston, Giovanni Martinelli, George Meader, Giordano Paltrinieri and Manuel Salazar.

Barytones—Thomas Chalmers, Louis D'Angelo, Giuseppe Danise, Giuseppe De Luca, Robert Leonhardt, Millo Pico, Vincenzo Reschilian, Louis Rosza, Titta Ruffo, Carl Schlegel, Antonio Scotti, Clarence Whitehill and Renato Zanelli.

Bassos—Paolo Ananian, Feodor Chaliapin, Adamo Didur, William Gustafson, Pompilio Malatesta, Jose Mardones, Giovanni Martino and Leon Rothier.

Conductors—Giuseppe Bamboschek, Artur Bodanzky, Louis Hasselmann, Roberto Moranzoni and Gennaro Papi.

Assistant Conductors—Fausto Cleva, Riccardo Dellera, Carlo Edwards, Paul Elsier, Wilfrid Pelletier and Alessandro Scuri.

Chorus Master—Giulio Setti.

Technical Director—Edward Siedle.

Stage Director—Samuel Thewman.

Stage Manager—Armando Agnini.

Premier Danseuse and Ballet Mistress—Rosina Galli.

Ballet Master—Ottokar Bartik.

Premier Danseur—Giuseppe Bonfiglio.

Solo Danseuses—Florence Rudolph and Lilian Ogden.

Grace and Frances Hoyt entertained a good-sized friendly audience at the Morosco Theatre yesterday afternoon. The programme was diverse and interesting and its performance revealed the ability and artistry of the popular and experienced musicians.

Dargomijsky's Work Prod Here for First Time

By W. J. HENDERSON.

A company of Russians began at the New Amsterdam Theater last evening a season of opera in Russian. Four years ago this organization left its native land to give performances in the Orient. Traveling eastward against the sun, it arrived last December on the western shores of the United States. Still facing the rising sun it has at length come to this metropolis, where it offers Russian operas in the original language and interpreted by singers from Russian opera houses.

The season opened last evening with Alexander Sergelovich Dargomijsky's "Russalka," first heard in Petrograd on May 4, 1866. It belongs therefore to the old Russian era. It was not till after this work had been produced that Dargomijsky came under the influence of the nationalistic gospel preached by the famous "Five" of Russia. Becoming an enthusiastic convert to that artistic faith he wrote his "Stone Guest," which deals with a legend familiar to all music lovers through its treatment in Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

But when he composed "Russalka" the musician was still a follower of Glinka. He rejoiced in the possession of Russian poetry as material for opera, but he clung to methods which had been developed on the great southern peninsula which produced Scarlatti and Verdi. The poem of Poushkin which the composer utilized tells the story of a northern Loreley, a sprite whose seductive powers, like those of her Rhineland sister, were exercised for no good.

Suited to Operatic Treatment.

The poem is particularly well suited to operatic treatment. The dialogue was almost ready to hand. The introduction of operatic features long deemed essential, the choruses and dances, the concerted pieces and ensemble was not difficult. But Dargomijsky was not permitted to escape the customary conflict of critical opinion. Cesar Cui, one of the "Five," lamented his use of the old, fashioned set numbers, the aria, duet, trio and ensemble. He confessed that the composer had attained force of expression, but wished he had done it some other way. The music, he admitted, was perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the text.

However it was in the construction of his recitatives that Dargomijsky reached his highest artistic level. The melodic recitative, breathing with apparent spontaneity the genius of the Russian tongue and discarding all the shopworn phrases and antiquated formulas of Italy for a new and characteristic melodic character quite original, was a priceless contribution to the development of Russian opera.

It is not possible after a first hearing of this old work to give a correct report of its quality. Only a shadowy impression can be recorded. Nor can

a favorable estimate of the worth of the performance be given. The abilities of the company may possibly better be understood when they are exhibited in more familiar operas.

It is unquestionable that "Russalka" bears the marks of its period. Its series of set numbers, its long vocal utterances, with incessant reiterations of flimsy melodic ideas; its choruses, interjected into the action because it is time for a choral number; its dances, introduced apparently for the reason that a dance is needed to give some variety to a scene, and its poverty of action, resultant, of course, from the necessity of permitting the prolonged numbers to proceed without interruption, all belong to the opera of the day antecedent to Verdi's reformation of Italian opera and Wagner's conquest of Europe with his endless melody. Only in the melodic types does one find the influence of Russia, and this, as usual, proclaims itself most clearly in the choruses.

Old Fashioned Contrasts.

The old fashioned contrast between rustics and courtiers is provided by the Prince's wooing of the miller's daughter in the first act and his wedding to a lady in the second. The plunge of the miller's daughter into the waters suggests "Loreley" forcibly and her mysterious singing from "off stage" in the wedding scene ought to have a thrill

which was entirely missing last evening. In fact, pretty nearly everything in Dargomij's opera missed fire because there was not any fire anywhere about. The costumes at least were good. They were Russian even as the text was, and in the wedding scene there was a considerable show of brave apparel. But on the whole the mounting of the work was such as might be expected from a wandering band of expatriates circumnavigating the globe under discouraging circumstances.

If the musical quality of the performance had been good something more hopeful might be said this morning, but it was thin and generally cold. The orchestra was not of the kind that even theatre audiences are accustomed to in this city, where moving picture houses vie with symphonic bodies in presenting famous compositions. As for the conductor, he had enough to do to keep things going without making any attempt to indulge in the finer details of his art.

Nicholas Karlash as the Miller sang with something more like style than any one else in the cast, but he acted so much that he seemed overworked. Miss Marie Mashier as *Natasha*, the miller's daughter, and Miss Valentina Valentinova as the *Princess* were the principal women, and the tenor was Nicholas Busanovsky, who had a hard time of it with his two able bodied loves, the princess and the siren of the mill stream. None of these displayed important voice or vocal skill. The audience was generous in its applause.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition)

Though it must be said in a kindly spirit, yet it must be said in the interest of truth that the first performance of the Russian Grand Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night was a disappointment in every respect to lovers of the art. Nothing that had become known of the company had led to great expectations so far as the doings of individual artists were concerned. What opera lovers had been led to look forward to with interest was the opportunity to become acquainted with unfamiliar works which students of the lyric drama have been taught to believe are conspicuous landmarks in musical nationalism.

The operas of Borodin, Tchaikoff, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, which have been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House, had aroused a keen curiosity in Russian music, and it was but natural that they created a desire for a larger acquaintance with the products of other composers and also a better acquaintance which it was reasonable to suppose would be offered by performers who were to the Russian manner born. It seemed likely that something more might be learned of the spirit of the works, not necessarily if they were sung in the language in which they were created, but certainly if they presented more faithfully the customs and the style of a school of art which has been so profoundly influential in other fields. We have long known the symphonic idiom of the Russians; we wanted to know more of the operatic.

"Rousalka" Is the Bill

Dargomij's "Rousalka" did not promise much in that respect, for it is not markedly characteristic in its musical style. When it was written Russia was just beginning to discover herself musically. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" offers but a glimpse into the region with which we have been made familiar, but even that was withheld from us, until now we can never expect to hear it. Dargomij was only a follower of Glinka, and though he lived long enough to feel the influence of the men who set about the task of creating a truly characteristic school—Balakireff, Moussorgsky, Borodin and Cui—he had not emancipated himself from Russia from the latter decades of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. Hence it was that last night we heard little else than echoes of the composers who fixed the style of Russian opera and dominated it until the Kuskha—that is, the young school—had learned how to appropriate and use the idiom which they found in Russian folksong.

Last night we heard only poor Bellini, Donizetti and Auber for as long a time as duty permitted us to sit it out. And poor Bellini, Donizetti and Auber are not improved by poor singing and atrocious orchestral playing, simply because the singers and the language chanced to be Russian. Companies of better native artists have ravished what some persons call our provinces for years with operas that figure in our Metropolitan list. It was not until some folk music and dance interpreted the action of the first act and some pretty choral music accompanying a marriage ceremony enlivened the second that we put a quickened pulsation in our blood and the breath of a fresh and unconventional breeze fanned our cheeks.

Opera Based on Folklore

The title of the opera had invited us to pleasant experiences, though we

knew the Russian water sprites in the shape of their cousins the Melusines, Undines and Loreleis of a more familiar literature. The folklore of the Rousalkas is infinitely richer than that of their Western sisters, and infinitely more fascinating. But of this there is no sign in the operatic version of Pushkin's poem, which early critics said had benefited much from the use of much of Pushkin's text. Of that we are not competent to speak. But we fancy that a more modern composer, perhaps also a more modern librettist, would have made a less commonplace story around a supernatural being whom the popular imagination has made the subject of so many beliefs.

In different parts of Russia the people find rings like the fairy rings of Ireland, where the Rousalkas have danced. They throw garlands into the woods and upon the running streams in the hope that the sprites may send them rich husbands; they do not bathe on Whitsunday without first uttering a prayer, lest the sprites draw them into their subaqueous abodes. Children who are stillborn or die without baptism are fated to become Rousalkas unless somebody meets them and pronounces the baptismal formula over them before seven years have passed. Will-o'-the-wisps are the vagrant souls of such unchristened babes.

If you meet a Rousalka without having a sprig of wormwood in your hand you will be questioned. If you reply *polui* the spirit will rhyme it with *tuin*, tell you to hide and you are safe; if *petrushka*, they will reply *dushka* and tickle you to the point of death. Tickling is their method of torment when they do not draw you into the water. Rousalkas find the same pleasure in riding on millwheels as children of a large or small growth do on Ferris wheels. Any romantic dramatist ought to be able to make a better play with such creatures at his command than Pushkin and Dargomij did—or seem to have done—for we really cannot say anything about last night's opera from such a performance as it received. It was musically and histrionically crude. In fact, it suggested Dr. Johnson's notion, which was "ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-cooked and ill-served." We hope for better things before the week is over.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"ROUSSALKA" IN RUSSIAN.

The Russian Grand Opera Company, which fled romantically from Vladivostok to the Orient and finally worked its way across the American Continent, opened a brief New York season last night at the New Amsterdam Theatre, presenting Dargomij's "Rousalka" ("The Mermaid"). The bill will be changed nightly throughout the week and will present several Russian operas unknown to America.

Alexander Sergelovich Dargomij's founded the text of "Rousalka" upon Pushkin's dramatic poem of the same name; the opera was first performed at the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, in May, 1856. The story, briefly, runs as follows:

Natasha, the daughter of a miller, is beloved by a young Prince, who deserts her to marry a Princess. The unhappy heroine, unable to endure her betrayal, drowns herself in the millrace and is turned into a water sprite or "Rousalka," a sort of Russian "Lorelei." Her voice is heard at the royal wedding, predicting unhappiness for the Princess and her unworthy spouse, and the lapse of years proves the prediction true.

The Prince, unable to stand the pangs of his guilty conscience, still haunts the mill, now ruined and deserted. At last the Rousalka sends her little daughter, who is the Prince's child, to beg her father to join them in their watery kingdom. As the Prince is pondering the invitation, the miller, now demented by grief, recognizes his daughter's betrayer and pushes him into the waters. A final tableau shows the Prince and the Rousalka once more united.

This story is strikingly like that of Catalani's "Lorelei," except that it is simpler and less overlaid with operatic pomposities. Musically, Dargomij's work is incomparably better than Catalani's. Not that the score of "Rousalka" is a masterpiece, by any means. It is a curious mixture of imitation early Verdi and authentic Slavic music. The first act, with a succession of cavatinas and duets and trios, drags horribly except for some rousing choruses and

duets that bear the unmistakable imprint of Russian folksong. The succeeding acts go much better, with the musical honors generally going to the chorus and dance music. Dargomij's rather lacks drama and has limited powers of characterization, but when he is not imitating the operatic Italy of the thirties he can write with considerable effectiveness and melodic charm.

The performance last night was not inspiring. The orchestra numbered only twenty-seven players and its woeful lack of strings (there were only four first violins, and uncertain pitch made the music sound much thinner and worse scored than it actually was. Even allowing for the strain of much travelling and worrying, the cast seemed generally inferior in vocal quality and dramatic equipment. It was a stentorian evening by and large. The chorus sang lustily in its peasant choruses, and with good effect, but the chorus of rousalka in the moonlit third act sang just as lustily, suggesting the wrong sort of sirens entirely. Everybody else went through the evening at a general level of forte, with occasional excursions into pure shouting, and the welkin on the ceiling of the New Amsterdam was heard to ring four distinct times.

Nearly every principal showed a bad tremolo as a result of such persistent forcing. The best natural voice seemed to be that of Nicholas Karlash, who sang the role of the old miller. If it had not been for his tendency to clowning and his consistent shouting he would have given an effective performance. The part is said to be one of Chaliapin's favorites and it is easy to see what a tremendous thing the great basso could make of it.

Marie Mashir was *Natasha*, Nicholas Busanovsky (very attentive to the audience) was the Prince, Valentina Valentinova was the Princess and Ernestina Daen and Gregory Ardatoff were respectively the Princess's maid and a hunter. David Tulchinoff, as a comic marriage broker, did the best acting of the evening.

The scenery was a disappointment. It might have been naive but was merely bad. Michael Fevelsky conducted and at least got a fair degree of rhythmic precision out of his over-balanced orchestra. The audience was large, Russian, and enthusiastic.

MAY 10 1922

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE—Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Tsar's Bride," by members of the Russian Grand Opera Company.

The Cast.

Sobakin	Nicholas Karlash
Martha	Olga Kasanskaya
Domna Saburova	Sophie Fisher
Dunosh	Claude Ivanova
Likoff	Nicholas Busanovsky
Griazny	Jacob Lukin
Lubasha	Zenia Ershova
Romelia	Nicholas Kosloff
Maluta Skuratof	David Tulchinoff
Petrova	Barbara Losieva
Conductor	Michael Fevelsky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second evening of the engagement of the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre, which was last evening, was devoted to a presentation of Rimsky-Korsakov's ninth opera, "The Tsar's Bride." This work was first performed in the Solodornikov Theatre, a private institution, in Moscow in 1899, Ippolitov-Ivanov conducting. It had a great success. The libretto is founded on a play by Leo Mey, with supplementary matter by Tumeff.

The story is founded on an ancient custom, the right of a ruler to choose a bride from the fairest of his subjects. The maiden in this instance is *Martha*, daughter of *Sobadkin*, a rich merchant of Novgorod, and already betrothed to *Lykoff*, a boyard. *Gryaznoy*, who has fallen in love with her and vowed that she shall never marry another, obtains a love potion from a physician, but *Gryaznoy's* discarded mistress, *Lubasha*, becoming acquainted with the plan, bribes the same physician with her favors to give her a potion to destroy her rival's beauty.

Plot of the Opera.

The Tsar's choice falls on *Martha*. Before she learns of it *Gryaznoy* administers the love potion to the girl. Then follows the announcement of the Tsar's choice. The girl falls ill. *Lykoff* is suspected of poisoning her and is executed. *Martha* goes mad and thinks *Gryaznoy* is *Lykoff*, to whom she addresses loving words. *Gryaznoy*, finding his plan a failure, is ready to give himself up to justice, but now discovers that *Lubasha* has tricked him and that *Martha* has received the beauty destroying potion. He stabs *Lubasha* and rushes away, while *Martha*, still believing him to be her *Lykoff*, cries wildly for him to return

to her. Altogether the plot is quite as melodramatic and horrible as any old time operagoer could desire. *Mias Rosa Newmarch* in her book on Russian operas discredits the theory that this opera should be regarded as Rimsky-Korsakov's recantation of his earlier acceptance of Wagnerian ideas. She holds that his lyrical style is the natural application by the composer of methods suited to the play. The nationalism which is found in much of Rimsky-Korsakov's music is noticeable also in this score, though the melodies are his own and not borrowed.

There is much more dialogue in Rimsky-Korsakov's opera than in that of Dargomij's heard on the previous evening, but there is about the same number of inconsequential choruses, haphazard entrances and exits, and prolonged vocal numbers. One of the best tunes in the opera is that made famous in a Beethoven quartet and heard in "Boris Bodunov" and another is the excellent unaccompanied solo of *Lubasha*

in the first act, which was passably sung by Mme. Zenia Ershova.

Action Is Disjointed.

But it would be profitless to enter into any searching examination of the music. The performance was better than that of the previous night, but it was clear that it fell far short of the possibilities of the work. Whether "The Tsar's Bride" would be an interesting opera if presented as operas are at the Metropolitan may be regarded as doubtful. Its action is disjointed. Its musical expressiveness is generally thing and inadequate to the emotions of the scene and its few flights of dramatic utterance are too far separated and too sluggish in character to keep pace with the swift receptivities of a New York audience.

Two singers of last evening not heard on Monday were Mme. Ershova, already mentioned, and Jacob Lukin as *Griaznoy*. The former is evidently a singer of some training and experience, but almost devoid of ability to make dramatic points, while Mr. Lukin proved himself an ardent disciple of Mr. Chaliapin, whom he followed enthusiastically and at a respectful distance. Mr. Karlash as *Sobadkin* was the miller of the previous evening without his flour, and a young woman called Miss Olga Kasanskaya as the unfortunate choice of the monarch exhibited a remarkable soprano of the highest and most piercing type. Some very curious qualities of tone were produced by the chorus, and on the whole it was an evening of strange vocal doings.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's edition)

The most obvious lesson imparted by the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Tsar's Bride" by the Russian company at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night was that appreciation of the opera was largely conditioned upon knowledge of the Russian language. The audience, not large at the beginning of the evening, thinned out rapidly after the first act, and the reason seemed to be that those to whom the language was unfamiliar were unable to find enough entertainment in the music to induce them to observe the drama to its conclusion. Small blame to them if they continued to leave the theater in shoals as the evening wore on.

Story Hard to Follow

The plot, which deals with a change of philters, is not easy to understand at best. There is little action, much dialogue and comparatively little of the kind of music heard in Italian, French or German operas, which exerts charm even for those to whom all at foreign texts. To make matters still worse there was no book of words to be had, the only guide to the linguistically illiterate was a pamphlet which told the story of the opera.

In style the opera is of a type which the musically instructed could discover a kind of compromise between the use of academic formulas and the untrammeled musical declamation which operas like "Eugen Onegin," "Boris Godounoff" and "Snegourofka" have made the public somewhat familiar. But none of these operas presents such long stretches of dialogue and such a paucity of set forms, sensuous melody as does "The Tsar's Bride." The musical structure of the dialogue was no doubt interesting to the serious-minded listeners who understood the words; to the rest it was a riddle in the solution of which the plot and its development gave but little help.

Some Refreshment for the Ear

There was refreshment for the ear in the stirring "Glory" tune (Slavic) which recalled the finale of the second scene of "Boris Godounoff" to me, operagoers and a theme from one of Beethoven's Rasounioffski Quart (that in E minor) to the lovers of chamber music. Also in an unaccompanied song in the first act, which suggested at once a melody in Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" and some of the

characteristics of Russian folksong. Both of these pieces provided recurring typical themes in the progress of the opera, but what these, and other cases similarly used, signified could be guessed at without a knowledge of the text. Beyond the interest thus awakened, a measurably held there is little that was generally tangible except the barbaric glitter of some of the costumes, the singing and acting of two men, Karlash and Lukin, both ep-voiced, and the singing of the amatic soprano, Ershova. The ill-lanced and incompetent orchestra simply made mock of the colorful arm usually found in Rimsky-Korsakoff's scores.

By Deems Taylor

May 10

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"THE TSAR'S BRIDE."

At the New Amsterdam Theatre last night the Russian Grand Opera Company offered Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera "The Tsar's Bride" as the second bill of its first week. The wonder is that Rimsky's opera was not chosen to open the run, as it is far superior to Dargomizsky's "Rusalka," Monday night's offering, and is better sung in the bargain.

"The Tsar's Bride," with a text based on a play by Mey, had its first performance in Moscow in 1899. The subject had been considered by Frodoine twenty years earlier, but was finally abandoned by him. The period that of Ivan the Terrible, about 1550. Griasnoy, a member of the richniki, the Tsar's dreaded bodyguard, has fallen in love with Marpha, Sobakin's daughter, who is betrothed to a young noble named Lykoff. Griasnoy, desiring the girl, procures her in Bomely, the Tsar's physician, a philtre which he plans to give by stealth, but is overheard by his mistress, Lubasha.

Lubasha then goes to Bomely, and the price of her love, buys from him a second philtre, guaranteed to slay the wits and beauty of the one who drinks it. Then, Brangaene, she steals Griasnoy's love potion, substitutes her own, which he gives to Marpha. Just as Marpha has been the fatal draught the chief of the richniki enters to announce that the Tsar Ivan has chosen Marpha for his bride. She swoons, poor girl. The next see Marpha, now the Countess, alternately mad and sane. Griasnoy, still infatuated with her, had her ex-fiance, Lykoff, executed in the purely operative hope of winning her love. This device proved ineffective, Griasnoy publicly confesses that he gave Marpha a love potion, and awaits judgment. At this moment Lubasha comes forward to announce that it was her drink, not Griasnoy's, that unbalanced Marpha's mind. So Griasnoy stabs Lubasha and is led away to judgment while Marpha raves.

Some of this is rather silly and only complicated, but it does offer chances to a composer, and Rimsky made the most of them.

The score is always charming and much of it is eloquent, and not even perfunctory playing of list night's deviated orchestra could quite obliterate the color and telling qualities of the instrumentation. As in nearly Russian operas, the composer has a liberal use of folksongs and dances and has used them well. The famous "Gloria" tune, the one that Moussorgsky uses in the coronation of "Boris," here appears, first as a chorus sung by Griasnoy's rears and later as a leitmotiv for the Countess. A folk dance, "Pliavaya," is ingeniously employed in the first act. The lovely unaccompanied air sung by Lubasha at her first appearance is a folksong or a wonderful imitation of one.

Rimsky's own music is just as effective and exhibits the romanticism and melting chromatic harmonies that characterize his best work. Despite its rather conventional operative book, "The Tsar's Bride" measures up well with "Rusalka," and if the Metropolitan Opera Company is really desirous of producing interesting Russian works it could do much worse than give New York a chance to hear "The Tsar's Bride."

Last night's performance was far better than Monday's, at least musically; for there was much less singing and, in one or two cases,

some good singing. The best performance was given by Zena Ershova as Lubasha. She is a mezzo-soprano with a voice of considerable beauty and really knows how to sing. Her first song, the unaccompanied air mentioned above, was the best bit of singing that the Russian season has yet disclosed and was a thoroughly delightful example of lyric art. Her voice lacks power in lower register, but she used it so well that she was always audible even when the orchestra was at its brassy. According to several well-informed auditors, she is not one of the original company at all, but a guest artist, borrowed from Balieff's "Chauve Souris" company.

Jacob Lukin, as Griasnoy, had a good make-up and acted effectively, and although he was rather consistently stentorian, managed to give a convincing performance. Nikolas Karlash, as Sobakin, and Nikolas Busanovsky, as Likoff, made themselves heard in emphatic fashion, and Olga Kasanskaya was a beautiful Marpha to look at, albeit painfully shrill to hear.

The chorus singing was raucous but had confidence and spirit. The scenery looked familiar. To-night's performance will be Chaikovsky's "Pique Dame," with Nina Koshetz as guest soprano. She ought to make things interesting.

May 11 1922

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE—"Pique Dame," by members of the Russian Grand Opera Company.

The Cast.

The Countess Mrs. Popova
Lisa Nina Koshetz
Pauline Valentina Valentynova
Governess Barbara Loselva
Hermann Vladimir Daniloff
Tomsky Max Panteleeff
Prince Jeletsky Vladimir Radef
Sarin Gregory Ardostoff
Chekalinski Efim Vitls
Narumoff Anatole Grosheff
Chaplinsky Nicholas Kosloff

INTERMEZZO.

Priliapa Olga Kasanskaya
Zlatogor Max Panteleeff
Milozor Valentina Valentynova
Conductor Eugene Fuerst.

"PIQUE DAME."

The Metropolitan Opera Company revived Chaikovsky's opera, "Pique Dame," during the season of 1909-1910, without any great success. Last night's performance of it by the Russian Grand Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theatre did much to explain the failure. Even discounting the defects of the production, "Pique Dame" is not of the stuff that makes enduring operative works.

The libretto is founded on a tale by Pushkin, and was written by Modeste Chaikovsky, the composer's brother, for another musician, who promptly rejected it. Piotr Ilich, with commendable fraternal loyalty, was, on the contrary, enchanted with it, and, taking it with him during a trip to Italy, wrote the entire score in six weeks. It was first performed in St. Petersburg in 1890.

The story, for those whose operative memories postdate 1910, is here appended:

The hero, Herman, is an inveterate gambler. Meeting Lisa in the summer garden in St. Petersburg he falls violently in love with her. He learns that she is the granddaughter of an old Countess who is so lucky at cards that she has been nicknamed "Pique Dame" ("the Queens of Spades"). Rumor has it that the old lady's success at card playing is founded upon a secret combination of three cards which she alone knows. Lisa, by the way, is affianced to Prince Jeletsky; she returns Herman's love, however.

Herman, bent on discovering the card secret at all costs, hides in the Countess's bedroom in the hope of forcing her to tell. The shock of finding the young gambler in her room kills the old Countess, so that Herman learns nothing. Tormented by remorse, he is haunted by the Countess's ghost, who finally shows him the mystic three-card combination.

The night following her funeral Herman goes to the Countess's house and plays cards with Jeletsky. Twice he plays the combination revealed to him by the ghost and twice he wins. Confident of success, he stakes everything on the third and last play, but instead of the card he expected turns up the queen of spades. In despair and haunted by the sneering apparition of the dead Countess, Herman kills himself.

It is rather a thin tale to spread over three acts and seven scenes—or so Chaikovsky makes it seem. The score has brief moments of beauty and compelling interest but in general is singularly wanting in dramatic power or cohesiveness. The composer elects to make out his action with a good many extraneous numbers, including a singularly fatuous ballet, none of which has more than a drawing room ballad interest. The ballet, in fact, is the composer at his worst—Chaikovsky hoping to write like Mozart and sounding like Catalani.

The performance had a few points of interest. Nina Koshetz, the guest soprano, as Lisa, bravely attacked one of the most ineffective prima donna roles ever written and by sheer virtue of good acting and some superb dramatic singing, managed to galvanize it into life. Max Panteleeff, who had the rather unimportant role of Tomsky, has an excellent baritone voice which he uses effectively and discreetly. He acted very well, in the bargain, and revealed himself as the best male singer the company has yet produced. It is difficult to understand why he has not been used in the more important parts.

Vladimir Daniloff, as Paul, displayed an inoffensive tenor voice and acted gracefully. The remaining members of the cast and chorus were about as usual. Eugene Fuerst conducted the orchestra, which made hash of Chaikovsky's symphonic scoring.

The company seemed strangely unfamiliar with the score. Every one, Mme. Koshetz and Mr. Daniloff honorably excepted, kept both eyes glued to the conductor, while the prompter, perfectly audible in the right lower entrance, read the libretto aloud from beginning to end. The whole performance was more like a first orchestra rehearsal than the close of a cross-country tour.

The real star of the evening, by the way, was not on the programme. This was the Cupid of the ballet scene, impersonated by a young woman of four years or so, who had obviously come straight off a wedding cake, and who, balanced precariously but triumphantly on one microscopic leg, received the ecstatic cheers of the audience with a smile that was none the less winning for being slightly toothless.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Tschaikovsky's opera, "Pique Dame," was given by the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theater last evening. This work is not unknown here. It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 5, 1910. Ming, Emmy Destinn and the giant Czech, Leo Slezak, were the principal singers, surrounded by Mme. Anna Meltschik, Mr. Didur, John Forsell, the Scandinavian barytone, who enjoyed his brief hour on the local stage, and some of the other older members of the company, including Miss Mattfeld and Miss Sparkes. Mme. Alma Gluck appeared in the intermezzo. Gustave Manier conducted.

Despite the charm of the pure Mozart in the intermezzo and the genuinely dramatic music which expressed the emotions of Herman and Lisa, the opera had no success with the patrons of the Metropolitan. Discussion of the score would be fruitless at this time.

It is only essential to note that it differs radically from those of the two operas heard before it in the present Russian season. The web of the music is a dramatic recitative of melodic character. There are a few set numbers and there are none of that protracted kind found in the "Russalka" of Dargomizsky and the "Tsar's Bride" of Rimsky-Korsakov.

It is a pity that the Russians' season did not begin with this opera, which offers so much more really dramatic music than the other two and which has a greater variety and a swifter method of impression. Even the performance assumed a livelier aspect than its predecessors. The recitatives, too frequently delivered violently and without musical quality, nevertheless had some theatrical effects, and in the lyric passages the singers sometimes almost sang. But on the whole the musical presentation of the opera was not of a high order.

Mme. Nina Koshetz as Lisa approached more nearly to artistic achievement than most of her associates, among whom Vladimir Daniloff as Herman, the hero of the story, distinguished himself by stentorian delivery which betokened much physical force. It is unnecessary to catalogue the other singers. This evening "Boris Godunov" will be given.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Czar's Bride," a four-act opera falling about midway between the Metropolitan's recent novelty, "The Snow Maid," and the posthumous "Coq d'Or," which the Russian censors barred, but which is the favorite in New York, was produced for what was doubtless its first local hearing at the Russian Opera Company's second performance at the New Amsterdam last night. As at Monday's opening, there was a large audience, including many Russian compatriots, who welcomed the singers from their wanderings around the world.

Americans have a special interest in the composer, whose first orchestral work—the first symphony produced in Petrograd by a Russian—was written by him as a young naval cadet with the Russian squadron that lay in New York Harbor during a critical time of our Civil War. His first opera, now called "Ivan the Terrible," came a few years later in Russia, on his retirement from the sea.

"The Czar's Bride" concerns the same Czar, without, however, involving the earlier heroine of "The Maid of Pskov." It is the eighth among Rimsky's dozen or fifteen works for the stage. The story, by Mey and Tumeneff, follows the former Czar's custom of choosing their own mates.

Ivan's eye had lighted on the merchant Sobakin's daughter Martha, betrothed already to Lykoff and sought also by Griasnoy, who begs a love potion from the court doctor. The man's mistress substitutes another drug, by which Martha falls ill. Her fiancé, falsely charged with poisoning her, is ordered to execution by the Czar. The girl at last goes mad. The Emperor appears only in the background of the opera, but the chorus of Boyars, who come to announce his choice of Martha as bride, is among the effective episodes.

Three of Mr. Fedoroff's singers reappeared last night. Mr. Karlash again as a father, Sobakin; Mr. Busanovsky as the bridegroom, Lykoff, and Mr. Tulchinoff as the Czar's messenger. Mr. Fevelsky again conducted. With Olga Kasanskaya in the name rôle, other newcomers were Claudia Ivanova, Zena Ershova, Sophie Flier and Barbara Lesleva among the women, and among the men, Jacob Lukin as Griasnoy, who had an ovation as the finest of villains, and Nicholas Kosloff as physician to the Czar.

Modest Miss Ershova, as a lady villain, did one of the best bits of singing yet heard from this company. Her air in the first act, sung unaccompanied, in Oriental scale, was as striking to Western ears as the composer's famous song of the Shepherd Lehl or his Hindood love song of the Queen of Shemakan in other operas. This curious air, "As a mother loves her daughter," was like the gentle croon of an orphan girl.

A Russian wedding in sixteenth century Moscow looked not unlike a previous mythical marriage in "The Mermaid." Yet the stage picture pleased unaccustomed spectators; it had barbaric curves of the original "Boris" sets on Broadway; it was racy with exotic color, like a wildflower, and it carried double measure of Slavic perspective when shown, as Joseph Conrad would say, under Western eyes.

For its second week here the Russian company last night announced repetitions next Monday of "Eugene Onegin," Tuesday, "The Demon," Wednesday, "The Czar's Bride," Thursday, "The Snow Maid," Friday, "Boris Godunov," Saturday matinee, "Onegin," for the third time, and Saturday night, May 20, "Pique Dame."

SING "BORIS" IN RUSSIAN.

Fedoroff Artists Get New Princess From the "Chauve Souris."

Russia's tragic masterpiece, "Boris Godunov" was sung for the forty-sixth time in New York, but the first by Russian singers in their own tongue, before a large audience last night at the New Amsterdam. Four evenings of Mr. Fedoroff's world-circling company had brought works by four composers, half of them new, to the local stage. Moussorgsky's opera, however, recalled the most recent triumphs of Chaliapin in the otherwise Italian ensemble at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Karlash, one of three in the Russian troupe who had sung the role of Czar Boris on tour, gave a good account of the character last evening. Miss Ivanova was the Czar's wife and Mr. Daniloff the Pretender, Dmitri, while the Polish princess, Marina, was sung by Miss Ershova, contralto, borrowed once before this week from Mr. Gest's company of the "Chauve Souris."

Mr. Tulchinoff acted the drunken monk, Varlam, and Max Panteleeff the monk Plern. Others in unaffected native guise gave verisimilitude to minor roles. Among these were Olga Michaelovskaya, Mrs. Popova, Miss Valentynova, Messrs. Vladimir Svetloff, Nicholas Kosloff and Leonid Gorielloff, and Mr. Fevelsky conducted. Seven scenes from the five-act score were used, beginning with that after the coronation. The later episode of the Russian people wandering in the snow was omitted, and the opera ended in the manner familiar here with the death scene of Boris Godunov.

By MAX SMITH.

THE Russian Opera Company sprang a surprise last night—unfortunately upon the smallest audience of the week—by giving a performance of "Boris Godunoff" that without exaggeration might be recommended to the Metropolitan Opera Company as a model to study and emulate.

Not that it was a finished performance. Nor did the inclusion of the first tableau of the third act, never before exhibited in New York, make up for the omission of the first part of the prologue and the Wintry march of the revolting hordes. The episode in Marina's boudoir, indeed, though not entirely without musical value, is probably the least consequential section of the score.

But some of the members of the cast, notably Pantelceef as Pimenn, David Tulchinoff, as the bibulous Varlaam, Nicholas Kosloff, as the sottish Missail, Vladimir Svetloff as Prince Sruisky and Valentina Valentynova as the Innkeeper accomplished such excellent results that their individual achievements compensated for other shortcomings and lent unexpected

effectiveness to several scenes. Strangely enough, too, Moussorgsky's score suffered much less in the hands of an orchestra hardly equal to the task imposed on a than one had anticipated. And surely this was a triumph for the genius of the composer as well as for the valiant men (and one woman) who gave their best under the direction of Michael Feveisky to carry home Moussorgsky's message.

The scene in Pimenn's cell was surprisingly well done, thanks to the singing of Max Panteleef, who is unquestionably one of the most remarkable artists Feodoroff thus far has introduced to his patrons, and to the support he received from Daniloff, who impersonated the false Dimitri. The comic actions of Messrs. Tulchinoff and Kosloff, moreover, complied with Mme. Valentynova's picturesque portrayal of the hostess made the Inn scene a delight from beginning to end. At no time has this scene

been acted in the Metropolitan with so much humorous by-play. Nor has the song of Varlaam been sung in the Broadway theatre one bit better than it was last night by Tulchinoff.

The great scene in the Czar's domicile, on the other hand, left something to be desired. For while Svetloff's portrayal of Shuisky was masterly as in the final act, Nicholas Karlash showed all too clearly that his histrionic gifts are not equal to his vocal accomplishments.

More cannot be said at this time. But no devotees of Moussorgsky should miss hearing the repetition of "Boris" next week.

the Frenchman, and Ardatoff as Zaretsky. Mr. Fuerst conducted a competent ensemble, effective in moments of choral singing like a volley of guns. The principals, without world-famous voices, were yet letter perfect as actors to the manner born, neither needing a prompter—the bane of Italian companies—nor missing fire in a true Slavic climax which is among the few pistol duels of the stage.

Local history of the work, aside from a Metropolitan production in recent seasons, had consisted of a concert version given by Damrosch, when Mr. de Gorza sang the baritone rôle, had a performance in 1914 at the Star Casino, an east side music hall, where half the opera's scenes were staged by Medredicff.

THE DEMON, OPERA

THE DEMON, fantastic opera in three acts, comprising six scenes, with prologue and epilogue. Book in Russian by Wskovato, from the poem of Mikhail Yurevitch Lermontov. Music by Anton Grigorovich Rubinstein. At the New Amsterdam Theatre.

Prince Gudal.....Nicholas Karlash
Tamara, his daughter.....Nina Koshetz
Prince Sinodal.....Vladimir Svetloff
Old Servant.....Gregory Ardatoff
Messenger.....Efim Vitls
The Old Nurse.....Barbara Losieva
Demon, the evil spirit.....Jacob Lukin
Angel.....Emma Mirovich
Conductor, Michael Feveisky.

Musically, a crescendo of interest marked the Russian Opera Company's first week of native works in their own language, at least half of them unknown, which reached a climax yesterday afternoon when one of two packed houses for the day heard Anton Rubinstein's opera "The Demon." It was sung for possibly the first time here, certainly the first of anything like equal adequacy. Local records and guides to operatic Broadway supplied no previous such occurrence.

Rubinstein in 1872, as a visitor to America, had opened a cycle of fifty years' growing acquaintance with Russia's music, as already mentioned in THE TIMES. He was also then the first of all the great European virtuosi and composers to appear here, followed a generation later by Tschalkovsky, by the French Saint-Saëns and the German Strauss. Remarkable, indeed, would be the absence, if true, of any of his twenty stage works from our theatres during a half century.

A "sacred opera," however, "The Tower of Babel," was given as an oratorio in 1881 by Leopold Damrosch, and actual scenes from it subsequently, at the composer's suggestion. Walter Damrosch gave the first scene with the Symphony and Oratorio Societies Jan. 18 and 19, 1889. Reinhold Herman and the Liederkranz added the third on Jan. 27 of that year, while both the third and fourth scenes were staged at the Cincinnati Festival May 25, 1894, by Theodore Thomas.

In "The Demon" yesterday the name rôle was sung by Jacob Lukin, who had previously appeared only as the villain—a famous Chaliapin rôle—in Rimsky-Karsakoff's "The Czar's Bride." Nina Koshetz, again a guest, not only sang but danced as the heroine, Tamara. Vladimir Svetloff, following only a minor tenor rôle in Moussorgsky's "Boris," acted the young hero, Prince Sinodal, killed in the first act.

Formerly has bred respect, rather than the contrary, for still others of the troupe. There were Nicholas Karlash as Prince Gudal, the girl's father; Gregory Ardatoff, stentorian bass, as their old servant, and Barbara Losieva as the old nurse. It was a pleasure to see Efim Vitls, an active chorus man all week, in a modestly named but well-sung part as messenger. Especially it was a pleasure to see Emma Mirovich, sister of the Russian pianist, as the Miltonic good angel of supernatural scenes.

"The Demon" has its demoniac choral prologue, like Boito's "Mefistofele," and its finish like Gounod's "Faust" in angelic tableaux. Rubinstein's music throughout entralls the musicianly hearer, his Caucasian dance of the bride awaiting her slain lover recalling some of the most exotic of the Russian ballets, while yesterday's audience gave its biggest ovation to his Cossack soldiers' chorus, of churchly harmony and basso profundity, sung at a shrine under the night stars of the Caucasus mountains.

The mountain princess's hall was staged in Asiatic simplicity as an open court amid the same snow-capped vista, its stone walls hung with Oriental rugs and shawls. Old-fashioned as is the opera, produced in 1875 at Petrograd and in 1881 as "Il Demonio" at Covent Garden, London, the Russians attempted no illusion of "fade out" views of the amorous Devil himself; he popped in, pursued by red light, lurking ever in the wings of the stage as the devil is supposed to do, despite all the press agents of Hollywood these days.

Lermontov's poetic devil is the poet-librettist himself thinking aloud, suffering from boredom, seeking happiness in a woman's love. Seeing Tamara, a beautiful Caucasian, betrothed to Sinodal, he has the soldier shot by Tartars in the mountain pass to her home. Tamara gets her to a nunnery. The Devil follows, though the Angel would bar the door. When the girl would wed the Devil to reform him, she dies at celestial voices' call.

The poet (1814-41), was a Petrograd cadet and officer of the Guards. To his own and the nation's anger at the loss of Pushkin in 1837, says the Britannica, the young soldier gave vent in a passionate poem addressed to the Czar, and the very voice which proclaimed that if Russia took no vengeance on

assassin of her poet, no second poet would be given her, was itself an intimation that a poet had come already.

The Czar of those days seems to have found more impertinence than inspiration in the address, for Lermontov was forthwith sent off to the Caucasus in charge of dragoons. He had been there with his grandmother as a boy of 10, and he found himself at home by yet deeper sympathies than those of childish recollection. The stern and rocky virtues of the mountaineers against whom he had to fight, no less than the scenery of the rocks and mountains themselves, proved akin to his heart; the Emperor had exiled him to his "native land."

Back in Petrograd in 1839 he wrote the novel, "A Hero of Our Own Time," that caused a duel in which he lost his life two years later. In this contest, he purposely selected the edge of a precipice, so that if either of the combatants was wounded so as to fall, his fate would be sealed. Posthumous poems, mutilated by the censor, were published, and a German translation gained European appeal. Among Lermontov's works were "Ismael Bey," "Hadjj Abrek," "Walerik," "The Novice," and, in remarkable imitation of old Russian ballad style, "The Song of the Czar Ivan, His Young Bodyguard and the Bold Merchant Kalashnikov." Last evening "The Snow Maiden," this season's Metropolitan novelty in French, was presented in Russian by the visiting singers as the seventh of their operas, all of which except the "Russalka" of Dargofsky will be repeated in the coming week. In Rimsky-Korsakoff's fairy tale appeared Miss Kasankaya as the Shepherd Lehl, Miss Valentynova as the Shepherdess, Miss Osipova as Koupava, Daniloff as the Czar, Radceff as Mizgurl. Others were Miss Losieva, Messrs. Kosloff, Tulchinoff, Vitls and Ardatoff, and Mr. Fuerst conducted.

Lubovska, Dancer, Wins Plaudits.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BUENOS AIRES, May 13.—Mme Lubovska, the dancer, opened her ballet performances here with popular success and much critical laudation. The Argentine papers acclaim her "one of the great dancers" seen in South America in recent years.

Desirée Lubovska, an American, born in Minnesota, despite her Russian name, appeared at the Hippodrome three years ago. She lived as a child in Mexico, and turned to the stage after a tragic South American trip, in which her brother died in Ecuador. She made her debut in Canada and appeared with Ruth St. Denis in California. The dancer sailed March 13 last on the Vauban with a company from her National American Ballet, Inc., of Hightstown, N. J.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Until yesterday afternoon, we believe, the New York public had never listened to a single Russian opera composed by Rubinstein, and to only one of his secular operas. The latter was "Nero," which was given at the Metropolitan Opera House long ago, in 1886, by the National Opera Company. Whether an opera by a Russian composer had ever before been heard in the United States may have been a question in the minds of the curious; but it was obvious then, as it is much more obvious now, that "Nero" had nothing in its music which marked it as characteristic of any school of composition. Neither in subject, nor in text, nor in style did it betray any of the idioms which have achieved a widespread popularity since and which give the performances of the Russian company, now performing at the New Amsterdam Theater, a peculiar interest in spite of the crudities and inadequacies of the representations.

As a matter of fact, the American public knew next to nothing of distinctively Russian music a generation ago. We had heard a little of Tschalkovsky's orchestral music and Borodin's fascinating sketch "On the Steppes," but that was all. In the mind of this reviewer there is a belief that before he became a recorder of musical things in New York a company of Russian singers, headed by Slaviansky, had produced Verstoffsky's "Askold's Tomb" in some American cities. This opera, in its time, shared popularity in Russia with Glinka's "Life for the Czar," an opera which awakened a national feeling in Russia; but of "Askold's Tomb" we knew nothing more than what we learned from a discovery of a libretto printed, we believe, in Philadelphia. What first awakened our interest in the characteristic music of the Russian people was the singing of Slaviansky's choir, and that we heard in London. The choir was just returned from an "American tour," but the phrase referred to South America, not the United States. In 1882 we had heard an air from "The Demon," by Rubinstein, sung by Mme. Gerster at the great music festival given by Theodore Thomas at the 7th Regiment Armory, but that made as little a distinctive impression then as it did yesterday, when the opera, denuded of a terday, when the opera, denuded of a former extraneous scene, was performed at the New Amsterdam Theater.

Growth of Russian Music

We are not retelling history for the sake of history. The conquest of the concert rooms of the world by the Russian composers of the younger

school (in all except church music the only Russian school which lives in popular apprehension) is comparatively a recent thing. Music patrons who have been such for a little more than a generation can compass it with their memories. Significant of its growth is the fact that it was directly promoted by the governments of the last two or three Czsars. Its culture was aristocratic, though the idiom, rhythmical and melodic, used by the composers was taken straight from the hearts and lips of the Russian peasantry. Rubinstein, though one of the most popular composers fifty years ago, did little to promote it. As a matter of fact he was out of sympathy with the young chicks who, as Borodin said, had been hatched out of the eggs laid by Balakireff. He said, not altogether incorrectly, that the school derived from Berlioz and Liszt and its disregard of conventional form annoyed him. But he confessed that its use of the elements of folk-music might result in a fructification of music generally. He felt himself outlawed by the fact that his tastes and training prevented him from being as strongly nationalistic as his young contemporaries. He put his case humorously yet pathetically when he said that Christians said he was a Jew, Jews that he was a Christian, Germans said he was a Russian, Russians that he was a German, the Ro-

manicists that he was a Classicist, the Classicists that he was a Romanticist.

The late Dudley P. Ck, replying to one of the remarks of this reviewer and comparing it with a diametrically opposite opinion by a Boston writer, was more sententious than Rubinstein. "It seems," he wrote, good-naturedly, "that I am like Issachar—a strong ass crouching down between two burdens."

Rubinstein's Ambitions

What this means in respect of Rubinstein may have been obvious to some persons who saw and heard "The Demon" yesterday. Rubinstein—like nearly every composer (we are not sure that Brahms was an exception in his inmost heart, though he gave no sign)—longed for success in the theater. He wrote twenty works for stage performance, including six ballets, and of these three practical ones were on Biblical subjects. "The Maccabees," "Sulamith" and "Christus." But he dreamed much, planned much, longed greatly for what he called "sacred opera," and in this guise which was neither oratorio, for which he had contempt, nor opera, he composed "The Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost" and "Moses"—with which works we are more or less familiar. They are amorphous things, too capital to be operas, too operatic to be oratorios.

So his "Demon." It is lyric drama indeed, but not Russian lyric drama like that of Moussorgsky and his other successors. It is full of absurdities and incongruities. It has a sort of prologue in which the contest between Good and Evil is discussed by the orchestra and a hidden chorus, then in an open scene between the Demon, who is a revolutionary cast out of heaven, and the Angel of Light. Between them the issue is joined and the struggle is for a human soul. But it is not wickedness which actuates the Demon but love of the human sort. The demon becomes before our eyes a lovesick devil. We have seen Mephistopheles promote the amours of one of whom he is trying to make a victim; but he is a pandar, a seducer, only by proxy. We have seen the singular devil of Massenet's "Griselidis," who is a henpecked husband. Rubinstein's opera presents us for the first time, so far as occurs to us just now, with the spectacle of a devil who is filled with passionate ardor, who pleads for a woman's love like any mortal wooer, who wins a kiss, apparently of requital, and loses his bride by death in the moment of his success. Good triumphs over Evil but a pure maiden is the victim and all poetic conventions are flouted by the fact that the love which she gives does not work the redemption of the Demon, as the love of Santa does that of the Accursed Dutchman, but send him to hell (or leaves him on earth which is to him the same thing), and transports her to heaven.

We have told the story of the opera and need not repeat it. As it suggests Boito's "Mefistofele" at the beginning (or would it if it were adequately represented) and Gounod's "Faust" at the end (or would it if the devil were not making love on his own account), it wavers between the commonplace and the admirable in its dramatic music and becomes downright fascinating only when the homeless, or country less, composer cursorily adopts elements which are the pith and marrow of his younger contemporaries.

Some Beautiful Music

The scene of Tamara and the maid at the spring is full of fresh and sparkling beauty: the tenor song of Prince Sinodal in the second is charming; the chorus of the Prince's followers burdens the night air with the magnificent canticles of the Russian Church service (one might expect the forest leaves to quiver responsively to those deities); the ballet music has in part the ingratiating loveliness of that "Fermora," and it was a pleasure to observe the note of sincerity and verisimilitude injected into the merry making by Miss Koshetz dancing like a girl instead of leaving that duty to one of the ballet. Finally there

'Eugene Onegin.'

Tchalkovsky's "Eugene Onegin," in Russia esteemed the greatest milestone along the path of national operatic art from its original landmark of Glinka's "A Life for the Czar," was performed by Feodoroff's Russian singers to one of their largest audiences of the week at the New Amsterdam last evening.

A burning silk paper candle shade, idway in Act 1., stirred the crowded house to sudden murmurs and hand-claps, in excited efforts to warn the heroine, who with head bowed perilously near it was writing her love to Onegin as she sang in her boudoir. Miss Mashir, in private life Mrs. Karlash, sang on unawares. When at last she saw the tiny blaze she plucked the shade off and stamped it underfoot, while Mrs. Popova, as the nurse, ran in and brushed the sparks away. There was no instant's pause. The singing, in fact, throughout the opera, sustained largely the lyric charm of Tschalkovsky, and the orchestra has at no time this week played more smoothly than in the lovely "Letter" air.

Vladimir Radceff appeared as Onegin last evening, Busanovsky as Lensky, the tenor rôle, and the Misses Mashir and Valentynova as Tatiana and Olga, with Miss Losieva as Mme. Lerin, their mother. Others were Messrs. Tulchinoff as General Gremin, Kosloff as Triquet,

May 23 1922

Mme. Koshetz Sings With Russians in 'The Tsar's Bride'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The third week of the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theater was ushered in last evening with a repetition of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "The Tsar's Bride," a work made known here in the first week of the company's season. A considerable improvement was made in the representation by the appearance of Mme. Nina Koshetz as *Lubasha*, the unfortunate favorite of the false *Griashoy*. Mme. Koshetz sang her music with a commendable degree of skill and gave excellent color to the unaccompanied solo of the first act.

Jacob Lukin as *Griashoy*, Mme. Olga Basanskaya as *Marpha* and Nicolas Eusanovsky as *Likoff* did not deviate from the hard and slow lines which they laid down at the first performance. The chorus sang better, perhaps, or at any rate its singing sounded better. There was a certain sincerity which made the whole presentation of the opera interesting.

These Russians, indeed, have been interesting all the time to those who give thoughtful consideration to the offerings of the musical world. Their art is not of a high order, but it furnishes food for thought. Perhaps it performs no more satisfactory office than that of demonstrating to New Yorkers that such revelations of Russian opera as they have had at the Metropolitan were not so far from the native article as might have been supposed.

On the other hand, when these Russians do the things that only Russians have done for centuries within the borders of that marvelous composite land of the North, where Greek and Tartar and Slav and Teuton strains have mingled in the strange stream of national blood, they do them with a certain "savior faire" which no outlander can acquire. If one has read Turgeniev and Tolstoi he can grasp something of the meaning of their doings, but in the end the foreigner feels that he is only a spectator of remote moving pictures for which he lacks the titles. The music is another matter. All music lovers are tolerably familiar with Russian melody and harmony, and when a song is as characteristic as that of "The Tsar's Bride" they must find much to stimulate their imaginations. The audience which attended last evening's performance was not as large as it should have been, but it was generously demonstrative.

May 25 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon," was repeated by the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theater last evening. There was reason to believe that despite its want of strong national characteristics this work had found more favor with local Russians than Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Tsar's Bride." At any rate the audience which listened to the famous pianist's work last evening was considerably larger than that which heard the distinguished engineer's on Monday and its applause betokened lively pleasure.

The performance was in almost every respect a replica of the first one. The women of the chorus, however, with some exceptions, showed something resembling a faint interest in the proceedings, but the general stolidism of the choristers in dramatic situations is probably due to the absence of a stimulating stage management. The orchestra played the notes of the instrumental staves, but made no vigorous search for anything under the surface.

Mme. Nina Koshetz was again the *Tamara*, the unfortunate young woman upon whom the *Demon* exercised his baleful arts. It can be said of Mme. Koshetz that throughout her impersonation she disclosed the accomplishments of an experienced operatic routinier. She sang her music with knowledge of its lyric and dramatic points and published some feeling through her facial expression. Her voice is not one of large importance, but she employs it with a knowledge of effect.

Jacob Lukin's *Demon* was quite as demoniac as before. This singer, too, has had useful operatic experience, but his vocal art is somewhat elementary. The other members of the cast had nothing of great significance to do. The opera is not a great work, but again it piqued curiosity as to what it might achieve if presented with adequate scenery and stage illusions. Some of the appearances of the *Demon*, if managed after the manner of those of *Peter Grimm*, might be made almost thrilling. On the other hand the music lover is driven to the conclusion that a great score should be great without the factitious aid of "all the arts tributary to the drama."

spirit of the drama and music

It was more enjoyable because Eugene Feurst, who had to make shift with a small band of musicians, understands Rimsky-Korsakov better than Artur Bodanzky and has some conception of the temple the composer desired. It was more enjoyable because the members of the cast, big and small, sang and enacted their respective parts with gusto.

Signor Gatti-Casazza, Edward Ziegler, Bodanzky could have learned a lesson from these wandering Russian players. Orville Harrold should have been on hand to hear how Vladimir Daniloff, adopting the thin voice of an otogenarian, delivered the Czar's touching little air to the Snow Maiden in the second act—how tenderly, how appealingly, over the reiterative figure of the accompaniment.

The comedy of Nicholas Kosloff as Bobyl was side-splitting. In Barbara Loselva he had an amusing partner as Bobyliska. Some of those Russians can sing. All, with a very few exceptions, know how to act with refreshing spontaneity and zest.

May 22 1922

"Tscherewitschki"

By H. E. Krehbiel

A fourth Russian opera, which has never been heard in New York, will be produced by the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam Theater on Friday night of this week and repeated on Saturday night. It is Tchaikovsky's (that is, we suppose it is Tscharkofsky's) "Tscherewitschi"—otherwise "Christmas Eve." However, it may be Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, for the announcement leaves us in the dark touching the authorship. It is likely to be an interesting work, for, whether composed by Rimsky-Korsakov or Tscharkofsky, it has an amusing plot.

Opera Based on Fantastic Tale

The opera is based on a fantastic tale by Gogol which has served two other Russian composers besides Tscharkofsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, namely, Solovioff and Lissenko. Though announced by the Russian company as "Tscherewitschki," it has three other titles, the most familiar being "Smith Wakoula," under which name we believe some of its music has been heard in our concert rooms. It is also called "Oxana's Whims." Rimsky-Korsakov wrote the libretto for his opera, but Tscharkofsky called in the help of a poet. Nevertheless the operas are very like each other. In brief, Gogol's story tells the adventures of a handsome young herculean blacksmith named Wakoula in the effort to win the hand of a willful and capricious damsel named Oxana. This young woman commands him to bring her the tscherewitschki (embroidered slippers or little shoes) of the Empress Catherine the Great.

To understand how he achieved this feat it is necessary to relate that his mother is a mistress of the magic arts and also a buxom dame of amored proclivities, who counts among her four lovers, not only the father of the whimsical Oxana but the Dent himself. One day (twos the day before Christmas) her four lovers appear at her house in such rapid succession that she is obliged to hide him in sacks, one after another, to prevent discovery of the numerous rivalry. She has just disposed of the last when Wakoula comes home and to him she gives the sacks (as containing so much coal) to carry away to various destinations. Wakoula shoulders the three sacks (for it is his haste the dame has put two of her lovers in one) and is off.

Interesting Scene With Devil

Two sacks Wakoula drops in the street and the third he carries to the edge of the river, where he stops to ponder the question of suicide because of the impossible demand made by his capricious sweetheart within the appointed time. Then the Devil discovers himself and leaps upon his shoulders. But the strength, dexterity and cunning of the young blacksmith enable him to get the upper hand of his Satanic Majesty, whom he threatens to baptize unless he consent instantly to transport him to St. Petersburg and help him get the Emperor's slippers. (The music accompanying the scenic pictures of the journey through space, as composed by Rimsky-Korsakov was played at a Philharmonic concert in December, 1906.) The adventure is successful. Wakoula returns with the shoes to his native village in time for early Christmas mass.

The other operas for the week are "The Tsar's Bride" to-night, "Snegourochka" on Tuesday, "The Demon" on Wednesday, "Eugen Onegin" on Thursday and "Pique Dame" on Saturday afternoon.

power of his voice are astonishing, and no note seemed high enough to cause him the slightest distress.

It is difficult to predict his future. He has absolutely no experience in singing, only a rudimentary musical background, and he is twenty-seven years old. That is a late age for a singer to begin.

However, if he could have several years of training, and if his musical intelligence is great enough to overcome the age handicap, he might very possibly make an opera singer whom thousands would flock to hear.

May 16 1922

Russians Sing "Eugene Onegin."

Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," in which the Russian Opera Company had won the largest audience of its opening week at the New Amsterdam, was heard there for the second time in native Russian guise last night. There are also to be repetitions of Rubinstein's "The Demon" this evening, and tomorrow Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Czar's Bride," both works of musical interest with which New York owes its first acquaintance to the Fedoroff troupe. The second week of their engagement opened with evident gain in the handling of the stage, while the performance was again noteworthy for the enthusiasm shown both by the singers and their compatriots here.

May 17 1922

RUSSIAN OPERA NOVELTY.

Tchaikovsky's "Christmas Eve" to Have Its Premiere Here May 26.

Tchaikovsky's opera, "Christmas Eve," from a story of robust and racy wit by Gogol, adapted in a charming libretto by Polonsky, is announced for its first performance here by the Russian Opera Company at the New Amsterdam on Friday and Saturday evenings of next week. This unfamiliar work, which preceded the composer's more famous operas, bears a musical kinship with the whimsical humor of his orchestral "Nutcracker" suite. It is variously known in Russian as "Cherewiehek" or "Cherewitschi" and was even produced abroad in light opera form as "Oxana's Caprice." The company's third week here will consist of repetitions on Monday next of "The Czar's Bride"; Tuesday, "The Snow Maiden"; Wednesday, "The Demon"; Thursday evening, "Eugene Onegin," and Saturday matinee, May 27, "Pique Dame."

Anton Rubinstein's fine opera, "The Demon," a sort of Russian "Faust" and "Mefistofele" combined, was heard for the second time in New York by a large audience at the Fedoroff company's performance at the New Amsterdam last evening. Marie Mashir succeeded Miss Koshetz as the Caucasian prince's daughter, while Mr. Karlash was again the father, not Mr. Tschinoff, named in the bill. A newcomer in the title role of the Demon, however, was Max Panteleeff, whose vigorous bass-baritone had given distinction to the monk Phinn in "Boris" last week.

The amazingly deep-voiced Russian basses of the chorus were applauded in the soldiers' night song of Act I, conducted by Mr. Fevelsky like a chant in a cathedral, and the house again showed its delight in Rubinstein's dance music of the Caucasus mountaineers.

May 19 1922

ANOTHER OPERA NOVELTY.

Russian Singers to Give Mousorgsky's "Khovantchina."

"The Snow Maiden" was sung for the second time by the Russian Opera Company last evening at the New Amsterdam, a performance complete in modern scenic detail by Russian artists, and carrying a new wealth of native comedy by these singing actors from Russia also. A change of order for the rest of the week brings "Pique Dame" this evening, "Eugen Onegin" tomorrow afternoon and "Boris Godunov" tomorrow night.

Seven different operas staged in a fortnight by the visiting troupe are already one more than the total of six Russian productions, only four being duplicates, known hitherto on operatic Broadway. Mr. Fedoroff now promises to add two more, Tchaikovsky's "Christmas Eve" in the coming third week, and during a fourth week Mousorgsky's "Khovantchina."

By MAX SMITH.

In spite of its obvious shortcomings, "Snegourochka," as given in the New Amsterdam Theatre last night by Fedoroff's company was far more enjoyable than the wholly inadequate, if pretentious, production submitted in the Metropolitan Opera House. It was more enjoyable, because truer to type, more characteristic, more naive, more in keeping with the folklore

little pathos and passion in the concluding duet with which Miss Koshetz and Jacob Lukin redeem much of the dryness of the representation in one and inefficiency in music. Given per scenic equipment, good singers in the orchestra demanded by Rubinstein's score, and "The Demon" would be a welcome addition to the Metropolitan repertoire.

May 15 1922

Young Italian Tenor Pleases.

Giuseppe Argentino, a young Italian tenor of natural power, covered singing at his work in a hurry, made his first appearance before an audience at the Town Hall last night in the role of "L'Africain." His singing gave pleasure, in spite of a handicap in being announced as a new arrival. Jascha and Margaret Bourne, his sponsors, also sang for baritone and soprano.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

A NEW TENOR.

Giuseppe Argentino was a shirt-maker in a Brooklyn laundry for seven years. Besides ironing, he sang to the delight and partial demoralization of his fellow workers. One day Jascha Bourne, a baritone, who has sung in concert here for some time, happened to the laundry—why the record does not state. Perhaps he came to complain about a shirt. At any rate, he heard the shirt-maker singing, decided that he had a phenomenal voice, took him out of the laundry and gave him singing lessons. Last night Mr. Argentino made his first appearance as a professional singer at the Town Hall as assisting artist to Jascha and Margaret Bourne.

His audience was a large one, and judging by the reception they gave him, included a large number of his friends. Indeed, when he first came upon the platform it was plain to be seen from the thunder of applause that greeted him that the evening was not going to be a placid one.

He sang three times, first the "O Paradiso" from "L'Africain," then "C'est la giubba" from "Pagliacci," and last "Di quella pira" from "Il Trovatore." He could have sung countless times without tiring his ears, but he knew no more except the Italian popular songs. His discoverer had not time to teach him more. The torrent of applause that first when he had finished "O Paradiso" was so instantaneous and so deafening that the singer, obviously unused to platform ways, looked almost as startled as he was pleased. There was applause of the expressionistic school. Some of the audience merely clapped and clapped; others stood up, got more elbow room; still others, finding no relief in such mechanical media of expression, shouted and whistled. It was safe to say that they loved him.

Since bowing was of no avail to quell the tumult, Mr. Argentino finally me out and dashed off "O Paradiso" over again, and when even that was not enough to satisfy his admirers he sang a Neapolitan street song. His other appearances were greeted just as noisily; in fact, after he had sung "Di quella pira" pandemonium broke loose entirely and up to a late hour last night still was large.

It was a silly and unfair thing to tell Mr. Argentino as "the new Caruso," for the comparison will not stand for a moment. Caruso was an expert vocalist and a finished artist of the newcomer, naturally, is neither. Nor has his voice the velvet quality that made Caruso's voice such a marvel at its best.

He has, however, an extraordinary voice, very brassy in its lower and middle registers and clear and brilliant on its top notes. His natural voice seems to be excellent, as he sang absolutely on the pitch throughout the evening. His vocal production and interpretation are absolutely artistic. "Chest" and "head" register a little to him, and he does everything as yet by main strength. That strength, however, seems to be limited. He is tall and powerfully built, with a tremendous neck and chest. The range and

May 27 1922

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE — "Cherevichky," by Tchaikowsky. By members of the Russian Grand Opera Company.

The Cast.

Wakula Vladimir Svetloff
Tschub David Tulchinnoff
The Mayor Gregory Ardatoff
The Devil Leonid Gorkenko
Sciocka Valentina Valentinnova
Oxana Marie Mashir
The Schoolmaster Nicholas Kosloff
The Minister Max Panteleeff
The Marshal Gregory Ardatoff
A Guard Efim Vitits
A Zaporoga M. Grosheff
Villagers, Cossacks, Court Officials and Nymphs.

By RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK.

We are indebted, or perhaps it would be more to the point to say we may give credit to, the Russian Grand Opera Company for the introduction to America of Tchaikowsky's "Cherevichky," which was presented at the New Amsterdam Theatre last evening, preceding, within forty-eight hours, the departure of the visiting artists for other conquests in other parts of the country.

"Cherevichky," which means Christmas Eve," or, at least, has a strong bearing upon the night before Christmas, is somewhat tangled as to thread, mystifying as to construction and worked out along fantastic lines. The work boasts a history that should justify the result, but after viewing it last night one cannot but think the effort spent upon working the opera into its present shape might have been expended better in preparing a new one. It has traveled Europe under the titles of "Oxana's Caprice," "Wakoula the Smith" and "Little Shoes."

It was in 1872 that the Grand Duchess Helena Pavlovna commissioned Seroff to write an opera on the subject of Gogol's tale of Christmas Eve Revels. At this date the inception of the idea took root, and later the Imperial Muscial Society offered a prize for the best setting of the story; the poet Polousky was engaged to write the text, for which Tchaikowsky composed the score, and the prize was carried off by the two.

The plot deals with the scheming of a witch named Sciocka, her son Wakula, a blacksmith; Tschub, an old Cossack; his daughter Oxana and the Devil.

The part of Oxana was carried by Marie Mashir, Wakula was impersonated by Vladimir Svetloff, Tschub by David Tulchinnoff, the witch by Valentina Valentinnova and the Devil by Leonid Gorkenko.

The score was typical of Tchaikowsky at his best, the singers were in good form, and with a heavier orchestra and more elaborate scenery the work would make a fair showing in a fair repertoire of Russian compositions.

Wins \$1,000 Prize of the Institute of Musical Art

William Kroll Gets Chief Award—Others Honored at Commencement.

William Kroll, 510 West 176th street, has won the Maurice Loeb prize of \$1,000 given each year to the student doing the best work in every course at the Institute of Musical Art. The announcement was made by Frank Dambrosch, the director, at the commencement exercises of the Institute held in Aeolian Hall, last evening.

Miss Blanca de Vacchio was awarded \$300, the first of the Isaac Newton Seligman prizes for work in original composition; Miss Ida Deck, the second prize, \$200; and Miss Margaret Hamilton, who received the highest grades in the Artists' course. The Faculty Scholarship was won by Jeanette Glass. All of the awards are given for the purpose of assisting the students in continuing their work.

A musical program was given by the orchestra of the Institute, Franz Kneisel conducting and William Kroll, Nora Fauchald and Margaret Hamilton as soloists.

A. E. F. CONCERT

By RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK.

An entertainment to which many luminaries of the opera and concert field contributed was given in Carnegie Hall last evening under the auspices of the A. E. F. Association for the benefit of disabled soldiers of the World War. The event also marked the anniversary of the American victory at Chateau Thierry.

Among artists, who appeared on the program, were Amia Fritziu, soprano; Giuseppe Danise, baritone; Cecil Arden, mezzo-soprano; Dorothy Jardon, soprano; Raoul Vidas, violinist; Max Gegna, cellist; Rhea Silberta, pianist; Donnell O'Brien, tenor; Berta Reviere, Lawrence Leonard, Gennaro Curci and Edoardo Ailbano.

Owing largely to the fact that it was a very warm evening the audience was not as large as the management had anticipated, but those who attended were enthusiastic and the artists gave their best.

Dorothy Jardon might be said to have topped the bill with her singing of Puccini's "O Mio Babbino Caro" and "Yah-reit," by Silberta. Amia Fritziu made a little speech in lieu of a song. Max Gegna, cellist, played several numbers delightfully with Miss Rhea Silberta as accompanist. Donnell O'Brien presented an aria from "L'Elixir d'Amore." Berta Reviere sang two listed numbers and an "extra." Pomenico l'aconessa, tenor, Maud Morgan, harpist, Gennaro Curci, pianist, Magdelene Erbland, soprano, Lawrence Leonard and others contributed favorite songs and instrumental numbers by favorite composers.

"Rigoletto" Proves Entertaining as Sung in Russian

Undaunted by warm weather, Leo Fedoroff's brave little company of Russian opera singers still continues its season of opera in Russian at the Second Avenue Theater. Having hitherto presented only works by Muscovite composers, the company sang for the first time here last evening an opera by a composer of another nationality, "Rigoletto," by Giuseppe Verdi. Gounod's "Faust" had been originally announced, but this performance has been postponed until next Sunday afternoon.

Last evening was probably the first time that a New York audience heard such thrice familiar airs as "Quella o Quella," "Caro Nome" and "La Donna Mobile" sung in the Russian language, and it proved far from a detriment to the music. In the performance of Italian opera the same spirit of earnestness and sincerity which has stamped the company's work in operas by their compatriots was an ingratiating feature. The principal roles were un-

usually well taken. Mr. Chruzanowski's Rigoletto was commendable in song and action. Mr. Dnieproff, a serviceable tenor, lately added to the company, was pleasing as the Duke, and Miss Kazanskaya's winome personality found congenial expression as Gilda, while her singing made a favorable impression.

As there are no stars in the company, a singer who has appeared in a leading role the week before is apt to be cast for a minor role on a following occasion. So it was that Mr. Panteleeff, who has alternated with Mr. Lukin in the title role of Rubinstein's "Demon," was the Monterone last evening. He made much of the role, as did Mr. Tulchinnoff of another minor character, Sparafucile. Generally speaking, there has been steady improvement in the character of the performances, of which "Rigoletto" was a noteworthy example.

Russians to Add Opera "Dubrovski."

Naprevnik's "Dubrovski" is to be added to the Russian Opera Company's repertory at the Second Avenue, announced elsewhere in THE TIMES today. The novelty will be presented Tuesday evening and again next Sunday night the noon, while on Saturday night the singers give the only repetition of Dargomizsky's "Russalka," with which they opened their earlier season at the New Amsterdam. Other current bills on the east side include "Eugene Onegin" Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon, a Russian benefit on Thursday, with "Pagliacci" and other features, and on Friday and Sunday nights, Halevy's "La Juive."

SUMMERTIME OPERA.

Halevy's "La Juive," sung in Russian, is to be added to the Fedoroff company's repertory at the Second Avenue Theatre on next Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, provided the visiting troupe can enlist the aid of additional chorus singers who have appeared in the opera on Broadway. Of non-Russian works, there are also announced repetitions of "Faust" on Saturday night and of "Rigoletto" next Sunday afternoon, while on Thursday of this week "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" will be sung at a benefit for fellow-artists in Russia.

"Eugene Onegin" on Wednesday evening and "Boris Godunov" on Saturday afternoon are retained as representatives of this company's best work in its own field of native Russian opera. The present week is the third at the big east side resort, where a fortnight hitherto has drawn more people than heard the three weeks of performances previously uptown. If to eight Russian and four "international" operas given here there are added "Carmen," a sensational success in the Far West, and Navratil's "Dubrovski," sung in Chicago, these travelers will have sung fourteen operas in their American tour.

They are said to have twenty-five operas at command, including other products of their native art. That fact lends interest today to what is as yet hardly more than rumor—namely, that the Russian Opera Company is to continue in this country and Canada for another season at least.

MUSIC NOTES AFIELD.

When John Powell plays his "Negro Rhapsody" at a festival in Asheville, N. C., this August, it will mark the thirty-fourth performance by the composer of "this extraordinary interpretation of negro psychology with its almost barbaric emotionalism and gripping hints of atavistic strains." First produced by the Russian Symphony in 1918, it was heard in turn at subscription pairs of concerts by the New York Philharmonic, New York Symphony, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago orchestras. The Detroit Orchestra and the Worcester Festival gave four performances each, while it has appeared on single programs at Norfolk, Conn., and Newark, as well as at the New York Stadium.

On the European tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra in 1920, Powell played his work to audiences in Paris, Fontainebleau, Marseilles, Rome, Parma, Milan, Strasburg, Ghent, Antwerp, Amsterdam and London. This coming season he will appear as soloist in two performances, each with the Minneapolis, Boston and Philadelphia orchestras, bringing the total of its public hearings to forty.

DAY, JULY 7, 1922.

Improved Acoustics Delight First

Adolph Lewisohn Brings Big Party of Dinner Guests to Hear Orchestra.

Improved acoustics due to a rebuilt orchestra stand, with a roof and sounding-board of changed construction, delighted the huge audience that heard the opening last night of the fifth season's outdoor concerts in the City College Stadium, 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Adolph Lewisohn, chief sponsor of the stadium concerts and donor of the structure, made a short speech, after which Henry Hadley conducted a programme chiefly Wagnerian. The orchestra comprised eighty-five members of the Philharmonic. Programme notes were written by Lawrence Gilman, the music critic.

The huge stone amphitheatre which was dedicated in 1915 with Margaret Anglin's performance of "The Trojan Women," has for five years given the summer population of the city a chance to hear the best orchestral music.

"I only hope," said Mr. Lewisohn, "that these concerts can continue to give pleasure, recreation and education to large and intelligent audiences who appreciate the best quality of music."

The overture to "Tannhaeuser," the "Love Death" from "Tristan," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," "Wotan's Farewell," the "Fire Music," Siegfried's "Funeral March," and the preludes to "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger" made a programme which was without soloist.

A march, "The Stadium," composed by Henry Hadley and dedicated to Mr. Lewisohn, led the central position of the programme.

IT is something of a problem to tell where one theatrical season leaves off and another begins, presumably it winds up some time in June and starts again with August. This arrangement, however, leaves the intervening weeks or so nowhere at all, and is that extent unsatisfactory. So, for reason in the world except that it is to have a beginning and an end, the record of the season starts with the production of the Ziegfeld "Follies" last June, and stops just before the presentation of the current one.

It is designed purely to afford statistical survey of the theatrical year, and those whose interest in statistics is nil are hereby encouraged to pass on to succeeding articles. It should be noted that it deliberately omits three productions now current—"The Bat," "The First Year" and "Shuffle Along"—for the reason that they antedate the season. Otherwise it presents the figures on all the season's productions on the English-speaking stage.

That it has been a disastrous season is indicated by the fact that there are 196 plays in the list, about 40 more than usual. Of these, 19 were revivals and 40 were of a musical nature. No less than 27 of the 196 were of English extraction, although included in this number are about revivals. The French plays totaled 1.

A glimpse at the list stirs memory of some pretty terrible evenings at the theatre. There are listed, for example, no less than twelve plays that did not go beyond their initial week. The shortest run of the season was scored by "Suzette" which came to the Princess Theatre on a Thursday night and departed on Saturday, even though it had the Thanksgiving holidays to help it along. The run accordingly, was of four performances. "Lady Bug," at the Apollo ran one performance longer, but record was even more remarkable. The opening took place on a Monday but "Lady Bug," waiting not even for Saturday night, departed after a performance on Thursday, with the illness of the principal player naïve given credit for the closing. Certainly he had plenty to be ill about.

The remaining plays that endured for a week only were "The Mask of Personality," "The Childers Tragedy," "The Skirt," "The Grey Way," "A Bachelor's Night," "The Right to Strike," "The Fair Circassian," "Rose Maehree" and "S. lome."

The longest run among the plays of the past season—still excluding the longevity trio of the year before goes to "Six-Cylinder Love," which came to the Sam H. Harris Theatre on Aug. 29, and is still there. The performance tomorrow night will be the three hundred and fortieth. "Tangerine," opening Aug. 8, reached 36 performances before it departed.

In the list that follows a parenthetical C indicates the pieces that still continue; R is for the revivals, an M marks those that were presented only at matinees. The figures are inclusive of last night's performances:

Ziegfeld Follies of 1921.....	11
George White's Scandals.....	9
Friars' All Star Jamboree.....	1
The Skylark.....	3
Snapshots of 1921 (2d eng.).....	2
The Teaser.....	12
Getting Gertie's Garter.....	12
Tangerine.....	36
Honors Are Even.....	7
March Hares.....	6
Dulcy.....	24
The Night Cap.....	9
Sonya.....	10
Sonny Boy.....	8
Nobody's Money.....	1
The Minnie World of 1921.....	1
The Scarlet Man.....	1
The Mask.....	3
Put and Take.....	4
The Detour.....	4
The Triumph of X.....	4
Six-Cylinder Love (C).....	36
Personality.....	1
The Poppy God.....	1
The Wheel.....	4
Two Blocks Away.....	4
Back Pay.....	7
Greenwich Village Follies.....	10
Daddy's Gone A-Hunting.....	12
Swords.....	1
Get Together.....	8
The Hero.....	1
The Silver Fox.....	1
The Merry Widow (R).....	1
The Easiest Way (R).....	1
Tarzan of the Apes.....	4
Don Juan.....	1
The Elton Case.....	1
True to Form.....	1
Laurel and Elaine.....	1

Dream Maker	82
le Antoinette	18
Wildcat	74
Wife with A Smile	41
Salary Man	238
(C)	21
Hand of the Potter	21
Varying Shore	60
Fair Christian	7
and Paid For (R)	30
Jimmy Valentine (R)	46
Chocolate Soldier (R)	83
Mountain Man	163
Idle Inn	25
ger	79
by (R)	12
Dover Road (C)	199
Idog Drummond	162
White Peacock	102
Squaw Man (R)	50
Married Woman	51
e Value	41
tain Applejack (C)	190
ful Larceny (C)	185
ting	63
Steamship Tenacity	67
In the Clouds	89
Who Gets Slapped (C)	177
Ma Machree	8
Blue Klitten	140
le Janis and Her Gang	56
National Anthem	114
Jolaine	136
Deluge (R)	45
Paast	15
Voice from the Minaret	13
Czarina	136
s and Needles	46
Pigeon (R)	92
uve-Souris (first program)	153
ank Pay's Fabrics	144
Blushing Bride	144
ists (R)	21
Law Breaker	90
at and the Canary (C)	143
ora (R)	12
ert Sands	16
ntiartre	112
dame Pierre (R)	37
the Ladies	128
French Doll	120
Rubicon (C)	127
Goodness Sake	103
s, Warren's Profession (R)	25
u	25
k to Methuselah	25
ir Woman and Mine	48
First Man	27
ken Branches	16
the Ladder (C)	112
deleine and the Movies	80
e Rose of Stamboul (C)	111
e Hairy Ape (C)	103
e First Fifty Years	48
Hotel Mouse	88
Truth About Blayds (C)	103
ltaire	16
lom (2d eng.)	16
e Hindu	71
et Because	46
adda (R)	43
oo (M)	3
e Green Ring	30
e Idiot (M)	3
ty Pepper	32
ke It Snappy (C)	72
ne Party	17
e Goldfish (C)	65
ay Bug	5
e Charlatan (C)	56
e Shadow	16
onx Express (C)	54
e Night Call	29
ains of Dew	16
editors	7
at the Public Wants	24
rtners Again (C)	48
e Red Geranium	16
e Easy Mabel	16
e Advertising of Kate	24
eted (R)	23
any Hawthorn (R)	36
mpy (C)	33
om Morn to Midnight (C)	6
e Rotters	16
ome (R)	8
le's Irish Rose (C)	23
kers of Light	21
e Drums of Jeopardy	8
d Pepper (C)	17
Pinch Hitter (C)	12
e Circle	175
ly 38	88
e Blue Lagoon	21
e White-Headed Boy	60
ehard's Eighth Wife	155
Pim Passes By (2d eng.)	16
e Man in the Making	22
od and Sand	71
e Return of Peter Grimm (R)	78
Spring (R)	21
sic Box Revue (C)	308
Marlon	56
Time (C)	295
Luck	28
e a King	16
Fan	32
are of Dogs	83
O'Brien Girl	164
nk You	257
Love Letter	169
s of the Field	88
n Street	219
e Dreams	40
Wren	24
ush	98
Hill of Divorcement	173
Children's Tragedy	8
achelor's Night	8
Claw	115
Demi-Virgin	268
Right to Strike	8
Six-Fifty	24
Wandering Jew	69
Madras House	80
en Days	40
Grand Duke	131
Morning, Dearie (C)	260
Christie	177
Perfect Fool (C)	251
Intimate Strangers	91
Skirt	8
Great Way	8
Mad Dog	15
Jiris	30
Straw	20
Verge	38
File	16
le's Nobleman	74
reat Broxopp	66
Jan's Name	24
day	30
ld Midnight Frolic	123

STADIUM ORCHESTRA.

Audiences close to the Stadium's 10,000 capacity have continued to greet the Philharmonic's nightly open-air concerts, conducted by Henry Hadley for another week or more before he yields the baton to Van Hoogstraten. A roofed orchestra stand contributes to make the music audible to the last blocks of listeners in lowest priced seats of the vast semi-amphitheatre.

This week's programs follow:

TONIGHT.

March from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Overture, "Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
Air from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Inez Barbour.
Seven dances, "Nutcracker Suite".....Tchaikovsky
Egyptian Sketches (first time), the Muzzin, the Hour, the Chawaze, the Snake
Ave Maria, "Cross of Fire".....Max Bruch
Inez Barbour.
Largo and finale, "New World," symphony.....Dvorak

MONDAY.

Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Scenes Pittoresques.....Massenet
Concerto in E flat.....Liszt
Harry Kaufman, pianist.
Excerpts from "Symphony Pathetique".....Tchaikovsky
Five "Indian Sketches": Prelude, Invocation, Camp Dance, Nocturne, Snake Dance.....H. F. Gilbert
Carnival in Paris.....Svendsen

TUESDAY.

March, "Pomp and Circumstance".....Elgar
Overture, "Purification".....Weber
Entr'actes from "Rosamunde".....Schubert
Love scene from "Feuerenot".....Strauss
Polonaise.....Liszt
Tone poem, "The Siren Song".....Deems Taylor
Love's Dream.....Liszt
Fstrandole, from "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet

WEDNESDAY.

Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67.....Beethoven
Suite in A minor, Op. 42: "In a Haunted Forest," "In October," "Forest Spirits".....MacDowell
The Afternoon of a Faun.....Debussy
Military Polonaise.....Chopin

THURSDAY.

Symphony No. 5, in E minor, Op. 64.....Tchaikovsky
Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Flower scene from "Parsifal".....Wagner
Fraternal.....Wagner
Excerpts from "The Ring" cycle.....Wagner

FRIDAY.

Ballet from "Prince Igor".....Borodin
Violin concerto, in G minor, Op. 28.....Max Bruch
Andre Polak.
Overture, "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Autumn Twilight, "Wood Pixies" (new) and "Night in Old Grenada".....Hadley
Andante Cantabile.....Tchaikovsky
Blue Danube.....Strauss

SATURDAY.

Overture, "Raymond".....Thomas
Egyptian Suite.....Lutigni
Clair de la Lune.....MacDowell
March of the Janizaries.....Hosmer
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....Wagner
Overture on Negro Themes.....Dunn
March, "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
Molly on the Shore.....Granger
Dance of the Hours.....Ponchelli

July 23 1922

EXIT HADLEY, ENTER DUTCH CONDUCTOR

Exit Hadley, replete of honors; enter Van Hoogstraten of Holland, abundant in promise. At midnight Wednesday, this week, the Stadium Concerts and their New York Philharmonic Orchestra of eighty-five change conductors. Henry Hadley is to say goodbye, with a splendid programme Wednesday night, having filled his task of three weeks with the greatest skill he has yet shown with the baton.

Willem Van Hoogstraten, with a distinguished European reputation and agreeable memories of his brilliant pair of Philharmonic concerts last winter, starts the second half of the Stadium concerts Thursday evening with a trio of striking programmes for his first three nights. His opening programme will be a Tchaikowsky-Wagner night.

Henry Hadley's farewell will be Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, his own tone poem "Lucifer," and Tchaikowsky's "1812." Mr. Van Hoogstraten will present for his opening night the Tchaikowsky "Pathetique" Symphony, and these Wagner numbers: The introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin;" the Siegfried Idyl, the prelude and "Love Death" from Tristan and Isolde, and the overture to "Tannhauser." The first two of these Wagner numbers are new to the Stadium concerts this year.

"Lucifer," on the final Hadley night, will be a great feature. One of Mr. Hadley's recent works, it has seldom been heard in New York, and therefore will come with much freshness to a Stadium audience. It is

a striking and dramatic composition and based on a poetic tragedy by the old Dutch poet Vondel. Its orchestration is improving. For it an extra choir of brass instruments will be required in the finale. "1812," the real adieu number, will be given with an additional brass band and a cannon effect, in the same splendid fashion it was a year ago at the Stadium.

Van Hoogstraten has been in New York for ten days and is actively engaged at Stadium programme making. He is a new figure in the musical world of America. His re-clame in Europe is, however, very great. He has additional interest from being the husband of Elly Ney, the pianist. His appointment as Stadium conductor is due to the brilliant impression he made directing the Philharmonic in two concerts during last winter. The feats that brought him into wide notice were his conducting of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn, two Brahms piano concertos (for which Mme. Ney was soloist) and the Fourth Tchaikowsky Symphony.

Hadley and Van Hoogstraten will not be the sole features of interest and importance of the Stadium's fourth week. John Barclay, baritone, who came over from England and has made a number of notable appearances here, among them with the famous Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto in Carnegie Hall last winter, is to sing on Monday and Judson House, tenor, will be the soloist tonight.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten's first three evenings, it should be noted, will be entirely orchestral.

Mr. Barclay will sing Valentine's aria from Gounod's "Faust" and an aria from Massenet's "Herolade," "Vision Fugitive;" while Mr. House's numbers will be "Una furtiva lagrima" from Donizetti's "Elisir d'amore" and the "Prize Song" from Wagner's "Meistersinger."

Stadium official statements show for the first week of 1922 an attendance over 50 per cent. larger than that of last year.

For the emergency of rainy nights there has been built for the Great Hall of the City College, where the concerts are held in case of bad weather, a new orchestra platform, three feet high, that the eight-five men of the Philharmonic, when necessity comes to play indoors, may be better seen and heard.

July 25 1922

NEW STADIUM CONDUCTOR.

VanHoogstraten Succeeds Hadley in Direction of Philharmonic Last Night.

Willem Van Hoogstraten made his debut at the opening of the second three weeks of the Stadium Concerts, succeeding Henry Hadley. He gave the first of the twenty-one programmes he will be responsible for, last night being Tchaikowsky-Wagner. He led the Philharmonic through Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and four numbers of Wagner, the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," the Siegfried Idyl, the Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the Overture to "Tannhauser."

Mr. Van Hoogstraten's first three programmes will be entirely orchestral. To-night the Philharmonic, under his conductorship, will play Beethoven, Charpentier, Richard Strauss and Liszt. Saturday's programme will comprise numbers from Weber, Sibelius, Liszt, Wagner, Johann Strauss and Berlioz, the latter number being excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" and the Wagner number, the Prelude to "Meistersinger."

July 6, 1922

MORE STADIUM SYMPHONIES.

Frank Sheridan, pianist, another of the Stadium's "audition soloists," and the only one who received the judges' unanimous vote, will appear with the Philharmonic's eighty-five players on the City College Field this evening. Two young Metropolitan singers later in the week are Suzanne Keener and Helena Marsh. Mr. Van Hoogstraten on three of the evenings conducts famous symphonies, that of Cesar Franck, the first of Brahms and the "Erica" of Beethoven, while a popular ballot has been taken for a full symphony program when the entire series closes on Aug. 16.

Following are the lists for this week:

TONIGHT.
Overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage".....Mendelssohn
Concerto No. 2, in D minor.....MacDowell (Frank Sheridan, pianist.)

Slavic Dances.....Dvorak
Two Elegiac Melodies.....Grieg
Finale from Symphony No. 4.....Brahms

MONDAY.

Capriccio Italian.....Tchaikowsky
Les Preludes.....Cesar Franck
Symphony in D minor.....Cesar Franck

TUESDAY.

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
"Caro Nome," "Rigoletto".....Verdi (Suzanne Keener, soprano.)
Suite, Op. 9.....Enesco
Overture, "Marrings of Figaro".....Mozart
"Ah, Fors e Lui," "La Traviata".....Verdi (Miss Keener.)
Symphonic poem, "Tasso".....Liszt

WEDNESDAY.

Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart
Symphony No. 1, in C minor.....Brahms
Second Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Liszt
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.....Liszt

THURSDAY.

"Erica" Symphony.....Beethoven
Venusterg scene, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
"Traume" (Dreams), "Prize Song" from "Meistersinger".....Wagner
"Ride of the Valkyries".....Wagner

FRIDAY.

Overture, "Carnival".....Dvorak
"Divinites da Styx," "Alceste".....Gluck (Helena Marsh, soprano.)
Excerpts from "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Symphonic poem, "Phaeton".....Saint-Saens
"Che Faro," from "Orfeo".....Gluck (Miss Marsh.)
Hungarian Dances.....Brahms

SATURDAY.

March, from "Aida".....Verdi
Three movements, "Rustic Wedding" symphony.....Goldmark
Dream music, "Hansel and Gretel".....Humperdinck
Waltz, "Artist's Life".....Johann Strauss
Trumpet solo. (Gustav F. Heim.)
Hymn to the Sun, from "Iris"..... Mascagni

Much interest centres around Frank Sheridan's appearance this evening. Though young and little heard of as yet in New York, he is regarded as a pianist of most extraordinary promise. He is to play MacDowell's Concerto for piano, No. 2 in D minor. The judges in the Auditions voted for him without a dissenting voice, a compliment, it is understood, not paid to any other candidate. Not only is his technique brilliant, but he plays with a vast understanding and inner appreciation and knowledge of the composers. By blood he is admirably equipped to take a place in the artistic world. His great-grand-mother was a Russian opera singer, his father is a New York City Irishman and his mother a German Jewess. Harold Bauer has coached him considerably.

LAST NIGHTS OF STADIUM CONCERT

The Stadium Concerts for 1922 were the most successful series in the five years of their history in receipts, attendance and in artistic presentation. Only to-night, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday remain for the completion of the series.

The making of the final programme has been ballotted for at the Stadium for a fortnight. Ten thousand people voted.

Tchaikowsky's Symphony "Pathetique" won overwhelmingly. Tchaikowsky and Wagner. In detail the votes were:

SYMPHONIES.	
Tchaikowsky—"Pathetique".....	1,800
Beethoven—"Fifth".....	1,000
—Ninth.....	1,000
Schubert—"Unfinished".....	1,000
Dvorak—"New World".....	800
Tchaikowsky—"Fifth".....	600
OVERTURES.	
Wagner—"Tannhauser".....	1,200
Tchaikowsky—"1812".....	1,100
Wagner—"Meistersinger".....	600
Rossini—"William Tell".....	500

In "miscellaneous numbers" the voting was widely scattered, more than one hundred compositions being named. Among the marked favorites were Liszt's "Les Preludes" and Wagner's "Prize Song" and "Traume." This is the programme for Wednesday night:

1. Tchaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony.
2. Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser."
3. (a.) Wagner's Traume.
(b.) Wagner's Prize Song.
4. Liszt's "Les Preludes."

Other Features.

Other features will make these last Stadium nights brilliant. Tuesday, William Sinmons, baritone, will sing. He is the last of the Stadium Audition Soloists of the year to be heard, and the one whom the Audition judges esteemed the highest, for they added this phrase after his name when they announced his winning. "A perfect representative of the art of singing." His numbers will be an aria from "The Masked Ball" and the prologue to "Pagliacci."

Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist, will be soloist to-night. He will play, with the orchestra, Servais' "Le Desir." Monday is a Dvorak-Strauss night, with four movements from the "New World" beginning the programme and these Strauss numbers—the Tone Poem "Don Juan," the Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, Op. 11, and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." A special feature will be a horn soloist, B. Jaenicke, the first horn of the orchestra.

The Week's Programmes.

The four programmes follow:
SUNDAY EVENING, AUG. 13.

- Soloist—Cornelius Van Vliet, Cello.
1. "Carnival de Paris".....Sendsen
2. "Siegfried Idyl".....Wagner
3. "Cello Solo, "Le Desir," for cello and orchestra.....Servais
4. Overture to "Phedre".....Massenet
5. "Nutcracker" Suite.....Tchaltkovsky
6. "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla," Wagner

MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 14.
(DVORAK-STRAUSS).

- Soloist—B. Jaenicke, Horn.
1. Symphony No. 5 in E minor (from the "New World"), op. 95.....Dvorak
2. Adagio; allegro molto. II. Largo. III. Scherzo. IV. Allegro con fuoco. Intermission.
3. Tone-Poem, "Don Juan," op. 20, Richard Strauss
4. Concerto for Horn and Orchestra, op. 11, Richard Strauss
5. "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Richard Strauss

TUESDAY EVENING, AUG. 15.

- Soloist—William Simmons, Baritone.
1. Overture, "In Old Virginia".....John Powell
2. Aria from "Masked Ball".....Verdi
3. Piano Concerto A minor op. 16.....Grieg
4. Suite No. 11 from "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
5. Pastoral. II. Minuetto. III. Farandole.
6. Prologue to Pagliacci.....Leoncavallo
7. Berioz

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 16.

Last Night.

REQUEST PROGRAMME

- as chosen by the votes of Stadium audiences.
1. Symphony No. 8, "Pathétique".....Tchaltkovsky
2. Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
3. (a) Traume (Dreams).....Wagner
(b) Prize song from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner
4. Symphonic Poem "Les Preludes".....Liszt

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE SEASON BEGINS.

Sounds of tooting that issued from the Century Theatre about 9.30 last night started a rumor among the uninitiated in Columbus Circle that Balluff's "Chauve Souris" company was seeing in the Russian New Year on the Century Roof. But the uninitiated were wrong. It was the stage band of Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Grand Opera Company doing justice to the grand march in the second act of "Aida," and incidentally ushering in the new musical season on Manhattan Island with appropriate fanfares.

Mr. Gallo did well to begin his four weeks' stay with "Aida." It is the ideal curtain raiser for a season, with arias and duets and choruses galore, and paraders and dancers and stage bands and real animals and everything else that makes for the grandest sort of grand opera. "Pelleas" is all very well for the mid-season ear; it takes an "Aida" to announce that vacation is over.

Healthy is perhaps the best adjective for last night's performance. It was a bustling, well-nourished affair, sound in wind and limb, with no hopeless defects and no great polish. "Aida" is not an esoteric work, but it has had subtler treatment than it received last night. Several of the singers adopted President Wilson's war motto of "force to the utmost," with results that grew a trifle monotonous. Marie Rappold was an honorable exception, giving a performance of the title role that had considerable variety and vocal finish. Amador Farnadas, a newcomer in the company, was Radames, displaying some good top notes, some weak lower ones, and a tendency to force his voice from the pitch. Stella de Mette, who sang Amneris, gave a good routine performance, but seemed to lack vocal power. The Amonasro was Joseph Royer, and the Priestess, Anita Klinova.

The chorus showed signs of good training and sang with commendable intonation and precision. The orchestra too sounded well, much better balanced than last year. Carlo Peroni, who conducted, let his men drown the singers occasionally, but kept them well together and maintained a vigorous pace. The audience was large and friendly.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" came together once more last evening when the San Carlo Grand Opera Company began the second week of its season at the Century Theatre with them. The principal interest of the evening was in the "guest" appearance of Mme. Maria Escobar, a Spanish soprano, who is or has been a favorite in Mexico, where she sang one season with Mr. Caruso. She was heard at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 6, 1921, when she sang *Aida* in a performance given for charity by the Masonic Club. On that occasion she was an eleventh hour substitute for Miss Muzio, suddenly indisposed.

Mme. Escobar added some distinction to the performance of Mascagni's opera last evening. Her *Santuzza* had dramatic earnestness and some moments of real intensity. Her voice was good to hear, well suited to the music, and possessed of some passionate accents. She was warmly applauded by a large audience. Her associates were Miss Stella de Mette as *Lola*, Mr. Barra as *Turiddu* and Alberto Terrasi as *Alfo*. "Pagliacci" gave opportunity for the display of the abilities of Miss Sofia Charlebois as *Nedda*, Amador Farnadas as *Canio*, Mario Valle as *Onio* and Giuseppe Interrante as *Istio*. The chorus sang very vigorously in both operas and on several occasions was on the pitch. The orchestra played as if somewhat tired, but Carlo Peroni conducted as if weariness were unknown to him and enthusiasm dwelt eternal in his spirit.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

MR. GALLO GUESSES RIGHT.

The San Carlo Opera Company began its second week at the Century Theatre last night with the perennial "Cavalleria"—"Pagliacci" combination, and incidentally gave the best all-around performance it has yet offered. The evening served to introduce a new guest artist in the person of Maria Luisa Escobar, a dramatic soprano from Mexico City, who sang *Santuzza* in the title role in a performance of "Aida" that the Masons gave at the Metropolitan Opera House in the spring of 1921 and had upon occasion, according to the San Carlo press department, sung opposite Caruso in Mexico.

After hearing her last night one is inclined to believe that Caruso must have been well satisfied with the work of his vis-a-vis, for Mme. Escobar is an operatic singer of exceptional ability. She has a voice of rare beauty, with the rich, creamy quality of the true dramatic soprano, and she knows how to use it. Her vocalism is not perfect—her lower tones come too much from the throat to be altogether comfortable for either singer or hearer; but if it were, she might not be so good a singer. For she is one of those rare finds, a singer who acts with her voice. She uses it first to express what the character is supposed to feel, and second, to produce agreeable tones. In addition she is a skilful and persuasive actress. Altogether, her performance of *Santuzza* last night was a superb piece of work.

Gennaro Barra, who sang *Turiddu* so nobly to the occasion and gave a notable performance. *Turiddu*, like Inkerton, is a character that takes skilful handling to make endurable. And Mr. Barra deserves a great deal of credit for his good singing and acting last night.

Alfo was acceptably impersonated by Alberto Terrasi. *Mama Lucia* was well sung by Anita Klinova, and *Lola* was fairly well done by Stella Demette. The chorus sang lustily and well, except during the prayer in the first scene, when the tenors voted or a drastic revision, downward, of the pitch. Mr. Peroni conducted with commendable vigor, but occasionally let the brasses wax overenthusiastically as a whole, however, the performance

was excellent. To say that the Metropolitan Opera Company has given many worse performances of "Cavalleria" is almost too left-handed a compliment.

In "Pagliacci," Sofia Charlebois made her second appearance of the season, singing *Nedda* with engaging charm. Amador Farnadas made a rather rough-hewn *Canio*, but received a noisy welcome. Mario Valle was *Tonio*. Tradition has it that no one has ever failed yet in the Prologue, and last night Mr. Valle kept tradition inviolate, with a trifle to spare. Mr. Peroni conducted. The audience was of dimensions that recalled the title of the new Hippodrome show.

MME. MIURA AS BUTTERFLY.

Little Japanese Prima Donna Is Warmly Welcomed at the Century.

Mme. Tamaki Miura, one of the first of her nation to master the Western manner of opera, and herself mistress of exotic traits that others envy in her characterizations of Japan, was surely and speedily made aware of New York's welcome last night when she returned to sing "Madame Butterfly" to a sold-out house, the largest this week, at the Century. Like Miss Jardon in the previous night's "Carmen," as well as Miss Fitzu, Mme. Rappold and others earlier, this doll-like prima donna, who received bunches of flowers as big as herself, held the great audience far past 11 o'clock.

Messrs. Barra and Valle, seen in natural guise as the navy lieutenant and American consul, gave her good support, and Mr. Peroni conducted. Such performances by Mr. Gallo's company might persuade New Yorkers after all these years that the Century is an opera house, just as Mr. Gest's Russians overheard persuade them that the "Chauve Souris" has perched on the greatest roof garden in the world.

ADD TWO OPERA SINGERS.

Du Pont Heads
New Orchestra's
List of Founders
City Symphony to Give 42
Concerts With Dirk Foch
Conducting.

Another big symphony orchestra has been formed and will give forty-two symphonic concerts in New York this winter, supplementing those of the Philharmonic, the Symphony Society, Boston and Philadelphia orchestras. Hardly a word about the new organization found its way into print until yesterday, when formal announcement was made by Arthur J. Gaines, the manager, that the City Symphony Orchestra has been founded by Senator T. Coleman du Pont, Messrs. Bartlett Arkell, Manton B. Metcalf, Ralph Pulitzer, Lewis L. Clarke and other leading New York business men, for the purpose of offering at the lowest possible rate of admission orchestral music of the highest standard. The concerts of the new orchestra will be given in Carnegie Hall, opening November 18, the Town Hall, Manhattan Opera House and other concert halls.

The City Symphony Orchestra is operated by the Musical Society of the City of New York, of which Senator du Pont is the president, Mr. Henry McDonald vice-president, Mr. Lewis L. Clark treasurer and Mr. George H. Benjamin trust officer. Mrs. Louise Ryals de Cravito is chairman of the music committee. Mr. Dirk Foch will be the musical director, and the business manager is Mr. Arthur J. Gaines, who for ten years was manager of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gaines's engagement was announced several months ago, but at that time little information could be obtained about the new organization.

The orchestra will have eighty-three players. The first concert will be preceded by four weeks of daily rehearsals to develop the esprit de corps essential to ensemble playing.

Mr. Foch, the conductor, a composer as well, is a native of Holland, who studied with Nikisch and Busoni, and has conducted symphony concerts in opera in Amsterdam and The Hague, Holland; Stockholm and Gothenburg, Sweden, and various cities of Germany. He conducted several of the Stadium concerts here in 1919, a special Carnegie Hall concert in 1920, and was guest conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in March, 1921.

There will be twelve evening concerts at Carnegie Hall, twelve afternoon concerts at Town Hall, thirteen Sunday afternoon popular concerts at the Manhattan and five Thursday evening concerts at Cooper Union. The same pro-

grams will be given at Carnegie, Town halls and the best orchestra seats will be \$1.25.

The soloists engaged include Miss Elena Gerhardt, Mme. Marguerite Namura, Miss Erika Morini, Rudolph Ganz, Miss Sophie Braslau and Emilio de Gogorza.

Mrs. F. S. Coolidge, at her little "temple" of music on South Mountain at Pittsfield, Mass. Concerts will be held there next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, one on the afternoon of each day, two more on the mornings of Friday and Saturday. The first and the last will be concerts of music for string quartet, plus a clarinet at the one and a piano at the other. At the third music for a trio of violin, cello and piano will be played. Chamber pieces by Brahms for instruments or for voice with instruments fill the second program. Competition for string quartet for quartet of strings and wind or for wind instruments alone divide the fourth.

Two pieces will be played for the first time anywhere: A quartet in F-sharp minor for strings, written by Leo Weiner and winning the Coolidge prize for 1922, a "suite-rhapsody" for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, written by Prescia and dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge herself. For the first time in this country, Reger's quintet in A major, for clarinet and strings, and Pierné's trio for piano, violin and cello will be heard, while the program from Brahms abounds in unfamiliar numbers.

For players, according to The Boston Transcript's latest report of them, Mrs. Coolidge has summoned the Wendling String Quartet from Stuttgart, Germany, and the string quartet of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco. Carl Wendling, concert master of the Boston Orchestra in Mr. Fiedler and Dr. Muck's day, leads the Germans. Louis Persinger, sometime heard a virtuoso in the East, captains the Californians. The New York Trio, recalled from concert hereabout, will play the pieces for violin, violoncello and piano. The other assembled artists include Mr. Grisez, the clarinetist; Mr. Hutcheson, the pianist; Mr. Salmon, an English cellist who came first from London in New York last spring. The singers, to be heard only in music of Brahms, a Messiaen, Bennett and Kodol and Messrs. Hamlyn and Sasiavsky.

By Deems Taylor

"LA BOHEME" AT THE CENTURY

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Anna Fitzu must have worked hard this summer. She sang Mimi last night in the San Carlo company's production of "La Boheme," offering a slimmer, more graceful and altogether more convincing Mimi than she presented last year. Also, she sang it better than anything this reviewer has heard her do. Miss Fitzu is still, however, a bit over conscientious on the vocal side. There were times, particularly in her first act scene with Rodolfo, when the sacrifice of a few notes would have helped the drama immeasurably.

Romeo Boscaedi sang and acted Rodolfo carefully but satisfactorily. Mario Valle merely sang Marcel. Louis d'Angelo, familiar to Metropolitan subscribers, replaced Giuseppe Interrante as Schaunard, and incidentally gave the best performance of the role that we have ever seen. The Musetta of the evening, Mary Fabry, was a newcomer. She has a light, agreeable voice, well handled, and acted with an ease and effectiveness that make her future look promising. Natale Cervi doubled successfully a Benoit and Alcindoro.

Mr. Peroni conducted with considerable success, although for some reason—lack of rehearsals, probably—the balance of the orchestra leaned rather too heavily to the brass side. The famous Century Theatre orchestra may have had something to do with the case. It was obt in full regalia last night, returning the singers' voices with such devastating promptitude that most of those who hear "Che gelida manina" from the orchestra rear seats got two arias for the price of one.

New Quartet by Leo Weiner
of Budapest Given at Mrs.
Coolidge's Temple.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.
Special to The New York Times.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 30.—The last day of the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival brought forth the new quartet, by Leo Weiner of Budapest, that won Mrs. Coolidge's prize of \$1,000. She has

AN EARFUL OF "OTELLO."

Stage and Audience Vociferous at Brooklyn Company's Opera.

"Otello," sung Saturday night at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by Alfredo Salmagrande's Brooklyn Opera Company, was a very loud opera. It is hard to say whether there was more noise from the volatile Italian audience or from the stage. One certainly had an earful, whichever way considered.

The occasion was the second appearance of Antonio Paoli, the Porto Rican tenor, as the Moor. Another piece had been scheduled, but a riot at the box office for tickets for the first performance of "Otello" forced a return rendition.

Paoli has a big voice, resonant and rich in the middle tones; he also has, perhaps, good high notes, but they are too often marred by a tendency to force them to win the gallery. He is by no means a poor actor, being hampered less in this than in other possible roles by his ample girth. His robust tenor was a pleasant relief from the bleaters too often heralded as the "greatest living."

Amleto Barbieri was an Iago of good voice, but as sinister as Santa Claus. A welkin-ringing time was had by all.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"LA TRAVIATA" AT THE CENTURY.

The San Carlo Opera Company's performance last night was "La Traviata," the first of the season. It was a good, average performance, not by any means the best thing the San Carolingians have done, but adequate and obviously satisfying to a large and exuberant audience.

Josephine Lucchese was Violetta, and a very charming and appealingly pathetic one. Her singing was not as good as her acting, however. Violetta is a coloratura role, but takes some good dramatic singing to be effective, and Miss Lucchese's voice showed unmistakable signs of strain before the end of the performance. "It is a beautiful voice, but not a large one, and the young singer seemed to have been forcing it in a mistaken attempt to make it sound bigger.

Gennaro Barra was excellent as Alfredo, acting and singing with unaffected ease and considerable variety. The rest of the cast was capable if not particularly distinguished. Giacomo Spadoni conducted, and got into occasional difficulties. The ballet danced with determined cheerfulness, while the chorus, quaintly costumed a century earlier than the principals, sang its lustiest.

THE RUSSIAN CHORUS.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Last night, with its most unexcelled for balminess, was hardly one for indoor music, particularly in airtight Carnegie Hall. But the Russian singers—or, to use their official title, the Ukrainian National Chorus—were good enough to survive any weather. They are a small mixed chorus of sixty-odd voices under the leadership of Alexander Koshetz, and they have been brought to an extraordinary degree of perfection.

Last night's concert was their first appearance in New York, and their countrymen had turned out by the hundreds to welcome them. The hall was packed with Russians who listened raptly and clapped and cheered and shouted enthusiastic approval in their native tongue and strewed the platform charmingly and wastefully with small bouquets of flowers.

The singers appeared in the peasant costumes of Little Russia—a flaming and exotic swirl of scarlet, canary yellow, black, turquoise, orange, white and peacock green; the women with dazzling floral head-dresses, the men in solid green and blue and brown kaftans, and everybody wearing bright red or yellow boots. But they had something for the ear as well as the eye, as their first numbers proved. For they sang with a precision and finish, a perfection of diction and command of dynamics such as are seldom heard here. Prof. Koshetz has his singers under about as absolute control as it is given to any choral conductor to possess, and if there were flaws in their

performance he and not his chorus must be held accountable for them.

Two groups of Ukrainian folk-songs comprised the choral offerings of the evening, one at the beginning and one at the end of the programme. Both were superbly done. The chorus has amazing volume of tone, considering its numbers, a fact due, probably, to the curious metallic-almost brassy—quality of most of the voices. They seemed to be untrained voices, not particularly agreeable individually, perhaps, but they blended marvelously, with enormous carrying power and a range of expression that was more than ample for the folk-music they sing.

The chorus seems somewhat limited as to vocal color. It sang everything with much the same quality of tone, its conductor relying for his effects chiefly upon changes in tempo and rhythm and upon a wonderful range of nuance that went from a blaring fortissimo to a humming pianissimo that was to be felt rather than heard. This chorus has been called "a vocal orchestra," and the term is a happy one; but "organ" is the better word—an organ perfectly played and with a perfect swell-box, but not quite enough stop. Polished as its work was, one missed the variety in tone and quality that is at the command of such choruses as St. Olaf's and the great Toronto Choir.

Part of its effectiveness of the

performance was undoubtedly due to the skilful arrangements of the various folk-songs. These had been made by several Russian musicians, including Leontovich, Stetenko and Lyssenko. A large proportion of them, and some of the best, were made by Prof. Koshetz himself. They are all well written for the voices, harmonized with dignified simplicity, and have the massiveness and telling quality that are born only of masterly part-writing. There were seventeen choral numbers, all sung in Russian, all unfamiliar, and it is hard to make individual selections from such a galaxy. Best of all, perhaps, were "Yahill's Daughter," transcribed by Prof. Koshetz, a powerful bit of modal harmony in triple time, and "Cuckoo, Grey Cuckoo," a mezzo-soprano solo against a marvelously spun background of humming voices. The humming in this number was a triumph of perfect intonation and subtle phrasing.

It was a long concert, beginning at 8.15 o'clock and finishing around 11 P. M. Besides the choral numbers there were not one but two soprano soloists. The first, Mme. Oda Slobodskaya, late of the Petrograd Opera, made her first appearance in New York, singing a long and difficult group that included an aria from Glinka's "Russian and Ludmila," two by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Lisa's aria from "Pique Dame," and Rachmaninoff's lovely "The Songs of Grusia." She is tall, dark and slender with an impressive stage presence and considerable powers as an interpretative artist. She was particularly good in the dramatic numbers. Her voice is pure and clear in its upper register, but last night the lower tones seemed veiled. However, she was obviously struggling with a cold and it would be unfair to attempt any comprehensive appraisal of her powers without a second hearing.

Nina Koshetz, who sang a second group of eight, including "Death the Commander," is more familiar to New York. This reviewer praised her singing extravagantly last season, and if he had the space would do so again. She still seems to him a great singer.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Benjamin Gigli, one of the principal and favorite tenors of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. He had the assistance of Miss Clara Deeks, soprano, who had already been heard here in recital and had made a pleasing impression. Mr. Gigli sang arias from Cilea's "Arlesiana," "Le Roi d'Ys" and "Gioconda," as well as some songs. Miss Deeks was heard in an air from "Iphigénie en Tauride" and songs.

When the distinguished tenor left this country for a much needed rest in Europe he was not well. At his last appearance—a concert in the same hall last May—he was suffering from rheumatism so that he had to be carried into the building. An apology for his unromantic locomotion was made by the faithful William J. Gurd, but he sang well. Yesterday it was evident that the tenor's pedestrian apparatus had re-

turned to normalcy. His voice had all of its familiar beauty, which is great, and his singing its accustomed ardor.

Those who cherish the kindest feelings toward Mr. Gigli will wish that his ardor would not tempt him to try to make his tones bigger than nature intended them to be. That way lies destruction, and operatic history, even that of this town, contains scores of warning pages. But the temptation to evoke excited demonstrations by the rude process of producing loud sounds seems usually beyond the power of singers to resist.

Miss Deeks is the fortunate possessor of a voice of rare beauty and a technique much more finished than that usually exhibited by new aspirants for lyric honors. Possibly in the course of time she will learn how to impart more vitality to her singing, which is now somewhat cold.

GERMAN SINGERS IN CONCERT.

Sudddeutscher Maennerchor From Baden Heard Here.

The Studddeutscher Maennerchor from Baden, Germany, made its first American appearance last evening in what was called a "Gala Reception Concert" in Carnegie Hall. The reception portion of the entertainment consisted of singing by the United Singers of New York, aul Engelskrochen, conductor, and the Badische Harmonie, also of this city, directed by Gustave T. Hell, playing by the Elso Fischer String Quartet and an

address of welcome by Theodora Henninger, president of the United Singers. The gala part was the singing of the visitors, some of whom were heard also as soloists.

The evening manifestly brought great satisfaction to the audience, which was of moderate size, but unforgiving vigor in applause. The newcomers numbered twelve and were conducted by Heinz Froelich. They have met with great favor in their own country and have carried off prizes at some of the choral festivals.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to discover in their singing any excellence superior to those of the vocal singers who preceded them. In one matter all gained equal distinction, namely, in the facile ease of singing in several different keys at once. In phrasing and enunciation they showed the results of good training and the natural qualities of the voices were good.

ELMAN AT THE HIPPODROME.

Russian Violinist Gives Attractive Sunday Program.

Mischa Elman gave his second recital here after two years' absence last evening in the Hippodrome. A house for the most part sold out heard the popular Russian violinist in an attractive program, which included his own transcriptions of "Eile-Eile." In Cesar Franck's sonata he had the valuable assistance of his sister, Liza Elman, as the pianist. His accompanist was Josef Bonime. His list began with Nachez's arrangement of Vivaldi's G minor concerto and contained further Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and several shorter pieces.

In spite of the fact that the vast spaces of the auditorium in which he played impaired the full volume of his tone, he gained, nevertheless, rapturous applause for his performance. There was much to admire in his brilliant technique, and save when he indulged in too much sentiment—as was the case, for instance, in the slow movement of the Vivaldi number—his expression of feeling was attractive.

GIGLI STIRS ITALIANS.

Young Tenor Uproariously Applauded at Recital in Carnegie Hall.

Greeted uproariously by his Italian countrymen yesterday in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Gigli, the Metropolitan's young tenor, gave them in turn their eagerly shouted choice of encores, including both the "Pagliacci" and "Martha" arias midway in the afternoon. He began his program with an unfamiliar solo from Cilea's opera, "Arlesiana," which had preceded by six years the composer's "Adriana," known here. The new selection started pianissimo and ended at full blast, which seemed to be what the cohorts of admirers wanted. There was good legato singing, mezza voce, in old airs of Cesti, Durante and Gluck.

Mr. Gigli laughed with his hearers after attempting his only song in English, "That Night," by Vanderpool. He was at his best in a Spanish bit, the "Clavelitos" of Valverde, while at the close he and his accompanist, Carnavali, supplied at least one missing encore from memory. The tenor has gained repose in his singing, but not in stage presence, for where he had limped with a rheumatic attack when he last sang here, he now capered about the stage like a happy boy. Miss Clara Deeks, soprano, assisting in two groups of songs and arias, was accompanied at the piano by Walter Golde.

Bounding out from the curtains, which backed the stage at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, Beniamino Gigli offered his first recital of the season to an audience which had stood for two hours awaiting the opening of the doors. The initial greeting he received, despite the sweltering heat, was only surpassed when later he was forced to add to his programme several well-known operatic airs as encores.

Mr. Gigli began with the "Shepherd Boy" aria from Cilea's "Arlesiana," a study in pure restraint and delicate high pianissimos. He could hardly have selected a happier number as a beginning. Later in the afternoon he delivered three songs, obviously selected to display his varied art to best advantage; one of these, "O del mio dolce ardor," by Gluck, appeared to be the favorite of the list—always excepting the encores. "Danza, danza," by Durante, a lilted number of abrupt contrasts in tone, was a particularly successful offering.

The well-known "Puisqu'on ne peut flecher" aria from "Le Roi d'Ys" was followed by a thundering demonstration, so that the tenor was forced to encore with "E lucevan le stelle" from "Tosca," and again with "M'appari" from "Marta." At the first chords of this last, pandemonium broke loose in the galleries, so that the accompanist, Cav. Vito Carnivale, had to play the introduction through twice.

In the sixth section of the programme Mr. Gigli was less happy. The humidity and the profusion of added encores seemed to be telling on his enthusiasm and his work seemed slightly less careful than previously. Nevertheless, he did close with "Cielo e mar" from "Gioconda," singing that barcarolle with finesse and authority, and adding two more encores for the insistent mob which rushed down the aisles and stood shouting at the footlights. Had the audience had its way he might have remained there until forced to make way for the evening occupants of the stage.

Mr. Gigli was assisted by Miss Clara Deeks, a slim, white soprano with a voice which seemed at times to match. Her light, flexible tones betrayed a moderate richness in the middle register, with a suggestion of some dramatic color, but were rather thin at the top. Her best number was Bach's light, staccato "Patron, das macht der Wind," although, despite its weak conclusion, an arrangement of Chabrier's "Espagne" was also notable.

Nov 10 1922

Miss Ethel Pyne,

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The long series of recitals which will invite music lovers to Aeolian Hall was begun last evening. The beginning was made not by one of the artists who have already forced their way across the threshold of the temple of music and perhaps some distance toward its high altar, but by a newcomer, asking the suffrages of an audience kind in its attitude, as all New York concert audiences are, and ready to bestow its applause on sincere effort even when that did not lead to convincing achievement.

The beginner of the recital season was a singer, a soprano, Miss Ethel Pyne, who had some valuable assets. Of these, perhaps, the most precious was the youthful freshness of the pretty soprano voice. It is always pleasant to hear a voice in the light of its own sunrise before the years have clouded it and hard usage dulled its natural qualities. Miss Pyne also showed that she had feeling and in some of her singing there was an ardor that communicated itself to her hearers.

But this singer might have been wiser had she postponed her New York debut till her vocal technique had reached to a further state of development. Naturally she had prepared a programme exacting in its range of styles and expression. Only singers of the first rank can do justice to Brahms's "Wie Melodien zieht es," or Puccini's showy aria, "Vissi d'Arte." Miss Pyne was certainly in earnest, but her tones were not always under her control and she commanded sympathy at times rather than admiration.

Ethel Pyne Opens Season's Recitals.

Ethel Pyne sang Puccini's "Vissi d'Arte," from "Tosca," in fresh, light voice of bright quality, unforced and not always sustained, at the season's first recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. When a young woman starts right off with Italian love songs by Wolf-Ferrari and the sugary "Matinata" of Leoncavallo, adding French bergerettes of Weckerlin and Bizet's air of Micaela from "Carmen," critical ice cannot but melt before her. Though the first critical audience had come prepared to hear singers endlessly for six months to come, Miss Pyne's debut thus became an informal, personal and pleasant one, and she later showed what she could do with such lyrics as Schubert's "Ungeheul," Schumann's "Widmung," and Brahms's "Wie Melodien," Chadwick's "Danza," Horstmann's "Bird of the Wilderness," and "Edman's" "Love Like the Dawn." A newcomer at the piano was Alessandro Scuri.

Nov 11 1922

Miss Lucy Gates

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Lucy Gates, soprano, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her program was one planned to exhibit all the powers of a singer with a light voice, extended scale, facility in florid passages, and exquisite finish in lyrics demanding delicacy of style and deep tenderness of feeling. It began with Handel's "Come, my beloved," an old folk song of Devon harmonized by Deems Taylor, and Brown's "Shepherd, thy demeanor vary." This one group called for resourceful art; but it was followed by another still more exacting, a group of five Schumann numbers including "Mondnacht" and "Auftraege."

After embarking with calm confidence and sailing with unruffled demeanor over these fathomless seas Miss Gates drifted into the elusive atmosphere of Debussy, Tschalkowsky and even the exceedingly precious Bemberg. She reached port in the company of Richard Hageman, Walter Kramer and Kurt Schindler, and finally moored her frail vocal craft to that venerable buoy, George Henschel.

Miss Gates has not been heard in recital recently. She earned her largest favor here when she sang some years ago in the modern version of Mozart's "Impresario." She possesses a voice of unusually good natural quality, a high, clear, silver soprano, flexible and agile, and seemingly easy to utilize in just such a program as that above outlined.

But Miss Gate's art has not made the progress which it promised. She sang last evening with bad attack, with uncertainties of intonation, with tone too often hard and almost always cold and without the variety needed for such numbers as those of Schumann. She showed intelligence, but the vocal instrument was not equal to its task. Walter Golde played the accompaniments.

Give Welcome Evidence of San Francisco Culture; A Note on Plenary Inspiration in Criticism

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Complaint about the superabundance of all kinds of music except one is a justifiable procedure. No discriminating music-lover but knows that we have too much opera, too much orchestral music, too many recitals, of all kinds. Too much, because the evidence is plain

that the best music is not assimilated and that in consequence taste and understanding are degenerating. This, of course is the plaint of an old observer, an old fogey, a fossil, a reactionary, and therefore negligible by the young men of to-day who in all the critical departments of newspaperdom are born with all their eye teeth cut and a precocious knowledge of a thousand things that are not so—such as the stupidity of all classics, musical as well as literary, and the superior excellence of everything which is new or of which it is easy to write because it has never been heard or read by the inspired young critics. We well remember when the fashion was set.

It was about the time when Vance Thompson found fault with the first performance here of a scene from one of the first operas ever composed because no use was made in it of a double flute. At a nearly all-night session with the gentleman and his associate, the amiable Jim Huneke, who were fooling the readers of "Mademoiselle New York" to the top of their bent, we asked him whether he had ever seen or heard of a double flute, and if the instrument was called for by the composer he was discoursing about. After some hours of ale and oysters and discussion we finally wrung out of all youngsters the confession that all their fine words were written with their tongues in their cheeks. They

were both immensely tickled with the conviction that their pose had been accepted by a little company of presuming "intelligentsia" as the genuine thing in art appreciation. That was a long time ago, but the writers of "Mademoiselle New York" have a lot of imitators to-day who are more bump-tious than they were.

It is easier for old men to exercise leniency when it comes to listening to chamber music than for those who were miraculously initiated into the mysteries before they were born. We hear so little of it that we are amiably disposed toward it, even when it falls short in character or performance of the ideals justified by experience. Therefore it was pleasant to greet the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco at a concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The playing of the five gentlemen (four string players and a flautist) aroused no particularly new or pleasurable sensation, for it was far from comparable with the best playing of the kind to which we are accustomed, either in quality of tone, precision or in eloquence of interpretation, but much of the disappointment in these respects was fairly attributable to the maleficent influence of the weather, made palpable to everybody by the breaking of a string of the violoncello in the middle of the first movement of one of Beethoven's Rasoumofsky quartets (No. 1 in F major, not "No. 2 in F minor," as the program had it). The visit of the artists (who were heard for the first time in the East at the Berkshire festival, week before last) was welcome as an

earnest of the growth of musical culture on the Pacific Coast. When it shall have succeeded in establishing an appreciative clientele there we shall know that the activities of some New York organizations are as unnecessary in San Francisco as this organization was in New York yesterday.

Besides the Beethoven quartet the visitors played Dohnanyi's string quartet in D and between the two works a theme and variations for strings and flute by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. This composition owes its existence, probably (at least it owed its presence on yesterday's program), to the fact that the founder of the organization is its flute player, Mr. Elias Hecht. Though the theme of the work, when first announced and developed by the string quartet, challenged attention and rewarded it quite generously, the variations as they progressed seemed to become less and less spontaneous, until nothing but unfruitful technical labor presented itself to notice toward the close.

By Deems Taylor

A NEW ENSEMBLE.

If some one has tried to devise an atmosphere combination of dampness and sticky heat that would be as bad as possible for stringed instruments, he could not have concocted anything worse than the weather yesterday afternoon when the members of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco came up the platform of Aeolian Hall to give their first New York recital. All that was needed to cap the climax was for somebody to break a string; so somebody did.

Shortly after the beginning of the first movement of the Beethoven F minor quartet a cello string snapped, so that the players had to retire for five minutes to make repairs, make a second entrance and begin all over again. Nor was this the end, for the sheets of music, wilted by the all-pervading dampness, became so limp and deflected that a page of the first violin part fell to the floor at a critical moment and almost caused a catastrophe before it could be retrieved.

The requirements of fiction make it imperative that from this point right should triumph; that this chronicle should go on to relate how the players surmounted with ease all the handicaps of chance and proved their sterling worth. For once fiction coincides with fact, for that is exactly what happened. The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco is an exceptionally well schooled and well practised body of instrumentalists.

RUTH ST. DENIS DANCES.

Ruth St. Denis, as a Japanese, a Chinese, Spaniard, Egyptian—what not, but still, as she explained at the close of the matinee in a graceful speech, an American, gave a second series of dances yesterday afternoon in the Selwyn Theatre. Assisted by Ted Shawn and the Denishawn dancers, she offered the same programme as the day before, to an equally pleased audience. Noteworthy in the beginning of the afternoon was the dancing of Schumann's "Soaring," a living aquarelle of rarely equalled beauty, by five slim girls. Mr. Shawn was happiest in his version of the Jonas Tango, which was encored enthusiastically.

At the end Miss St. Denis acknowledged her welcome, saying:

"I think we appreciate the dances of all nations as much as any dancers, but we are working towards something which can be known as a kind of American ballet. And it is your encouragement which will go far to help make that dream come true."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco was heard for the first time

the true Boston school. Their program yesterday consisted of Beethoven's quartet in F minor, opus 59, No. 2; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's theme and variations, opus 80, for flute and string quartet, and Dohnanyi's quartet in D flat.

Neither the first nor the last composition is a stranger to local audiences. Beethoven was almost inevitable when a new chamber music body was inviting consideration and this endless certainty of Beethoven might easily lead to musings upon the reasons why these venerable quartets continue to be performed in spite of the vigorous course of renovation to which the art of musical writing has been subjected and the brilliant demonstrations of the "vastly superior value of impressionistic methods." But this temptation must be resisted in order that the news of the day be recorded.

Mrs. Beach's variations were heard for the first time here. It might be regarded as a rudeness to call Mrs. Beach the dean of America's women composers, but it is complimentary to describe her as one of the most brilliant lights of the Boston coterie. She has written much and she has often written well, and it can be said of the work heard yesterday that it commands both respect and admiration as the creation of a musician of profound sincerity and sound mastery of methods.

It falls spontaneously into five connected sections, each a variation and each attaining the dimensions of a movement in its development and style. There is a good deal of chromatic writing and there are some touches of Orientalism. Sometimes the familiar flute of the afternoon faun breaks through the web of Mrs. Beach's harmonies, but all should rejoice in such proof that Great Pan is not dead. As a whole, the composition is somber in spite of two parts marked presto leggiero and one allegro giocoso. Sunlight does not play through much of it, but rather the soft reflective glow of twilight. It was well performed.

It was not a favorable afternoon for quartet playing. Mr. Ferner had the misfortune to break a string in the first movement of the Beethoven quartet and it gave him trouble after he had repaired the damage. All the players had difficulty in keeping their instruments correctly tuned in the warm, moist atmosphere. Perhaps this was the cause of the lack of purity of tone throughout the afternoon. In rhythm, balance, and phrasing the organization showed commendable merits; but there was nothing in the reading of the Beethoven music to demand special comment.

FRANCIS MOORE'S RECITAL.

Pianist Gives Pleasure to Large Audience.

Francis Moore gave a piano recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. This player has long been known as an excellent accompanist. Last season he gave a piano recital here and won favor. He presented a difficult and varied program, last evening. It began with two dances in G Major and C Major, respectively, by Beethoven and comprised further D'Albert's arrangement of Bach's chromatic fantasy and fugue, Mozart's Sonata in F Major, a group of shorter pieces including the "Arabesque" of Debussy and Chopin's Carcarolle and in closing the "Symphonic Etudes" of Schuman.

Mr. Moore's performance gave very much pleasure to a large audience. He played with a good piano tone, technical finish and elegance of style. He was at his best, perhaps, in the Mozart Sonata. This music he read with rare taste and musical sensibility.

Nov 12 1922

Anna Fitziu Sings In Jewels of the Madonna at Century

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

The dear, delightful public that has been taught to believe that opera is a vast educational value, imbibing, instance, so significant a historical fact as that there once was a King of Germany named Henry the First (vide Wagner's "Lohengrin") and a lesson in the psychology of women as that a bride ought not to ask questions of her husband which she promised not to ask (in the

opera—that dear delightful public new season last night to quarrel with Miss Anna Fittzu or her press agent.

Ten days or a fortnight ago we were ridden by her, or him, to prepare for some profound revelations as a result of Miss Fittzu's study of the character of Salomé. Richard Strauss's opera, it was said, was to be given this week by the San Carlo Opera Company with the lady as the heroine; and then we should see what we should see—possibly an analysis of the real soul of the woman who danced the head off of the shoulders of John the Baptist. But the week is half over and the cruel Mr. Gallo gives no indication of any such purpose.

Miss Fittzu appeared at the Century Theater last night, indeed, but it was in Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." There may have been some disappointed students of psychology in the house, but if so they gave no sign. Instead they got all the entertainment which they could out of the story of the rape of the jewels which adorned a revered statue. This story Mr. Wolf-Ferrari has decked out with a deal of highly seasoned music, most of which, when the opera was new, came like a shock of disappointment to the host of music-lovers which the composer had made with his "Donne curieuse." "Il Segreto di Susanna" and "Vita nuova." "The Jewels" is not in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera Company and therefore is no irritant to its patrons, but it has persisted in one or two other companies, including Mr. Gallo's, and audiences continue to forgive those portions of the score which are ear-torturing and delight in its melodramatic story and hot-blooded tunes.

A finished performance, especially one with a clarified orchestral element, and with greater rhythmic precision, might make the opera tolerable to a larger number of our opera-goers than heard it last night; but this requires more capable and refined factors than seem to be at the disposal of Mr. Gallo.

Wolf-Ferrari's hot-blooded melo-drama of passion and sacrilege had its first and only hearing of the season last night at the Century Theatre as part of the San Carlo Company's revival week. Miss Fittzu essayed a new role as Malélla and, in the last act, rose to a pitch of emotional singing and acting that was in way a revelation to those who had seen her in other impersonations.

Malélla is not one of her best roles, although as it does for rather more elements, feeling than is her forte. In the first scene of Act II, however, her direct with Vase as Raffaele stirred an audience which had filled the house.

Boracchi, in that prince of acting roles, Gennaro, was less happy, although as it does for rather more elements, feeling than is her forte. In the first scene of Act II, however, her direct with Vase as Raffaele stirred an audience which had filled the house.

The minor roles, in the hands of Miss de Medici, Miss Morosini, Miss Over and Curci and Peres were filled with enthusiasm if not with story. But after all, life and love were the thing, and there was plenty of both.

By Deems Taylor

ISADORA DUNCAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

Isadora Duncan gave her second concert recital at Carnegie Hall last night, offering an all-Wagner programme that enlisted the assistance of Nahán Franko and a symphony orchestra both for accompaniments and separate numbers. The purely orchestral part of the evening embraced the Prelude from "Lohengrin," the Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla, from "Das Rheingold," and a Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde." Miss Duncan danced the Ride of the Valkyries from "Die Walkure," Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Goetterdaemmerung," the Love-death from "Tristan," and the overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser." She is announced to give Chalkovsky-Wagner programme next Friday evening and a concluding mixed programme on Saturday afternoon.

The platform of Carnegie Hall had been turned into a temporary stage of immense proportions by hanging its long curtains, over which played lights of deep blue and pale green, against this background Miss Duncan, tawny-haired and draped in my Greek robes, leaped and danced and nosed her interpretations

of the moods of the music to the applause of an enthusiastic audience.

She made a brief speech after the "Goetterdaemmerung" Funeral March. There was much applause, and Miss Duncan, coming forward, beckoned Mr. Franko to her, took his hands in her own and waited for the audience to quiet down.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "will you pardon me if I tell you what is in my heart? I have not heard the 'Siegfried' Funeral March directed like that since I had the honor of dancing with the great Arthur Nikisch. This," she nodded at Mr. Franko, "is a great artist. He has rhythm." She turned and beckoned to the orchestra. "Please rise to the memory of Arthur Nikisch (applause) and Richard Wagner!" (Great applause.)

And truly Mr. Franko did conduct well in the face of considerable odds. Placing the orchestra on the floor level of Carnegie Hall seemed to upset its balance completely, so that several of the numbers, particularly the "Rheingold" scene, were all brass and percussion. Nor was the instrumentation complete. There was no English horn or third bassoon, and several of the familiar passages had a suspiciously "cued-in" sound.

There had obviously been too few rehearsals, for the players did not always seem certain of their entrances, and the attacks were often ragged. Nevertheless, Mr. Franko's abilities managed to shine through the murk. His tempi were vigorous and still unhurried, his interpretations had breadth and dignity, and his handling of color and dynamics were, when the players would allow it, interesting and effective.

Oct 13 1922

KONEVSKY PLAYS

Abracha Konevsky was added yesterday to the large company of violinists who have had a hearing in New York. In the afternoon he gave a recital in Aeolian Hall, aided by Boris Givoff, pianoforte accompanist. Of course he comes from Russia, and his first name adds to the picturesque list of Jaschas, Mischas and Saschas which have adorned our concert lists during a decade past. His managers have told us some more or less interesting things about him—for instance, that his father, who gave him his first violin lessons, was a boyhood chum of Efrem Zimbalist's father. Obviously, therefore, he was born to the musical purple. Also that as a lad he heard an orchestra conducted by a hand that had shaken the hand of Rimsky-Korsakoff; that may be assumed at least from the fact that the conductor had studied under the admired composer.

He had prepared himself for public performances when the first Russian revolution broke out and impelled his father's family to go to Germany, where, and also in Belgium, he continued his studies. Thereafter he went to South America on a concert tour and had "great success intervening between earthquakes." He also "appeared before the heads of various republics, remained for weeks where he was to appear in a single concert, lived in hotels that were largely ruins, but succeeded withal in winning the praise of the critics and the regard of the public." Panoplied with such experiences he eventually came to the United States, where he purposes to stay.

All this has not prevented Mr. Konevsky from being as well equipped a violinist as some others who have come out of Russia. This he demonstrated yesterday by playing Handel's Sonata in E, Bach's Chaconne, Vieuxtemps' Concerto in F sharp minor and a group of shorter pieces—playing them so acceptably as to deserve commendation and respect.

Wales's Prize Choir to Sing.

Wales's prize choir, established under the presidency of Viscountess Rhonda and conducted by Thomas Morgan, begins an American tour this evening at a concert in Chelsea M. E. Church at Broadway and 176th Street, as guests of the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner. The fifteen men composing the Rhondada Welsh Glee Singers are the first to visit this country. It was said, since members of another such club, that sang for Dr. Reisner in 1914, were lost on the Lusitania.

"Butterfly" and "Trovatore" Sung.

"Madame Butterfly" by day and "Trovatore" at night packed the Century yesterday with the San Carlo Opera singers' compatriots in gala mood for the celebration of Columbus Day. The casts in the two operas were headed, respectively, by the company's guest artists, Tamaki Miura and Marie Rappold. Mr. Gallo's popular season of four weeks here before going on tour closes with three more performances, including "Carmen," to be repeated tonight, followed tomorrow by the only presentations of "Faust" and "Otello."

Celso Urtado Plays the "Celsolin."

Tropical Americans trooped into Aeolian Hall last night for a novel concert by Celso Urtado, a young Guatemalan, whose namesake instrument, the "celsolin," proved to be of the tribe of xylophone, hammerklavier or marimba. He plays skillfully his versions of musical classics, whether from piano works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Saint-Saëns, or violin melodies of Paganini, Sarasate, Ries and Hubay. He was assisted at the piano by Raoul Paninagua.

Courboin Recital

The second of the free recitals by Charles M. Courboin, the distinguished Belgian organist, was given yesterday afternoon in Wanamaker's Auditorium and a large audience revelled in the beautiful playing of the eminent virtuoso, his closing number, Pietro Yon's "American Fantasia," being vociferously applauded. It was a great musical afternoon. The next concert will be given October 19 and the programme will include Caesar Franck's "Piece Heroique," Bach's "Toccatto and Fugue," in D minor and D major, the latter on piano stop; Russell's "Song of the Basket Weaver," and other numbers.

ERMINIA LIGOTTI gave a capable exhibition of her musical gifts at the Town Hall last night. She is a young soprano, who possesses a sympathetic voice and a well developed sense of the dramatic. In fact, a little more restraint in this latter sense would have added to the finish and attractiveness of her interpretations.

Her opening number was "Un bel di," from "Madame Butterfly." She disclosed a voice of remarkable volume and richness, but stressed too much the extremes in expression.

Oct 14 1922

Who's Who in City Symphony.

In selecting musicians for New York's newest orchestra, to be heard in November and known as the City Symphony, care has been taken by the founders, including Senator du Pont and others, to secure only men of experience in symphonic work. From the Boston Orchestra, it is announced, fifteen men have been drawn, together with eighteen from the New York Philharmonic, twenty-five from the New York Symphony and nineteen from the Metropolitan Opera House.

Eleven members of the string section have each held the post of concert master in European or American orchestras. Among these are Leo Altman, who was first violin of the Chicago Opera and under Pauer at Pittsburgh; Alexander Leventon, Constantinople and Warsaw; Ladislav Turala, in several capitals; Leon Trebacz, Vienna and Minneapolis; and L. Manso, Naples.

From Russia are Jascha Fishberg, concert master under Mangelberg, Glazunoff and Safonoff in Petrograd, and Leonide Bolitine, under Glazunoff in Riga and Moscow. A native Australian, William Grad, first violin with Verbruggen at Sydney, heads the second violins. S. Stillman, first viola, was a concert master at Kiev. H. Horlick, second violin, was a "first" in Vienna, and so was Joseph Karr in Budapest. Of the cellists, William Durieux was recently sought by the Berlin Philharmonic, and Gdal Saleski was, for several seasons, with Nikisch.

Young American musicians in the City Symphony are Arthur Lora, first flute, and Edwin Kivian, first clarinet. With Lora will be Fred J. See, who was first flute of both the Philharmonic and Metropolitan. The first oboe, Rene Corne, had that post in the Lamoureux Orchestra, Paris, while the second oboe, Paul Gerhardt, was first at Covent Garden, London. The bassoons are S. Kovarsky, Riga, and Oskar Modess of the Metropolitan; the horns, Arthur Goethe of the Cleveland Orchestra, and N. Nava of the old Boston Opera. The first trumpet, David Glickstein, has been with the Philharmonic, St. Louis and Cleveland Orchestras, and the first trombone, Umberto Corrado, with the Chicago Opera. Sepp Morscher of the Cleveland Orchestra will be first harp. The man in charge of the personnel is Emil Mix.

Oct 16 1922

Compatriots Praise Ukrainian Choir in Second Recital Here

By H. E. Krehbiel

How many Russians there are in New York City we do not know. Looking at the audience in the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon when the Ukrainian Choir gave its second concert, we are tempted to follow the example set by Mark Twain when he denied the statistics touching the number of Jews in Vienna and said he knew there were several millions because he had counted them. The colossal room seemed to be full. And they must be a prosperous folk, for they must have

paid something like 5,000,000,000 rubles (current value) for their tickets. Besides that, a good many of them (perhaps not all of them Russian) bought an intelligently prepared book of words, which was also a thematic catalogue, paying for each, let us say, 500,000 rubles.

This has nothing to do with the artistic value of the concert, touching which we are better informed than about Russian finances. We never owned any Russian money except a silver 50-kopeck piece which Lieutenant Dannenhower, who had been rescued almost blind by Mr. James Gordon Bennett's expedition, gave us as a souvenir because we escorted him to the Fulton Ferry. If we had not lost that pocket piece we should now be able to count ourself among the semi-millionaires. Yesterday's concert, however, was worth all the money that the audience paid for it and all the enthusiasm which they lavished upon it. To ordinary music lovers, indeed, it seemed that the generosity of the public had been a bit too liberally recompensed by the singers. Seventeen set numbers by the choir were supplemented by two groups of operatic airs and songs by Mmes. Koshetz and Slobodskaja, and to choruses and solos there were added what in newspaper English are called "encores"—several of them. But no matter. After listening for two hours and a quarter conscience gave permission for one to go home and leave the rest of the program on one's plate for the lean gentleman pictured by Charles Leland in that delightful book (forgotten, we fear) entitled "Johnnykins and the Gohlins." Had it not been for the solos it would have been both agreeable and profitable to remain to the end of the concert. It is a deplorable fact, however, that we have been disappointed in all the Russian women singers whom we have heard. No doubt Mmes. Koshetz and Slobodskaja appeal to the Russian heart and ear. It must be that they stand as good exemplars of Russian operatic song, for they are obviously versed in the manner of the Russian composers as well as self-sacrificingly sincere in their publication of that manner. If they fail to meet a cosmopolitan standard it is, perhaps, because that standard expects more sensuous than their voices possess and a better command of what is considered beautiful vocalization the world over. Dramatic expression may be overdone even in the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tchaikoffsky, Monssorgsky and their compatriots, which would not be marred by a smooth, sustained style and a sensuously beautiful quality of tone. In music, even dramatic music melody, as such, has its rights which must be respected.

The quality of the sopranos has little to commend it on the score of euphony, but they emit and sustain their tones in a manner that is ravishing to ears attuned to the essentials of good singing. Witness the exquisite effect of the solo voice in the song entitled "Shtchedryk," which in performance was one of the gems of yesterday's concert, as it was of the first concert of the choir ten days ago. In the management by Leontovitch we also recognized the characteristic style which we have learned to associate with Russian folksong—the imitative polyphony of the harmony voices.

It was comforting, too, that in yesterday's pieces, so far as we heard them, there was less of the humming than on the occasion of the choir's debut. What there was of it was confined to giving a harmonic accompaniment to an occasional solo. There is nothing novel in the device of singing a bouche fermée. It has been a feature of part-songs for men's voices ever since the Liedertafel was established in Germany. But the old composers generally used it for humorous purposes, only occasionally for sentimental, when it was desired to lift a solo melody into prominence. To hum a song which has words is an abomination. By denying articulation to a chorale by Bach, as it has done, the Bethlehem Choir stained its soul with a sin from which it can only be cleansed by confession, contrition and penance. It is a different matter when there are no words which call for utterance. When Berlioz (in "Les Troyens") sends mythical creatures through an African jungle shrieking "Oh ah! oh ah!" he finds easy justification. There is nothing for them to say. So in a degree does Debussy when he imitates the sounds of oceanic in "La Mer." When Percy Grainger, however, writes a "Marching Song of the Democracy," in which he combines an organ, a big orchestra and a bigger chorus, and asks hundreds of singers to interpret half a dozen pages of excerpts culled from Walt Whitman's poems, by uttering whatever vowel sounds they please, he profanes the temples of all the daughters of Zeus and Muemosyne at once. Song should have words. Even Mr. Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise" (which Mme. Koshetz did not sing yesterday because the accompanist's pianoforte was out

to order will demand words before it can, without hyperbole, be called "The Cry of the Russian Soul."

There is something akin to the miraculous in the perfection of precision which Mr. Koschek has imparted to his choir, and something thrilling in its responsiveness to his wishes. It follows the vagaries of his tempi and rhythms with the apparent spontaneity of some gypsy fiddlers we have heard, whose wild synchronism was explicable only on the ground that they were completely at one in feeling and gave no heed to anything but their emotions. Most of the folksongs sung by the choir yesterday were Christmas (Kolyada) and New Year's songs. A patriotic song, "Hey! Near Boryshpol," admirably set as tenor solo and chorus, was an echo of Polish oppression in Little Russia.

McCormack in His

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Every one knows that John McCormack, the famous tenor, is a big, good natured Irish lad. But he has got his mad up. They said his voice was gone and he heard about that only a week or two ago. He was coming back to this country to make a few more phonographic records, because he had a contract to do so. Then he said, "Why not sing a concert or two?" So his manager, Charles Wagner, announced that he would give just three of his familiar recitals and only one in New York.

That was that. But pretty soon word went back to Mr. McCormack that some people said he was going to give only those three concerts because his voice would not stand any more. And that is why he sent a radio to Mr. Wagner saying in effect, "I'll show 'em. I'll stay till Christmas and sing twenty-five concerts." And he gave the first of them in the Hippodrome last night. It was the same old story. House packed. Stage jammed. Enthusiasm immense. John—every one calls him John—all right.

Those thousands of people received him with a roar. When it died down a man in the gallery shouted, "Welcome home John." And then it was on again. Mr. McCormack said something, which only a quarter of the audience could hear, but he smiled when he said it. That set the applause going again. It is almost as good to see Mr. McCormack smile as it is to hear him sing.

Anyhow, there has been some confusion about his absence. It has been said that he was away for a year. As a matter of fact he was singing in this town in the spring. Back in the winter he caught a bad cold when in the West and had to cancel some engagements, but after that he gave a recital in the Hippodrome on February 12. On March 16 he was the soloist at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, singing two airs of Bach as only he could sing them, and Loeffler's "Irish Fantasies for Voice and Orchestra." On March 19 he gave another recital in the Hippodrome. He was to have sung there again on April 9, but the concert was postponed to April 30.

Mr. McCormack had developed quinsy, and went to Atlantic City to get well. The postponed concert never took place and the tenor went to Europe. That is why people whispered that something serious was the matter with him and that he would never be himself again. That is why some said he did not dare give more than three concerts here.

Those who heard him deliver the long sustained phrases of "Sleep, why dost thou leave me?" his first number last evening, knew that both his lungs and his vocal cords were in excellent condition. He sang just like himself—the old John McCormack with the irresistible personal charm, the strongly individual voice, the fine technical skill, the delightful enunciation of text and the thoroughly musical style that have won him the admiration of music lovers.

The faithful Edwin Schneider played the piano accompaniments with taste and finish. Rudolph Boocko, violinist, furnished some solos without robbing Mr. McCormack of any of the honors of the evening.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS SINGS.

John Charles Thomas, barytone, gave a long recital yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Well known in New York as a leading singer in such popular light operas as "Maxtime" and "Apple Blossoms," Mr. Thomas had only twice previously been heard in a song recital. Each time he had appeared in this field, however, he had won favor by the skillful use of his beautiful voice and the instincts of a good style, combined with musical feeling.

Abandoning light opera, Mr. Thomas has within the last year been studying the art of song with Jean de Reszke in Paris. He was heard in three recitals in London recently. Two weeks ago in Albert Hall he sang to an audience of 11,000. He also will appear in Carnegie Hall and the Hippodrome.

Mr. Thomas's program comprised in the printed order old Italian airs, German lieder, modern and old French

songs, Moussorgsky's "La Priere du Soir," two lyrics sung without accompaniment, Herbert Bedford's "Ships That Pass in the Night" and Frederic Austin's "A Song of Soldiers" and English and American songs. Mr. Thomas was obliged to change the order of his list because the notes for the old airs were not at hand at the start.

The singer made several remarks about the change of the groups from the stage. He said:

"I was so nervous at the thought of facing you all that I left my music at home."

In his delivery his style showed growth. His scale has acquired an even, freer and smoother tone production. Strauss's "Caelelie" he delivered with insufficient abandon, but on the whole the German songs, including Brahms's "Traue Liebe," he rendered with poetic taste. His unaccompanied numbers were beautifully sung and his French songs excelled in elegant style. The old airs he gave with taste, though the classic spirit at times gave way to one more modern in sentiment.

William Janaschek played the piano accompaniments. The recital apparently was enjoyed by the audience.

MME. RADINA AT TOWN HALL.

Mme. Sonia Radina, a soprano, who had been heard here with the Russian opera company, gave what she announced as a unique Russian and Ukrainian concert last night in Town Hall. She was assisted by Saul Baroff, violinist. Her accompanist was Victor Pranski, and for the violin solos Robert O'Connor was at the piano. The singer's numbers included operatic selections and Ukrainian folksongs. The violinist began the program with Corelli's "La Folia." Commendable zeal attended the efforts of the two soloists, and they were warmly applauded.

MAENNERCHOR OPENS TOUR.

South German Male Chorus Welcomed in Carnegie Hall.

Ceremonies of welcome to the leader, Heinz Froehlich, and twelve singing members of the South German Male Chorus, occupied much of the stage and of the program last evening at Carnegie Hall, where the foreign prize-winning Maennerchor opened its first American concert tour. The United Singers of New York and the Badische Harmonie sang greetings in German, and there were addressed in that language by officers of both local organizations. The Elsa Fischer String Quartet added instrumental numbers, including a movement from an unfamiliar quartet by Rauchenegger.

The Süddeutscher choristers gave several groups of their folksongs, poems of sentiment explosively surcharged with emotion, not always tuncfully harmonious or even true to pitch, but effective with the house, which was well filled and more than well disposed. Among the voices, the most vigorous were those of second tenor and first bass, while the higher tenors vanished in falsetto and the deep basses were buplandied heard. Two recognized and applauded ensembles were the sailor's chorus from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and the hunting song from Weber's "Freischuetz."

Wendling Quartet's

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Wendling String Quartet gave its only New York concert in Town Hall last evening. This organization hails from Stuttgart, Germany, and was brought over expressly for the Berkshire chamber music festival at Pittsfield last month. The members are Carl Wendling, first violin; Hans Michaelis, second; Philip Neeter, viola, and Alfred Saal, cello. Mr. Wendling was in this country one season some years ago as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program offered by the visitors consisted of Max Reger's E flat quartet, opus 109; Haydn's G minor quartet and the Brahms piano quintet in F minor, opus 34. In the last composition the quartet had the aid of Heinrich Gebhardt of Boston. The Reger work is not heard often. It was produced here by the Kneisel Quartet on November 14, 1916, and was given once afterward by the Berkshire Quartet on March 5, 1918.

Reger was esteemed highly in Germany at the time of his death about six years ago. His music continues to interest his countrymen and much of it has found its way to local programs. It all invites serious consideration and some of it compels profound admiration. It is mostly of the type which the late James Huneker was fond of calling "cerebral." It is deeply thought, most cunningly developed music, in which the tonal architecture is masterly. Frequently it reaches heights of beauty, but usually it impresses the hearer as the creation of a wholly absorbed student rather than of a man of quick imagination.

The quartet has a perplexing first movement, a weak and ineffective second, a fine third, and a frankly folk musical finale. It is all well written and served to exhibit clearly the best qualities of the Stuttgart players. The Wendling Quartet is an organization of capable musicians, who have studied

their compositions devotedly and play them in a manner to command genuine praise.

The tone of the quartet is good, it is homogenous, it is well balanced and it is clear. The intonation, which was severely tested in the first movement of the Reger work, is generally accurate. The style of the organization is distinguished by intelligence, clarity and careful attention to detail rather than by compelling warmth. There seemed in the playing to be every manifestation of good workmanship, but little of the arousing spell of imagination. The audience was not so large as the entertainment deserved, but the applause was of the kind that betokens the hearty approval of music lovers.

MISS STOVER GIVES RECITAL.

Ohio Singer Makes Local Debut at Aeolian Hall.

Miss Helen Stover, soprano, gave her debut recital in New York last evening at Aeolian Hall. This young singer is from Ohio and was awarded a gold medal at the Cincinnati College of Music. She has sung with several leading orchestras of the country and she has appeared here at a Hippodrome concert with the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra. She presented a program of variety and interest. The numbers included Lully's "Bois d'Espais," German lieder, modern French lyrics and Walter Kramer's "Invocation," which was new.

Miss Stover was much liked. She is handsome and has a commanding stage presence. Her singing was of uneven merit. Her voice is a beautiful one of mezzo quality and with power, but it is not always well produced. A throaty tendency frequently marred her tonal purity and there was often coolness where color was needed. She showed knowledge of interpretation and she sang with a delightful ease of manner. Her diction and style are not yet polished. She is a singer of gifts and ought to have a future.

Walter Golde furnished excellent piano accompaniments.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

It is rather thrilling to hear a symphony orchestra after months of silence. There is nothing quite like those first waves of smooth, powerful superhuman sound, so mysterious and so moving in their wordless eloquence. That may have been one reason why the Philadelphia Orchestra seemed to play so magnificently last night.

It was the first concert of their Carnegie Hall series and New York's first orchestral concert of the season. Everybody was there; that is, the part of this city's music public that hibernates until the orchestras begin was there, ears cocked well forward, one eye on Leopold Stokowski and one on Lawrence Gilman's programme notes.

Mr. Stokowski elected to place no novelties on his first programme. The least familiar piece of music that he played last night was Beethoven's fourth symphony, the other numbers

being the "Meistersinger" prelude and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben."

The prelude made a most auspicious curtain raiser for the season. If everything orchestral is played this year with the flexibility, gorgeous coloring and buoyant energy that it received, all will be well.

Mr. Stokowski's reading was hardly traditional; it was more capricious, more Latin, if you will, than Wagner's musical play. But one did not think of that until it was over. Right or wrong, it was a superb feat of conducting and playing and the audience acknowledged the fact by calling the whole band to its feet.

The Beethoven fourth is seldom played, and all the programme annotators seem puzzled and a little hurt by the neglect. The answer seemed reasonably clear last night. The opening of the first movement has a lovely mysticism, and there are fine moments in the adagio; but as a whole the work sounded just the least little bit tedious. Beethoven, we are told, was infatuated with Theresa von Brunswick when he wrote it, and one is inclined to forgive Theresa for jilting him. He could not have been a very exciting lover.

"Ein Heldenleben" wears well. With all its terrific complications its outlines are clean and firm and it is almost entirely free from Strauss's besetting sin of commonplace. Mr. Stokowski played it much better, incidentally, than did Dr. Strauss when he conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra last season. He had more fire and, at the same time, more control.

There are no important changes in the personnel in the orchestra this year, except that George Grisez occu-

pies the first clarinet desk—a valuable acquisition. The other first players remain the same, and the orchestra as a whole is, as it was, a magnificent and sensitive instrument.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

By Henry T. Finck

Even that Beethoven worshipper, Richard Wagner, had no special praise for it, while Berlioz's analysis of it is on the whole noncommittal, except when he speaks of the adagio, of which he says that "from the very first bars we are overtaken by our emotion, which, towards the close, becomes so overpowering in its intensity that only among the giants of poetic art can we find anything to compare with this sublime page of the giant of music."

To most of those who heard the fourth last night such superlatives would never have occurred. This symphony is the least frequently heard of the nine, and for this neglect the music itself furnishes the best explanation. The audience, which had burst out into big applause after the "Meistersinger" Prelude, had scant approval for the symphonic numbers. Mr. Stokowski, knowing, no doubt, from experience that this was likely to be the case, tried to perform the whole work without interruption by hand-clappers, but his good intentions were frustrated by a few applauders.

It was in the opening number that Mr. Stokowski and his orchestra, which seemed better than last year, were heard to best advantage. The opening was too hurried to be as pompous as it should be—oh, that present-day conductor—might hear Seidl, who could be pompous and exciting at the same time—but the working out of interwoven themes—he tonal perspective one might say—was the best thing Wagnerian Mr. Stokowski has ever done here, and his modifications of tempo were inspired by a true dramatic instinct.

The fact that one of Richard Strauss's dismal and excruciatingly artificial and uninspired tone poems had a place on the programme was rather discouraging. It was hoped that after the overdose of Strauss we got last year from Strauss himself and Stravinsky and Mengelberg, we might be spared this season, but evidently we are not through this purgatory of boredom yet.

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LYELL BARBER, PIANIST.

Lyell Barber, pianist, whose appearance here last year brought him a sheaf of encomiums from those who heard him, played again yesterday afternoon at Aeolian to an equally enthusiastic audience. Mr. Barber verifies most of the prophecies made about him last year, but he has still something to learn in the way of broad, telling chord work and stage manner. He has certain mannerisms of wrist and shoulder and a tendency to sway on the bench when deep in his rhythms which is confusing and detrimental to an otherwise fine impression.

Haendel's chaconne in G major, which began the programme, was played with deftness and surety, save in a few places where, from rather careless pedalling, the resonant bass became muddy and confused. The Beethoven sonata Op. 81 began with a rather precious sentimentality and ended much better, with a youthful verve and buoyancy which were good for several bows. Mr. Barber was much more at home in the romantic raptures of Schumann's "Faschings-schwank aus Wien," with its dash of French melody and floods of polite parlor-passion, but in "La Caleta," by Joaquin Turina, he attained a high point of imagination and technique from the very first smooth glissandos, which came in like a light, breaking surf.

Two Cyril Scott numbers, with Chaikovsky's "Meditation," and "Lesghinka," by Liapounoff closed an interesting and comprehensive programme. A. C.

COURBOIN RECITAL ENJOYED.

Great Organ Employed With Fine Effect by French Artist.

The second free recital by Charles M. Courboin, French organist, on the new jewel concert organ in the Wanamaker auditorium took place yesterday afternoon. The program, headed "to spread the gospel of good music—such is the mission of this great organ," contained a varied and excellent list of works.

The numbers comprised the "Grand Chocor Dialogue" by Eugene Gigout, Bach's aria from his suite in D for string orchestra, an Allegretto by the Belgian, Auguste de Boeck, Cesar Franck's "Piece Heroique," Bach's toccata and fugue in D minor, "The Song of

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Simeonova Recital

Half-ripe virtuosi, artists in the end, will be three-fourths of the new "recitalists" in the season just opened. Such has been the rule ever since the foreign invasion began in 1915. Such will be the rule until European conditions return to normality. Small wonder if it was to be observed at a violin recital in Town Hall last week, American fledglings also essay flights before they ought. The cases are all alike in presenting instances which, as Dr. Burney observed of the youthful Mozart, the talent displayed is more remarkable than excellent.

Dr. Burney proved to be egregiously mistaken, of course, but his dictum is not to be wondered at. He carried a staid mind with him on his tours of the Continent and too many prodigies were forced upon his attention. Even Mozart was outdistanced at this time by a youngster whose name it would be hard to dig out of the historical records now; and no one has lived in this critical world a generation but has been amazed at the skill of some child who gave him no occasion to recall even its name two years afterward. As a pianist the little Swiss boy Hegner who came to us a year after Josef Hofmann seemed the more remarkable of the two. But a wise musician overcame the cupidity of Hofmann's father and saved for us the present artist.

Just now it is this young violinist who are having their innings and they are coming to us chiefly out of Russia. Why violinists and why Russia are questions it will perhaps be easier to answer in five or ten years from now than it is at present. Miss Nidelka Simeonova, who gave a recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon is not a Russian but is of the chosen people and hails from the Near East. Like many who have preceded her, like many who will come after, she plays the violin delightfully, plays it well, displays a gift for the instrument, gives a charming entertainment. Will she some day rank among the great ones? That, as even Henry Ford could say when not undergoing a literary examination, is "on the knees of the Gods."

John Powell's Recital

To hear a finished artist of the piano like John Powell is a treat these days, indeed. Our concert halls have been overrun the last few seasons with would-be artists who have given us their own interpretations of the masters. Yesterday afternoon a large and delighted audience at Aeolian Hall had the joy of hearing John Powell in a well-arranged programme of Beethoven's, Schumann's, Chopin's, and Liszt's compositions. His technical proficiency, coupled with a brilliant and subtle command of nuance and tone coloring, brought out all the beauty and poetic meaning of the composer.

In Beethoven's Sonata Op. 81 (a) he displayed a glorious and vivid picture of tone, finishing the third movement (The Return) with exquisite tenderness. Beethoven is the supreme master of rhythm and tempo. Too often our pianists take liberties and try to improve a passage here or there. Not so with Mr. Powell. His grasp and understanding of Beethoven as he gave it were a refreshing joy and delight.

His second group was Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, Opus 11. Then came Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor, Opus 27, No. 1 leading a group which included also the Impromptu in G flat and the Fantaisie in F minor, Opus 47. The sentimental slush that so many of our pianists like to work into Chopin was, happily, missing, and the delicately finished, poetically inspired interpretations as Mr. Powell achieved them were truly of surpassing and exquisite grace.

The final number, Liszt's Fantasia "Don Giovanni," was brilliantly rendered, and in spite of its many difficult passages Mr. Powell maintained the same smooth ease and dignity of manner, bringing out volumes of tone with a minimum of apparent effort. He is truly an artist. E. T. S.

New Philharmonic Series

The Philharmonic Society announces an extensive educational plan and a definite policy for the advancement of American music during the coming eighty-first season which begins on Thursday evening in Carnegie Hall. It is planned to give five concerts

relationship. Imaginative, intellectual, technical. At his concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday he showed again how he has continued to grow. His playing was that of a matured and discerning master; sincere, dignified and warmly sympathetic with the diverse moods of the music he played.

Mr. Spalding began with a really fine sonata in the pre-classical style by Vivaldi, an Italian whose works were of the greatest popularity in his lifetime, and so appealed to Bach that he made several transcriptions of them. This sonata has been edited for modern players by Ottorino Respighi, the Italian composer. It would be interesting to know just how far he has gone in his editing, for there were certain passages that hardly seemed characteristic of the early eighteenth century in which Vivaldi wrote. The work was set forth by Mr. Spalding with great energy, with a certain fervor in the largo, with fantasy in the last movement.

With Mr. André Benoit, who played also the accompaniments of the other numbers, Mr. Spalding gave a sympathetic performance of Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, conceived in the true chamber music style, though the piece itself is hardly adapted for the spaciousness of Carnegie Hall. To Wladyslaw's second concerto in D minor Mr. Spalding gave the brilliancy that is its reason for being, and that alone makes a performance of it tolerable.

Among his last group of shorter pieces were his own "Alabama" and his arrangement of Paganini's Seventeenth Caprice.

Myra Sokolskaja in Folk Songs.

Myra Sokolskaja, recently from Vienna, made her debut at the Town Hall last evening in a recital of Russian and Jewish folk songs, to which her animated delivery gave more than slight suggestion of the artist's training not only as singer, but also at the Petrograd Ballet School. She was the daughter of a rabbi in Russia and early schooled in ritual music. Since the revolution she has sunk in Constantinople, Budapest and Vienna, some 200 times in Austria alone. Her recital was cordially welcomed by an audience of compatriots last evening.

A top-heavy house welcomed Albert Spalding back to Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, when the violinist appeared for his first recital of the season. His programme, consisting of not particularly radical numbers was marked by a good deal of virile, buoyant tone-work, and some lamentably careless bowing.

Mr. Spalding, at this stage of his career, ought not to "scooch" his high notes from overpressure, nor repeatedly knock the instrument with the nut of the bow. The joys of his rendition of his own "Plantation Melody and Dance" and Bach's familiar "Air for the G String," however, compensated for much, as did his vibrant, ebullient playing of Schumann's "At the Fountain." This latter work is best suited to his temperament, for it calls for what might paradoxically be called "cool fire." Mr. Spalding achieves fire and richness too seldom.

His programme began with the Vivaldi "Sonata in D major," followed by Beethoven's "Sonata in C minor, Op. 30," which he played with considerable variety of mood and surety of attack. The scherzo, however, seemed to have been executed, so to speak, dutifully, Wieniawsky's "Concerto No. 2 in D minor" came third, and the afternoon closed with a group of five numbers, three of which are noted above. Andre Benoit was at the piano.

While Mr. Spalding was holding forth at Carnegie, a few blocks downtown Frederick Dixon, pianist, ran through what was probably the shortest recital of this young season. It lasted just an hour and a quarter and was in most places as loud as it was swift. Mr. Dixon's programme consisted of Schumann's Sonata Op. 22, Cesar Franck's Prelude, Aria and Final and three briefer works: Prelude Op. 8, No. 6, by Fannie Dillon; Griffes's "Lake at Evening" and a Fantasia-Ballade, by Rhea Silberta, played for the first time here. This last work made very exacting technical demands and was sufficiently replete with brilliant fortissimos to require another hearing for better acquaintance. The audience, however, which was a little thought it good for several encores.

A. C.

good left hand technique, a fair sense of rhythm, and a command of correct phrasing. She does not, however, contrive to be particularly interesting. Her tone was small and rather dry, with little variety in color, and her interpretative powers seemed to stop at an ability to play the notes in time and tune. "Temperament" is a difficult thing to define, but an ease to recognize. Miss Becker displayed very little.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

Anita Atwater at Aeolian Hall

If Anita Atwater, soprano, who made her debut at Aeolian Hall last night, had delivered her entire programme with the same sympathetic and careful art she employed in singing "Luna," a Chilian folksong she gave from manuscript, hers might have been written a thoroughly pleasing debut.

Her programme, full of interesting numbers, was, however, much too ambitious for a newcomer, making demands upon breath and finished technique which Miss Atwater has not yet achieved.

Her voice has some moving, dark, dramatic tones in the middle register, but above that her production is throaty and inclined to shrillness. Her German and Spanish diction is good, but her Italian sadly "American." Beethoven, Wolff, Donaudy, Bizet and old English folksong contributed to a comprehensive programme, and there were two Spanish numbers well known from the repertoires of Caruso and Galli-Curci.

But the gems of the evening were two Chilian folksongs, the one mentioned above, and "Pues sera lo mejor," full of character and opportunity to show what Miss Atwater can really do with study and insight—and a song lying well within the middle range.

A. C.

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Mieczyslaw Muenz Shows Unusual Talent in Program in Aeolian Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mieczyslaw Muenz, a Polish pianist, gave his first recital in this country in Aeolian Hall last evening. On his program were the Liszt variations on Bach's "Wellen Klagen," a minuet by Bach (said to be performed for the first time here), Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Aria and Finale," a group of Chopin numbers and some other pieces. Mr. Muenz is young. He was born in 1900, and his later studies were under the tutelage of the eminent Ferruccio Busoni.

It was a pleasure to listen to a youthful pianist with so much to offer. Negative qualities should not enjoy the first esteem, yet there was much significance in the repose, the continence and the respect of the young player for his music. Interpretation rather than personal revelation interested him, and he compelled a brilliant and fluent technique to serve his artistic purposes.

It would be idle to say that his judgment is already ripe or that he displayed that perfect command of himself which should be his in the course of time. In the finale of the Franck composition he accelerated his tempo indiscreetly and lost something of the well defined rhythm which had marked his performance of the earlier parts of the work. But only in this did the eagerness of youth betray itself.

Most of his playing was mature in style, reflective and searching, and above all, beautifully musical in tone. He revealed a fine feeling for the lyric qualities of his music and showed that he possessed in no small measure the power to make the piano sing. Without doubt, when this pianist has widened his vision through the experiences of a few more years, he will play with more incisive style, with a more boldly drawn outline and with less hesitation in the use of the more brilliant tints of the piano. At present he impresses the hearer as a young man of unusual talent, of definite musical bent, of intelligence and feeling, all curbed by training of a severely intellectual cast and by a fear of overstepping the limits of artistic repose. The restraint is far better than the familiar recklessness of impetuous youngsters. Mr. Muenz will doubtless be heard again. He deserves to be.

Oct 22 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Albert Spalding's Recital.

In the years since Mr. Albert Spalding first made his appearance in New York as a violin player, he has shown the stuff that is in him by a steady gain in the qualities that go to make up mu-

well tempered clavierist, while happy little work Mr. Courboin played entirely on the piano stop, and, in closing, the "Marche Heroique" of Saint-Saens. Mr. Courboin's performance was followed with rapt attention on the part of his hearers and he could easily have repeated several of his selections. Following the famous Bach air he was recalled several times.

Oct 20 1922

Miss Anita Atwater Gives Program of Wide Range in Recital.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Anita Atwater, soprano, was called for the first time here in a song she given last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her program was one of wide range, as is often the case with the organs of singers whose ambition knows no restriction. It takes confidence to charge an audience at the outset with Beethoven's broadly phrased "Die Ruhestimmen" and to follow it with Abbe Liszt's descriptive "Die Lorelei." This not sufficing, Miss Atwater completed her first group with Wagner's "Elfenlied," the cavatina from Bizet's "Les Pecheurs de Perles" figured in the second group, and the third contained an English folk song harmonized by Deems Taylor and furnished with some melodic additions by the singer. The last group was Spanish and included a Chilian folk song. Miss Atwater was heard by a large audience.

This singer has a voice which ought to sound beautiful all the time, instead only some of the time. But there seemed again that bugaboo of vocal technique, it is quite possible at times Miss Atwater sings at home to her friends her tones are free and good, but there was no question that conditions of a public recital imposed upon her delivery artificial restraints wholly inimical to the best use of her voice.

To sing with a perfectly free tone is one of the first essentials of progress toward success. Miss Atwater may in the end rid herself of all consciousness of vocal mechanism and deliver her notes like a bird, but she did not do so last evening. Conrad Bos at the piano formed some remarkable feats of exaltation and discovery.

GIRL VIOLINIST HEARD.

Rose Becker Gives First Recital Here.

Miss Rose Becker, violinist, gave her first recital here last evening in Town Hall. This player has received her training in this city. She has toured Southern States and, it is said, with some success. Her most important numbers were the sonata of Cesar Franck, in which she had the assistance of Harry Kaufman at the piano, and Liszt's "Symphonie Espagnole," in which she restored the scherzando, which is usually omitted. Miss Becker's performance showed some admirable accomplishments.

Her tone is small, but it is musical, her technique is well schooled and her intonation good. Her general style was sensitive rather than broad and vigorous. In the sonata the piano overpowered the violin at times, but on the whole the two artists gave the work no little understanding and finish. Miss Becker performed the Lalo work in the ease and repose of manner, which marked her delivery generally. Her elegance, dash and brilliance, however, would not have been amiss. The recital was evidently much enjoyed by audience.

ROSE BECKER IN RECITAL.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

It is so hard to tell. Generally speaking, performers are about as good as their programmes. The singer or player who offers a conventional and hackneyed list of numbers is usually commonplace; and the converse is just as likely to be true. It was with high hopes, therefore, that one read the programme of violin music offered by Rose Becker last night in the Town Hall.

The Cesar Franck sonata, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre," a Kreisler recitative and scherzo for unaccompanied violin, "Perpetuum Mobile," by Novacek and a final group that included Kreisler's transcription of the ballet music from "Rosamunde"—here was an interesting and well planned array of pieces, several of which had been played to death. But the player did not live up to the programme. Miss Becker has a

each in the great hall of the college of the City of New York, Carnegie Hall, and Cooper Union; four at the Commercial High School in Brooklyn and one each at Princeton, Yale, Vassar, Smith, Mount Holyoke, and Connecticut Colleges, those at the City College to be broadcast for listeners within a radius of 1,500 miles.

"In establishing a definite educational programme," says Clarence Mackay, chairman of the board, "the directors of the Philharmonic have felt that as trustees of the public for the oldest orchestral organization in America the society should enter upon a definite course of service in the education of a new public."

Mr. Mackay then announces the concerts as given above—twenty-five in all—and continues: "The directors have felt that the development of music in America has reached the point where an organization such as the Philharmonic should offer definite encouragement to the native American composer of orchestral music. With this idea in mind they have engaged Henry Hadley as associate conductor, with instructions to examine the

scores of compositions submitted by American composers and to perform at certain concerts of the year those scores which in his judgment seem to merit presentation.

"Pursuant to its policy of enabling the orchestra to give its concerts under the best possible conditions, the directors have enlarged the personnel from ninety-eight to 102 players."

Sunday Concerts

Reinold Werrenrath gave his first recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall before a very large and enthusiastic audience. His programme was well chosen, beginning with a group of German songs and following with four Danish songs in the original text, which were sung with good effect. He was at his best in the "Sea Water Ballads," set to music by Frederick Keel to poems by John Masefield, which he sang with color, humor, dramatic power, and flawless diction.

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her first recital of the season last night in the Hippodrome, with a programme along familiar lines. It included the once popular "Robert to que J'Aime" from "Robert Le Diable," Ophelia's mad scene in "Hamlet," and songs by a number of composers of different styles. She sang in her accustomed manner, which has already been sufficiently noted, and had a large and very cordial audience.

By MAX SMITH.

Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.

FRIENDS of John Powell turned out in large numbers yesterday afternoon to give the gifted American the season's welcome in Aeolian Hall.

So numerous indeed were the admirers that attended his first recital that the stage had to be requisitioned to accommodate all.

Mr. Powell, as everyone knows, is a composer as well as a pianist. On this occasion, however, he modestly refrained from putting works of his own on the programme. Only at the conclusion, to satisfy a natural demand on the part of his listeners, did he play two numbers from his charming "Merry-go-round" suite in a group of supplementary contributions.

As an interpreter Mr. Powell is distinctly romantic in his tendencies. He has a particular fondness for Schumann, to whose F sharp minor sonata he brought genuine fervor, achieving more impressive results than in Beethoven's sonata, opus 81 a, which opened the afternoon.

There was much to admire, too, in his performance of the Chopin group. Yet at times Mr. Powell allowed his fancy to roam rather freely, somewhat to the detriment of rhythmic symmetry and proportion.

Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasia, once considered the most difficult piano piece to negotiate successfully, he performed surprisingly well as a climax to the afternoon.

Amelita Galli-Curci, prima donna assoluta, made her first appearance of the season last night in the Hippodrome. With her husband, Homer Samuel, at the

piano, and Manuel Berenguer to flute occasional obbligati, she warbled for the delectation of a huge audience.

She did not confine herself to coloratura flights, however, although that kind of vocal display evidently pleased her listeners greatly. She also ravished the ear with deliciously sustained cantilena. And she even sang in German—as an encore, to be sure—Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume."

What was written about Mme. Galli-Curci last year, could be reiterated now. She has the same excellences, the same faults.

At least Mme. Galli-Curci might enlarge and improve her repertory instead of harping always on

the same sort of music. Such a programme as she offered last

night puts a tax on the patience. It embraced Donaudy's "Amorosi miei giorni," Storace's "The Pretty Creature"; the aria, "Roberto, tu che adoro," Meyerbeer's "Roberto il diavolo"; dell'Acqua's "Villanelle"; Debussy's "C'est l'extase"; d'Erlanger's "Chanson legere"; Bizet's "Pastorale"; Massenet's "Sevillana"; Hageman's "Charity"; Samuel's "Pierrot"; Dobson's "Dry be that tear," and the Mad Scene from "Hamlet."

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

Oct 24 1922

Miss Eva Gauthier

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Miss Eva Gauthier gave a song recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. When Miss Gauthier sings there is always something of interest. Illumined by footlights, she stands and one enjoys the wide prospect of her beauty. She is original in costume as she is in program making, but her robes are not the concern of chroniclers of musical doings.

As on many other occasions, the soprano prefaced several of her songs with brief remarks. For instance, she told the audience that she could not give a translation of the texts of the "Trois Bijoux Indiscrets," with which she began her entertainment, because they were somewhat too highly spiced.

Despite this intriguing introduction these songs seemed to delight her hearers, less than the second group, consisting of three Spanish popular songs arranged by Manuel Falla. These were indeed characteristic and gave Miss Gauthier opportunity to display the best qualities of her delicate art. In the third group she played an air from a new German opera, "Der Schatzgräber," by Frank Schreker. It did not arouse impassioned eagerness to hear the rest of the work.

An item of the program was Rosina's entrance air, "Una voce poco fa," from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which was to be given in the original key and with a cadenza written for Marietta Alboni, the famous contralto. The original key and Mme. Alboni's cadenza may be important to operatic historians, but it is unlikely that a recital audience of this time could be interested in them. There were other more unfamiliar numbers on the list and Miss Gauthier must be praised for her unflagging industry in unearthing novelties in song.

BULGARIAN VIOLINIST PLAYS.

Miss Nedelka Simeonova, a young Bulgarian violinist, who, following the advice of Fritz Kreisler, studied with Leopold Auer, was heard here for the first time in a recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. This player is apparently not more than sixteen years old. She played first Vitali's G minor chaconne and then followed it with Mendelssohn's concerto. In these works she disclosed musical gifts and an excellent schooling. Her tone was good, her bowing free and elastic and her pitch admirable. She threw off technical difficulties with facility and dash and she had a feeling for delicate nuance.

Her assurance and repose of manner were attractive. Her interpretations might have had more individuality and warmth, but experience ought to help her along this path. Her audience was enthusiastic.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Eva Gauthier's Recital.

Miss Eva Gauthier still occupies an important place on the watch towers observing the vanguard of those who produce the news and revolutionary things in music. Yet her program for her recital last evening in Aeolian Hall was not so harshly and painfully revolutionary as some that she has given. Miss Gauthier is an intelligent and well equipped artist who can not only see beauty and value that are sometimes veiled from others, but is so well schooled in the exactions of modern methods of vocal writing that she can maintain the pitch against the fiercest assaults of piano accompaniments. She was not called on last evening for quite so much fortitude in this way as she sometimes is.

Carl Engel has harmonized "three indiscreet jewels of the eighteenth century" in a manner that is in itself quite indiscreet and that is sometimes quite unsympathetic with eighteenth century ideas. They are charming tunes that Miss Gauthier sang charmingly, after declining to translate their indiscretions into English. Manuel de Falla is one of the most advanced of modern Spaniards, but his three "popular" songs that Miss Gauthier sang offered few difficulties to the listener; the last two show the lasting Oriental influence of the Moors on Spanish folk song.

There seemed to be a feeling for beauty in Norman Peterkin's "Beata Solitudo" that is vaguely groped for, very little in Arthur Bliss's "The Buckle." Franz Schreker's "Cradle Song" is said to be one of the most important numbers from his most important opera, "Der Schatzgräber." It has a certain plaintive charm, but as presented last night no great moving power nor yet revolutionary impulse. There was perhaps more effect in the "Valse de Chopin" from Joseph Marx's opera of "Pierrot Lunaire." Of four songs by Debussy the first two seemed as desultory as any of their kind and the last two of much more emotional cogency.

Miss Gauthier sang another group of the modern French and a group of American songs; and, before them, the only product of an effete past that appeared on her program—"Una Voce Poco Fa," announced as in the original key, with the cadenza as written for Mme. Alboni, Miss Gauthier sang it in the key of E; and though Mme. Alboni was a contralto, the cadenza went as high as B. It cannot be said that Miss Gauthier's style and quality of voice made her so successful in this air as in things of another part.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Harold Berkley, violinist, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Mr. Berkley is an Englishman and was first heard here in the same hall on October 24 of last year. After precisely a year of absence he returned to the local concert platform with a program which, like that of his previous recital, showed that he had a sincere regard for the best music written for his instrument.

Those who go to many violin recitals could perhaps have dispensed with the sempiternal "Devil's Thrill" of the venerable Tartini, though it must always be a pleasure to those who do not listen to it too often to hear it played as smoothly and unaffectedly as Mr. Berkley played it last evening.

The second number on his list was Mozart's D major concerto, also a familiar composition, but one which can never fail to awaken admiration for the master who wrote it. It serves again to remind us that Mozart had an exceptionally good training in the technique of the violin at the hands of his father, Leopold Mozart, a fine violinist and the author of an excellent treatise on the art of playing the instrument. A good performance of a Mozart concerto is much like the good delivery of a Mozart opera air, a demonstration of sound art and good taste.

Mr. Berkley is a well schooled violinist whose tone is light, transparent and engaging and whose intonation is rarely at fault. His command of double stopping is excellent and he has a bow both firm and elastic. He plays in a clean, honest, straightforward manner, with appreciation of the style of the works before him.

In addition to the numbers mentioned his program contained Szymanowski's "Notturmo e Tarentella" and some shorter pieces, including "Waves at Play," by Edwin Grasse, the blind violinist. As usual at such recitals there was a large audience, which liberally applauded the player.

COLIN O'MORE IN RECITAL.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

When the musical comedy "Lassies" was running at the Nora Bayes Theatre two seasons ago a young man

named Colin O'More, with a pleasant tenor voice, used to sing therein. Unless two tenors are using the same name, it was this same young man who gave a song recital last evening in Carnegie Hall, before a large and admiring audience.

His programme was, for the most part, excellent. Beginning with Glueck's "Bannis la Crainte" from "Alceste," it included airs by Falconieri and Salvator Rosa, and a seventeenth century "Musette" and "Chanson a Danser," a fine group of Brahms; Debussy's "Green" and others by Fauré, Hue and Messager. His final group, upon a somewhat lower level, included songs and ballads by Frank Grey, Frank Lambert and Frank Bridge, and the equally frank old Irish air, "The Ninepenny Fiddle."

Mr. O'More has been extensively advertised as the singer who was made famous by his talking machine records. If this be true, his recital was an excellent illustration of some fundamental differences between platform and phonograph singing. He was at his best in just the qualities that are indispensable for good recording: a voice of agreeable quality with a wide upper register, excellent diction in Italian, French, German and English, flexibility in the use of his voice, and a good command of several vocal effects, particularly of a mezza voce that just missed slipping into falsetto.

On the other hand, he lacked several of the qualifications of a first class concert singer, variety and volume among them. His voice lacked the power to be really effective in a hall as big as Carnegie, and its lower register often sounded forced last night. Also, his singing suffered from monotony. His voice retained the same color from first to last, and his interpretative skill was unequal to the demands of his programme. His best group was the French; he made little of the Brahms, with the possible exception of "Der Gang zum Liebchen."

Stage presence counts for little in phonograph work, which perhaps accounts for a certain surplus of self confidence in Mr. O'More's bearing last night. It is only fair to add, by the way, that the audience gave convincing evidence of sharing his approval of his efforts. Walter Golde at the piano, managed to extract brilliant accompaniments from a somewhat diffident instrument.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

Ernest De Wald, barytone, who made his first appearance in the afternoon at Aeolian Hall, had a voice which seemed, at first, severely limited; his tone was smooth in his middle register and in softer notes, but higher and louder flights produced a somewhat metallic timbre and impression of strain, without very much expression. This was the case in the Priest's aria from "The Magic Flute" and his Italian and French numbers, less so in his American ones; but his closing group of German songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Strauss showed a notable improvement, possibly due to a Berlin training. Here his voice was fuller and more flexible, and his expression more varied. Walter Golde served as accompanist for both recitals.

Philharmonic Off

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society began its eighty-first season last evening in Carnegie Hall. The concert was the 1,676th of the famous old organization, the oldest orchestral body in this country and one of the oldest in the world. Its history is not only long but honorable, and the place which it occupies in the musical activities of this city is proud. The audience was representative in many respects. It contained those of eminence in music, letters and the arts and persons of the most distinguished social position.

The entertainment was conducted by Josef Strinsky, who has entrenched himself firmly in the affections of Philharmonic patrons. In accordance with the custom of the organization's later years the program was both conservative and progressive. The first number was Beethoven's seventh symphony, one of the most spirited and joyous of the master's creations, a fitting prelude to a season rich in promise.

The other numbers were the symphonic overture entitled "Sursum Corda," composed by young Erich Korngold (who is best known to New York music lovers as the writer of "Die Tote Stadt," the opera associated with the local debut of Mme. Jeritz); Debussy's two nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fetes," and the dance

Richard Strauss's opera "Salome." Mr. Korngold's overture was composed in 1919 when the musician was 2 years old and was first played under his direction in Vienna in January, 1921. The title is from the communion service and in English is "Lift up four hearts." The composer has furnished in detail the plan of his work, which is fashioned after all according to venerable formulae and is architecturally constructed so as to command the approval of musical patri-archs and even more youthful conservators of traditions.

Perhaps only in the elaborate treatment of the orchestration can it be dubbed quite "modern." There are measures upon measures which sound like quotations from "Die Tote Stadt," but there is less of the continuity of melodic thought than the music lover finds in some of the more excellent parts of that opera. It is a thing of thematic shreds and patches, marshalled with instrumental pomp and circumstance.

But it is hardly worth while to prolong consideration of this deepest young man's baffled efforts. When Verdi gave us "Falstaff" we were all lost in wonder that an aged man could write music so full of the fire and enthusiasm and freshness of youth. Korngold's music sounds like that of a tired man of many years, disillusioned, weary of the futile struggle of life and vainly seeking to stir his sinking spirit with a turmoil of shapes and sounds and an impotent blurring of tints.

It took more musicians to play the overture than it did to play the Beethoven symphony, but it was the first work on the list that lifted up the hearts of its hearers, not the second. Mr. Stransky led his men through an eager, searching, sometimes impetuous performance of Beethoven's composition. There was no dilatoriness in the delivery.

The conductor wasted no time in trying to gild refined gold, nor did he endeavor to paint any lilies. He sped onward, driving the sonorous tones before him like flying clouds before a northwester, but in every rift the sun of Beethoven's genius shone brightly and the earth grew warm and glad under it. The first concert of the Philharmonic was decidedly interesting and the audience gave it plenty of applause.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

The venerable Philharmonic Society began its eighty-first season last evening in Carnegie Hall, being the first of the New York orchestras to be heard. All seats were sold, as the sign in the lobby announced, so there was a large audience, and Mr. Stransky received a cordial greeting when he appeared, the orchestral players dutifully rising.

The program included a new composition, as many of Mr. Stransky's programs this season are expected to; it was Erich Wolfgang Korngold's symphonic overture, "Sursum Corda," Op. 13. Young Korngold, now 25 years old, is considered to be one of the most notable musical talents of Central Europe. He is best known in New York by his opera "Die Tote Stadt," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, though several other of his orchestral compositions have been heard here, as well as his piano third Op. 1, and some pieces for piano solo. Mr. Korngold does not seem to have made quite so deep an impression on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, and, indeed, there are rumors that his name and fame have been advanced there almost as much by the enterprising activities of a journalistic father—as by his own achievements.

He was undoubtedly a precocious youngster. But now, being 25 years old, he is at an age at which some of his illustrious predecessors in musical composition had accomplished even more than he, without the aid of a press agent. Indeed, it may be doubted whether his "Sursum Corda" will do much toward fixing him in the distinguished line of which Vienna has reason to be proud.

The title is derived from an exhortation of the communion service, the beginning of the thanksgiving prayer in the liturgy. The composer has stated that he intended by the title to suggest a general character of the work, a mood of struggle and aspiration, a joyous deliverance out of storm and stress. There is a brilliant brass fanfare as an opening theme, that haunts dangerously the confines of the commonplace; there is melodic material of agreeable lyric quality that rarely rises to the level of distinction. And there is a running out into desultory tedium, long and disjointed, making a thing of shreds and patches, in which the uplifted heart seems to fall into dolefulness and to luxuriate in crass and apparently uncalled-for discord.

The chief characteristic of the score is, as Mr. Gilman points out, its heavy leaning upon Strauss. Mr. Korngold's melodic invention is strongly Straussian; so is his "sonorous polyphony," his "swelling ardors," and his fashion of contrasting the easily melodious and the laboriously harsh. Quite as much so is his instrumentation; there is earlier Strauss, as in the opening fanfare, and later, as in the reminiscence of the "rose" theme in "Der Rosenkavalier," and much between. It is all undoubtedly clever, but, undoubtedly also, it shows little originality, little feeling for organic structure and cogent development, a great deal of the clever orchest-

tral technique than can be taught to clever pupils, and abundant assurance in the appropriation of other men's property.

Mr. Stransky had had the difficult and complicated score carefully studied, and it was played zealously and doubtless with an ample realization of the composer's intentions. There was also, in a conscientiously prepared performance which did not quite mount to the realms of inspiration, Beethoven's seventh symphony, Debussy's two nocturnes for orchestra ("Nuages" and "Fetes") and Salome's "Seven Vells from Stran-

Frances Hall, Pianist, Makes Debut.

Frances Hall, in her first piano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, showed mature vigor of youthful arms and mental grasp of her music, which was distinctly out of the common. From MacDowell's "Sonata Tarasca" to the massed octaves of Lechetaizky's "Clude Heroique," it was piano playing of the more vital sort, varied with a Chopin polonaise, a rhapsody by Dohnanyi, two trifles by Korngold and a "Caprice" and new "Idyll" by Ernest Hutcheson, who from a box applauded Miss Hall's performance of his work. An audience of like cordiality enjoyed the unconventional matinee of a newcomer with "something to say" on the piano.

New York String Quartet Plays.

The New York String Quartet, founded three years since by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, entered on its first series of public concerts last evening at Aeolian Hall, playing Haydn's classico in C, Op. 54, No. 2 and that of Beethoven, Op. 59, No. 2, in E minor. Between the pair was a quartet in D, Op. 35, by Vítěslav Novak, born in 1870 at Kamenice, Bohemia, a devotee of Czechoslovak folk melodies and early student with Dvorak.

Novak's friend, to whom was due the introduction of his music, is Ludvik Schwab, viola player of the new ensemble, the others being Ottokar Cadek and Jaroslav Siskovsky, violins, and Bedrich Vaska, cello. Their two later concerts, on Nov. 23, and again on March 1, will afford opportunity for more critical consideration. In the audience that heard them last night were not only their hitherto private patrons, but also Louis Evecenski, Sam Franko and others long associated with chamber music in New

by Deems Taylor

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

When an adult wants to express the joy of living he sings in his bath, or reads a good book, or plays golf or tennis, or works out the crossword puzzle in the Sunday World magazine—in other words, he uses some definite, formulated physical or emotional outlet for his high spirits. The very young person, on the other hand, can find no better way to give vent to his feelings than to roll in the glass, or run about and yell.

Erich Korngold's symphonic overture "Sursum Corda!" in which Josef Stransky conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night, belongs distinctly to the second school of expression. It is "very loud, and very jubilant, with heaps of trumpet calls and woodwind trills and various more or less Straussian orchestral acrobatics, but after the tumult and the shouting have died one is rather uncertain as to what it was all about.

Korngold wrote the overture in 1919, when he was twenty-one years old. It is a remarkable achievement—if only for its clever scoring—for a boy of twenty-one, but not otherwise. The general form and thematic treatment are so strongly reminiscent of Strauss as to make the composer's dedication quite superfluous. Only, Strauss at his most orgiastic manages to preserve clarity of outline and a sense of continuity.

The talented Erich does not. One feels that he wanted very much to express the spirit of joy and thanksgiving, and, to the extent of making the orchestra players work hard, did. But the piece is too scrappy, too anecdotal, too much concerned with fury and not enough with sound to carry conviction. The programme note translated "Sursum Corda" as "Lift Up Your Hearts." Mr. Korngold seems to have thought it meant "Kick Up Your Heels."

It was interesting to see what Debussy had done with somewhat the same idea in "Fetes," which, with "Nuages," followed immediately after. Here was the spirit of festival and the dance, revealed with the utmost economy of material, a thing of hushed ecstasy and small cries, or a clarity more vivid and penetrating than all of Korngold's ephemeral shoutings.

The Debussy pieces were excellently played. By the way, Mr. Stransky gave the "Nuages" rather too blurred a reading, one that at times reduced its already vague outlines almost to unintelligibility. For the rest, it was a Philharmonic opening concert—a

crowded house, a good, if not a forward performance of Beethoven's Seventh to begin with, plenty of enthusiasm, applause and a wreath for Mr. Stransky, and Salome's Dance, from Strauss's "Salome," at the end. The programme will be repeated this afternoon.

ANOTHER NEW QUARTET.

A new chamber music organization, the fourth to be heard since Oct. 11, played its first concert at Aeolian Hall last night. This newcomer is the New York String Quartet, founded three years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, and making its first public appearances this season. The members—Ottokar Cadek and Jaroslav Siskovsky, violins; Ludvik Schwab, viola; Bedrich Vaska, cello—are all Czechoslovakian, and their programme last night included a new quartet by a Czechoslovak composer, Vítěslav Novak.

The Novak work, in D major, marked Opus 35, is called a quartet, although its form might horrify the pundit. There are only two movements, a fugue and a fantasia, the latter being divided into four sections. It is a fascinating piece of music, written with consummate skill for the instruments in an idiom that has sufficient individuality to be interesting.

The general mood is romantic—the composer seems to have had little impulse toward modernist delvings into cacaphony—but it is anything but old-fashioned music. The fugue is a slow one, marked "largo misterioso," and offers some melodic and harmonic episodes of melting beauty. The fantasia, while it droops occasionally, has fine moments with a lovely pianissimo finale.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Mr. Stransky, who conducted the first of the eighty-first annual series of concerts by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall last night and received a cordial welcome from a splendid audience, introduced a composition new to our concert-rooms and repeated three modern works that have enjoyed popularity for several years.

First of all, however, he made obeisance to the greatest of all symphonists by playing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, probably with a distinct purpose. Toward the close of last season the work was played here within a short period by every one of the orchestras whose mission it is to perform music of this character. The performances followed each other in such close sequence that it seemed as if Mr. Stransky, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Monteux and Mr. Stokowski were challenging critical judgment on their respective "readings" of the work. At any rate, we took that view of the matter and, with the modesty which we think is the only becoming attitude toward a reviewer in the presence of the great men of the baton, we attempted a study of some of the features of the various interpretations. Our conclusion was like that illustrated in an old story which may bear repetition.

Preference Purely Personal

Two men were in disagreement about the proper pronunciation of the word "either," one maintaining that it was as if spelled "eether," the other as if it were written "eyether." They appealed to an Irishman, who promptly replied "nayther."

One thing pleased us in Mr. Stransky's performance, and that was that he maintained the integrity of the dactylic figure which is the characteristic rhythmic element of the entire symphony (that which Beethoven employed to create a bond of unity between the movements) in the pizzicato accompaniment of the basses in the second section of the allegretto. He did it again, measurably, last night. Also he made a laudable effort to make the violins enunciate the principal theme of the Finale, which is always obscured by the desire of conductors to make the piece sound like a wild, bacchanalian orgy.

Ever since we first heard the symphony we have strained our ears (we shall let the conductors say they are like those described by Midas when he whispered the secret to the sedges) to hear the second and last notes of the seven in the first measure; but in vain. Only when the theme appears lightly clad in the solo flute have we ever heard the theme as Beethoven wrote it and, we assume, wished it to sound. Last night we caught the missing second note, but for the last of the whirling figure the Philharmonic players are still indebted to us. However, the symphony received a spirited performance, and one that brought out the sterling qualities of the band quite as emphatically as the garish and intricate music which followed it.

Vienna Composer introduced

This was the novelty of the program—a symphonic overture by Erich Wolfgang Korngold called "Sursum corda." A singular title this, prompted possibly by the spiritual needs of the world, particularly the people of the once gay Austrian capital, in which it had its birth. Possibly, also, it was borrowed from Reger, into whose musical vocabulary we can fit it more easily than into young Korngold's—for Reger is at home in the music of the Church, and the liturgical phrase, with its response, "We have lifted our hearts," is an ancient element in the mass.

The composition by Korngold is not particularly uplifting. It is dedicated to Richard Strauss, between whom and the composer (or, more particularly, the composer's father, who is the musical critic of Vienna's leading newspaper, the "Neue Freie Presse") a merry war has been in progress for several months. There were moments last night when we yielded to the wicked wish that the quarrel might be carried into the courts—that Dr. Strauss would sue the brilliant young composer of "Die tote Stadt" and "Sursum corda" for larceny. Korngold is a liberal borrower, to say the least, of the older man's instrumental idioms.

In one of the climaxes of the new composition he juggled with our senses as Strauss does in "Der Rosenkavalier," when he makes our ears see the glitter of the silver rose in the hands of Octavian. But Korngold has not yet resorted to Strauss's device of first saying that his music has no programmatic purpose and afterward referring us for information as to its contents to his official expounders, Mauke and company. That plan might well be followed with "Sursum corda." Much of it may pass for fascinating music. As for its stretches of tonal desert, we feel that the fancy of most listeners last night felt the need of a programmatic crutch.

Def 25 1922 Tunda Brajjer Fluent Though Not Always Clear in Interpretations.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fact that a young Hungarian, Miss Tunda Brajjer, gave her first local piano recital last evening in Aeolian Hall directs the mind to Mark Hambourg's recently published book entitled "How to Play the Piano."

It begins with what Homer would call "these winged words": "Let us consider a little what possibilities and difficulties await the youth who desires nowadays to take up the piano professionally and carve out a career for himself with its aid. It is first of all necessary to bear in mind that the present day public demands greater attainment than ever before from executant artists."

Mr. Hambourg continues by qualifying this statement with the observation that everything is harder than it used to be because life is so much more strenuous.

Listening to many of the young pianists who emerge from the little door or the left side of the Aeolian platform the music lover wonders why they hope to attain distinction in a calling which brings glory and a competence to only a very few. Miss Brajjer played the piano last evening very creditably. She showed that she had been carefully trained in the school of modern technique by Moritz Rosenthal and she performed Liszt's "Weinen Klagen" in a manner resembling in miniature that of the eminent German-Italian, Busoni.

She also played fluently, though not always quite clearly, Beethoven's A flat sonata, opus 26, with the dear old funeral march in C flat minor and showed that at least she knew how to keep a once established tempo. But her musicianship seemed to be that of an immature mind. Perhaps she may develop with years. She is yet young and unformed.

ZIMBALIST'S AID HEARD.

Harry Kaufman Gives First Piano Recital.

Harry Kaufman, who has been known as accompanist for Zimbalist and other artists, gave his first piano recital last evening at Town Hall. Mr. Kaufman was one of the soloists selected by the Stadium concerts' auditions last summer. His recital last evening attracted a large audience, and his performance apparently afforded genuine pleasure.

His program had variety, and was not hackneyed. He played with dignity and technical finish. In one of his principal numbers, Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne, his tone in forte passages lacked sonority, but his clarity of enunciation and good phrasing were, here as elsewhere, among his featured accomplishments.

Some arrangements in his first group by Godowsky of old French music were delightfully done, and his interpretation of Chopin's C minor nocturne was praiseworthy. In his list were further included Szymanowski's "In Modo d'una Canzone" and Godowsky's transcription of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus."

Heifetz Recital

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from *The New York Times*)

Jascha Heifetz has played so often in the cities of America since he first came to us five years ago that he has about exhausted the laudatory vocabulary of all reviewers except those envious ones whose command of the purple phrase is inexhaustible. They, and they only, can continue out of words, words, words to "weave patterns" (a pretty metaphor which we think we noted fifteen or twenty times recently in one book of criticisms) almost as ingeniously as Mr. Heifetz can apply his fingers or draw his bow across the strings. A description of the incidents attendant on his first recital for this season in Carnegie Hall last night, if attempted, would be a mere duplication of what has gone before a dozen times or more. It would tell of an audience which filled all the practicable spaces of the hall—including the stage, we are sorry to say, for listeners on the stage are a disturbing element even when, like those of yesterday, they are well behaved—of great enthusiasm justified by noble playing, but also of an exhibition of a taste which craved a display of the least admirable, though not the least striking, of Mr. Heifetz's qualities as an artist—his technical equipment. To dispose of this at once, let us say, as every educated musical reviewer has said scores of times since our country was inundated by concert-givers, local as well as foreign, that this is the period of technique; that is, of highly developed technical skill in all the arts; and that, perhaps for that very reason, it is a period in which creation (re-creation in the case of interpretative artists) is at a low ebb. We know so well how to copy that we have forgotten how to invent.

To come to the case in point, Mr. Heifetz began his concert with a concerto (in E minor) by Nardini. His playing of it recalled the enthusiasm with which we greeted him at his first recital in 1917 and led us to hail him as a successor of the great violinists who have come into our ken—Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Wilhelmj, Sarasate, Ysaye, Kreisler—every one a distinct individuality, but each bearing the stamp of the truly creative interpreter. It was not the sensuous beauty of tone, the flawless intonation, the absence of effort in the overcoming of technical difficulties, the preservation of symmetry of phrase and period alone, but the feeling of repose awakened by all these things which compelled our admiration. He had much of the classic style in the music which exacted that quality. It was not present in the large degree possessed by his great predecessors, but it was unmistakable in his playing. So we acclaimed the musician as much as we did the virtuoso.

There came a moment of disappointment, when, in October, 1918, he played a Mozart concerto (in D) so prettily that it was not beautiful. Yesterday he made atonement by playing another concerto by the same composer—the one in A. He played it with the purity of line, the ingenuous grace, the unaffected directness, the genial warmth which are Mozart. It was enough. The artist-musician, of whose playing we had been privileged to hear little in the interim (being as unable as the Viennese banker to be in two places at the same time), was returned. For the rest, after enjoying Beethoven's Romance in F, we could revel with the multitude in the scintillant display pieces—Auer's transcription of the chorus of Derwishes from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens"—a thing without meaning as a violin solo; the ingenious bit of descriptive music called "Waves at Play," written by the blind young man Grasse (a son of New York), two of Paganini's (not Wieniawski's) Caprices, and whatever followed them, till the avid audience granted him respite for the day.

WERRENATH'S FIRST.

There was a big audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday to hear Reinald Werrenrath give his first song recital of the season. Nor was it the conventional recital audience—one-sixth time-killers, one-third free tickets, and one-half friends of the performer. This was a real audience, composed for the most part of people who had come to hear good music

well sung. And for most of the afternoon it heard what it had come to hear.

There is a solidity, a satisfying quality about a Werrenrath recital that makes this singer's popularity easily understandable. For, hearing him sing, one has the sense of well-being, of satisfaction with the world in general, that comes of being in the presence of a man who has mastered his medium.

Baseball is not very closely allied to singing, and a comparison between master-craftsmen in two arts is generally futile, except as a means of annoying both; yet one might give Werrenrath a much poorer compliment than calling him the Christy Mathewson of song. Both men accomplish the task they undertake; both have mastered the technique of their callings so completely that it never obtrudes; both are, at their worst, always competent, and at their best, a little inspired; both have something in reserve for emergencies; and both have at their disposal the precious gift of variety and change of pace.

Above all, both are dependable. Werrenrath, like Matty, has the knack of inspiring confidence. No one who has not sat at recital after recital, muscles taut and throat aching, enduring the vocal struggles of a mediocre singer, can possibly know the deep sense of security with which one hears Werrenrath attack a phrase. Is the tessitura difficult? You may be sure that he knows that too, and is armed against it. Is the phrase a long one and is there an incidental high note lurking midway? Never mind. The singer has breath enough and the high note will be taken easily, surely, in perfect intonation and with no sense either of too much effort or not enough.

He is not invariably successful, any more than Matty was. But however far short of success he may fall upon occasion, he too can point to his average as his vindication.

His programme yesterday was largely made up of familiar favorites. The first group, nobly and beautifully sung comprised lieder by Brahms, Franz and Wolf. A second group introduced four less familiar Danish songs by Hakon, Borresen, Lange-Mueller and Carl Nielsen. "Irmelin Rose," a ballad setting of some vocal difficulty by Nielsen, gave the singer an opportunity to do some lovely mezza-voce singing. He repeated it as an encore to the group.

Reverting to baseball, one might remark that he was in difficulties in the third inning. This was Massenet's "Vision Fugitive," from "Herodiade." His throat seemed to trouble him, and his singing of the aria, while good in spots, suffered from hurried phrasing and an unwonted impression of vocal discomfort.

He came back beautifully in the next group, "Salt Water Ballads," set by Frederick Keel to poems by Massfield. He sang these superbly, with color and humor, vivid dramatic power, and flawless diction. As an encore to the group he gave Arthur Penn's "Sun and Moon," a new ballad of the Ford school—all standard parts and a little cheap. The final group, before the encores began, comprised Loomis's "In the Foggy Dew," Geoffrey O'Hara's "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," Oley Speaks's "Mandalay," and the perennial "Duna."

DEEMS TAYLOR.

Oct 29 1922
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch's Piano Recital.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch can fortunately spare a few days each season from his duties in conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra to remind New York and other music lovers that he is still a pianist and that the passage of years only refines and clarifies his art. This was the upshot of the recital that he gave yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. His program had some unfamiliar and unexpected items, as well as better known ones, that brought into prominence some of the most characteristic and delightful qualities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing.

He began with Tausig's arrangement of Bach's toccata, an organ fugue in D minor. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is alive to the bigger and broader things, as well as to the more delicate, and this transferred organ piece he played with a stately sonority, with breadth, with a feeling for the structure and climax of the music.

Into the variations by Mozart he put a fine-spun delicacy and clarity, and into Scarlatti's A major allegro its brilliant spirit and élan. But how admirable it would be if pianists would venture upon some of the six hundred and odd other pieces by Scarlatti that exist, instead of ringing the changes on the four or five that somebody picked out to play years ago and that have blocked the way ever since!

Perhaps the most beautiful and poetic of his achievements in this recital was his performance of the "Sonata quasi una Fantasia" in C sharp minor, Opus 27, No. 2, usually tagged with a nickname that did not appear upon Mr. Gabrilowitsch's program. His translucent beauty of tone, the clearness of his articulation, the beauty of his rhythm and phrasing were transportingly united in it.

Besides the Impromptu, Opus 36, of Chopin and three of his waltzes, Mr. Gabrilowitsch played Henselt's aerial study, "If I Were a Bird," more a favorite of pianists a generation ago than it is now; and Paderewski's theme and variations, Opus 16, full of charming ideas and of pianistic ingenuities.

Louis Graveure's Song Recital.

There were many of the qualities in Louis Graveure's singing yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall that have heretofore made his recitals a joy to the lovers of good song singing. There were the admirable treatment of the long phrase, the finely chiselled enunciation, above all the penetration into the spirit and significance of the music and their reproduction in the performance with subtle skill and shadowing of nuance.

Only one thing there was to give his admirers pause; and that was the production of his upper tones in "forte" passages in a manner that hardened the voice and lost it much of the rounded, rich and velvety quality it has only lately still possessed. It is a disarming intrusion upon Mr. Graveure's art that now first puts itself in evidence; and that his admirers will hope is but a transitory one. Yet Mr. Graveure's vocal production in mezzo forte and lesser gradations was as beautiful as it has been.

His singing, for instance, of the old English air, "Westron Wynde," was entrancing in its sustained mezzo voice; and there were other such passages. There was also much beauty in his singing of the seventeenth century Thomas Caplon's "What If a Day"; great spirit and verve in Brahms's "O Liebliche Wangen," and Arnold's bolstersly vigorous "Flow, Thou Regal Purple Stream"—but again the hardness in the upper ranges—and in Frank's "Nocturne" and Duparc's "La Vague et la Cloche," both superb songs that made more conspicuous the triviality of some of the other French songs of this group.

His German songs included Liszt's "Drei Zigeuner," dramatically set forth; two of the less familiar songs of Strauss, and Jensen's "Schlaf Nur Ein"; but the voice was showing some trace of fatigue when he had reached these, and the following American group (with Moussorgsky added) including A. Walter Kramer's "I Have Seen Dawn."

But conjecture fails to summon up any plausible reason why Mr. Graveure should include in his group of "Old English Songs," as a solo piece, "Summer Is A-Coming In." It is in reality a canon in four parts, with a free bass in two parts added; consequently, a choral piece in six parts. It is generally attributed to the middle of the Thirteenth Century, and quite as striking and important as its fresh and delightful melody in which the six voices are written—a point of development otherwise reached only by music of a much later date. Being what it is, there is no reason for singing this piece as a solo. Mr. Graveure could bring out the fresh and insinuating melody, but there could be no suggestion of the real quality and significance of the music in such a performance. This did not prevent it from pleasing the audience, and it is possible that from one point of view this was enough. But Mr. Graveure got so many other recalls and was called on for so many encores that he might have foregone this.

Soprano and Baritone in Recital.

Francesca Catalina, a coloratura soprano who has before appeared here, gave a joint recital with E. Blanco Vicente, baritone, last evening at the Town Hall. Besides opera arias from "Puritani" and "Ernani," their program included interesting lyrics of Spanish composers, folksongs and duets of their people, and character dances by Carmencita Fernandez.

Plays Saint-Saens Animal Fantasy

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Camille Saint-Saens was a wag. He composed away back in 1886 or 1887 a piece for instruments called "Le Carnaval des Animaux: Grande Fantaisie Zoologique." He made a secret of the work. Soon after its composition it was given in Paris for the benefit of the violinist, Lehoucq. Subsequently it was done only in private till after the composer's death, when it was found that his will permitted unrestricted performance. Gabriel Pierné produced it at a Colonne concert in Paris on February 25 of this year. It was heard for the first time here at the opening concert of the Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch conductor, in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

The composition is written for two pianos, which are the chief agents in publishing the musician's ideas, and for two violins, viola, cello, bass, flute, piccolo, clarinet, harmonica and xylophone. Yesterday all the strings of the orchestra were used. René Pollain, assistant conductor of the orchestra, directed the performance, while Walter Damrosch (who long ago did not dare to become a pupil of Liszt) and Leopold Mannes, his nephew, played the pianos.

The composition is just a running series of sketches of animals, which are musically characterized by rhythmic and instrumental imitations of their movements or their utterances. The list selected by the distinguished master is delicious in itself. This is it: "Introduction and royal march of the lions, tigers and roosters, wild asses, turtles, elephants, kangaroos, aquarium, gentlemen with long ears, the cuckoo in the woods, the bird house, pianists, fossils, the swan; finale, a general powwow in which the long eared gentlemen as usual get the last word. For obviously they are the critical asses."

The pianist in the musical menagerie is quite at home. Put him in a cage, strait him up with a long pole and hear him pound Czerny on the iron bars. The ancient villain! He was a pianist himself. Fossils? Old tunes that made Saint-Saens tired—his own "Danse Macabre," some antiquated French songs, "Partant pour la Syrie" among them, and Rosina's "Una Voce." The recorder of musical doings so seldom meets a real outburst of riotous humor, unafraid of unbuttoning the severe waistcoat (or straitjacket), in which the tonal art usually parades, that he feels a wild desire to prance gleefully through a column or two emitting collegiate cheers for this merry old gig.

But it is necessary to be moderate. Saint-Saens's devices of presenting elephants by playing Berlioz's "Dance of the Sylphs" ponderously on double basses, and turtles by presenting Offenbach's "can-can" liked a slowed up movie are pure burlesque but delicious fun. The sweet swan song every one knows. The fiddlers and the cellists have played it—rarely so beautifully as Lucien Schmit played it yesterday—and Pavlova has danced it. There was musical beauty in this, in the cuckoo episode and in the scintillating aquarium. The audience had a good time. So did Uncle Walter Damrosch at the first piano and Nephew Leopold Mannes at the second. This piece of musical fooling ought to be heard again.

The other numbers on the program were the second symphony of Beethoven, Elvadi's A minor concerto for strings, arranged with the taste and judgment of Sam Franko, and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody.

Miss Isa Kremer, officially described as an "international balladist," made her debut at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. She is Russian, has aroused emotions in numerous cities east of the Atlantic and has swept across central Europe like an airplane, dropping assorted lyrics as she flew. Her performance, for such it is, can be presented to the reader in a few words. She is not primarily a singer, but is rather a lyric elocutionist who uses folk songs as her medium.

She appeared on a small elevated platform set in the center of the Carnegie Hall stage. She was illuminated not only by the footlights but also by a brilliant spotlight. She sang, declaimed, and sometimes shouted her verses, employing gesture, facial play and action to help in her art. The songs were of various types, ranging from Russian through French and Italian to Yiddish. The singer seemed to be confident in all her languages and she disclosed a large amount of skill in suiting her treatment of text and the use of her voice to the character of her songs.

The entertainment cannot be subjected to the familiar standards by which song recitals are judged. Miss Kremer is not what is awkwardly called, for want of a better name, a "recitalist." She is an impersonator and an interpreter. She must be accepted from her own point of view. Her art must be received as it is designed and not commanded to be something else.

Her cleverness is great. Her power to interest an audience is large. Her material, however, was so far as yesterday's program showed, not of the best. Many of the songs were very weak and did not well endure the length imposed upon them by their own texts. But perhaps the numerous Russians in the audience found them entirely satisfying. Miss Kremer was very skillfully accompanied by Kurt Jeltzi Josef Cherniavsky, cellist, contributed some solos which did not add largely to the interest of the concert.

MISS LENORA SPARKES SINGS.

Nursery Rhymes Win Favor of Town Hall Audience.

Miss Lenora Sparkes, a soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave her annual song recital yesterday at Town Hall. With Miss Louise Lindner playing good piano accompaniments, Miss Sparkes sang a program containing much novelty with fine vocal skill and excellent dramatic characterization.

She has a lovely voice was not in perfect condition at all times, but she used it always to best advantage.

She gave among other numbers charming songs by Wolf-Ferrari and Santoliquido, Ravel's "Le Cligne," a group by Brahms, Hook's old English "Mary Gray" and new lyrics, one by D. M. Stewart and two by Clara Edwards.

Her clear diction, always one of her strong points, did her good service in four parody songs from Rupert Hughes's Nursery Rhymes, for voice and piano. These songs, including one, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," straightway brought down the house. For an encore Miss Sparkes gave another American song, "At the Well," by Hageman. The numerous audience seemed delighted with the recital.

Isa Kremer Sings Polyglot

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from the New York Times)

Having grown weary of the old story of the Viennese banker who said that he could not be in two places at once "because he was not a bird" (though we made an abortive allusion to it as late as yesterday), we tried some days ago to say that had we been an annelid we might have heard two concerts which took place in different halls at the same hour. The copyreader, compositor or proofreader, evidently not approving of our willingness to liken ourselves to an earthworm, or less experienced than we in baiting fishhooks, would not have it so. A similar dilemma confronting us we confess that in undivided person we attended two concerts yesterday afternoon; but in succession and with a singular enrichment of experience. Both concerts were under distinguished auspices, but, as it turned out, both came pretty close to being of the vaudeville order—that of the Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall no less than that of Isa Kremer in Carnegie Hall.

For the sake of the latter a performance of Brahms's Symphony in D had to be sacrificed; for the sake of the former half a dozen or more songs of a kind unusual in the dignified concert rooms of New York. Neither was a serious deprivation. The symphony has been played many times in New York, and it is safe to say that its beauty received adequate expression at the hands of Mr. Walter Damrosch and his men, and appreciation from Mr. Damrosch's audience; and a possible hunger for it by those who were at Carnegie Hall will no doubt be still before the season reaches its end. We can scarcely imagine 200 more orchestra concerts without a repetition of it. Half a dozen would not awaken surprise.

Polyglot Singer and Polyglot Audience

In only one respect is Mme. or Miss Kremer a novel apparition in New York. She was heralded at first as a Russian folksong singer, but as Russian folksongs, correctly speaking, are conspicuous by their absence in her repertory, she was described in the house bill as an international balladist. That she is. In French she would be called a diseuse—a singing actress of songs which hold the popular ear in the cabarets or cafés chantants or whatever else they may be called in European countries. The difference between her and so admirable an exemplar of the art as Mme. Yvette Guilbert, lies chiefly in the songs which she sings—the songs and their language—Mme. Guilbert was characteristically French; Isa Kremer is cosmopolitan in the sense enforced upon our notice by the World War. Two centuries ago Mr. Addison made merry over the fact that the English people of his day were willing to "sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand." He referred to opera sung in Italian, and thought that the phenomenon which he described would be looked upon as curious by the descendants of the people of his day. But Italian opera persists as an entertainment for English-speaking audiences, and to it we in New York have added German and French. Now comes Isa Kremer and sings songs (which tell stories which she illustrates by pose and gesture) in French, Italian, Russian, Yiddish and English. Moreover, to judge by the reception which she received yesterday, she meets here with an equally polyglot audience. How wide her linguistic excursion may be before she is done with us or we with her cannot be foretold; but it may be said that there is that in the quality of her art—in the eloquence of her tones, in her varied facial expression, in the plasticity of her poses and gestures, the varied timbres of her voice—even in the technical excellence of her vocalization—which awakens understanding in the emotions of even those to whom not a word of French, Italian, Russian, Yiddish or even English is intelligible. She is an interpreter who plays upon the minds and emotions of her audience as the pantomimist did whom Nero wished to attach to himself so that he could make his wishes understood by his barbarian subjects who knew not the Ro-

man tongue. In this she is admirable even if she can not truthfully be described as absolutely unique. What will Russia send us next? Perhaps a concertina player in whom we shall recognize the artist as we recognize him in Mr. Kurt Hetzel, who plays the pianoforte accompaniments for the singer of yesterday. As if there was an adequacy of appeal to the Hebrew element (a very large one) in the audience at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Joseph Cherniavsky, cellist, played a fantasia on Jewish folk tunes and "The Rabbi's Dream," which the program described as a "little Jewish musical picture."

Music and a Menagerie

Of course, it was not the Brahms symphony at the Symphony Orchestra's concert which suggested that we were continuing a vaudeville experience when we went from Carnegie to Aeolian Hall. The symphony had been played and Mr. Damrosch had harvested the plaudits of his hearers by

the time that Isa Kremer had finished her first group of songs. Then followed another composition worthy of the place and occasion. This was a concerto grosso for strings, by Vivaldi, arranged by Mr. Sam Franko, to whom, he being in the audience, Mr. Damrosch, by a gesture, assigned a share of the applause with which the performance was rewarded. Thereafter came a half hour of what was for the greater part musical tomfoolery. For the first time in America (for the last time in a serious concert, we hope) a performance was given to "Le Carnaval des Animaux," a "grande fantasia zoologique," by Camille Saint-Saëns. A description of the piece was published in the Tribune's Musical Annual yesterday. The story goes that Saint-Saëns, the most learned and serious-minded French musician of the last seventy-five years at least, wrote the piece in 1886 and permitted it to be played at a Mardi Gras concert given for the benefit of a violinist, Lehoucq (one of its worthy features is a solo for the violincello), and afterward at a private meeting of the Société de la Trompette for which he composed an admirable septet. At affairs like these its performance was justifiable, for its sole purpose is to give amusement to musicians bent on careless diversion and disposed to laugh at childish caricature. That the composer took such a view of it is evidenced by the fact that it was kept from the public thereafter as long as he was alive. In it he makes the lion roar in chromatic scales in the grave register of the pianoforte (or two pianofortes; Mr. Damrosch surrendered the second instrument to his nephew, Leopold Damrosch Mannes, yesterday and cared for the first himself, letting Mr. Pollaine do the little conducting that was necessary); he makes the orchestra cackle and crow in imitation of a cock and hen; suggests the running of asses by scampering scales; makes believe that the sluggish walk of the tortoise can be suggested by playing the gallop from Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" in slow time on the low strings and the movement of an elephant by playing the filmy dance of sylphs from Berlioz as a solo on the abysmal double basses in unison; affects to call up the picture of a kangaroo by a skipping figure on the pianoforte; imitates the braying of donkeys, by repeating an ascending figure in harmonies and long-drawn tones on the G-string of the violins; suggests a cuckoo in the woods by a really exquisite nocturnal idyl on the pianoforte into which a clarinet injects the familiar call of the bird pianissimo; characterizes fossils by rattling the xylophone in imitation of a theme of his own "Danse macabre," parodizing "J'ai du bon Tabac" and the pretty little tune "Ah vous dirai-je, maman" (generally attributed, without reason, so far as we know, to Mozart, and the theme of some exquisite vocal variations by Adolphe Adam); inviting us to see a swan in a lovely, unaffected idyl for violincello solo, and finally brings the principal themes together in a finale.

It's an old device to imitate in music the sounds made by birds and beasts, and we do not recall an instance in which other composers have done it in which they did not do it a hundred times better than Saint-Saëns has done it here. A hundred times better because a hundred times more musically. Witness Daquin's exquisite "Coucou," Rameau's delightful "Poule" and "Raconne des Oiseaux," the hint at Berthel Bottom in Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Witness a dozen of Couperin's pieces. Saint-Saëns knew these pieces and, knowing them, no doubt did not wish to invite comparison with his attempt at musical joking, which we feel sure must have been designed for an occasion and a momentary purpose. A sorry service was done his memory by giving it a hearing at a symphony concert. Of course yesterday's audience laughed—laughed all the more heartily because Mr. Damrosch invited it to by his gestures and poses at the pianoforte.

Titta Ruffo and Yvonne D'Arle

A benefit for the building fund of the Bronx Hospital brought Titta Ruffo to the Hippodrome last evening in what has been announced as his only appearance in New York this season outside of grand opera. Mlle. Yvonne D'Arle, also of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared as his costar with Alberto Sciarretti, both as soloist and accompanist at the piano. Titta Ruffo with aid of his own lungs, leaped into the ears and hearts of his audience with the "Pagine" prologue, adding "Viens, Leonora" from "La Favorita" and the aria "Dumoulin" by Rubenstein, as the evening wore on. He was in excellent voice after overcoming a slight hoarseness in his first number and in abounding spirits and playful humor as usual.

Miss D'Arle's fine soprano voice enriched the program with an aria from "L'Oracolo," a nocturne by Wotgenne; "Feast of the Lanterns," by Ramstock, and "Invocation," by Kramer. She was heard to equal advantage in the duet from "Thais" with Mr. Ruffo, which probably was the finest feature of the eventful list. Mr. Sciarretti added to the success of the evening with masterful playing of Debussy's "Minstrels" and Rubenstein's Staccato Etude.

Francesca Cucco at Town Hall

Mlle. Francesca Cucco, a soprano of sterling gifts and training, pleased a considerable audience at Town Hall last evening. It is an admirable voice of much color and flexibility with operative possibilities that were strongly disclosed in her singing of the aria from "Manon Lescaut" and Gio-Cio-San's Farewell from the last act of "Madame Butterfly." Also she sang suitable numbers by E. Martin, Delibes, Respighi, Cesar Franck, Gilbert Spross and an aria from "Le Cid." Handel, Beethoven, Caldara and Sciarretti furnished the classical group, which Miss Cucco delivered with many evidences of thoughtful and advanced scholarship and authority. Susan Williams ably assisted at the piano.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Beethoven Association began its fourth season of six subscription concerts last evening in Aeolian Hall. The artists who gave their services for this entertainment were Ernest Hutcheson and Josef Lhevinne, pianists; Felix Salmond, the English cellist; Georges Grisez, clarinet, and the Wendling String Quartet from Stuttgart, lately heard in its own concert. The program consisted of the Brahms clarinet trio, played by Messrs. Hutcheson, Salmond and Grisez, Beethoven's C major sonata, opus 53, by Mr. Lhevinne and Max Regler's quintet for clarinet and strings. Mr. Grisez and the Wendling musicians.

The Beethoven Association is unique in that its entertainments could not be presented under commercial conditions. The fees of the associated performers would make the cost too great. The musicians are volunteers who appear for the sake of the cause which is the artistic interpretation of masterpieces, especially those of Beethoven and the aid of certain artistic enterprises.

Last evening's program was not one of the most uplifting that the association has presented. The Brahms clarinet trio is admitted even by his disciples to be one of his least inspired creations. Of course it is characteristic. No one but Brahms could have written it. Not even one of his thousand imitators could have approached it. Yet it misses the supreme exaltation which vitalizes the master's greater chamber compositions and cannot keep pace with the clarinet quintet made also with Muehlfeld's tone and technique.

Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata is one of his most popular works and in its last movement ascends to celestial regions, but it has been hammered into insensibility by so many heartless pianists that its charm exists now chiefly for those who have seldom heard it. The Reger quintet doubtless owed its inclusion in the program to the devotion of the four musicians from Germany, where Reger's efficiency in composition building is accepted as evidence of true greatness. Occasionally he is an artist, but usually he is an accomplished artisan.

However the achievements of the excellent musicians who volunteered for last evening's concert were such as to give much pleasure to a large audience of confirmed music lovers. Nothing could have afforded more satisfaction than the performance of the trio.

Mr. Grisez may or may not be the equal of Muehlfeld. He is in no need of comparisons. He can stand for himself, a clarinetist who has an exquisite tone, a supreme mastery of gradation, and a beautiful finish of style. He was well joined with such a fine cellist as Mr. Salmond and such an accomplished chamber music player as Mr. Hutcheson. It would be difficult to obtain a nicer balance of tone or clarity of ensemble than those three artists obtained.

MISS JONES GIVES RECITAL.

Miss Ethel Jones, mezzo contralto, gave her first recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. This singer, who comes from Chicago, was heard by a large and discriminating audience. Her singing was enjoyed. Her program was not of widest range. It began with modern French songs, the first one being "Cloches de Paques," by Tournemire; Russian songs figured in the second group, with Stravinsky's "Pastorale"; the third and fourth groups, contained English and American songs, among the latter being "The Sailor Wife," by Harry Burleigh, and "Go, Lovely Rose," which is dedicated to Miss Jones by Carol Robinson. The singer was nervous at the outset, but gained self-control later. Her voice is a good one, although not all of her tones were perfectly free. Her selections had a tendency toward monotony, which her delivery shared to some degree. But on the whole she was an interesting artist, and in Fourdrain's "L'Isle en Flammes" and Scott's "The Huckster" she showed fine dramatic ability. Leroy Shield played good accompaniments.

DES MOINES SOPRANO SINGS.

Miss Helen Leveson, a mezzo soprano, from Des Moines, who was heard here last season and showed promise, gave a song recital at Town Hall last evening, with Walter Golde at the piano. Her program was one of wide range. There were old Italian and French airs, an aria from "Mignon," Russian and classic German songs and American lyrics, with several by Samuels Bennett, Ahlert and Silberta which were new. Miss Leveson's style has gained in freedom and authority. She sang with much understanding of different schools and her mood was varied with ease to suit the texts she sang. There was some shortness of breath in the old airs, nor was her fine voice at all times well focused. Her recital gave evidently much pleasure.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Beethoven Association.

The Beethoven Association began its fourth season last evening with a concert in Aeolian Hall that showed the firm place the association has gained in public esteem. The audience was all the hall would hold in numbers, and is persistent applause indicated its pleasure in the performance. The program and the executants were in part transferred from the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival, held just a month ago in Pittsfield. Brahms's clarinet trio was played by Messrs. Hutcheson, Grisez and Salmond, and Max Reger's clarinet quintet by the Wendling Quartet and Mr. Grisez, as they were there. Between the two Mr. Josef Lhevinne kept the name of Beethoven to the fore by presenting his sonata in C, op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein.

The Wendling Quartet is a German organization brought over to this country to play in this year's Berkshire Chamber Music Festival. Its leader, Carl Wendling, was for one season concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke. There was much beautiful playing in all numbers of the program. Brahms's trio was beautifully played, to begin with, the three players having agreed completely as to the spirit of the music and producing a most finished and tonally exquisite performance. The work is most skillfully set for the three instruments; and in the hands of artists so fine as these three it produces ravishing effects. It is, undoubtedly, not one of Brahms's strongest works; it is intimate in its character, and, indeed, rather fragile in its structure, and sounds better in more intimate surroundings than Aeolian Hall can offer.

Messrs. Hutcheson, Grisez and Salmond were rapturously applauded for a performance that had consummate qualities of grace, delicacy and finish. The quintet by Max Reger gives a somewhat unexpected view of the composer in its mellifluous, not to say honey accents. It is written with a keen sense of tonal beauty and mingles the tone of the clarinet delightfully with that of the strings. Reger writes with a fluent and independent treatment of the voices, and his ideas of harmony involve few of the harsh and bitter effects that are characteristic of the modern idiom. But the composer had few outstanding ideas to express in this agreeable medium, and his music progresses amiably but to comparatively unimportant issues.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Wendling and he and his companions played it with evidently sincere devotion and with a full mastery of it. They were most efficiently assisted by Mr. Grisez, whose playing was that of a master in its beauty and modulation of tone and its exquisite phrasing. Mr. Lhevinne's performance of Beethoven's sonata was admirable in its straightforwardness, its unaffected disclosure of the composer's intentions and its rich and translucent tone.

ETHEL JONES APPEARS.

Ethel Jones, mezzo-soprano, gave her first recital at the Town Hall yesterday by singing, with communicative sympathy, if less communicative diction or color of emotion, a score of group

songs by French, Russian, English and American composers. Her voice, never opulent—whether "nerves" or purposed restraint so dinned it after a free start—carried most of intimate charm in the French tongue; the tone, too, brightened with Leroy Shield's livelier piano in shadowed dance rhythms of Fauré's "Impression Basque."

A "Pastorale" without words or harmony, all wandering notes like lost sheep, by Stravinsky, proved the singer's tour-de-force among varied Russians, while a sheer excess of gentleness was gracefully employed in Rachmaninoff's "To the Children." Among native airs were Carol Robinson's "Go, Lovely Rose," dedicated to Miss Jones, and a final "Sing to Me, Sing," by Sidney Homer.

Dicie Howell's Recital.

Dicie Howell, favorite soprano of concert and recital, sang her first New York program of the season at Aeolian Hall, but wherever they called for the up-but where they heard a small treble in the afternoon. As usual she was much like that of Tamaki Miura's, priest and safest in the pianissimo and Miss Howell has skill and presence; mezzo voice passages, but occasionally she should keep to the daintier, more "shy" of a lower note and with a tendency to harden in *attissimo*. She was most successful in her German groups, especially with Schumann's "Meine Rose" and Liszt's "Die Lorelei." She gave beautiful singing also to Chabrier's French "Villanelle des petite Canards" and to Cesar Franck's beguiling "Les Cloches du Soir." The ease and confidence that signaled her singing of six songs in English won with her audience and they were well chosen from the most Frank La Farge, A. Walter Kramer, admirable lyrics by Francis Moore, Charles T. Griffes and Joseph W. Clokey with an added number, "Sundown," by R. Huntington Woodman, who dedicated it to Miss Howell. Frederic Peterson was at the piano. *Nov 1, 1922*

Norma Drury's Piano Recital.

In the evening Miss Norma Drury, a pianist of fine attainments and engaging stage presence, played an interesting recital at Aeolian Hall. MacDowell's "Sonata Eroica" disclosed the young artist at her best and her brief but well chosen program included numbers by Brahms, Franck, Rachmaninoff, Griffes, Debussy, Chopin and Liszt. *Nov 1*

The Wendling Quartet—which, by the way, makes its farewell appearance to-night—joined forces with Mr. Grisez in the last number, a quintet by Max Reger. It was excellently played, but, like so much Reger, managed to sound endless. He seems to have had creative talents but none of the instincts of a composer. So much of his music sounds as though it were written in a panic. He must have been haunted by a subconscious fear of being found out, for he never quite dared to round out a phrase, hurrying on to the next for no apparent reason except to prove that he could think of a next. *Oct 5*

The quintet leaves the impression of a general lack of punctuation. There are no ground rhythms, no breathing places, so that the mind of the listener has no rest, to time to grasp what it has heard. Furthermore, Reger never seemed to realize when he had hit upon something good. There were moments of arresting beauty in the work that was played last night, melodic and harmonic glints that sounded like portents of greatness. One thought, "now he is going to say it"—but no. The moment passed; the phrase deliquesced into kapellmeisterish banalities. It was no prophet, after all; only Reger.

The first offering of the Wendings was Leo Weiner's quartet in F sharp minor, which won the Berkshire Festival prize. *Nov 1*

This work, in three movements, could hardly be said to be the most interesting opus that has been played by this group of players. It lacks a variety of mood which is always welcome, and is rather obvious in its thematic development. There was a sameness about this latter in all three parts, which may be according to rule but is conducive to dullness if the rule is too zealously carried out.

There was a strong flavor of Debussy in the opening lento, which appeared largely repeated in the closing andante. The second movement, *molto vivace*, caught the most applause for its clever scoring and fresh sparkle. But some of the sparkle was the badly hidden glitter of the old familiar "Rhineland."

Hugo Wolf's Italian Serenade was used as a kind of intermezzo between the Weiner work and Schubert's posthumous quartet in D minor, which closed the afternoon. The players made the best of their material, playing, as before, with that marked Germanic incisiveness of attack and artistic precision.

At Aeolian Hall, Dicie Howell, soprano, presented several groups of songs, beginning with those of classical persuasion, running through the inevitable Lieder and chansons to the usual group of American origin. Miss Howell has a light, rather tight voice, with little or no dramatic quality. She is agreeable to listen to in numbers such as Chabrier's Villanelle des petits canards, whose humorous triviality suits the calibre of her voice as well as it did the audience. It had to be repeated.

Somehow an audience can often be trusted to judge an artist's best work, but much of her music lay beyond the limits, if not of her intelligence in presentation, at least of her vocal gifts. Liszt's "Lorelei" and Franck's "Les Cloches du Soir" were well done, but wherever they called for the up-but where they heard a small treble in the afternoon. As usual she was much like that of Tamaki Miura's, priest and safest in the pianissimo and Miss Howell has skill and presence; mezzo voice passages, but occasionally she should keep to the daintier, more "shy" of a lower note and with a tendency to harden in *attissimo*. She was most successful in her German groups, especially with Schumann's "Meine Rose" and Liszt's "Die Lorelei." She gave beautiful singing also to Chabrier's French "Villanelle des petite Canards" and to Cesar Franck's beguiling "Les Cloches du Soir." The ease and confidence that signaled her singing of six songs in English won with her audience and they were well chosen from the most Frank La Farge, A. Walter Kramer, admirable lyrics by Francis Moore, Charles T. Griffes and Joseph W. Clokey with an added number, "Sundown," by R. Huntington Woodman, who dedicated it to Miss Howell. Frederic Peterson was at the piano. *Nov 1, 1922*

Swedish Contralto, With V Large Style, Heard With

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its second concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of Schubert's "Rosamund's" overture; "Andromache's Lament," from Bruch's "Achilles;" Schumann's C major symphony, two songs of Richard Strauss, namely "Hymnus" and "Mutterlaendchen," and entr'act from Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina," and Stravinsky's "Fireworks." The singer was Mme. Sigrid Onegin, contralto, one of the new members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

Since this Swedish artist is to be heard often in opera it is not necessary to exhaust comment on her singing this morning. A brief sketch, however, would have to contain certain items, namely, the development of a robust art on the foundation of a truly noble voice of grand proportions, commanding power and dramatic quality. The art, with which this great organ was used last evening seemed to proclaim that Mme. Onegin belonged to the ancient race of so-called "Wagner singers" that peopled the lyric stage forty years ago.

Her method of tonal production seemed to be directed toward the delivery of big far reaching tone rather than the emission of tender or searching accents. But while technical questions will perhaps be raised about other singing there will be no dispute about its splendid interpretative force, its tragic intensity and its large style. A woman of heroic stature, she is a singer of the heroic mold. Her publication of the woes of Andromache was thoroughly adequate and it aroused the audience to real enthusiasm. It might be added for the further enlightenment of older opera-goers that her style recalled that of Mme. Maria Brema.

Mr. Stokowski's program was plainly made with a view to illustrating the progress of dramatic expression in music of modern character. Sacred simplicity characterizes the charming but unpicturesque overture of Schubert. Bruch's air showed a gallant German battling with the unholy influence of Wagner in the "Rienzi" period. Schumann's C major symphony, which is oft often performed (it had not been heard since Mr. Strinsky conducted it on December 3, 1916), led to the clear embodiment of feeling in absolute music. The Moussorgsky excerpt lent a flavor to eave man opera to the feast and Stravinsky's Fourth of July exhibition completed the entertainment with a brilliant display of instrumental sky rockets.

The playing of the symphony was the most serious business of the orchestra, though its virtuosity was exhibited better in the later numbers. But after all to those who do not wish to be off with the old loves just because they are on with the new it gives much joy to hear such a composition played with suave beauty of style, with clarity, balance and a fine musicianly perspicuity. Mr. Stokowski made no attempt whatever at refurbishing Schumann. He was content to have him interpreted according to the letter of his text. It was a delightful performance.

The Wendling Quartet of Stuttgart, Germany, gave its farewell concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The program composed Leo Weiner's quartet in F sharp minor, Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Schubert's D minor quartet. The Weiner composition was first performed at the recent chamber music festival at Pittsfield. It was the winner of the prize of \$1,000 offered for the best new work, and was heard yesterday for the first time here. Mr. Weiner is a Hungarian and lives in Budapest. His quartet is a good piece of chamber music, albeit it does

not on any page reach a high level of individuality. But the composer's first movement is fairly orthodox in form, sets forth its contrasted themes clearly, makes some ingenious and pleasing developments and comes to a well planned finish. The second movement is a scherzo quite frank in its employment of well established formulae, but spirited, musical, and interesting in harmonic character.

The slow movement, which leads directly into the finale, is without doubt the one which most clearly defines and communicates an emotional mood. Here perhaps one may pride himself on detecting the crushing effect of the war. The movement is deeply felt. It is not only sad, but even bitter. It speaks of sorrow that arouses helpless rage. It is strong music and it is well written, but it is not pleasant.

The finale, after the manner of the early fathers, seeks to bring relief after the gloom, and only partly succeeds because it is perhaps the weakest part of the composition. There is no great need of entering into technical details. One might wish that the composer had freed his mind of the "Waldweben" in Wagner's "Siegfried" and that he had not disclosed so keen a liking for scales and arpeggios. But there is no small amount of good meat in this composition and for once the hearer does not at the end of a prize winning work cry, "It was not worth the money."

The Wendling musicians performed the quartet with evident delight and with much technical skill. The audience applauded handsomely.

SINGER AND PIANIST HEARD.

Griffes's Music at Miss Howell's and Miss Drury's Recitals.

The name of the late Charles T. Griffes was twice honored in yesterday's Aeolian Hall recitals, his song, "Time Was When I in Anguish Lay," being introduced in Dicie Howell's soprano program in the afternoon, while last night Norma Drury played his piano impression of "The Fountain of Aqua Paola."

Miss Drury, a last season debutante, who is now 16 and wears her hair down her back, played one other American composer's work, the "Sonata Eroica" of MacDowell. She is maturing in strength, judgment and imagination, qualities that marked her playing of MacDowell's lovely scherzo, a more heavily-handed scherzo of Brahms and the B-minor prelude of Fauré.

Miss Howell, absent a year since she sang for two seasons here, gave not only Griffes's air but also a novelty, "Sundown," dedicated to her by R. Huntington Woodman, and a "Mexican Love Song" arranged by Frank La Farge. She sang classic and modern pieces in Italian, English, German and French, with no great variety of tone, but always vocal discretion and good taste.

Wendling String Quartet.

The Wendling String Quartet, though it had been announced for only one concert of its own in New York, gave a second one yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. It played the new quartet by Leo Weiner that gained the prize of \$1,000 offered by Mrs. Coolidge for the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival this year, and followed it with Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Schubert's posthumous D minor quartet.

The new quartet by Weiner confirmed the good impression of it gained at the first performance at Pittsfield in September. It is a gloomy composition, and gloom under the circumstances, the time and the place of its composition should not be unexpected. But the composer has ideas; he has expressed them skillfully, with coherence and impressiveness. The music says something; and while it is not extreme in following the innovations of the newer age, it speaks in a contemporary idiom.

Mr. Wendling and his colleagues gave an excellent performance of this work, as they did at its first performance in Pittsfield.

Leopold Stokowski brought his Philadelphia Orchestra, some new music and a new singer to Carnegie Hall last night. All three were successful. The singer is Sigrid Onegin, the mezzo-soprano from Munich, who will be heard later this fall at the Metropolitan. She appeared twice last evening, once in Andromache's Lament from Bruch's "Achilles," and later to sing Strauss's rather sugary "Hymnus" and "Mutterlaendchen."

After hearing Madame Onegin sing her three numbers it is impossible not to believe that she will do great things at the Metropolitan, for she has looks, personality, voice and an unerring dramatic instinct. The voice is remarkable, rich and dark in its lower register, a little metallic, but still beautiful in the upper tones, and enormous in volume. It rolled through Carnegie Hall with such huge, effortless power that one could almost see it. Madame Onegin herself is no weakling—she looks like a caryatid—but impressive as she was her voice dwarfed her. She sang beautifully, for the most part with a fine re-

straint, lit by occasional flashes of terrific dramatic force, and with an evident pure joy in singing that was good to see and better to hear.

The Bruch aria went better than the Strauss songs, although she did the "Mutterlaendchen" charmingly. But they were too high for her (her upper voice shows signs of having been made by hard practice), and she is too completely a dramatic singer to be thoroughly at home in Lieder. All through the Lament one could see that she was dying to gesture. And it seemed rather a shame to forbid her.

Mr. Stokowski seems to be anxious to do what he can for the oppressed minorities among the works of the masters, for last week he played Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and last night he gave a hearing to Schumann's Second—the one in C major that was written after the Third. If one investigates the woes of oppressed minorities one generally discovers why they are oppressed, and it must be admitted that one hearing of a neglected work is generally enough to explain the neglect. Certainly the Schumann's Second sounds like no exception to this rule. It has a beautiful adagio, beautiful for the simple reason that it is lyric, and Schumann could write lovely lyric movements with his ears closed. But the rest is not impressive.

The scherzo begins delightfully, but stays to outlast its welcome. The other two movements seem structurally weak. The themes are good—Schumann always states his case well; but they are reiterated rather than developed, like the utterances of a poor debater who has but one argument and must perforce come back to it again and again. Clever scoring might rescue such writing from tediousness, but the scoring is only fair. The fault was all Schumann's too, for Mr. Stokowski gave the symphony a rarely sensitive reading that wrung from the music its last possible drop of interest. If he would only play Schumann's First, and do as well by it, all would be forgiven.

He gave a magnificent performance, likewise, of a fragment from Moussorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina," introduction to the second scene of the fourth act. It is a brief, dirge-like passage, of dark, passionate loveliness, great, troubling music, simple and profound, like all true things. It held the audience breathless, and when it was over they tried to demand it.

Luckily for art, Mr. Stokowski refused, but he did make the player use in acknowledgement of the applause, and had to do so twice. He should have risen alone at least once for besides conducting it superbly he had scored it for the orchestra, simplifying and "Moussorgsky-izing" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's orchestral version.

Perhaps it was an anticlimactic disadvantage of having to be heard after Moussorgsky that robbed Stravinsky's "Fireworks" of some of their effect. But whatever the reason, the piece did not sound particularly important. It is a brief tone-poem—tone-stanza rather—designed, as one might guess from the title, to convey the impression of a display of fireworks. There were some excellent imitations of wheels by the clarinets, and some nice red and blue rockets by the divided violins and some nigger-chases by the brass. But it was too clever, and not good enough. One felt a need of motion pictures or dancers to make it coherent. The sounds were there but the themes were wanting. Stravinsky used his eyes too much and forgot his listeners' ears.

Sigrid Onegin is a big woman of the northern, Valkyr type, splendidly formed, and her voice is as heavy and resplendent as her physique. It pours from her throat with as little effort as a Norwegian waterfall. It is as agreeable in its quality as its spontaneity, and it has dramatic warmth to burn.

A great mezzo-soprano is this Swedish prima donna, with a leaning towards the contralto. She recalls Marianne Brandt and Schumann-Heink in their best days. In her last number last night, which was Schumann's "Lament of Andromache," she seemed for a moment to lose control of her breathing powers (probably owing to the criminally overworked house, which always bothers singers); but in the "Hymnus" she was perfect. A second Strauss song, "A Mother's Dallying," was not chosen. She should have sung a

the song like Liszt's "Lorelei" or Leg's "Monte Pacifico." Her reception the audience was extremely enthusiastic, and she was recalled many times. She may safely call home: came, was heard, and conquered." Carnegie Hall was crowded as it was when Stokowsky brings over a well trained and obedient Philadelphia musicians, who are certainly trying better this year than they did before. It was a real pleasure to hear Schumann's neglected second symphony again, as well as the Russian numbers which closed a concert—an entr'acte from Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina" and Igor Stravinsky's orchestral fantasy, "Fireworks." The audience was wildly enthusiastic over the entr'acte, for no obvious reason; it is pleasing music, but not any way original. It would have been less pleasing had not the revising, completing, and orchestrating of an opera been done by Rimsky-Korsakov. As for the Stravinsky-Lawrence Gilman marvels at its conservative character as compared with his revolutionary works. But there is plenty of sour notes in this, too. It is brilliant, with few traces of its composer's striking genius as subsequently revealed.

Ethel Frank

By H. E. Krehbiel

There were many delightful things the song recital which Miss Ethel Frank gave in Carnegie Hall last night, and the feature which marked their elimination was the performance by the singer, the String Quartet from the Philadelphia Orchestra, headed by haddeus Rich, and Mary Shaw Swain (Miss Frank's excellent accompanist) a pastorella, "Le Bergere Fidele," by Rameau. It was a graceful bit of artism, an echo from the court of the rand Monarch, full of musical "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," warming in sentiment, in melody and gracious in its instrumental setting. Her four violas were supplemented by a arpsichord (or a pianoforte made to ound like that instrument) and the ar was wooed and won by the ingratiating consonance in color (if the hrase may be permitted) between the owed instruments and the "noisy concord" which Shakespeare says conounded his ears when she who is poken of as the dark lady played for im. The jocund little solo cantata, or it may be described as such, fell harmfully into the ears of the listeners, and must have awakened a wish a many of them that excursions like t into the music of the past might fter be made by concert givers. A number in Miss Frank's list which n a manner prepared us for the pretty rprise was Ravel's song "D'Anne Jouint de l'Espinette," an echo of long ago ecreated by a modern composer, and also accompanied on the harpsichord n lieu of the more intimate spinet. Miss Frank is a soprano. She made ome ambitious flights into florid eams and disclosed a voice of great flexibility, and some evidences of technical skill only to have been expected rom a finished mistress of the art of ocalization. There was a bit of phrasing in the air from Mozart's "Entfuhrung" (or rather "Seraglio," since she ang it in Italian) which was a veriable tour de force. But we had to accept (it was, on the whole, not difficult o do so) some indications of immaturity, or artistic unripeness. In the naccompanied song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Czar's Bride" voice, style and diction were equally admirable. There and in other songs she sang with a lovely legato and command of enunciation. Her English was flawless (no book of words necessary when she used the vernacular), but she seemed less at home in the German of two songs by Hugo Wolf.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Ethel Frank is an interesting singer in the strictest sense of the word. She holds attention well, and she inspires respect and at times even admiration. But she does not reach the motions, somehow. It is too bad. Everything that brains, singing instinct and hard work can accomplish she does, and yet there are singers with not half her intelligence and skill who can hold an audience spellbound with a few notes.

Music is an emotional business after all. One forgets that pacing the tightly beat of the concert halls, ap-

praising the singer's phrasing and breath control, testing the sureness of this violinist's bowing arm or the strength of that pianist's left hand. Once in a while, as happened last night in Carnegie Hall, one finds a performer who satisfies every possible intellectual want, measures up to every critical standard but one. And the result is disappointment.

Perhaps Rossini was right. Perhaps it is "voice, voice and more voice." Miss Frank had everything else; she had excellent diction, volume, intelligent phrasing, obviously good musicianship, a fine sense of rhythm and an appreciation of style; and lacking the voice she did not have enough. It is a soprano voice, rather pleasing in the middle register, rather hard and not entirely under control above; and it has not the moving quality that makes a first-class singer. We are probably utterly wrong, but it sounds as if she had developed it from nothing out of a sheer determination to sing.

It is inevitable, perhaps, that a review like this should sound much more damning than it is meant to be. Such harping on the singer's fundamental lack must not be taken to mean that she is without many excellent qualities. She is, as we said before, an interesting singer. Her program last night was unhackneyed and well selected. She began with an eighteenth century group that included the "Alleluiah" from Bach's 51st cantata, Buononcini's "Per la gloria d'adorarvi" and the "Che pur asqu" from Mozart's "Seraglio." She sang these with breadth and classic feeling and handled the florid passages in the latter two with skill.

The best song she did was the first of the next group, the lovely unaccompanied "Song of the Bride," from Rimsky's "The Tsar's Bride." It lay just in the best part of her voice, the lower and middle registers, and she sang it with moving simplicity and pathos. It was a flawless bit of genre singing. The group also included two of Hugo Wolf's "Weltliche Lieder" and a charming thing by Lenormand, "Le Gardeur de Chevreux."

In Rameau's long and none too varied "Le Berger Fidele," as in Ravel's "D'Anne Joutant L'Espinette," she had a harpsichord accompaniment. The Rameau number also enlisted the services of the Rich Quartet from Philadelphia, with Thaddeus Rich as first violin and Hans Kindler as the cellist. They played delightfully, but there did seem a bit of affectation in the use of the harpsichord. It sounded like a ukulele after the rich tone of a modern piano, and one could not help feeling that Rameau would have much preferred the latter if he could have had his choice.

Mary Shaw Swain played the accompaniments uncommonly well. The audience was rather large, but inclined to straggle, the last arrivals coming in at 9.30. They recalled Reinold Werrenrath's historic remark: "If I should give a song recital at midnight some fool would come in at 1 o'clock."

HAMBURG AT TOWN HALL.

At the Town Hall last night, Boris Hambourg appeared in a "cello recital" with Reginald Stewart at the piano. The accompanist's name is brought in early in this review because from the beginning he succeeded in drowning Mr. Hambourg's best efforts at a Bach Sonata (G major, No. 1) and persisted in so doing through the remaining numbers. All this regardless of the fact that after the second number, Vivaldi's sonata in E major, Mr. Stewart had the stage alone for two Debussy works and a Rubinstein Etude. Perhaps the billing was wrong; it may have been a piano recital, assisted by Mr. Hambourg.

Mr. Hambourg's tone in the Bach number, when you could hear it, was dry and uneven, but he picked up towards the closing allegro moderato, which he also played with considerable precision. The tuneful Vivaldi received some really good playing, at times a luscious tone, full of warmth and tenderness. Faure's Elegie and Popper's Elfentanz brought the program to a spirited close.

A. C.

German Songs on Anah Doob-Kopetzky Program

Voice Improves as Lighter Group Is Reached; Boris Hambourg's Recital Pleases

German songs Beethoven's "Adelaide" and works of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Hugo Wolf bulked large on the program of Anah Doob-Kopetzky, soprano, yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, supported by Walter Golde as accompanist.

Her voice at first seemed unpromising, cloudy in tone and of a limited volume, hardly adequate for the expression of "Adelaide." This handicap continued to some extent up to the Wolf songs, but here the singer was more at home, giving the due playful lightness to "Mausfallen-Spruchlein," while her tone also was improving. By the time that Haydn's air "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" had been reached, after three Debussy songs, and the ensuing American group, her voice had become clear and generally agreeable, while she showed expressive ability, especially in pianissimos.

In the evening a variation in a week largely devoted to song was furnished by the violoncello of Boris Hambourg, who seemed, on this occasion, a thoroughly accomplished technician. But as for tone, the opening Bach sonata (G major, No. 1) gave a marked impression of drouth, resembling, as it were, an exercise. This aridity was lessened in a Vivaldi sonata, and further mitigated in Saint-Saens's D minor concerto and other modern numbers; here his tone, especially in his highest notes, became clear and smooth, if not particularly warm, with Popper's "Elfentanz" as a technically flamboyant conclusion. Reginald Stewart, the accompanist, showed agility and dash in a group of his own, Debussy and Rubinstein, and shared the applause.

Boris Hambourg, Cellist

During the war a London newspaper was sued by Mark Hambourg, unless memory proves false, for referring to him as a German. To-day it would be more insulting to call him a mark. His value has not depreciated and lately he has brought forth a useful little book entitled, "How to Play the Piano." His brother, Boris Hambourg, betrays his Russian parentage by his first name. While Mark has become a British subject, Boris has founded a large music school in Toronto with his father and another brother, Jan.

Once a year Boris Hambourg honors New York with his presence. Possibly, if there were more interest in cello recitals, he would do here what he once did in London, where, in 1906, he illustrated the evolution of violoncello music in a series of five historical recitals. Last night he played to an audience of moderate size in the Town Hall, beginning with a G major sonata by Bach which served to evince his sound musicianship. That technical difficulties do not exist for him he had a chance to show in the second concerto of Saint-Saens, which ought to be

given here some time with orchestra. Mr. Hambourg's final group included numbers by Debussy and Rubinstein, whose cello pieces are too little known.

W. J. Henderson

Glazounoff's B Flat

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

Mr. Walter Damrosch gave the Carnegie Hall concerts of the Symphony Orchestra an invigorating start yesterday afternoon when he gave a performance of Glazounoff's Symphony in B flat. The work, which is not new to local halls, presents the Muscovite genius in a peculiarly amiable mood. It sailed out upon our musical waters yesterday, as on at least two previous occasions, with all sails set, a fresh breeze blowing, bearing a cargo of ivory, apes and peacocks, a large portion of which had been brought to our shores by other ships commanded by such widely different mariners as Wagner, Verdi and Mendelssohn. No harm in that. Musical themes have always been common property. It is the manner in which they are treated which counts, and one of the most foolish ways in which a reviewer can waste his time is to spend it in tracing reminiscences.

Nevertheless, it was diverting yesterday, was the memory-cudgeling which the symphony caused. The consciousness that we were listening to

something which we had heard before came before a dozen measures had been played. Not because Wotan brandished his sword in the principal theme, for there is no proprietary right in the intervals of the common chord even in Wagner's sequential arrangement of them. But later came a phrase from Ferrando's narrative in the first scene of "Il Trovatore." That unlocked a little drawer in the cupboard of memory, and we recalled the first performance of the symphony by the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Anton Seidl, over twenty-four years ago. It was the first time that the name of Glazounoff appeared on a Philharmonic program, and it brought something like a startling surprise; for, though Glazounoff was not wholly a newcomer (no Russian escaped Mr. Altschuler in those days), we had heard so much of Borodin and other wild men of the Steppes that it was almost a novel sensation to meet one of the race who was willing to win attention by methods of gentle persuasion instead of arresting it "vi et armis," as they say in the law courts.

Then the gentlemen from Boston, as they used to be called in perhaps invidious compliment, let us hear the symphony again nine years ago, and the enthusiasm which the first performance had evoked was repeated. Perhaps it has had a repetition since; we do not know. It was welcome yesterday—seemed particularly welcome, indeed, because it disclosed so much respect for traditional forms of expression, because the composer said what he had to say and what was worth saying in such a frank, honest, unconstrained way, with such fine and varied instrumental sonority, with so obvious a purpose to give delight to the ear, awaken the imagination and warm the emotions. It is not a great page in the book of symphonies, but it is clearly writ and worth hearing at intervals to keep ears in tune, refresh jaded minds and preserve good taste. It was finely played, and we doubt if it suffered much, if at all, from comparison with the excellently imaginative modernism of Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," which brought the concert to an end.

Between the two purely orchestral numbers came Brahms's violin concerto, the solo part played by Mr. Albert Spalding. It was not an inspired or inspiring performance, for which, we take it, insufficient rehearsals were largely to blame. It is not enough that solo instrument and band be kept in step in music like this. There must be a meeting of minds and of feelings between solo player and the conductor, and harmonious, sympathetic co-operation between all the factors enlisted in the proclamation.

Florence Easton's song recital in Carnegie Hall last night was, in the current phrase of the day, an "outstanding" artistic occasion, an affair over which chaste and dignified beauty presided. Miss Easton is admired, respected, honored, as a strong prop of our operatic institution. She might be that if her artistic activities did not extend beyond the opera house; but they reach farther, because her fine gifts and abilities are paired with and inspired by affectionate appreciation of all that is lofty and good in music. She was a noble interpreter of Gluck in the splendid air "O tol, qui prolonges mes jours," from the Tauridian "Iphigenia"; a poetic interpreter also of the German Lied, as illustrated in groups of songs by Schumann and Wolf, and an exemplar of clear diction and vocalization in the varied German, French, English and other songs which made up her interesting program. Her hearers in numbers and character paid her a lovely tribute and honored themselves by appreciating her art as intelligently and cordially as they did.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The first of the Symphony Society's Carnegie Hall series of concerts took place yesterday afternoon. The program consisted of Glazounoff's fifth symphony, the Brahms violin concerto and Respighi's "Fountains of Rome." The violinist was Albert Spalding, who, it should be recalled, accompanied the orchestra on its now historic tour of Europe. The concert of yesterday was heard by a typical Symphony Society audience and might be dismissed without comment.

But hearing music and rehearing it will always suggest something to the attentive listener. Every repetition of the Glazounoff symphony, which was composed in 1895, evokes wonder as to whether the musician had not yet made the acquaintance of Wagner's young Siegfried and the sword Nothing. Of course he must have heard "Il Trovatore" and "Aida" and dwell in the fairy land of Mendelssohn. But why parade so many pleasant recollections? In music it does not pay to put old wine in new bottles, no matter how good the wine may be.

Listening again to Respighi's fountain babbling at dawn, high noon and sunset, one wonders why he selected the Triton fountain for his scheme. He should have known that if a Triton blew his horn mermals would respond and that the best ones came from the neighborhood of the Loreleiberg. What

ancient Roman aqueduct carries water from the Rhine? History tells us not. However, there is one near Metz, and that is in the debatable country not far from the Mosel.

Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra delivered the precious drops from Respighi's cup with loving hands. The audience drank and was refreshed. Mr. Spalding played the concerto well, but he has played it in the past with more mellowness of tone and warmth of style.

Mme. Flornece Easton of the opera gave a song recital last evening in Carnegie Hall. Her program was admirable. It began with the customary group of old airs, including the familiar one of Gluck from "Iphigénie en Tauride" and a less known one by the same master from "Il Trionfo di Clelia." Then followed Schumann's bride songs and three others, a group of Hugo Wolf, selected manifestly to make a contrast with the deeply felt lyrics of Schumann, French songs by Ravel and Dalcroze, Spanish songs arranged by Frank La Forge, the accompanist of the evening, and American songs by Rothwell, Griffes and La Forge.

Much might be said of the artistic skill which planned the list with its progress from the stately classic through the intensely romantic to the delicate humor of Wolf and the later styles found toward the end. But more important was the art of the singer. This was a song recital of beauty and poetic eloquence. Mme. Easton's voice was fresh and resonant and her enunciation of text as usual clear and scholarly.

This soprano, who has won her way to a proud position at the Metropolitan without swerving once from her honorable devotion to artistic principle, showed herself to be quite at home on the recital field. There, too, great distinction is hers. Her art is above all things aristocratic. It is for auditors to whom a gracious womanhood, coupled with exquisite sensibility to poetic mood and musical symmetry are more to be desired than antonishing feats of vocal virtuosity or bursts of tonal power.

Only a singer of high rank could deliver the message of Schumann's second bride song with the emotional warmth which Mme. Easton imparted to it. Only a finished artist of delicate and playful fancy could have captivated an audience as she did with the dainty "Mausfänger Sirene" of Wolf. She had to repeat it. But a catalogue of the songs and the manner of their singing is not imperative. Mme. Easton gave a large audience an evening of rare pleasure. Mr. La Forge was of course an able assistant.

MISS HARVARD IN SONGS.

Soprano, Formerly With Metropolitan, in Recital.

Miss Sue Harvard, soprano, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. This singer has been heard here in recital before and for one season she was with the Metropolitan, where she sang small parts. She had a large and friendly audience last evening and received many flowers. Her singing varied in merit. She was suffering from a cold, which no doubt was the cause of certain veiled tones.

Her program was as a whole not up to the standards set by her vocal powers. She did some finely sustained work in airs by Bach and Mozart, and she was delightfully at home, as was to be expected since she is of Welsh origin, in two old Welsh folk songs. In an air of the same people, "Gwlad y Dolyn," by John Henry, she showed to advantage her fine voice and a good dramatic ability. There was a tendency to shrillness in some of her high notes, as has been noted when she has sung here before. However, in spite of any obstacles, she made a most agreeable impression.

COURBOIN IN ORGAN RECITAL.

Fourth in the series of recitals on the new concert organ in the Wanamaker auditorium was given yesterday afternoon by Charles M. Courboin before a large and enthusiastic audience. The program comprised Bach's D major prelude and fugue; the "Largo" from Saint-Saëns's third symphony; Rachmaninov's "Serenade," Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the "Andante" from Maitly's first sonata, "La Filleuse," by Raff, and Cesar Frank's B flat "Finale."

Mr. Courboin played with his accustomed mastery of manuals, pedals and style, but his performance seemed to reach its climax in the "Meistersinger" prelude, which was given with thrilling tonal effect.

Coincidental with the centenary of the "Belgian Bach," Cesar Franck, which occurs in December (1822-1890), all the organ compositions of this master will be performed in the winter series of these recitals.

Anah Doob-Kopetzky, wife of Dr. Kopetzky, distinguished laryngologist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a good-sized and friendly audience.

In lieder by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and Wolf she showed understanding for the words and for the expressive significance of the music, adapting herself readily to the mood of each composition, whether mournful or gay. But her vocal equipment and her command of the technique of tone-production were not commensurate with her purely interpretative accomplishments.

She was accompanied sympathetically on the piano by Walter Golde.

GIGLI AND DE LUCA AT BILTMORE MUSICALE

Miss Suzanne Keener Also on Opening Program.

For the first of the Biltmore Friday morning musicales the ballroom was crowded yesterday and most of the balcony chairs were taken. The soloists were Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and Giuseppe de Luca, barytone, of the Metropolitan, and Miss Suzanne Keener, soprano. Emilio Roxas accompanied Mr. Gigli and Vita Carnevali accompanied Mr. de Luca and Miss Keener.

Mr. Gigli sang an aria from "Rigoletto" and four Gluck and Donaudy songs and was enthusiastically encored.

Mr. de Luca opened the program with an aria from "Dinorah" and sang three short songs and "The Supreme Day" from "Don Carlos."

Miss Keener proved her coloratura abilities, singing Donizetti's "Silence Over All" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." She is an American and was trained in America and has been with the Metropolitan Opera since last year.

The duet from "La Forza del Destino," once sung by Caruso and Scotti, finished the program, bringing the voices of Gigli and De Luca together.

Rudolph Larsen Plays at Town Hall, Lynwood Farnum at Aeolian.

Rudolph Larsen, violinist of considerable native skill and added scholarship, gave an interesting recital at Town Hall last evening. He played Bruch's second Concerto in D minor and rounded out a somewhat pretentious program with some very exacting pieces by Tartini-Kreisler, Chopin-Auer, Kersakow-Kreisler, Beethoven-Auer, Popper-Auer, Schumann-Auer, Sarasate, Wieniawski and Brahms. Robert O'Connor was at the piano.

Lynwood Farnum, distinguished organist, played a well-chosen organ program at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon. A diversified list included works of Edward Shippen Barne, Philip James, H. B. Jepson, Rheinberger, Pietro Yon, Roger Ducas, Georges Jacob, R. S. Stoughton, Henselt, Kreiger, a choral prelude and Passacaglia by J. S. Bach.

The New York Symphony Society, at Carnegie Hall in the evening, repeated its matinee program of Thursday with Albert Spalding, violinist, as the soloist.

WALTON PYRE RECITAL.

Well-Known Dramatic Interpreter Gives "Francesca da Rimini."

At Aeolian Hall last evening Walton Pyre, well-known dramatic interpreter, actor and reader, gave a dramatic recital which involved the personation of the eight male characters of George Henry Baker's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," and the interpretation of the entire text from memory. An audience composed of students and followers of poetic drama and tragic histrionism attended.

GIVE SECOND NOON CONCERT

Capacity Audience at La Forge-Berumen Musical.

The second of the 1922-23 series of noonday musicales under the direction of the La Forge-Berumen Studios was given yesterday in Aeolian Hall with a capacity audience present.

The program opened with Sternberg's "Etude de Concert" (Op. 103) played by the Duo-Art piano, reproducing Josef Hoffman's interpretation. Lawrence Tibbett, a young California baritone, sang the prologue from "Pagliacci," showing a finely-tempered voice which he handled with ease. Erin Ballard, pianist, played "Theme and Variations"

by Paderewski in her usual excellent style; Jean Johnson, mezzo-soprano, sang a group comprising selections from Scarlatti, Handel, Griffes and La Forge. Albert Rappaport, tenor, sang the difficult aria "Ecco ridente" from "Barber of Seville" with fine tone and phrasing, and Ernesto Berumen played MacDowell's "Prelude," "The Fauns" by Chaminade and "Intermezzo-Scherzando" by Leschetizky with a second piano part reproduced by the Duo-Art piano.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Felix Salmond's 'Cello Recital.

Felix Salmond, the English violoncellist, who made his first appearance and a very favorable impression as an artist in New York last Spring, and who also appeared with the Beethoven Association a few days ago, gave a recital of his own yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. He had an audience that comprised numerous musicians, who found much in his playing to admire.

He gave a large proportion of pre-classical pieces, namely, by Henry Eccles, Vivaldi, Sammartini and Veracini, the latter's being a sonata in three movements. These were played with a piano accompaniment written out from the "continuo" or figured bass by Joseph Salmond of Paris, a task that requires not only taste but a musicianship steeped in the styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in its technical essentials. His modern pieces included a sonata in F sharp minor by Jean Hure, Henry Hadley's "Autumn Twilight," dedicated to Mr. Salmond, and Glazounoff's "Sérénade Espagnole."

Mr. Salmond's high technical accomplishments, his impeccable intonation, his freedom of bowing and of phrasing and fine tone are put at the service of a real musicianship that sees in the violoncello an instrument for musical expressiveness that steadfastly keeps it devoted to the real task and its characteristic style and that will have naught to do with exploiting it as a medium for technical bravura.

Veracini's sonata is a fine specimen of its period, belonging to the early eighteenth century, and Mr. Salmond's appreciation of its style and his sympathy with it were embodied in his performance.

Hure's sonata has many of the characteristics of the modern, but not the most modern, French style. Its date, 1903, explains that. It is in one movement, in which at least three of the usual sonata movements are discernible without much difficulty. It cannot be said that the sonata made a deep impression of either individuality or originality or of profound interest. The opening movement lacks pregnancy of theme and importance of development. A movement that follows, in a rhythm suggestive of the waltz, is graceful and event pliant, and there is a more passionate and eloquent quality in the passage that follows than in any other part of the composition. Mr. Salmond played it with zeal and conviction, and so did Mr. Walter Golde, who had a serious task allotted him in the piano part.

Benno Moiseiwitsch's Recital.

Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, who has come to New York from England in the last two seasons, has come again, and made his first appearance yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, where there was a large audience. He established himself among New York music lovers as a pianist of admirable powers, musically as well as technically, of high rank; and as a musician of individuality and frequently of remarkable personal charm.

His program yesterday began with two of the most substantial and best tried numbers of the virtuoso's repertory, Beethoven's sonata in C, dedicated to Count Waldstein, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." He followed with Ravel's "Toccata," and "Idyl" with Medtner, a Russian composer, whose music Mr. Moiseiwitsch has several times brought forward before. Chopin's "Barcarole," Debussy's prelude, "The Wind in the Desert," and Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz.

Mr. Moiseiwitsch's tone is finely modulated in color and in delicate gradations; there is crispness and clear articulation in his touch and his enunciation of the phrase is musical and well considered. There is a certain intensity in his style that seeks for poignancy of expression in every measure. These qualities were more in evidence in his playing of Beethoven's sonata and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" than the wealth and simplicity that, for the spirit of both the composers, in both there were frequently fascinating effects. Beethoven's sonata under Mr. Moiseiwitsch's hands was a trifle feverish. There were certain phrases that seemed not in the spirit of the master and certain effects that he assuredly never intended and never sought off, as the octave glissandos in the last movement.

So in the "Etudes Symphoniques" there were many fascinating details of phrase, eloquent and poetical points of expression, brilliancies of technique. But there were also passages of uncertain rhythm. The "Etudes Symphoniques" are, above all, "big" in conception and need a performance that is big in style; and this bigness was not a conspicuous element in Mr. Moiseiwitsch's interpretation.

In Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon at Benno Moiseiwitsch's piano recital the Schumann symphonies etudes were heard for perhaps the twentieth time thus far in the season.

and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata for the first time. Those two staples having been got out of the way, there remained a third group of shorter numbers with a strong tendency to the modern. They were mostly technique bits, murderous on the wrist, but Mr. Moiseiwitsch stood the test admirably and garnered considerable applause.

In Ravel's "Toccata," with its food of staccati, his work was like that of a painter. He created an atmosphere like a broad, flat background against which a simple theme stood out like a slender thread of brilliant color. The eye gets similar effects in Japanese prints.

He played Medtner's "Idyl" with fine feeling for the plastic quality of this delicate work, and brought considerable intellect and delicacy to bear upon the verbose Chopin "Barcarolle." He gave a scholarly reading to Debussy's "Wind in the Desert," and a nervous, incisive rendition to that confirmed "show-piece," Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

There is something warm and round and solid and sound about Mr. Moiseiwitsch's touch that is a relief in these days of either languishing softness of hard-as-nails brittleness. He can mould his tone to the widest variety of mood. And that is enough, almost on which to build any reputation.

RECITAL BY SALMOND.

It may be a truism that the closest man-made approach to the human voice is the cello. But few make the saying so clear as did Felix Salmond yesterday afternoon at his Town Hall recital. Here is a man who, like the heroes of popular songs, can make the instrument "talk." He had as many gradations and modulations as the human voice itself, and they were a deal more pleasant to hear than many we have heard from platforms this autumn. A tone of velvety softness, yet masculine firmness, full of warmth but without sentimentality—this is what his public heard in Vivaldi's "Sicilienne," for instance.

And how different the boisterous attack in the "Vivace" (Sammartini) which followed immediately! This number was played throughout with finesse and strength. Then he gave a fine reading to Veracini's sonata in E minor. There was a virile "bite" to his bowing in the allegro, yet he adjusted it to a microscopic nicety in the pianissimos. It was a fine poetic interpretation as a unity, with the poise and balance of an Ionic colonnade.

Hure's F sharp minor sonata and three numbers by Hadley, Cui and the

ubiquitous Glazounoff closed the list. Small wonder his audience demanded bows and bows!

BOY PIANIST PLAYS.

Jascha Silberman, boy pianist, appeared in the evening at Aeolian Hall. The program was somewhat older than the boy, for there was Bach's Italian Concerto, some Scarlatti, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein and Mendelssohn—and some others. Just the things they used to play back in '95. What would be preferable is a pianist who had "debuted" in the '90s and some music which was young in 1922. But maybe the young pianists will grow up to these, and we shall hear them under his fingers in 1942.

Nov 10, 1922

Chaliapin, Mme. Calve and McCormack Make Big Musical Day.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Feodor Chaliapin, the distinguished Russian bass, reappeared before a local audience in a concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. At 7 o'clock the hall was besieged by eager throngs waiting to snap up any tickets that might be left although it had been published that the house was already sold out. Few of the waiting ones gained admission. The standing room had become crowded that late arrivals could not find their seats only by football tactics. Sale of tickets was stopped.

At 9 o'clock it became necessary to clear the lobby of the solidly packed throng still clamoring for admission. The clamorers were sent into the side doors and guards were stationed at the entrance doors. Even then about 200 persons remained on the sidewalk, evidently hoping that in some magical

FIRST CHILDREN'S MUSICALS.

The first of three Sunday afternoon "miniature musicals" for children was given yesterday at the Punch and Judy Theater. Charles N. Drake is the director of the concerts. He says his purpose in giving the series is not only to help develop the appreciation and stimulate the interest of young folk in good music, but to impress them with the idea that going to a concert means a really good time. The program had, among other selections, Kreisler's arrangement of a Bach gavotte and his own "Tambourin Chinois," with Herbert Dittler, violinist, and the songs "Snow Fairies" by Forsyth, and Lehmann's "Rebecca Who Slammed Doors for Fun and Perished Miserably," with "Miss Bobby" Bester as the singer. The program was much enjoyed by the audience, which included not a few adults.

By Deems Taylor

That largest and most democratic of all fraternal orders, the John McCormack Association, held its successful meeting at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon. Inasmuch as every seat was occupied, with four or five hundred associate members seated on camp chairs in front of the elegant folding landscape that graces the Hippodrome stage on Sunday afternoons, it is safe to assume that a quorum was present.

John McCormack is a difficult person to review. In the first place, his voice is exactly what it was before his spring attack of tonsillitis, thus eliminating one fruitful topic of discussion. In the second place, he is singing with such magnificent artistry, so much better, in fact, than most of the singers whose appeal is supposed to be only to the cultured few, that one cannot reasonably complain about his popularity. It is a popularity that forces one to believe, however reluctantly, that the public does rise to great art when it has a chance.

One can only hunt zealously for minor flaws. And after patient listening we did manage to detect a trace of shrillness in his delivery of a phrase that occurred about halfway through Lotti's "Pur dicesti." That is not much of a flaw, but it was the best we could do. Otherwise, he sang his opening group of Italian classics, which also included Perl's "Gloite al canto mio," and the faithful "Caro mio ben," with absolute perfection of style, diction, phrasing and vocalism.

How many living singers could make an audience of five thousand people sit and applaud wildly while he sang Italian arias of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? Not only did they listen to that group, but they heard with obvious pleasure a second group that included Cesar Franck's "La Procession" and Strauss's "Allerseelen." Then came the Irish folksongs, for which alone they thought they had come. A fourth group comprised Winter Watt's "The Poet Sings," Stanford's "Johnnie," Schneider's "Flower Rain" and an alluring "first time," Harry Osgood's "The Little Trees." Rudolph Bochko, violinist, was the assisting artist, playing two agreeable groups. The accompanist was the familiar and capable Edwin Schneider.

At Aeolian Hall another fairly well known singer, Emma Calvé by name, held forth as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was Mme. Calvé's first appearance this year, and she had a riotous welcome. She sang twice. After last year's re-appearance, when she came back to astonish every one with the beauty of her ageless voice, her singing of Gounod's "Stances de Sapho" was a little disappointing. The slow tempo and long-drawn phrasing seemed to trouble her considerably, for she tired perceptibly before the end, displaying an unwonted tremolo and lapsing occasionally from the pitch.

She came triumphantly into her own in a group of songs with piano accompaniment. Here her strength was less severely taxed, and she rose at times to heights that thrilled and delighted her auditors. She sang Gretchaninoff's "My Native Land," in English, and very perceptible English it was. Particularly fine was her

performance of Alvarez's "Chanson Espagnole," in which the lower register of her great voice was at its sombre best. Not even she could make Berlioz's "La Captive" anything but rather amorphous and dreary, but she did Gretchaninoff's "Cradle Song" delightfully.

The orchestra played Beethoven's eighth symphony and two novelties, Liadoff's "From the Apocalypse" and Alfvén's Swedish rhapsody, "Midsommervaka." Liadoff was exactly Mme. Calvé's present age, fifty-eight, when he wrote his tone poem, which proved merely that Mme. Calvé has progressed further in her art that Liadoff had in his. The work is supposed to be a "symphonic picture" of the first three verses of the tenth chapter of Revelation, but it might just

as well have been called "A Week at Bayreuth."

Wagner must have made a terrific impression on the young Russians of the seventies. Glazunoff exhibited the stigmata of the immortal Richard last Thursday in his fifth symphony, and Liadoff yesterday made no secret of his own leanings. Toward the end of the piece he drops into the Russian liturgical mode and manages an individual and impressive finish, but otherwise his Apocalypse is nothing but a series of recollections of the themes and scoring of "Tristan" and the Ring, rather loosely put together with Russian cement.

The Alfvén rhapsody is far less pretentious and far more diverting. For the most part it is frank dance music, a few folk-like tunes cleverly developed and scored with piquancy and humor. It contains some delectable remarks for the English horns, based on a theme that is for all the world like that childhood classic, "Go Tell Aunt Sally the Old Gray Goose is Dead," some enchanting slapstick comedy for the bassoon, and a prettily sentimental interlude for muted strings. The finish is rather conventionally boisterous, but the piece as a whole is unpretentious and charming of its kind. It is no disparagement of it to say that it ought to be enormously successful at the hands of the Rialto or Capitol orchestras.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The New York Symphony.

The appearance of Mme. Calvé for the first time this season and the first performance of two orchestral compositions, added to Beethoven's eighth symphony, did not succeed in making the concert of the New York Symphony Society, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, an interesting or inspiring one. The two new orchestral pieces were Liadoff's symphonic poem "From the Apocalypse," and Alfvén's Swedish rhapsody, "Midsommervake." Liadoff intended to illustrate three verses of the tenth chapter of the Book of Revelations, about the mighty angel clothed with a cloud and a rainbow on his head, "and his face was as it were the sun and his feet as pillars of fire"; with his little book open, and his right foot on the sea and his left on the earth; who "cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth, and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered his voice."

The first suggestion of this passage is something very brilliant and very loud. Liadoff succeeded in being on several occasions very loud, and he applied freely the kind of instrumentation known as brilliant. But if it were asked what he applied it to, the answer would be difficult, for musical ideas are not much in evidence in the work. It is, in fact, an empty place in which sound and more or less fury signify little. Liadoff is known as the composer of agreeable small pieces for the piano; and it seemed yesterday as if musical snuff boxes were more in his line than apocalyptic visions.

Alfvén's piece is a cheerful study in folk tunes and folk customs. It represents a popular revel on St. John's eve in the remote Scandinavian country, with singing, dancing and carousing. Folk tunes or tunes composed in imitation of them make up much of it, and there is a good deal of an obvious sort of dialoguing; there is obvious dancing, and there is a crescendo in boisterousness to the end. It is gay enough music that does not go very deep, nor pretend to; and as such it gave pleasure. In Mme. Calvé appeared as striking, as engaging, as disquietingly beautiful a personality as ever; and she was greeted with as much warmth and ardor of admiration as she was on her return to the concert platform last season. It was a greeting that seemed to touch her. Her mood was of Autumnal sombreness; and such was the mood of the music she sang.

It might further be said that this music was mostly of the extreme of dullness, all measured in tempo, and calling for little or none of the well-remembered characteristics of other years. Such were especially the intolerably tedious "stanzas" from Gounod's extinct opera of "Sapho." Mme. Calvé could not make them endurable. There was much sameness and monotony of mood in the songs with piano accompaniment that she sang later (one of them in English) and only when she gave a Spanish song in Spanish as an encore was there a flash of the old brilliancy, the old gaiety and bravura.

Mme. Calvé's voice seemed yesterday not in so good condition as it was last season. There were some fine rich low tones, and occasionally some fine high ones. The middle voice has less beauty of quality, and there was occasional uncertainty of intonation and loss of control. But there was the innate dramatic power, the force of expression, to heighten which she could no more avoid gesture, posture, facial expression and expression of the hands and arms than she could avoid breathing. There was frequently the artist's inevitable beauty of phrase, the technical resources that made many dangerous things possible for her. There was warm applause for all that Mme. Calvé did, and indulgence for what she did not do.

Mr. Chaliapin's Song Recital.

Fyodor Chaliapin's return to this country makes for the satisfaction of a large number of music lovers among his own compatriots in New York and of many others besides, as was shown by the size and temper of the audience that greeted him at his first "song recital"—if it can be called such—last evening in Carnegie Hall. It was presumably due to yesterday's pressure upon the various places where music is made in New York that Mr. Chaliapin was allowed to be heard in Carnegie Hall rather than in some other auditorium much less adapted to the purpose. And for this those to whom musical results are more important than the largest possible number of auditors were duly thankful. It is needless to say that the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and that many would-be listeners were kept on the sidewalk.

Mr. Chaliapin's singing offered nothing new to the admirers of his art. As he always has done, he issued no program, but announced by its number in his little book of words the song he was about to sing. They included the great variety that he has always offered, a large number of Russian songs, together with German Lieder and others. Of each one he made a drama in miniature, filled with emotion, charged with the greatest variety and intensity of dramatic expression not only in his vocalization and his declamation, but also in his facial play, his posture, his gestures. This is not for everybody to attempt; but as he sings it is highly effective, especially when he knows the song so well that he does not have to hold his gold lorgnettes to his eyes to fix them upon the page of music. The use of lorgnettes is a serious interference with Mr. Chaliapin's methods of vocal expression. Fortunately, it is seldom necessary.

Mr. Chaliapin was in good voice last evening. The voice is a noble organ, of great sonority and capable of infinite modulation of power, of emotional potency, of dramatic suggestion. There were moments when its intonation was not absolutely correct, when the beauty of its quality was for a passing instant dulled. But these were insignificant in the sum of Mr. Chaliapin's achievement. Granting the validity of his methods of interpreting certain songs, whose composers unquestionably conceived them in a different vein, his singing is profoundly affecting. But in his song recitals there is always in evidence the great dramatic impersonator straining at the leash.

Mr. Chaliapin was assisted by Max Rabinowitch, pianist, and Nicholas Levenne, cellist, both brilliant and competent players, whose performances were listened to with all the patience that could be expected in the intervals of the singer's appearances.

FRANCIS ROGERS IN RECITAL.

Barytone Gives Varied Program in Excellent Style.

Francis Rogers, distinguished American barytone, gave his annual New York recital, with Isidore Luckstone at the piano, yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. He had a large audience of discriminating music lovers. His program was made up of a good variety of classic and modern gems of lyric art. Some of the numbers were the "Tutta Rea" air from Handel's opera, "Scipione," Bottegari's air, "Mi Parto"; the "Elle m'a prodigé" air from Sacchini's "Oedipe a Colonne"; Mozart's "Das Veilchen," the "Adelaide" of Beethoven, and, in the closing group, a fifteenth century "Christmas Carol" by Arnold Bax, the "Clown's Serenade" of Luckstone, Victor Harris's "Silver" and Edward German's "My Song Is of the Sturdy North." Mr. Rogers's art was evidently much enjoyed, and such songs as Franz's "Es hat die Rose sich belagert" and the "Eln Ton" of Cornelius, where his polished style and beautiful diction appeared in a strong light, he had to sing twice. Mr. Luckstone's accompaniments, played from memory, were admirable.

ITALIAN VIOLINIST HEARD.

Illuminato Miserendino, an Italian violinist who was first heard here in 1915, gave a recital last evening at Town Hall. His good program included Wieniawski's concerto in D minor, the "Piemontese" rhapsody of Sinigaglia and for the first number Grieg's violin and piano sonata in C minor. Frederic Kahn was the pianist. The audience seemed to enjoy greatly the music presented.

SOUSA AND BAND PLAY

Lieutenant-Commander John Philip Sousa and his band, assisted by the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. N. G. Band and Trumpet Corps, Lieut. Francis W. Sutherland, bandmaster, gave their annual concert in this city at the Hippodrome

The same mode was such as the one used at Mr. Chaliapin's entertainments last season. The program was simple. Max Rabinowitz played a piano and was welcomed with long continued applause. According to his custom he announced each song by the number identifying it in the little book of texts. He sang a group beginning inappropriately enough with Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Gloomy Day Is Ended." As there were nine concerts, all crowded, yesterday could hardly have been regarded as a boom from the artists' or the managers' point of view.

Nicolas Levenne played cello solos. Max Rabinowitz performed again. Mr. Chaliapin sang another group of songs and the concert was over. It remains only to note that the eminent singer as in the best of voice and that his art once more chained the attention of every listener.

There was nothing very exciting about the Symphony Society concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, in spite of the fact that Mme. Emma Calvé was the soloist. The famous old singer delivered herself of the air of Sapho from Gounod's opera of that name, and later the program of a group of songs, some French, some Russian sung in English and others in Spanish. She was at her best vocal condition. The voice was constricted, the tones often ridged and sometimes above the pitch. But a great artist is always a great artist, and doubtless many auditors who had never heard Mme. Calvé before recognized the presence of an eloquent interpreter of the old school which educated dramatic power from mastery of vocal color, accent and shading.

Mme. Calvé was happiest yesterday in her singing of the Gounod music. It is better for the voice and it was, as always has been, immediately suited to the singer's temperament and imagination. She was less comfortable in some of her songs, but the audience showed great joy over all she did and impelled an addition to the program.

The orchestral numbers conducted by Walter Damrosch were Beethoven's eighth symphony, Liadoff's "From the Apocalypse" and Alfvén's "Midsommervaka." The presentation of these three compositions created in the auditorium an atmosphere of repose entirely consonant with the natural panicle of an unseasonably warm Sabbath afternoon. The senses were lulled, the mind gently floated into a region of calms. And this mood persevered, too, in the face of Liadoff's violent efforts to delineate the angel with the rainbow on his head, the little book in his right hand and the utterance of the thunders when he had spoken.

The bass drum inevitably attended to the thunder business, but the days when concert audiences thought seriously of the drum doings have gone. As for Alfvén, his music was at any rate candid in its confession of simplicity. It made no attempt at picturing unspeakable things, but sang the merry songs of a midsummer festival in Sweden. Here, there are hundreds of good folk tunes to imitate and a musical people to enjoy them. The unfamiliar compositions were well played by the excellent musicians of the Symphony Society orchestra.

John McCormack's concert in the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon reproduced scenes long familiar at his entertainments. The theater was packed. The voice was in good voice. The audience sniffed its pleasure in terms unmistakable after every number. There were numerous encores. Rudolf Bochko performed some violin solos to fill in the spaces between Mr. McCormack's groups of songs. The audience was kind to him.

The program was characteristic. Mr. McCormack always begins with old airs, which he sings as few others can. A second group yesterday contained lyrics by Franck, Parry, Arthur Poole (a new one called "Song of the Mill") and Richard Strauss ("Allerseelen" masquerading as "All Souls' Day"). Some old Irish airs preceded the final group, which included a new song, "The Little Trees," by Harry Osgood. It was an agreeable concert. Mr. McCormack will give another November 26.

MISS KREMER IN FOLK SONGS.

Program Given in Many Moods and Languages.

Miss Isa Kremer, the ballad singer of European renown, who was first heard in this country a week ago, gave her second program of folk songs yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Her entertainment resembled the one she gave here before.

On a small, elevated platform at the center of the stage, illuminated both by footlights and a spot light, she appeared, garbed in a costume of gold and silver design, and by means of a large variety of voice coloring, facial play and gesture, interpreted folk songs in many moods and languages. She was brilliant to see, as her performance was brilliant, and she deeply stirred a large audience. Yasha Bunchuk added to the program by giving some cello solos.

last night before a great audience. It was the eve of the famous bandmaster's birthday and, within a short time, at the end of his thirtieth annual tour as the head of the organization which bears his name. The auditorium took on a gala appearance through the decorations of national flags and the flags of the navy and army. Col. Wade Hays of the Seventh Regiment and his staff occupied the lower box to the left of the stage.

A feature of the program was the presentation by Sousa, during the intermission, of the score of his latest march entitled "The Gallant Seventh" to the regiment through Col. Hays. The march was written in honor of Francis Sutherland, the first man of his regiment to enlist in the great war, and is dedicated to the officers and men of the Seventh Regiment.

Near the end of the program the regimental band of eighty pieces joined Sousa's band of 100 pieces in the first New York presentation of the spirited work. In the list was also Sousa's "A Bouquet of Beloved Inspirations," of which a note stated that the "compiler believes the themes embodied in this number are universally admired by music lovers."

Sousa marches figured in the encores. John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity, made a speech of congratulation in the name of actors and gave Sousa in their name a splendid floral piece bearing the inscription "Birthday greetings." Another work played was Sousa's "The Campfire Girls," and in recognition of this number Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who had been occupying a box, presented the bandmaster with a floral piece bearing the inscription "The Gallant Seventh." Others taking part in the program by giving solos were Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano; John Dolan, cornetist, and George Carey, xylophone soloist.

Rosa Raisa Gets Warm Welcome.

Rosa Raisa, whose Chicago Opera engagements will keep her out of New York this season, gave her only concert here at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. An audience of 2,700 persons waited half an hour at the start, shouting for the favorite Russian soprano to appear, and giving her a repeated ovation when she did so. Raisa, in scarlet velvet and turban to match, sang extremely well when the demonstration of impatient welcome was over. Her voice in the golden theatre sounded with untroubled smoothness, with less of "big tone" effects and more of an intimate style, as in Strauss's "Serenade," with which she encoored an air, from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue." She sang also duets with Glacomme, Rimini, following one from "Hamlet" with an added number, Mozart's "La Clave de Mano," from "Don Giovanni." There were also soprano airs from "La Tulipe" and "Pique Dame," and various lyrics by Mehul, Flotow, Donaudy, Leoncavallo, Padilla, Kramer and Hageman. Miss Carol Perrenet was at the piano for both singers. Beniamino Gigli of the Metropolitan was guest in a box.

In Salmund Recital

By H. E. Krehbiel

Received from yesterday's late editions It was no doubt a coincidence that more than half of the music which Mr. Felix Salmund, an English violinist, played at a recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon, was the production of composers who, though foreigners, were in one way or another, largely through their activities, in London as performers or the publication of their works, ultimately associated with English musical culture. It was all along of from one hundred to two hundred years ago that this was the case, but it was a pleasant thought while listening to it that in Mr. Salmund's playing there was preserved some sound and beautiful traditions which reflected credit upon the artist and the country from which he hails. The traditions are not as well known nor as highly respected as they ought to be. England, herself, long ago set the bad example to the world of not appreciating her artistic past (or present either for that matter) as it deserves to be appreciated. We are not speaking carelessly or in idle flattery; but in sober earnest, when we say that as in the Elizabethan period England led the world in composition so in a later she has preserved an understanding of some kinds of music better than any of the countries which have outstripped her in creativeness. Our fondest memories of oratorio singing are associated with English artists, and it was, perhaps, because Mr. Salmund aroused recollections of the pure and dignified style of their performances that we experienced the first shock of delight which his playing gave us.

As to the music to which we are now referring, first there was a slow movement, simply called "Grave" on the program, written by Henry Eccles, a grandson of that Solomon Eccles who at the time of the Great Plague ran through the streets of London with a brazier of glowing coals upon his head,

exhorting the people to repentance. He has also a record in America which might profitably be made the subject of investigation by some musical antiquary. Next came a Stille by Vivaldi, of whom we know more because he provided Bach with a large mass of material for harpsichord and organ pieces. Then a Vivace by Sammartini, as well known in England as he was in his native Italy. Finally a Sonata in D minor, by Francesco Maria Veracini, "the Florentine," as he was called, who on his visit to London in 1714 was hailed by Dr. Burney as the greatest of Europe's violinists.

Archaic music, all of it (and probably transcribed from what was originally violin music), but still sparkling with lively freshness and grace; and the final movement of the sonata surprisingly in advance of its day to modern ears. All of it played, too, as such music ought

to be played, with the symmetry of phrase, the pure and noble tone, the strong grace and graceful strength, the repose which we feel to be the essential quality of everything in art entitled to be called classic, from a bit of verse or prose to a Grecian temple.

Coming down to the present time, Mr. Salmund, with the fine collaboration of Walter Golde, played a sonata in F sharp minor for pianoforte and violoncello by Jean Hure, a beautiful piece of modern romanticism, in which both instruments spoke in their purest idiom and sang music on which a mystical melancholy threw a gentle gloom and a jocund fancy played in eerie iridescence. Finally there were short pieces, "Autumn Twilight," by Mr. Henry Hadley (dedicated to the performer), a berceuse by Cesar Cui and a Spanish serenade by Glazounoff. It was the concert of a refined musician, a master of his art.

Chaliapin Dramatizes Lyrics

Like Chaliapin, who gave a concert in Carnegie Hall in the evening, Mme. Calvé is primarily a dramatic singer. But she can and does sing lyrics as if they were lyrics, which Mr. Chaliapin does not if he can. Both artists seem "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" unless they can walk about a bit while singing and call in the aid of gesture to emphasize the emotions which poet and composer put into their song. Mme. Calvé respects the melodic line and intonation even when giving expression to the most poignant emotions; Mr. Chaliapin cares as little for musical phrase as he does for justness of intonation.

He was listened to by a rapturous crowd inside the hall, while several hundred who could not get into the room bemoaned their misfortune in the corridor and on the sidewalk outside of the building. It was evident that a great many in the audience understood the language of his Russian songs, and his vivid declamation doubtless justified their fervid demonstrations of delight. Why they were equally enthusiastic in their approval of Schubert's "Doppelgänger," Schumann's "Grenadiere" and Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba" is a question which they must answer for and to themselves. There is certainly no other song singer before the public who would ever dream of distorting their melody, righting phrase as Mr. Chaliapin distorted their it was pitiful.

Julia Claussen Sings

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Julia Claussen, a mezzosoprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave a song recital last evening in Carnegie Hall. Doubtless she would have been glad to give it some other night, for she was laboring under the difficulties raised by a cold. Concert goes perhaps do not realize that recitals cannot always be postponed. Aside from the matter of the expense, which is not inconsiderable, it is not always easy to secure another date when the singer, especially if she be engaged at the opera, is at liberty.

Consequently the recital usually has to take place on the originally chosen date, cold or no cold, and the singer must get through the ordeal as well as possible. Not infrequently, however, a cold is by no means an unmixed evil. The necessity of exercising more than ordinary care in tone production had the control of the breath in phrasing operates, to the benefit of the singer's art.

Mme. Claussen's voice last evening was wanting in smoothness and clarity of tint and occasionally the hoarseness was obtrusive. But seldom has she sung with more repose and closer approach to that dignity of style which belongs to the interpretation of such lyrics as those of Brahms. The four lieder of this master, which constituted the second group on the program, evoked the best resources of the singer. Mme. Claussen at her best is not an ideal interpreter of these extremely introspective songs, but last evening she delivered them with much sincerity. She had the capable assistance of Frank La Forge,

who has been more active of late than he was for several seasons, and whose admirable accompaniments always provide a rich background for the art of any singer.

Norman Johnston, barytone, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This newcomer revealed some merits which may commend him to the consideration of observant music lovers. He sang songs of varying sentiments and styles with intelligence and with a finish which proved that he had studied each lyric carefully. His phrasing and shading were good. His tone production was generally free, and in the delivery of head tones he showed the kind of skill that many singers seek but fail to find.

Mr. Johnston's voice is one of small power and limited color. His best efforts could not overcome its tendency to clothe itself in sombreness, and this defeated the singer's attempts at communication of feeling in many instances. The accompaniments were well played by Charles A. Baker.

JULIA CLAUSSEN SINGS.

Displays Sympathetic Feeling and Fine Artistry in "Field Solitude."

Julia Claussen, who has won by waiting, and for brief terms even, a conspicuous place in some major productions of recent metropolitan seasons, gave a recital last evening at Carnegie Hall, which was filled with listeners in spite of rain, and which she herself filled with singing of much beauty and power, although the usually warm and luscious qualities of her voice at its best were on this occasion veiled by a cold, for which she made apology.

The lower mezzo-soprano range was less affected, and there were both sympathetic feeling and fine artistry in her delivery of the poetic "Field Solitude," among a group of Brahms, as well as Merikanto's "Dying Embers," one of several Northern pieces announced "for the first time in America." Later she gave manuscript songs dedicated to herself, one by Hadley and no fewer than three by Florabel Blackwell. There were also an air from Rossini's "Mitrane," lyrics of Strauss, Bruneau, Chaussen, Gretchaninov and La Forge, the last named assisting at the piano.

Norman Johnston, Baritone, Sings.

Norman Johnston, baritone, who gave his first New York recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, brought to the usual four-square program of old Italian and German, modern French and English songs an uncommon degree of animation and often communicative fervor. His voice was manly but thin, lapsing to dry and brittle tone; the words of his lighter ballads did not carry to the back rows. But in such a lyric outburst as "The Last Song," by Rogers, there was genuine enjoyment, not a little aided by Charles A. Baker's supporting sweep of piano harmony. Mr. Johnston's airs ranged from Handel's "Semele," some Schumann and Grieg, to John Ireland's "Sea Fever," Franco Leon's "Tally-Ho," Puget's "Chanson de Route" and Tremisio's "Nightingale."

MISS MAUREL IN RECITAL.

Contralto Back From London, Where She Won Much Success.

Miss Barbara Maurel, contralto, gave a song recital last evening at Town Hall. Not heard here in some time, Miss Maurel has recently returned from London, where she won much success by her singing. In fact the press there is quoted as saying "if America has any more like her they ought to be sent over."

Her program, of conventional design, contained old airs, German lieder, modern French lyrics and a last group including Ban tuck's "The Feast of Lanterns" and "The Shepherdess," by Horsman. Miss Maurel's singing was good in style and taste. Her voice, when not forced beyond its range, was generally rich and smooth and had a delightfully sensuous warmth. Her range of coloring and expression, while good, might be greater. Her audience was well pleased. Coeurad Bos gave excellent accompaniments.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Barbara Maurel's Recital.

Miss Barbara Maurel, who has sung before in New York and who last season sang in London with, at any rate, a "good press," reappeared on the local concert platform last evening in a recital at the Town Hall. Miss Maurel is equipped with a voice of beautiful quality which she uses with taste and intelligence. It is rich in its lower tones, but not quite so serviceable in its upper ones, which sometimes occasion her a little difficulty or at all events are not so freely produced.

Her program was somewhat out of the usual course. It began with the inevitable old Italian Lungi dal caro by Secchi, followed by Handel's "Come and Trip It," Beethoven, Strauss, Brahms, Debussy, and a group of Eng-

lish songs. Miss Maurel's "Ich liebe Beethoven's "Ich liebe Debussy songs was charming. She had to repeat his "and there was some nic the higher ranges of Strauss's "Heimkehr."

But she needed a little tation besides the grace the Handel's "Come and Tr fuller throated and more terance in "Die Tromm from Beethoven's "Egi and more warmth in E Sonntag Morgen." This, the lack that keeps Miss ing from reaching a high it does—something that called "temperament," be learned and of whic presentment is worse tha it is a thing that someti there is plenty of opportu in Miss Maurel's art. T that there is an admirabl grow on.

Clara Clemens

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Election day music is usually of no great importance. Concert managers do not care to combat the state of public mind which exists at such a time. However such a large number of concerts are scheduled for the current season in this city that some had to be set for yesterday. Without doubt the singers who appealed to audiences would have been glad to do so a little later. The only one of them long known to the local stage was Mme. Clara Clemens, mezzo-soprano, whose recital took place in the evening in Town Hall.

The father of Felix Mendelssohn was wont to bewail his unfortunate situation between his own father and his own son. "When I was young," he said, "I was always mentioned as the son of the famous Moses Mendelssohn. In my later life I was known as the father of the famous Felix Mendelssohn." Mme. Clara Clemens is the daughter of Mark Twain, and this is habitually recorded. She is also the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and this likewise is never forgotten.

But she is a public singer on her own account, and last summer she sang in Germany with much success. Her recital last evening revealed some qualities which would undoubtedly endear her to Munich or Berlin audiences. Her program had some representative German songs, not always wisely chosen. For example, she sang Loewe's "Edward," which is assuredly a man's song. But in this she disclosed the best traits of her art, something resembling dramatic declamation. Her voice was not easily controlled at any time, and showed a tendency to the tremolo. She had a well disposed audience.

By Deems Taylor

Gov. Smith will have to provide better election night recitals hereafter if he hopes for our continued support. There were two, and the recitalists must have been Republicans. At the Town Hall Mme. Clara Clemens sang a program that included Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Reger, Pfitzner, Respighi and Grieg. Her interpretations had the virtue of obvious sincerity, but she seemed ill-equipped in any other respect to cope with the difficulties of the task she had set herself.

Elsie Raymond sang at Aeolian Hall, her program including arias from "Aida," "Tosca" and "Samson," Teresa del Riego's "Oh, Dry Those Tears," with organ accompaniment, and the Lullaby from "Jocelyn," with violin obbligato. She displayed no qualifications for public singing.

OTHER MUSIC.

Therese Prochazka, the soprano who made her debut yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, has a voice which might be said to be a "mixed blessing." In its middle register there is much good coloring, but aloft it becomes strangled and thin.

To borrow a metaphor from literature, she has middle notes that might belong to Medea, but her top ones are those of Betsy Trotwood. Her vocalizing of some vowels, particularly the difficult ee's is better spoken of than heard, and it was noticeable that many of her tones do not stay where they surely do not belong. Frequently they strayed from pitch. But perhaps all these are common faults in a debutante, and experience will erase many of them. She was most successful in the Czech numbers.

Her program follows:

Mehr vogl' lo..... d'Astrea
Freudvoll und Leidvoll..... Beethoven
Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur..... Beethoven
Erster Verlust..... Schubert
Die Sterne..... Strauss
Die Kranke..... Brahms
An eine Aeolsharfe..... Debussy
Rotschaft..... Brahms

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mischa Levitzki's Piano Recital.

Mischa Levitzki, pianist, has steadily advanced in his own way as an artist in years since he first appeared in New York, and in his favor with the public. He was a large audience at his concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. In the hall there were many musicians. Mr. Levitzki is a musician of fine intimacies, delicacy and reserve. His style is individual and his own, as is his technique, perfectly finished, unflinching in its subtle gradations. His tone is of an exquisite purity and pearly opalescence; never permits the piano to utter a shrillness or a tone that is out of the time as he conceives it. Mr. Levitzki's way of looking upon music is thus something of a miniature. It is entrancing, it is inimitable; it is his playing, his playing almost carries his listeners captive. In many things it cannot be gainsaid. In many things it charms, but cannot carry conviction. Mr. Levitzki's playing of Schumann's "Symphonies," for instance, is full of endless beauties of tone, of phrasing, of pointed and graciously expressive phrasing. But there are other aspects of this music that are not related to him: its soaring imagination, its impulsive, romantic feeling, its magnetic force. Mr. Levitzki, like Mr. Moravitsch, the other day, did not make "Etudes Symphoniques" big enough. So, likewise, nothing could show greater finesse or glowing delicacy than the "Chromatic Fantasia" of Bach, under his fingers; no greater clearness in the enunciation of voices than the fugue that follows. In the deeper romantic warmth of the music and the larger architectonic structure of the other were not expressed by him. On the other hand there could be nothing more absolutely than the pure and passionate expression of the music in the Elysian fields from "L'Orphée" as arranged by Sgambatti, and as played by Mr. Levitzki. His performance of Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," nowadays a common enough recital piece, was an almost incredible done piece in the fluidness of the tone, the fluidity of the phrasing, by which the composer's suggestion was conveyed. The delicate and reticent beauty of Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" could not have been expressed with greater directness and apparent simplicity of means. In playing Chopin Mr. Levitzki's numbers were shrewdly chosen, and were exquisitely played, the sixths in the "Lullaby" being raised to the highest point of delicacy and delicacy. The "Lullaby" was brilliant; that had the right and power that belong to it. His final numbers included an etude and a waltz of his own and Liszt's Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. There was much applause from late-coming audience, and demands for several encores.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Mischa Levitzki, who flashed like a meteor across the pianistic heavens a few seasons ago, returned to Carnegie Hall last night and proved that the meteor was no rocket by playing a varied and difficult program with a staid and brilliant that won enthusiastic approval from a large audience. He began with the Bach chromatic fantasia and fugue, which he read with great power and a dazzling command of its technical difficulties, following it with a charming contrast in an arrangement by Sgambatti of a melody from Gluck's "Orpheus." He gave this a beautiful performance one of the best of the evening—aching its graceful outlines in a oversinging tone that glowed against a background of velvety softness. He ended his first group with the Schumann symphonic studies (they seem almost vulgarly popular among the pianists this season). In the main he played them well, with a wealth of color, a good sense of proportion and stirring energy. But he did seem to lose his way somewhat in the middle section. It is difficult to make interesting, for it comprises three variations that are similar both in construction and dynamics, and if he did not altogether save them from monotony, it was not entirely his fault. Apparently he decided to reach the open by pedalling hard, but this only made matters worse by blurring what few landmarks remained. He finally did emerge safely and played the end superbly. The symphonic studies have some glorious music in them, but they are by no means a perfect work. After hearing much Schumann, one begins to believe that his structural sense was

not all that it might have been. The studies are not really "symphonic" at all. They are a set of variations, some good, some less so, that reiterate the main theme and decorate it but do not particularly develop it. One might almost play them in reverse order without much fear that the auditor would know that there was anything wrong.

Mr. Levitzki's great fault at present seems to be what might be called a restricted field of emotional vision. His interpretations suffer from sameness. The second half of his program wasn't so interesting as the first, not because he did not play it so well but because he seemed to run out of things to say. His playing of Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," for instance, was a marvel of deft technique, but it was planned and executed along almost the same lines as the Schumann work—its pianissimo no more delicate, its climaxes no less crashing and brassy. If by "Jeux d'Eau" you mean Niagara Falls, yes; but Ravel could hardly have meant just that.

He played Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin" charmingly—but it was the charm of the Gluck air. In five Chopin pieces, however, he took on a new lease of artistic life, reading them with a truly Chopinesque grace and poetry. At the end came two of his own compositions, a MS etude in C sharp minor and a waltz in A major, and Liszt's Twelfth rhapsody.

"COSI' FAN TUTTE" SUNG.

American Singers Give a "Ress Rehearsal" of Mozart's Artistic Opera.

Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," the most popular surprise and artistic success of the Metropolitan last season, was privately sung at the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon by a company from the Society of American Singers that William Hinshaw will send on tour with this opera, as he has previously with Mozart's "The Impresario." Again an English text of witty dialogue has been prepared by H. E. Krehbiel, who shared with the singers a hearty recall at the close of the matinee "dress rehearsal." The lyrics were translated by Rev. Marnaduke E. Browne.

While it is proposed ultimately to add a third opera, "The Seraglio," in a season of Mozart with full orchestral accompaniment in New York, the present production was sung with piano, as it will be on tour, the instrument being not only heard but seen plainly through an opening in the cloth-of-silver draperies at one side of the Princess stage, while the pianist appeared in costume as Mozart himself.

With Irene Williams and Kathleen Bibb as the two heroines of the comedy called in English "The School for Lovers," there appeared Judson House and Leo de Mierapolls as the suitors, Lillian Palmer as the maid and Pierre Remington as the friend who lays a wager on the ladies' loyalty. The piano, played by Stuart Ross, gave abundant support to the voices.

SINGER OF 16 A PRODIGY.

Marion Talley Heard at a Private Recital at the Metropolitan.

Marion Talley, a 16-year-old girl from Kansas City, sang at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday in a private audition at which were present not only Messrs. Otto H. Kahn, Gatti-Casazza, Rodanzky, Moranzoni and others of New York's opera company, but also Andreas Dippel, Nahon Franko and musicians of both this city and the young singer's home city. She was heard in Thomas's "Knowest Thou the Land," from "Mignon," and in two old florid airs, Benedict's "The Wren" and Ardit's "Kiss" waltz. Her parents were urged to continue quietly her education for some years yet, although her voice was pronounced to be that of a woman grown, a complete, "ripe" voice, such as the opera house has perhaps not heard from any young aspirant in recent years. Her music is not confined to singing, as she also plays the violin.

Miss Talley's fellow townsman proposed to raise a fund for her, but she asked to be permitted to earn it herself, and gave a concert at which \$10,000 was received. Her father, who is a telegrapher, and her mother accompanied her to New York, their departure being attended by a great crowd at the Kansas City Union Station. The Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisinger, who was returning on the same train, inquired the cause of the demonstration, and he was one of those who attended the local audition yesterday.

May Korb, Soprano, Applauded.

May Korb, coloratura soprano, found a responsive audience awaiting her initial appearance in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Persistent applause followed each of her songs. Her hearers would not let her go on with the program until she had repeated Decres's "L'Ombre des Arbres," and she was also obliged to sing "To a Messenger," by La Forge again. Miss Korb, aided by her personal charm, sang a group of songs by Beethoven, Paradies, Haydn and Mozart and successive groups of songs in German, French and English with spontaneity and delicacy. She proceeded through the challenging passages of Mozart's aria from "Il Seraglio" with ease and sang the words of Haydn's "Maid Song" with a clearness that made the book of words unnecessary.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

For the second time in less than two weeks Brahms's second symphony has been played in New York, namely, last evening by the Philharmonic Society. This is probably only one of many such duplications, triplications and more that will probably take place before the season is half through. It is doubtless a result of the large number of programs that have to be made up from the active repertory of orchestral works, or what the conductors consider the active repertory.

It was played last evening on the whole very well, and fared better than it has sometimes fared in the Philharmonic concerts of the recent past, except for some of Mr. Stransky's ideas in the matter of tempo, at least one of which is in direct contravention of what Brahms prescribed.

One of the new compositions that Mr. Stransky has provided so abundantly for this season's concerts was played and was found interesting, Leo Weiner's "Introduction and Scherzo," entitled "Prince Gsongo and the Gnomes," Op. 10. Weiner, a comparatively young Hungarian composer, has recently come to the attention of American music lovers through the string quartet with which he won the Berkshire Festival prize this year and which has recently been played in New York.

This orchestral piece is intended to depict an incident in a Hungarian fairy play, when the hero is called on to decide a dispute among the gnomes over a magic cloak, magic boots or magic whip. He proposes that the disputants race for them, and as they dash away he makes off with all the gear and is thereby enabled to travel where he will.

There is no minute picturing in the music. The slow introduction suggests the hero yearning for his love; the scherzo depicts with a certain mirthful vivacity the doings of gnomes in a manner that does not depart too widely from the accepted formulas for fairy music. Weiner in this, as in the quartet recently heard, takes no great part in the aggressive workings of the moderns. He has an individual utterance, as he has in the quartet, and his thematic material, if not strikingly original, is not without pregnant force. It must be said, however, that he begins to wear it somewhat threadbare in the scherzo, which is rather longer than its substance will warrant.

The piece had a brilliant and well-studied performance.

The soloist was Joseph Hollman, a Dutch cellist, who, at the age of 70, is among the veterans of his art, and who was heard in New York something like twenty-five years ago. He played Saint-Saens's first cello concerto in A minor; doubtless there are good reasons for his not offering the French composer's second, which is dedicated to him.

Mr. Hollman played with rather the "beaux reles" of a virtuoso's technique than with all that would naturally be demanded now. His tone is somewhat nasal in quality. He has a fluent technique as is necessary for the performance of this concerto, but his intonation is sometimes a bit sketchy, and he has a greater fondness for the portamento than is nowadays generally admired. But the veteran was much applauded for what he did.

The concert closed with Liszt's symphonic poem on Tasso.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY PLAYS

Damrosch Gives Beethoven's 'Eroica' and Wagner's 'Siegfried.'

As the New York Symphony Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch, played Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall one received a picture of a rather mild, well-mannered hero. The "Funeral March" missed grandeur by an inch. The "Scherzo" missed its calling by a foot. The "Funeral March" gives the soloist an opportunity to glorify his instrument. The performer of yesterday played with much feeling, but he had to strain his tone at times to be heard above the others. The last movement gave a taste of Beethoven's idea of a great hero.

A conductor of Walter Damrosch's sure taste as a program maker must have had a good reason for placing the third scene of the third act of Wagner's "Siegfried" on a concert program. Possibly it was a struggle between the aesthetic ideal and expediency, and expediency won. Brünnhilde's part was played by Mme. Elsa Stralia and Siegfried by Richard Crooks. Mme. Stralia is a thoroughly orthodox Brünnhilde, with a voice of adequate expressive power in the middle and upper registers, but of uncertain quality in the lower register. Except for an occasional tendency to tighten her throat and force her ascending notes, she sang well. Mr. Crooks's voice is fresh and elastic, but scarcely has the power expected in a heroic tenor. Several times he had difficulty in making himself heard above the orchestra. The intonation and diction of both singers were excellent. Considering that they sang without the scenic appurtenances of the opera house and the atmosphere incidental to such a setting, their performance was creditable. The orchestra played the Siegfried excerpt with verve and good tone. The listeners were especially pleased by the Wagner item.

John Charles Thomas Sings Again.

John Charles Thomas, in his second recital of baritone songs at Aeolian Hall yesterday, gave serious tone to the

mathematics start with Beethoven's "Benedict," "Ich Liebe Dich" and "In Questa Tomba," his voice fulfilling the music's exacting demand like new wine in old bottles, already rich in flavor yet ripening with time. He ventured in another field the operatic aria from "Zaza," "Don Carlos" and the "Edel Tu" from "Masked Ball." William Janaschek accompanied him also, in Augustus Holmström's "An Pays," Pearsall's requested "Requiem du Gouat," Sidney Homer's "The Pauper's Drive" and a new "Nocturne" dedicated to Mr. Thomas by Pearl Curran.

Margrit Werle's Recital.

A comely and consummate young cellist, Miss Margrit Werle, gave a very commendable recital before a considerable audience at Aeolian Hall last evening. Of fine presence and commanding poise, she also scored a distinct artistic success with an attentive and knowing audience. A brief but well-chosen program showed her at her best in Volkmann's Concerto in A-minor, and also the gorgeous Adagio from a Haydn Sonata. She played the "Tempo de Minuetto" from the same composition, two numbers by Glazounov, Faure's "Elegie," and "The Dance of the Elves" with great dexterity, much feeling and a fine sense of rhythm. Louis Robert was at the piano.

Margrit Werle's 'Cello Recital.

The ingredients of the violoncello recital played by Margrit Werle in Aeolian Hall last evening were chosen from the composition of Haydn, Volkmann, Bruch, Glazounoff, Faure and Popper. Miss Werle played the passages of Volkmann's Concerto in A-minor Op. 33 requiring highly developed technical skill with brilliance and verve. There were depth and color of tone in the fervent playing of Bruch's "Kol Nidrel," which incited the most applause of the program.

Evidently Margrit Werle, last night's debutante cellist at Aeolian Hall, does not believe in letting her right hand know what her left is doing, for the former member has been left far behind in improvement as compared with the latter. Her work last night was marked chiefly by good fingering, but greatly inferior use of the bow. As a result, her tone was generally dry and uncertain, and one heard many notes that had not been written into the compositions.

Two movements from a Haydn sonata began the offering and Miss Werle proved herself better in the second one, a minuet, since the tempo did not call for sustained and legro bowing.

Volkmann's A minor concerto was agreeable in the agitato passages, but the harmonies would creep in most unwelcomely. Bruch's Kol Nidrel and a group by Glazounov, Faure and the inevitable Popper closed the bill. Miss Werle needs more technical training before she can command the most serious attention. A. C.

Syrian Benefit Concert.

Under the auspices of the Orphan Relief for Syria, a concert was given at Town Hall last evening to raise funds for 2,000 orphan, blind and crippled children of Syria. Miss Jewel Bethany and Edwin Hughes played Arensky suite for two pianos; Miss Greta Torpadie sang songs by Schubert and Schumann; Miss Anna Fried, violinist, played Paganini's D-major Concerto; Miss Marion Telva sang an operatic aria; Max Bloch sang a group of songs, and there were other numbers by each of the artists named.

RECITAL AT WANAMAKER'S.

Courboin Plays on New Great Organ.

A richly subdued glow from red and yellow lights fell over the stage in the Wanamaker Auditorium yesterday where stood, between standards holding American and Belgian flags, the new great organ on which Charles Courboin of Antwerp Cathedral, played his fifth recital with a large audience in a theater otherwise darkened.

The works he performed were Bach's G minor fantasy and fugue; "Dreams" from Guilman's seventh sonata, an "In temezzo" from Widor, "the dean of French organists"; the variations and fugue by William Herwald, who is professor of music at Syracuse University; a "Scherzo Cantabile" by Lefschre-Wely, 1817-1869, and known as a brilliant improvisateur; Wagner's "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde" and Widor's brilliant toccata from his fifth symphony, which employs the full tone-resources of the organ.

Blind Violinist Plays.

Nov 10, 1922

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Concert.

Having been properly prepared, one
may easily enjoy a pleasant while
Mr. Wren's of the agreeable in

The orchestra numbers were the second symphony of Brahms and Liszt's "Tasso." It was a good night for Brahms. The Philharmonic musicians played the symphony beautifully, very beautifully indeed, and for this performance they received the loud expression of approval of the entire assembly.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Mrs. Stralla was less successful. Her voice is enormous in volume, and its range is such that she had no perceptible difficulties with the vocal requirements of Bruennhilde; but she brought little to the part except the voice. It was a good oratorio performance, but nothing more, given in German that had a strong Anglo-Saxon tinge. She handicapped herself, moreover, by reading the notes from a score, whereas Mr. Crooks had taken the trouble to commit his part to memory.

The respectable part of the evening was devoted to Saint-Saëns's first cello concerto, conscientiously played by Joseph Holman. Liszt's 'Tasso' provided a popular finish.

Evelione Taglione, the sixteen-year-old pianist who appeared in recital at Town Hall last evening, fittingly chose Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood" as the opening group of her program. She also played, in an immature style but with a certain brightness, compositions of Chopin, Debussy, Leginska, Beethoven and Ravel. Leginska's "Cradle Song" was heard for the first time in a New York concert hall last evening. It is distracting and meaningless in its constant changing of moods and keys. Miss Taglione proved equal to the technical requirements of Beethoven's A-flat sonata and played the enthusiastically applauded Debussy group with facility.

By H. E. Kretzbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)
Following the example of Rubinstein and other great pianists, Mr. Ernest Hutcheson has planned a series of historical recitals for this season. The first recital was given in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon and was devoted to music by Johann Sebastian Bach. In four recitals which are to follow the compositions will be by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. So far as the printed list went—that is to say, down to the time when he found it necessary to give a supplemental recital to satisfy the hunger for more created by his admirable playing—Mr. Hutcheson presented Bach's music as nearly as possible in the original package, to use a mercantile phrase, and adhered to the original text of the master. He played the English Suite in G minor, five Preludes and Fugues from "The Well-tempered Clavichord" (or Clavier) to use a term which covers both of the keyboard instruments of Bach's

In the music originally written for the clavier Mr. Hutcheson adapted in manner of playing to the style of the compositions and permitted them to retain their eighteenth century spirit. Had he used the old instruments instead of the modern pianoforte the fancy the music would have sound as it did to the mortal ear of the immortal composer. There was no display of virtuosity or sensational "pianism." Alternately we heard the sustained tone, the expressive cantabile which was possible on the cavacho and the clear, crisp staccato characteristic of the harpsichord—the two instruments which were the progenitors of the pianoforte. Always we had delightfully lucid and sweet, sound as a sane exposition of the music, the sign of a scholarship which was profound but never pedantic or professorial.

In the Francoeur work the simple opening strophes were executed with that restraint which is the hallmark of the artist, and the following tarantelle ran like water from under the bow, sparkling, liquid and alive. The familiar rondino was as rich as rose and wine, neither of them sugared. One did not mind having heard 10,000 times before. One thing: M. Morini could improve her recitation; yesterday they were not so to the standard she set in the rest of her work.

At Carnegie the brothers Damrosch were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Young People's Symphony with a program including Beethoven's eighth, Saint-Saens's concerto in C minor (Alfred Cortot soloist) and the by now famous humorous "Carnival des Animaux." The last is a continued delight, and yesterday the "stars," Frank Damrosch who conducted, and Alfred Cortot, Walter Damrosch, who took the piano parts, enjoyed it as much as the youthful audience. Walter Damrosch's piano roared magnificently the lions went parading, the people looking about the hall in triumph after each glorious arpeggio. It is amusing to see a fine artist like Cortot do yeoman duty tearing cadenzas up and down the keyboard to represent the wild asses cantering on their native plain, or playing lentissimo the celebrated car from Offenbach's "Orfée aux Enfers" travestied in the "Turtie March."

Before this suite, Walter Damrosch accepting a bouquet of roses presented to him by some mothers (and grandmothers) who were young people at the first concerts, made a delightful speech in eulogy of his elder brother Frank, under whose tutelage the series had their beginning. It was a gay, juvenile day at which everybody had a wonderful time.

nor, Last night in the same hall The Philharmonic played Chadw
vior, "Jubilee," from the Symp
n of Sketches in memory of Armistice
ach's and with Arthur Shattuck as s

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society gives a series of concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House just to keep the place warm while the opera company is in Brooklyn or Philadelphia. This series therefore busies itself on Tuesday nights, and the first concert was that of last evening.

The program was comprised of well tried Philharmonic music, such as would endure the test of transportation from Carnegie Hall to Broadway and Fortieth street. The numbers were the Bach-Abert prelude, choral and fugue; Dr. Antonin Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Tchaikovsky's fantasia, "Francesca di Rimini," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the dance from Strauss "Salome," long banished from that stage.

There was nothing in this list to demand comment, and the chroniclers of musical doings were driven to studious contemplation of the new concert scene painted by Joseph Urban. Parts of this scene were concealed by tapestries, but the central panel, which stood forth in glory, gave thought.

The chroniclers held a mass meeting in the lobby and tried vainly to decide whether it represented Morris Gest's "Chauve Souris" actors engaged in a tug of war or a Grecian snake dance designed spontaneously last Saturday afternoon by Big Bill Edwards in the Harvard Stadium.

While conducting the concert Josef Stransky had to stand face to face with the panel, but apparently it achieved no effect on his steady nerves. He directed the performance of the five numbers in precisely the same way as he has directed them in Carnegie Hall. They did not sound just the same, but orchestras have a way of sounding differently in different auditoriums. The audience was of good size and evidently well pleased.

ETHEL GROW IN SONGS.

Contralto Gives Enjoyable Recital Here.

Miss Ethel Grow, a contralto, who lives in New York and was heard here last season, gave an entertainment styled a "song recital of American compositions" last evening in Aeolian Hall, with Charles Albert Baker, accompanist. The program, containing the names of twenty-six American composers, was the result, it was said, of a year's extensive research on the part of Miss Grow in the field of American lyrics. During this period "she has tried out hundreds of compositions" and, other than those given last night, she says she has in reserve enough American songs to make up several more programs.

Her comprehensive list began with Mulligan's arrangement of the "O'er the Hills," by Francis Hopkinson, and further included John Mokrejs's "Evening Song," Kramer's "The Crystal Gazer," Beah's "Twilight" and songs by Eric Do Lamarier, Jane Cathcart and Sharp, Deems Taylor's "A Song for Lovers" was given, and so was a new song by Horace Johnson called "Fragments." Two Kentucky mountain songs from the Wyman-Brockway collection were listed, although they are of English and not American origin.

Miss Grow sang with dignity, repose and sincerity. Her voice lacked freshness and she frequently lost the pitch. These detrimental features naturally impaired the listener's enjoyment of the songs. A new aria by Henry Holden Huss entitled, "Cleopatra's Death," with words from Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," was the most important number in the program. The spirit of its music is well paired to the words, the piano accompaniment being especially fine.

Miss Grow sang this aria with appropriate dignity and a good diction. Mr. Baker gave the singer admirable support at the piano.

RUSSIAN TENOR SINGS.

Dimitry Dobkin, Russian tenor, with Giuseppe Bamboschek at the piano, gave a song recital in the Town Hall last evening. In addition to his offering of Russian, Swedish and English songs, Mr. Dobkin rendered the Grail narrative from "Lohengrin," Elzevir's aria from "La Juive" and Lensky's aria from "Eugenie Onegin," by Tchaikovsky. The violin obligato for Mana-Zucca's "I Shall Know," and a song by Mr. Dobkin, "Schlaff, Mein Kind," was played by Miss Marie Deutscher. Mr. Dobkin's rendering of Russian songs was evidently very pleasing to a demonstrative audience.

Scalero's Musical Experiment

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Sunday afternoon exercises of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday served to introduce to a little audience a suite for string quartet and string orchestra composed by Carlo Scalero, professor of composition in the Mannes school of music in this city. Mr. Scalero was born in Milan, and as a violinist studied with Paganini, the only pupil of Paganini. He has written a considerable quantity of music and also a historical work entitled "The Italian Art of the Violin."

The instructive program notes of the Symphony Society inform us that "The Suite in G minor, opus 20, is an ingenious and musically experiment in contrasting antiphonally a solo string quartet with an orchestra of strings." Dodecaphonic old men who have heard much of the old and Bach will wonder wherein lies the experiment of writing in a modified concerto grosso form. But his ideal facts carry little weight in these days. Old masters are "dead ones," and the spirit of the day lays its adoration before only "live wires."

Therefore, assuming that Mr. Scalero has made a novel experiment, one is even to wonder why he was so timid about it. If a composer sets out to make a string quartet sing antiphonally to a string orchestra, why not make a individuality as a quartet stand forth unmistakably? In the work heard yesterday the quartet operated much of the time as separate solo voices and was frequently buried in the tutti.

However, these are matters to be determined by a professor of composition. He designs the work in that shape that is his design and there is no more to be said. But possibly the audience which received the composition with kindness may have thought that it lacked pointed musical interest. Even the second movement, a set of variations on a theme from Schumann's "Album for the Young," did not disclose any large measure of invention or stimulating play of fancy. It was all substantial in texture, but it will probably not claim a lasting place in local concert repertoires.

The B flat symphony of Glazunov, played at a recent Thursday concert of the society in Carnegie Hall, had a reputation. It pleased the audience. Once upon a time a newspaper man went about interviewing people in various walks of life on the theme "What is popular music?" With one accord they answered, "The music we all know and love." Glazunov's symphony contains many old and long beloved themes borrowed from other writers. Perhaps that is why audiences like it.

The solo number of the concert, placed at the end of the program, was the C minor piano concerto of Saint-Saens, in which Alfred Cortot was the solo player. The concerto is an old friend, and nothing need be recorded beyond the pleasant fact that Mr. Cortot brought to its interpretation a wide range of power and color, used with the nice discrimination of a sensitive and highly trained artist.

MISS LYON GIVES FIRST RECITAL DESPITE COLD

Miss Elsie Lyon, contralto, assisted by Kurt Schindler, accompanist, gave her first song recital here yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. The singer was identically much hampered by a cold, but despite of this almost constant obstacle she was able, with Mr. Schindler's excellent assistance at the piano, to sing her way through a difficult program and thereby make an impression unusually favorable upon the many listeners who heard her. She disclosed a fine voice, of power and, for the most part, only produced. The quality of her voice was not even, and this was in part due to her temporary vocal condition and part to incorrect tone production. This set, and some forcing, caused her an frequent loss of pitch when she used her upper tones. Her German diction was good, and so was her French, this language being heard in an encore, the familiar air from "Samson et Dalila." Her style was thoroughly musical and capable of fine dramatic interpretation. Her opening aria from Gluck's "Alceste" is not so well delivered, one drawback being found in some unfamiliarity with the words of the text.

Among the songs she sang especially well were "Helmweg," by Hugo Kaun; Schubert's "Lilancy," Brahms's "O wusst ich doch den Weg zurueck" and Schumann's "In the Silence of the Night." In a group of lyrics by Blaurich, Rasbach and Stickle was one (new) by the last named composer entitled "Birth."

ELMAN'S FIANCEE AT RECITAL.

Yasha Elinan, following his return after two years' absence, gave his third recital here this season last night in the Hippodrome. The auditorium was filled and much applause and many encores were in order throughout the evening. The violinist's program comprised Handel's sonata in E major, Mendelssohn's concerto, five shorter pieces with his own arrangement of Faure's "Apres un Reve" and including the "Souvenir de Moscow" by Wieniawski.

Mr. Elinan played with remarkable brilliancy and much musical feeling. In fact he was at his best in his general performance. And usually, as has been noticed when on the concert stage, he is wont to wear a somewhat somber expression of countenance. Last night, however, he looked exceedingly happy. The cause for this was not difficult to find, for sitting in a box to the right of the stage was Miss Mildred Stone, the lovely young American girl to whom his engagement had been publicly announced yesterday.

Russian Soprano Is Heard.

Olga Cristolevianu, a soprano recently from Russia, appeared last evening at a concert given by Giuseppe Mauro and others at the Town Hall. She was heard in arias from "Tosca" and from Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil." Mr. Mauro gave tenor arias from "L'Africaine" and "Lugliacel," and with Carmine Lambiase, baritone, a duet from "Forza del Destino."

Miss Kremer Renders Offerings in Several Languages.

Isa Kremer, "international balladist," assisted by Yasha Bunchuk, cellist, gave her third recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Her offerings consisted of French, Russian, Italian, Jewish and Greek ballads.

No simple standards of musical criticism can apply to Miss Kremer; one would need the services of a dramatic critic and elocutionist. A charming personality, strong dramatic powers and a lack of all affectation render her ballads most effective. On might say that Miss Kremer's vocal assets are limited and that her voice is at times harsh and unmusical. But these very qualities, or lack of qualities, only serve to heighten her dramatic appeal.

A Russian ballad, "Tarantella," and an Arabian song, "Yasmenah," sung in Russian, were delightful. Kurt Hetzel accompanied Miss Kremer.

Yasha Bunchuk played two groups of songs, a sonata by Akeles, Glazunov's "Spanish Serenade," and selections by Rachmaninoff, Popper and Kalimukoff.

Giuseppe Mauro Concert.

Giuseppe Mauro, dramatic tenor, gave a long and eventful song concert at Town Hall last evening, which was largely attended by the students, patrons and friends of his well-known school of singing. Maestro Mauro was aptly assisted by Mlle. Olga Cristolevianu, soprano; Carmine Lambiase, baritone; Mlle. Desdemona Zelezi, soprano; Salvatore Maglio, baritone; Mlle. Fannie Epstein, soprano; Gustave Sanfelice, basso, and Mlle. Giovannini Alico, soprano, all of whom are pupils of Maestro Mauro. Professor Domenico Gerardi and Miss Teresina Mauro were at the piano.

German Benefit Concert.

At the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon an almost unheralded but, as it proved, splendid concert loomed up with Mme. Julia Claussen and Carl Schlegel of the Metropolitan Opera Company as the principal soloists. The program announced it as a charity concert in honor of Dr. A. Hagedorn "and in aid of the needy and destitute of Germany and Austria." Mme. Claussen sang an aria from "La Gioconda" and numbers by Brahms, Schubert and Schumann. Mr. Schlegel's fine baritone was heard in Schubert's "Ave Maria" and numbers by Schumann and Kaun, and Miss Elsa Riefflin sang three songs by Schumann. Dr. Karl Riedel was at the piano. The orchestra played selections from Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhauser." Oscar Ziegler appeared as soloist in Liszt's concerto for piano with orchestra.

Jeritza Scores "Tosca" at

By H. E. Krehbiel

It has been a commonplace for more than a generation to describe the first night of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House as a brilliant affair. Considering that fashion's decree says that it must be such, it does not matter much what the artistic character of the incident is. But, as a matter of fact, it has been the rule of the management to meet society on the territory honorable to both it and to art. It did so in the regime of Mr. Grau, even when the joint appearance of such favorites (universal as well as

social) as Jean de Reszke and Mme. Emma Eames was an essential factor and the opera had to be either "Faust" or "Roméo et Juliette." It did so on a more memorable occasion when the opera was "Tristan und Isolde."

The opening last night was made memorable not because either the opera or the principal performer was a favorite established by the tradition of years. The opera was "Tosca," which has long been admired, but the singer who doubtless caused it to be chosen for the occasion was a young artist with whom New York's opera-lovers have been acquainted for only one season. It was Mme. Jeritza, and to her is due the large measure of credit for having put dramatic and musical vitality into the work that senses and emotions were again set a-thrill as they were when she first disclosed her extraordinary powers as a singing tragedienne so potently that one who had recorded the happenings at the theater since its opening night in 1883 was compelled to state that he had not witnessed such a scene of spontaneous enthusiasm as that called forth by her performance in the second act in all his experience.

Every Loss Brings Its Gain

That incident, it will easily be remembered, resulted in what some good but partisan minded people affected to believe was a revolution in the affairs of the institution. Of course, it was not. The public is too old, too experienced and too wise not to know that neither the goings nor the comings of individual artists disturb the foundations of opera in New York. They have learned that every loss brings with it its compensation and that, as in this instance, the law operates for the eventual good of art.

But, while putting down the record that "Tosca" was performed last night, and performed, too, with artists who had repeatedly been heard in their parts last season, let it also be said that it was a delight to recognize that there was no reversal, but an emphatic confirmation of the enthusiastic judgment expressed last season; that there was cordial recognition of the fact that Puccini's opera was represented with an excellence in every department, except, possibly, the decorative, conventional, and the lyric drama are much more indifferent than the management thinks. Nobody cares to analyze the architectural singularities of the interior of the Church of St. Andrea della Valle, or the conduct of the worshippers that gather in it, or the ministrants at its service. Nobody cares much about the tawdry commonplaces of much of Puccini's music. But there can never be indifference to a scene like that of Floria Tosca's moment of agony, when, having agreed to pay the price of her lover's freedom, she sings her heart out prone on the floor, and with every tone so saturated with emotion that her hearers' hearts lose their regularity, alternately quickening and retarding their normal pace. Here it is almost impossible to speak of aesthetic pleasure, for the sensation becomes almost a pain.

Audience Is Moved

And so throughout the scene till its melodramatic denouement. Tosca's physical lassitude after very exhausting mental and moral struggle was reflected in the utterance of her words; every recovery also in the volume and timbre of her tones and their varied gradations. As was remarked here a year ago, the audience did not merely see and hear a drama—it experienced one when the opera was sung by Mme. Jeritza's predecessors—Ternina, Eames, Fremstadt, Farrar—admirable as all these were in details of the play and music.

No more need be said here save a mention in accents of praise for the

other performers in the opera—Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Scotti, Mr. d'Angelo, Mr. Malatesta, Mr. Patrinieri, Mr. Reschiglian, Mr. Leonhardt, Miss Cecil Arden, and, by no means least, Mr. Moranzoni, the conductor.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tosca," by Puccini; a tragic opera in three acts; sung in Italian.

The Cast.

Floria Tosca.....Mme. Jeritza
Mario Cavaradossi.....Giovanni Martinelli
Baron Scarpia.....Antonio Scotti
Cesare Angelotti.....Louis d'Angelo
The Sacristan.....Pomplilio Malatesta
Spoleto.....Giordano Patrinieri
Sciurone.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
A Jailer.....Robert Leonhardt
A Shepherd.....Cecil Arden
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

"Tosca's" American History.

Puccini's "Tosca" was performed for the first time in this country on February 4, 1901, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Incidentally it may be mentioned that one Giuseppe Verdi had died on the previous January 27. The original Floria Tosca was Milka Ternina, the Cavaradossi was Cremonini, the Sacristan Mr. Gilbert and Scarpia Antonio Scotti. It was briefly

1922

Challapin in "Boris Godunoff."

BORIS GODUNOFF, opera in three acts and eight scenes, sung in Italian and Russian, the latter from the composer's text, founded on the drama by Pushkin. Music by Modeste Moussorgsky. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Boris Feodor Chaliapin
 Teodoro Raymond DeLaunoy
 Xenia Ellen Dalossy
 The Nurse Flora Perini
 Schoulsky Angelo Bada
 Tchelkaloff Carl Schiegl
 Frother Pimenn Jose Mardones
 Pimliri Orville Harrold
 Marina Margarete Matzenauer
 Varlaam Paolo Ananlan
 Missail Pietro Audisio
 The Innkeeper Henriette Wakefield
 The Simpleton Giordano Patrineri
 A Police Official Louis D'Angelo
 Lovitzky Vincenzo Reschiglian
 Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Operas which have established themselves soundly in the favor of the New York public have done so without the help of any one singer or the aid of stage pictures. In fact, more operas which were brought out to exploit a composer, a publisher, a performer or beautiful mise en scene within the last twenty years have died for other reasons than those gone into the limbo of forgotten things because they were denied these adventitious helps; and most of the operas that have lived have lived in spite of rather than because of them.

"Boris Godunoff" is a case in point. It was vital before Mr. Chaliapin came, remained vital after its scenery, concerning which much nonsense was written because it was composed and painted in Russia, became the shabby show that it now is, and will remain vital after the great dramatic singer (for that he is) is gone. This is not to say that Mr. Chaliapin is not supreme among the representatives of the operatic Macbeth. He is that, but we think that the finest tribute which New York has yet paid to Moussorgsky's great lyric drama was paid last night, when the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House (barring the occupants of most of the boxes, who timed their coming to be synchronous with the appearance of Mr. Chaliapin on the stage) disclosed sincere enjoyment of the opera for its own sake.

No Clamoring Crowd

Last season the production of "Boris" was a sensational incident; last night it was accepted as a matter of course. There was no crowd clamoring for admittance at the doors and clamoring in vain. All who came found room within, and some who came without tickets purchased in advance found that they could be had at the agencies hard by, and at a reduction instead of a premium.

This indicates a normal attitude which makes for the good and the permanency of art. It does not cast the least reflection upon the artist, the opera or the performance. All were admirable as ever, and the impression made by the tragic power of Mr. Chaliapin's singing, when he sang; his elocution when he left the region of

song and entered that of melodrama (properly so-called), as he did in his two great scenes, was tremendously moving, supremely pathetic, thrilling in the extreme. Every word, every tone, every pose, every gesture, every reflection of his feelings in his features, was something to quicken the high faculty of imagination, not merely to charm the senses or warm the fancy.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

There are eight scenes in Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff;" and after the performance, reading over the program, you realize with something of a shock that Chaliapin appeared in only three of them. For your memories are all of Chaliapin—or Boris; it does not matter. They are one and the same.

Boris, in his coronation robe, standing on the steps of the Cathedral of the Archangels, amid the glitter and tinkle of the gold pieces showered by his courtiers upon the shouting mass of his people. Boris, in a marvellous black and gold kaftan, gliding in like a tall shadow to startle his children at play in the Kremlin. Boris, pacing the floor, with his little daughter, proud and fearful, trying with all her childish might to encircle his huge waist with her small arm. Boris, blanched with remorse and horror,

groveling pitifully before the unseen apparition of the murdered Dimitri. Boris, in the great hall of the Duma, prone in the midst of his terrified councillors, struggling dumbly and blindly for one last sight of his little son, and dying in great loneliness. As Chaliapin sings the role, there is only Boris.

There is something in the personality of this man that is almost frightening—in its overwhelming power of conviction. It is not his huge stature, not his expression, not his voice. It is all of them combined, and something more. He is like a force of Nature. He does more than give a great performance in "Boris," for he strikes deeper than acting and singing alone could strike. For the hour at least, one is in the presence of inspiration; there is a sort of divinity in the man.

Last night's was his first appearance of the season and he held his audience spellbound, as he did last year. His voice is in perfect condition. Last season he was troubled almost continually with laryngitis, which often interfered with his top notes. His voice now is a marvel of tonal beauty and expressiveness throughout. He received a thunderous greeting after every act, even the players in the orchestra rising to applaud and cheer him.

The performance was otherwise a familiar, and, with a few exceptions, an undistinguished one. The few included, first and foremost, Mr. Bada, who played Shoulsky superbly; Mr. Ananlan, excellent Varlaam, and Mme. Matzenauer, who entered magically slim and sang Marina exceptionally well. Mr. Harrold was likewise good as Dimitri.

Golovine's scenery is as fine as ever in design, but looked shamefully worn. The inn scene had seemingly been repainted, but the convent wall in the first act looked as if it had been used for a tarpaulin. The chorus sang rather well, but was inclined to stand around aimlessly, and was much too obviously attentive to the conductor. Mr. Papi conducted—that is, he gave the orchestra players their cues and beat time with remorseless regularity.

OTHER MUSIC.

At the Town Hall last night, the occasion being the first of a series of "American Artists' Concerts," were heard a good pianist and two vocal soloists who were—not so good. The pianist was Mme. Margaret Nikoloric; the vocalists were J. Steel Jamison, tenor, and Walter Mills, baritone.

Mme. Nikoloric offered Rachmaninoff's prelude in G minor, to which, in spite of transitions that were rather too abrupt, she gave a vigorous, clear cut reading. In the two succeeding numbers, Debussy's "La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune" and Chopin's A minor etude, she was plainly beyond her depth.

She has vitality and vigor, and from her ten dextrous fingers may come many a technical victory. But when she ventures into the illusive and subtle, she either treats them too obviously or, as in the beginning of the Debussy number last night, over-pedals and gets a jumbled, hazy effect. Heroic works should be her forte; she has authority and technique and verve for very notable accomplishment in those fields. Two Brahms waltzes and numbers by Ornstein, Cowell and Paganini completed her part of the program.

Mr. Jamison is a tenor who likes to use falsetto to save labor. There was plenty of it last night in his opening group—Italian classics with a dash of Mendelssohn thrown in for good measure. He also used the "larmoyante" plentifully, which is very easy when a voice is made, as his appears to be, in the vicinity of the tonsils. Mr. Jamison's closing group was composed of two Strauss Lieder and a number each by Schubert, MacDowell and MacDermitt.

Mr. Mills, despite his apparent conception that the way to sing Italian classics is to be as mechanical as possible, produces some excellent middle tones. But aloft the voice is thin, and far below decks it becomes an unmelodic rumble. His breathing is good, and he possesses a pleasing personality. Isadora Duncan, at Carnegie Hall, danced a temporary farewell program to her usual vociferous house. Schubert, Wagner and Schumann supplied the works, and as before, Modest Altschuler's Russian Symphony Orchestra assisted.

"METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE"—"L'Amore del tre Re," a tragic opera in three acts by Italo Montemezzi. Sung in Italian.

The Cast.

Archibaldo Adamo Didur
 Manfredo Giuseppe Danise
 Avito Edward Johnson
 Plamin Giordano Patrineri
 A Youth Pietro Audisio
 Flora Lucrezia Bori
 A Maid Grace Anthony
 A Young Woman Laura Robertson
 An Old Woman Henrietta Wakefield
 The Shepherd's Voice Cecil Arden
 Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

It was evident from the first announcement that Mr. Gatti intended to make the first week of this season at the Metropolitan notable for the excellence of the repertoire as well as the representations. The first night brought us one of the most striking and characteristic of modern operas—"Boris Godunoff"—with an interpreter of the titular hero who, we can well believe, is peerless in the role. The second performance, that of last night, was devoted to "L'Amore dei tre Re," a newer work, but one that we still believe, as we said when it had its first production here, is the finest creation that has come out of Italy since Verdi's "Falstaff." If Signor Montemezzi, its composer, were to give the world another opera equal to it in strength and beauty we would willingly yield up to silence half a dozen works which are likely to be heard this season, including the promised German and Italian novelties, though we do not know how admirable they may turn out to be.

There is nothing new to be said about "L'Amore dei tre Re" as a dramatic and musical composition. It has held its own in the Metropolitan list while a dozen or more novelties and "revivals" have been put upon the shelf since Mr. Gatti's local operatic consulate began. That fact speaks in emphatic commendation of it. But it is always a pleasurable duty to record a performance commensurate with its merits. Such a performance it received last night, when Senorita Lucrezia Bori, Giuseppe Danise and Adamo Didur presented three of the principal characters in the fine and finished manner with which earlier performances had made us familiar, and were helped in their interpretation of Benelli's poetic drama and Montemezzi's dramatic music by Mr. Moranzoni and his excellent orchestra. The new feature in the performance was Mr. Edward Johnson's impersonation of the lover, Avito. In a sense that was not wholly new, for the singer had been seen and heard in the opera at representations by the Chicago Opera Company. But, though we would not churlishly apply to those representations the old adage (Biblical, is it not?) that "evil communications corrupt good manners," we may at least use the variant that good associations improve them. Mr. Johnson's fine voice and manly style profited by his new surroundings and the delightful companionship of Miss Bori and her fellows. He could scarcely have had a more gracious introduction to the Metropolitan company than he received, or a finer welcome from an audience keenly appreciative of the opera.

A new orchestral composition had its first American performance at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Strinsky, at Carnegie Hall last night. It was a symphonic poem entitled "Golgotha," by Alexander Savine, a Serbian by birth, but now a prospective American citizen and a resident of the Borough of Brooklyn. For a space before the war he was in America and became slightly known in New York as a singer and better in some Canadian cities as teacher and conductor. He is not a novice as a composer, though we question that the composition heard last night will stamp him as one of high rank. "Golgotha" is a symphonic poem for whose poetical impulse Mr. Savine went to a Serbian poet named Mileta Jaksic, which tells of the darkness, silence and oppressive intimations which brooded over the world before the crucifixion of Christ, the burden of sin weighing on mankind, the great

tragedy on the Place of Skulls and for a conclusion the resurrection and universal joy at the redemption of mankind. So much we gather from the program note supplied by the composer. It is much more than our senses and fancy permitted us to hear in the music, the most original effect of which seemed to us the dissonant chord sustained in violin harmonics, as a sort of chordal pedal point during the exposition of the thematic material. This material was much less striking, much less appealing to the imagination, much less alluring to the ear. The work is finely sonorous in parts, but sounded like a compages of fragments rather than a logically and consistently developed poem. With all its tintinnabulatory effects and bell peals at the close it never became a canticle of joy.

By Deems Taylor

There was only one doubt, and it was not a very serious one, in the mind of those who had heard Edward Johnson sing with the Chicago Opera Company, and that was whether he could cope, vocally, with the Metropolitan's vast dimensions. At doubt lasted not two minutes after Mr. Johnson had made his first entrance in "L'Amore dei Tre Re" last night. Not only can he fill the house but he can fill it without forcing it without sacrificing the subtlest detail of his superb singing.

We ought to be proud of this American tenor. He has a beautiful voice, even by the Metropolitan's difficult standards; he has stature, grace and looks, and he has dramatic talent that would take him far even on the spoken stage. He gave a memorable performance of Avito last night, singing with variety and exquisite finish and acting the role with all the fire and tenderness that it demands and so seldom receives.

It may have been the inspiration of Mr. Johnson's work, or it may have been a summer's rest; whatever the cause, Miss Bori sang Flora ravishingly. She seemed a little nervous at first, and her voice had a suspicion of edge to it that was disquieting, but by the time she reached her second act scene with Avito she was singing flawlessly, with a brilliance and passionate warmth of tone that, coupled with Johnson's singing, made the scene one of thrilling beauty.

She seems happily to have returned to her old conception of the part. Last year her Flora was a little immature, a little too sophisticated. Benelli's driven heroine. Last night she was again the helpless, tragic girl, fighting her love, and dying for it—the Flora that she was at first the one we all remember.

Brilliance that "cheers but does not inebriate" was the outstanding feature of Julia Glass's piano recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. This young artist has much sparkle and glitter at her fingertips, and when the occasion is a Liszt show-piece, something similar, the result, if not amazing, is clearly heartening. Yesterday, after a Bach Toccata and some Raff variations, and a Chopin sonata (the largo of which, by the way, was as dull and aimless as the finale was interesting) she turned the fireworks with a group of she numbers so that the hearer forgot her everything.

In a Brahms capriccio she ran the gamut of color, ending with incontrovertible proof that she could play the slower tempi well by closing with the most effective cantabile. Then came the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, Hark," in which Miss Glass overtook the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, Hark" until she could muster. The result was much applauded. Moszkowski's "Etincelles," the bushel of staccato rose better-sketched from the keys with a delicacy, yet vitality that marked the pitch of ability. She has a fine flair for the sort of thing. Everybody liked Chopin's C sharp minor scherzo and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody closed the day.

Tschalkovsky's Fifth occupied the major part of the Philharmonic's program last night at Carnegie Hall, but it was the novelty of the evening which commanded the most attention. A first hearing was afforded to the symphonic poem, "Golgotha," by the Serbian composer, Alexander Savine. This was the first of Mr. Savine's works to be heard in the United States, although he has, at the age of forty-one, composed two operas, four symphonic poems and a rhapsody.

A 18 1922

Orphan... Laura... Bradley and...
Muriel Tindal
Gloriano Paltrinieri
Raffaele Lippartini
Virginia Mitchell
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky.

By W. G. HENDERSON.

Richard Strauss was restored to the
of the Metropolitan Opera House
last night when his comic opera
"Rosenkavalier" enjoyed a vivacious
revival. It was an evening of
unusual and even exciting delights.
The opera itself, famous for its salacious
story, its Viennese waltzes and
sporadic flights into regions of real
drama, had disappeared from the
repertory of the house in the season
1916-1917.
It had been produced on December
1913, and had held its place partly
because of public interest in the remarkable
impersonation of the Princess by
Miss Hempel, partly because some of
the music pleased operagoers and
partly because the distinguished Dr.
Hempel had a well drawn contract. It
was conducted into outer darkness
because of the blatant conversation
and the hostile attitude of certain
members of the cast whose
friction with the lyric theater had
been severe.
The evening ceased and friendly
relations having been reestablished,
the last evening served not
to provide the Metropolitan with
much needed refreshment of its
worn stock but also to in-
clude some of the new German
members of the company. Paul Ben-
jamin appeared as the vulgar Baron, for-
getfully impersonated by the obnoxious
Hitz and Gustav Schuetzenzendorf in-
stead of the late Hermann Well as
Laninal.

There was also an opportunity to
see Mme. Jeritza as the ardent
Octavian, replacing the happily
acted Mme. Ober, and Mme. Flor-
ence Easton as the disillusioned Prin-
cess. Of these a word later. The ab-
solving work of art demands first at-
tention.

Examination of the unblushing
edged Hofmannsthal and Strauss
the nine years which have
passed since its production at the
Metropolitan and the six which have
elapsed since it had its last previous
performance does not materially change
the complexion of the reviewer's
thoughts. In almost every particular
the opera is strikingly characteris-
tic of the talented man who composed it.
The music occasionally rises to
levels of psychological subtlety,
emotional expression. But much
of the time it descends to the
level of crass and shameless realism.
The delineative and imitative devices
of tone art are sometimes un-
happily employed to publish mat-
ters which are customarily, among
private people at any rate, discussed
in private and in subdued voices.

The first act of the opera begins in
the garden and ends in the air. It is in this
act that the musician has achieved
his greatest triumphs, for the soliloquy
of the Princess is genuinely conceived
and admirably composed. In the sec-
ond act, the exquisite page which
brings the message of the silver
is one of the most beautiful that
has floated into the turgid mind of
modern opera. There are some pleasing
moments later in the same act but
the act is marred by execratable
bad writing for the voice.
The third act enters the realm of
real comedy except in the episode
of the duel for the lovers. But the
attention of the audience is held
tightly by boisterous and highly sug-
gestive doings, which are tempered
by the Metropolitan by careful de-
tail from the stage directions of
the authors. However, a bad more or
less could hardly be expected to sig-
nificantly in the minds of the ex-
perienced theatergoers of this do-
mion.

The performance was good. Mr.
Bodanzky, who conducted, had pre-
pared a musical ensemble which was
lively and in almost every respect
thoroughly planned. If all the effects
of the score were not disclosed it was
the fault of the conductor nor of
the excellent orchestra, which dis-
tinguished its duties most capably.
The vocal impersonations of last eve-
ning were worthy of more description.
They can have this morning.
There will be on exhibition again and
there will be ample opportunity to
see them.

On the new opera Mr. Bodanzky, im-
mediately recommended himself to
operagoers by his deft comedy in the
role of the Baron. He was unctuous,
he escaped vulgarity and he treated
the dialogue with the skill of an ac-
complished artist. He was a vast im-
provement over his predecessor, Mr.
Schuetzenzendorf also made himself very
welcome. His impersonation had real
comic force and he added greatly to
the effectiveness of the second act.

Mme. Easton's version of the dis-
illusioned lady was strictly in accord
with the conventions, but it had an
individuality clearly marked and most
captivating. She penetrated the psy-
chology of the music and revealed it
most convincingly. The keynote of
her impersonation was sounded in her
deeply pathetic line addressed to the
half-dresser: "Heut hast du ein altes
Weib aus mir gemacht." Around the
thought underlying this utterance she
wove a finely spun web of dramatic
delineation in which vocal art was the
chief thread. She was very successful
in an easily spoiled part.

Mme. Jeritza was a fine, upstanding
Octavian, not quite as masculine as
might be, but a pleasing figure and a
temperamental lover of two women in
succession. She will probably develop
her performance in repetitions of the
opera. The music does not perfectly
suit her style, but she may adapt her-
self to it later. Mme. Sundellus sang
the troublesome music of Sophie very
well.

Among the singers charged with
minor roles Mr. Harrold had his five
minutes of success with the Italian
air in the first act, while Mr. Bada and
Mme. Howard as the intriguers were
delightful. Mr. Meader was praise-
worthy as the innkeeper. The pro-
gram noted that Wilhelm von Wymet-
tal made his debut as stage manager.
The opera was handsomely mounted
and costumed. But this is always the
case with operas produced under the
management of Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

ISADORA DUNCAN BARRED.

Boston Mayor Refuses to Permit a
Return Engagement.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—So long as Mayor
Curley is Chief Magistrate, Isadora
Duncan will never give a public per-
formance in this city, the Mayor an-
nounced tonight in vetoing a permit for
a return engagement for the dancer.
Miss Duncan appeared here last month
and her efforts were frowned upon by
critics.

Certain remarks attributed to Miss
Duncan on her last visit to Boston
aroused the Mayor's ire. She is alleged
to have said that "all puritanical vul-
garity centres in Boston." She was also
quoted as declaring herself to be a Red.
"In view of the duty which the city
owes the decent element of the com-
munity," the Mayor's ruling ran, "in
my opinion it would be inadvisable to
grant the permit, and I beg to say that
this suspension of the privilege of con-
ducting a public exhibition, after the re-
cent disgraceful performance by the said
performer, will continue during such
time as I hold the office of Mayor."

ERMA RUBENSTEIN

Erna Rubinstein's violin recital at
Carnegie Hall last evening again con-
vinced a large and evidently "violinistic"
audience that her crescent fame rises
inevitably and secure upon the funda-
mental qualities of a genuine virtuoso
and that she has arrived, or is arriving,
at the front rank among the few great
women violinists of this country. Last
evening, poised, strong, graceful and
nobly equipped as to technique, tempera-
ment and intelligence, she essayed nothing
that she did not completely accom-
plish. With beautiful tones beautifully
projected, thoughtful, yet alert delivery,
ease in celerity and power in reticence,
she gave a fine interpretation to a well-
chosen list of works by Tartini, Gluck,
Tor Adin, Ries and Bizet-Hubay, the
Vicuxtempo Concerto in D-minor serv-
ing as an adequate omnibus for the con-
veyance of her undoubted virtuosity.
Harry Kaufman was at the piano.

Francis Moore and Hugo Kortschak.

An interested audience enjoyed a
precious musical evening at the sonata
recital of Francis Moore, piano, and
Hugo Kortschak, violin, at Aeolian Hall.
Bach, Brahms and Faure supplied the
three memorable sonatas which made up
the brief but delectable list, and to the
Brahms (opus 78) these two capable ar-
tists gave an interpretation and expres-
sion which crowned their performance
with notable artistic success. Scholar-
ship, artistic sincerity and thorough un-
derstanding of their numbers marked the

mutual oneness of their musical partner-
ship throughout the program, and the
audience expressed its enthusiastic ap-
proval frequently.

Mefistofele.

MEFISTOFELE, opera in four acts, with
prologue and epilogue; book in Italian by
the composer after Goethe's "Faust",
music by Arrigo Boito. At the Metro-
politan Opera House.
Mephistopheles.....Francesca Alda
Faust.....Florence Easton
Marta.....Kathleen Howard
Mefistofele.....Eduard Chaliapin
Faust.....Benjamin Hall
Wagner.....Angelo Dada
Nero.....Gloriano Paltrinieri
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)
There was a great deal more of the
devil in Boito's "Mefistofele" as per-
formed at the Metropolitan Opera
House yesterday afternoon than the
poet-composer and Goethe dreamed of,
and the excess was all Mr. Chaliapin.
We do not refer to his stature particu-
larly, though that comes fairly in
for consideration. We are uninformed
about the physical dimensions of Meph-
istopheles, and even if he was not
the prince of devils but a subordinate
of Beelzebub we are willing to grant
him the splendid physical attributes
which were so ungrudgingly and un-
reservedly exhibited to us at yester-
day's representation—not quite his
stature, comparatively considered as
we saw it in the prologue, however.
This prologue plays in heaven—as is
done in Goethe's dramatic poem and
its earliest prototype, the Book of Job.

Hitherto, unless memory fails us, the
operatic stage manager has exhibited
the celestial region to us as a formless
space amongst the drifting clouds.
There Mephistopheles, as erstwhile
Satan, holds converse with the Almighty
and his ears are filled at intervals with
the canticles of angelic phalanxes and
little cherubim who sing, much to his
annoyance, in fugacious dactyls.
"Maestro divino" is not seen but heard.
Mephistopheles is both visible and
audible. He stands in a spotlight
among the clouds. How he got there
we never knew before yesterday, when
we saw him climbing upward over a
chain of mountains from Stage R to
Stage L, helping himself along by rest-
ing his hands on the Himalayan peaks.
Since he was immediately behind them
and touched them in passing and they
supposedly were a few thousand feet
high, he must have been many times
the stature of Milton's Satan, whose
body below the head

"Prone on the flood extended long and
large
Lay floating many a rood."

It was a puppet-show picture, this
part, which it was difficult to get out
of mind because of its evidence of the
infantile imagination of the scene
painter, who perhaps may be pardoned
if he was bent only on helping Mr.
Chaliapin to a spectacular entrance.
There were several other things in the
performance which gave pause to
conceptions based on the poetic con-
cepts of Boito and his predecessors.
Goethe's devil, we remember, was a
good deal of a gentleman in appear-
ance. After he emerges from a predel
(a monk in Boito's book) he was so
like an ordinary cavalier that he says
of himself:

"Not if he had them by the neck
would I ever these people scent the
devil." Mr. Chaliapin, as we had oc-
casion to observe some fifteen years
ago, has no regard for such notions.
Neither does he think of him as Boito
somewhat fantastically did, as a type
of man athirst for knowledge, for whom
prototypes might be found in Solomon,
Prometheus, Manfred, Don Quixote,
Thersites, Falstaff and the Serpent
which tempted Eve. Mr. Chaliapin
has regard for literary amenities.
When he throws off his cowl in Faust's
study he is the fantastic fiend of the
picture books. Given a tail, he would
serve as a model for any medieval
mural painter. When he appears
amongst his kinsfolk and subjects, the
witches and warlocks and imps in the
scene on the Brocken, he is, despite
his discourse on the nothingness of
the world and its human denizens,
merely the incarnation of bestiality.
When Goethe's Mephistopheles goes to
the witches' revel he indulges in lan-
guage which the poet indicated by
dashes, which if they could give out
odor would make the pages of his poem
ill-smelling. But, so far as we know,
he keeps on his clothing.

When Mr. Chaliapin was here in
1907 he bared his breast and arms
with decorum in the presence of Maes-
tro divino, but in the company of his
filthy subjects on the Brocken he cast
off his cloak, resembling Papageno's
habilliment of feathers, and bared his
body to the rump. A superb body, of
course, like that of an ancient gladi-
ator, who would have challenged wagers
of thousands of sesterces from the
curly-haired young bloods of Rome.
Yesterday he went only half way, but
made a splendid spectacle on which
the grand old fighting man of France
(who saw him from Mr. Gatti's box)
must have smiled in admiration. Pic-
turesque, splendidly picturesque, but

dramatic. Was it in keeping with
Boito's poetic and philosophical scheme?
Why trouble to answer? It evoked a
hurricane of enthusiasm. Therefore it
served.

In the scene of the classical Sab-
bath, however, Mr. Chaliapin violated
dramatic sense and propriety in order
to hold the middle of a scene in which
Boito did not intend that his devil,
who is his hero, should be visible at
all. He has promised to put Helen of
Troy into the arms of Faust, and he
leads him into the Vale of Tempe, on
the banks of the Peneus. There Helen
and Panteus sing in mellifluous meter
or ought to. Miss Peralta and Miss
Perlini, who stood for them, threw in
modern accentual stress and divided
the long, smoothly flowing line into
groups of three notes each in spite of
Boito's text and his expository note)
and Choristids dance in graceful mea-
sure. The plaid beauty is intolerable
to Mephistopheles, whose nose is for
the resinous odors and the more con-
genial companionship to be found in
the Harz Mountains. He and Faust
part company at his own suggestion,
and he goes away from there or
rather says he will do so. But a curtain
close without a Chaliapin is most "in-
tolerable and not to be endured" in
his mind; and so when the lovers
have concluded their song, which sym-
bolizes the union of classic and ro-

By Deems Taylor

As the garden scene in "Mefisto-
fele" ended on Saturday afternoon the
orchestra, instead of stopping, swung
into "La Marseillaise" and the audi-
ence rose to its feet, applauding, as
Georges Clemenceau entered Gatti-
Casazza's box and came forward. And
as he stood, bowing in acknowledg-
ment of the welcome, a neighbor re-
marked resignedly, "Here's where the
performance goes to the devil!"

And so it did, but not to the one he
meant. For after the house had ap-
plauded and cheered a little and had
sung a verse of "The Star-Spangled
Banner"—shirking the high notes—it
turned again in absorbed attention to
the stage. The Tiger may beat the
Bulldog, but he is no match for the
devil if the devil's other name hap-
pens to be Chaliapin.

It is nearly fifteen years since Cha-
liapin last sang the title role of "Me-
fistofele" in New York. There were
those present Saturday who had pre-
viously heard him sing it, and they
declared that he had made immeasur-
able strides in his conception of the
part. One thing is certain: whatever
he made of Mefistofele before, he gave
a performance on Saturday that for
magnificent vocal and dramatic artis-
try fully equals his great portrait of
Boris Godunoff.

It was a performance that departed
frequently from the established tradi-
tions of the part as it has been sung
at the Metropolitan—and generally
bettered them. Instead of appearing
among the clouds in the great pro-
logue in heaven he entered from be-
low, huge and menacing, shambling
about like a great spider, with his
long black hair gathered into a sort
of scalp-lock that gave his face the
look of a Japanese devil-mask.

At the end, instead of descending
luridly into the pit, he pawed feebly
at the celestial rose-leaves that were
searing his flesh, crumpled slowly to
the floor and lay sprawling and mo-
tionless. Faust had won. It was not
as spectacular as the usual ending,
but it was truer; and only a great
artist would have sacrificed such a
chance for a spotlight finish.

He gave a performance throughout
so instinct with terror and diabolical
beauty, so subtle and variegated,
that one longs to describe every
gesture of it, from the moment when
he first saw Faust, revolving slowly
and hypnotically about the doomed
philosopher and fixing him with the
unwinking, horrible stare of a boa-
constrictor, to his triumph in the
Brocken scene, where his right hand,
first and little fingers extended,
swept the infernal multitude in the
very gesture by which the credulous
still seek to avert the evil eye.

His singing was as great as his
acting. Surely there has never been
a voice quite like his, so beautiful in
texture, so thrilling in its range and
power. His vocalism was a thing
to wonder at, an astounding ex-
hibition of breath control, tonal pro-
duction and phrasing. Here was
the opera singing of one's dreams:
a great voice, perfectly produced, its
phrases delivered with such crystal-
line enunciation (his Italian seems
from the film

perfect) and unerring dramatic grasp that the most lyric passages gave a perfect illusion of the spoken word.

The performance as a whole was admirable. Mr. Gigli sang Faust, and his voice never sounded lovelier. To be sure, he left something to be desired on the histrionic side, but his acting had the great virtues of restraint and entire sincerity.

Mr. Bada, playing his third role of the week, was an admirable Wagner. The other parts were all capably done. Boris Anisfeld's stunning scenery looked better than ever, partly because it was so well lighted. The staging was good; the Brocken scene, in fact, was quite the best thing the Metropolitan has done in a long time, colorful, animated and so perfectly synchronized as to lights, action and music as to make one wonder why such things cannot happen oftener. Mr. Moranzoni's conducting was excellent.

Mr. Challa-plin uses a stentorian voice very generally through the opera. It does not seem one of the finest of voices in quality and weight. He often falls into the parlando style, half way between speech and song. He powerfully expresses the significance of Boito's music, but it might be a question whether the power could not be equally gained by a closer adherence to the melodic line.

The arrival of M. Clemenceau was well timed to make a diversion for the audience without seriously interrupting the opera. It occurred at the end of the garden scene in the second act; and the intermission was devoted to his reception in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's box in the grand tier, to the playing of the "Marsellaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" and to applause, while M. Clemenceau stepped to the front of the box and bowed.

Siloti

Considering that Mr. Alexander Siloti is looked upon as one of the masters of Contemporary Russian musicians, his pianoforte recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon contained features, both of composition and performance, calculated to cause astonishment among seasoned concertgoers. That all of his listeners were not of this class was made plain by several pattering outbreaks of applause which occurred at places mistakenly accepted as the conclusion of familiar pieces.

Mr. Slioti's scheme was decidedly mixed in character and there was considerable incongruity also in his playing. A group of pieces by Bach began the program, after which came four pieces by Liszt, which, despite many years of effort to accept the great virtuoso as also a great composer, left us with an old conviction that the music was showy salon stuff.

When a nocturne, etude and fantasia by Chopin followed, we fell to wondering what would have happened to the great Hungarian virtuoso had the poetically-inspired Pole been a courtier like him and sailed out into the world as a performer of his own music. Would he not have submerged Liszt as Liszt submerged the Thalberg and Kalkbrenner's, who were his rivals?

There was much sobriety and some technical brilliancy in Mr. Siloti's playing of the Pole's music, but he made Rubinstein's Circassian dance, which came at the end of the recital, more interesting than any of the Liszt

pieces. What can be called only a charming little interlude was formed by the player's transcription of four of the delightfully dainty and characteristic orchestral settings by Liadoff of four Russian folksongs. Mr. Sioti has reproduced the instrumental devices of the familiar little pieces as capably as Liadoff did the effects of a musical snuffbox.

Irish Regiment Band Plays.

The Irish Regiment band held its first concert in New York in the Hippodrome last evening. Soloists of the occasion were Beatrice O'Leary, soprano, William Tong and R. E. Everson cornetists, and Lieutenant J. Andrew Wiggins was the Director. The program was chosen almost entirely from familiar Irish songs. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner" while 500 boy scouts, arranged on the stage back of the musicians, stood at salute. Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" was played as an encore for a "Lilly of Killarney," the first selection of the program. The procession of the piper aroused the audience to enthusiasm. A bag piper, with a small Irish flag flying from the bag pipe, the piper walked back and forth across the stage as he played, accompanied by the bass drummer.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

When Emilio de Gogorza comes to town with a program of songs those who go down to the houses of a thousand concerts to make known the doings therein rejoice and are exceedingly glad, for they know that the gods will be kind to them and they will live for an hour and a half with real art. Mr. de Gogorza gave his first recital of the present season yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, and, of course, the place was full. This singer never created a sensation. He would not know how to do it. He merely taught music lovers to love him and his ways years ago, and affection follows him wherever he walks.

It was with Handel's "Where E'er You Walk" that he began his program yesterday. Many singers deliver this lyric, but too many of them make it sound as if the fair one apostrophized in it hopped rather than walked, and as if those poetic trees which crowded into the shade were being somewhat rudely shaken by the wind. Mr. de Gogorza finished his classic group of two numbers with the air of Thoas from "Iphigenie en Tauride."

The second group consisted of four songs of Schumann, all beautifully sung. "Widmung," with which the group concluded, had to be repeated. Mr. de Gogorza did not put any German lyrics among his offerings last season. His recitals suffered from the omission. He needs such compositions to reveal one of the most admirable sides of his many sided art. He sings German songs so that they sound German, just as he sings French to sound French and Spanish to sound Spanish. In fact Mr. de Gogorza, in addition to being a technician of the first order and possessing a warm and beautiful voice still as fresh as it was a dozen years ago, is a consummate stylist.

After the Schumann numbers came some indifferent songs by Griffes, of which the "Old Song Resung" was repeated. To this group was added as an encore number Bruno Huhn's stirring "Invictus," one of the most popular of all American songs. In the French group "La Complainte de la Glu," one of Mr. de Gogorza's familiar lyrics, was redemanded. In this section were four more or less humorous songs by Darius Milhaud which were worth hearing once. It is unlikely that the eminent barytone will permanently encumber his artistic baggage with them. Impressionism is admirable—when it impresses.

The Spanish songs Mr. de Gogorza always sings with great verve. But what remains most clearly in the mind of the daily observer of musical doings departing from De Gogorza recital is the renewed conviction that this barytone is one of the great vocal masters of this day and that he ought to be heard often.

SILOTI GIVES RECITAL OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

*Russian Pianist, Pupil of Liszt,
at Aeolian Hall.*

Alexander Siloti, Russian pianist and a genuine "pupil of Liszt," gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This distinguished player reappeared here in various concerts last season after an absence of twenty-four years. Yesterday he was heard by an audience which filled the auditorium. Enthusiasm ran high throughout the program. Twice a part of the listeners, evidently unfamiliar with well known works, sadly marred the player's interpretations by applauding before their close. On the other hand, Mr. Siloti, always a dignified artist of lofty purpose, evidently cared so little for the applause following a number that he was prone to break into it by beginning the number next to follow in the list.

His performance was of unusual interest. His tone in forte passages ran into hardness, as in Bach's C minor fantasy, and his phrasing was, seemingly, frequently quite his own in, for instance, Chopin's great fantasy. On the other hand, there was much beauty of color and poetic taste in the last named composition, as there was in the same master's C minor nocturne and in several compositions of Bach, which were grouped with his fantasy for the opening number.

The important place in the list was given to Liszt's "Benediction de Dieu

dans la "source," "Il Penseroso" and "Saint Francis Walking on the Waves"—all revised by Mr. Slioti. This music was, of course, heard with deepest attention on the part of the audience. Mr. Slioti's reading of it is supposed to be that followed by the master himself.

Siloti gave in closing an etude in E major of Roger-Ducasse, "Kaddish" (Hebrew melody), by Ravel; four Russian folk songs originally written for orchestra by Liadov—the "Legend About the Birds," "I Danced With a Mosquito," "Cradle Song," "Dance" and Rubinstein's Caucasian dance, "Les-ginka." These pieces, save the one by Ravel, with several in the Bach set, were transcribed or edited by Mr. Siloti.

JOSEF HOFMANN PLAYS.

Enthusiastic Audience Greets Pianist in Carnegie Hall.

Before an audience that filled every seat and all available standing room of Carnegie Hall, Josef Hofmann played piano compositions of Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt yesterday afternoon, and of these three only. The new season found him the same master of all of the possibilities of expression of his instrument as in previous appearances, and playing with great warmth of tone.

Although there was no attempt at technical display in the performance. Passages requiring agile fingers were delivered without attempts to impress the listeners with their fleetness. The climaxes were effective and skillfully counterbalanced with the subordinate passages, with the exactingness of a great artist.

High lights of the program were Mendelssohn's "Variations Sürrealises" and Liszt's "Consolation" in D flat major. In the compositions in which forceful playing was requisite there was nothing suggestive of pounding. The tones were never forced beyond the capacity of being musical. The audience was enthusiastic and allowed none of Mr. Hofmann's achievements to pass without applause.

MME. CALVE APPLAUDED.

All the arts of the experienced prima donna, with those characteristically her own, were employed by Mme. Calvé at her recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, in a combination of singing, expression and gesture that brought out the maximum of feeling in each number without distorting it in striving for dramatic effect. She was less successful, however, from a strictly vocal standpoint, in her first numbers than later; Haendel's "Arie de Cleopatre" and Cesar Franck's "Necture," with their sustained notes, seemed to tax her voice and cause a labored effect, while in the two Gretchen numbers Mme. Calvé did not as yet seem entirely at home in the English language, although "My Native Land" proved a fine piece of vocal declamation.

But from this point Mme. Calvé was in better and better voice, and the audience more and more demonstrative. The rest of the program was largely in French, including a Mozart aria in French and translated Russian numbers; Bizet's "Serenade" showed remarkable freshness of voice, especially in the softer high notes, while resonant low ones appeared in "Mordu Cosaque," by the Polish composer Moniuszko. Her contrasts of loud and soft, light and shade were always effective.

The real demonstration, however, appeared when Mme. Calvé appeared with the traditional mantilla and flower to sing Spanish numbers, De Falla's "Seguedilla" in French and others by Alvarez in the original. Here her voice grew yet clearer and stronger, her manner still more animated; at one time almost a dance, while the large audience clamored for and received extra numbers. There was no doubt she could still interest and excite her hearers. Yvonne Dienne, the accompanist played a group of her own, showing technical ability, but a rather heavy hand in Bach, Chopin and Albeniz.

Children and their attendant adults filled every seat in the morning at the New York Symphony's first concert in this series of the season, the sixth of the Children's Concerts. Here Mr. Damrosch welcomed his youthful audience with the "William Tell" overture, part of Bach's B minor suite for flute and orchestra, Delibes' Pizzicati, and—its third performance—the "Carnaval des Animaux," which now might be considered to have run the gamut of the generations. Apart from the omission of the "wild asses" and fossilized tunes, it was played October 29, with Messrs. Damrosch and Mannes at the pianos and Mr. Pollan conducting. Mr. Damrosch, in a cheerful vein, adorned the whole with introductory remarks, with a dubious pun on the sweetness of the Bach suite.

The best part of the concert, from an artistic standpoint, was Mr. Barrère's performance as soloist in this suite; to call his playing, following Mr. Damrosch, the most beautiful in the world would be rather sweeping, but the fluent beauty and warmth of his tone were delightful. "And now," said Mr. Damrosch, "we will enter a

monage is—but I will point out—and the Saint-Saens circus began. Laughter was invited and gained especially in the more burlesque sections, but Mr. Schmit's cello solo in "The Swan," where burlesque yields to music, was deservedly applauded. It was a well-behaved and apparently pleased audience.

In the evening Gita Glaze, a Russian soprano, said to have sung in opera at Petrograd and Moscow, also drew a large audience to Aeolian Hall with a program of German arias of Beethoven and Mozart (one by the latter in Italian), Schubert and Schuman lieder, modern English and American pieces

and Russian songs. She had a strong voice with piercing high notes, sometimes marred by tremolo and an occasional metallic timbre, but effective, for instance, in Balakirev's Georgian Song. Her lower and softer notes, however, seemed better. While they had a certain cloudy quality they were smooth and flowed agreeably in the plaintive Russian numbers. Emil Polak was the accompanist.

Of City Symphony

New York's new orchestra, the City Symphony, made, on the whole, a promising start at its first public concert yesterday evening in Carnegie Hall—not the first concert of its existence, for it had played on Friday in New Brunswick, N. J., but the first for the ears of the New York general public. And the ears of those who were present were well filled with sound, for sonority seemed to be one of the new orchestra's chief characteristics, with the brasses supreme. There was no pomp or speeches to adorn the beginning. Mr. Foch appeared, bowed and began the Cesar Franck symphony without further ado.

The program was ambitious: while Cesar Franck's Symphony, played to commemorate the composer's approaching centenary, and the "Tannhäuser" overture are familiar enough, Scriabine's "Poème de l'Extase" was a tough nut to be cracked by the City Symphony's proposed wider musical public. The general impression was one of power and possibilities, but considerable room for improvement; the orchestra could bring a remarkable volume of sound for climaxes, but an unpolished one. Brasses blared, often harshly, with full force, apparently striving and often succeeding in ruling the roost, this being especially notable in the Wagner overture. The wood-winds were generally good, while the string choir, after some thickness of tone at first, developed an agreeably singing quality of tone, and, apart from a "sour" horn note in the symphony, there were no obvious errors—but the orchestra can stand quite a little refining with advantage.

Mr. Koch, either owing to caution or to his own ideas, showed a leaning toward slow tempos, especially in the first two movements of the symphony, in which the allegretto might have been marked "Largo," while the finale, in contrast, was whipped up to a high speed.

About the Scriabine tone-poem it was hard to tell. One is apt to be busy in trying to find out what it means, but it also seems of slower motion than in its performance last winter by the Symphony Society under Mr. Coates. The final outburst, however, was effective and duly applauded. The "Tannhäuser" overture also became very deliberate, and in general, apart from sonorous climaxes, there was an impression of heaviness, with little Bacchanalian spirit, for instance, in the Venusberg theme. Still, the future can bring a lighter touch; last night's performance seemed generally successful. Mr. Peck bringing his men to their feet more than once, while the audience, if not filling every seat, was of satisfactory size and very satisfactory warmth. With some further polish—and less emphasis on trumpets and trombones—the City Symphony ought to do well in the coming season.

PHILHARMONIC IN CONCERT.

First Sunday Afternoon Performance at Carnegie Hall.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was Mr Stransky's choice for the opening of the first Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Tchaikovsky and Wagner rounded out the program with "Francesca da Rimini" and selections from "Parsifal," "Siegfried," the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" and the "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Die Walküre."

Little need be said of the most celebrated of Beethoven's symphonic works, a symphony which was played at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society in 1842. Mr. Stransky brought out with clarity and power, with feeling and tenderness the noble sentiment and spiritual fire of the work. His interpretation was all the more effective because of the violent contrast in subject and mood with "Francesca da Rimini," where passion and honor are loosed. The Philharmonic played this tone poem of

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its third concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, Sir Edward Elgar's 'cello concerto and the first Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt. The 'celloist was Jean Gerardy, the Belgian artist, who had not been heard here since February 4, 1914, when he appeared in a concert with M. Ysaeye and Leopold Godowsky.

The concerto which he performed last evening was new to the local concert hall. It was written by Sir Edward Elgar in 1919 and published in 1921. The first performance took place at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra on October 27, 1919, when the composer conducted and the soloist was the eminent English 'celloist, Felix Salmond, who was one of the auditors last night.

A great deal of store is set by this composition in Britain, but it is hardly likely that it will receive as much consideration here. It is a singularly dour work, elegiac and indeed gloomy most of the time. Sir Edward Elgar's uncompromising search after dignity of style and fineness of texture is in evidence in every page, and furthermore there is a noteworthy feeling for fitness in the character of the music.

The composer has sought to make the 'cello sing, and in this he has been decidedly successful. The clumsy cawing which mars so many 'cello works is entirely absent. The second movement is of a light and dainty type, a scherzo, marked *presto giocoso*. It is not over joyous, but it moves with celerity, and it is written in the idiom of the instrument. But it is the only one of the four movements that does assume an aggressive attitude. The others are reflective, melancholy and generally depressing.

Mr. Gerardy's performance did not in any degree soften the griefs of the music. He played with deep sincerity, with beauty of tone and with appreciation of the composition. But he permitted himself too often to stray from the pitch and he indulged in portamento to such an extent that the melodic song frequently seemed damp with unshed tears.

Mr. Stokowski has become a preacher of the gospel of Brahms to such an extent that most concertgoers regard his interpretations with profound reverence. There is room for doubt that Brahms would invariably have enjoyed them. Mr. Stokowski has his own ideas about the music of the great symphonist, and sometimes justification for them cannot be found in the score. But when the concert begins ten or a dozen minutes behind time and the carriage call has been set for 9:30, the concertgoer should be glad that the distinguished conductor expedites the melodies of Brahms, as he often did last evening.

The orchestra, of course, gave the director what he desired. And here, indeed, there need be no words but those of praise. The Philadelphia Orchestra can and does play. It plays with exquisite tonal beauty, with finish, with clarity and with warmth. It is a splendid instrument, and it has been made so by the brilliant technical skill and unflagging enthusiasm of Mr. Stokowski.

Quartet Plays Arnold Bax's Work With Great Beauty of Tone.

An audience that filled Aeolian Hall enthusiastically greeted the Flonzaley Quartet in their first appearance of the season last evening. They were the same masters of chamber music as in previous performances, and another year of playing together has brought an even greater unity of expression of which no similar organization at the present time is quite capable.

The program included besides Schubert's quartet in A minor and Beethoven's in E minor a quartet in G minor by Arnold Bax, which was heard for the first time here last evening. Although it adhered to the conventions of form of Beethoven and Schubert, the other composers of the evening, the harmonies and chord progressions were influenced by more modern tendencies. This second movement, "Lento e molto espressivo," was of full, rich, sustained chords. The third movement had a more elaborate theme, which was first introduced on the muted first violin with a plucked string accompaniment.

once in an overwhelming in the ghost and death scenes.

There was one change in the cast of the opera, Edward Johnson replacing Orville Harrold as Dimitri. Mr. Johnson had already made a successful first appearance with the company as the love-stricken Avito in "L'Amore dei Tre Re." In this second appearance in a very different role he had a second success. He sang his music well and clearly outlined the character of the false claimant for the throne, rather dimly sketched by the author.

The other chief singers were Mme. Matzenauer as Marina and Mr. Mardones as Brother Pimen, two capable artists fully equal to their tasks. The choruses were again very well sung. Mr. Papi conducted.

TWO ARTISTS IN RECITAL.

Schneider, Tenor, and Hickerson, Pianist, at Aeolian Hall.

Two artists, George Schneider, tenor, and Harold Hickerson, pianist, made their first appearance in a joint recital last night at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Hickerson played Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, Brahms's G minor rhapsody and compositions by Schumann, Debussy and Chopin. Mr. Schneider rendered "Il maresciallo" from "Don Giovanni," and songs by Sarti, Wilson-Young, Handl, Schumann and Wolf. His brilliant and finished technique marked Mr. Hickerson's playing rather than elasticity and expressive tone. Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue were beyond the limits of Mr. Hickerson's capabilities, although the Fugue was admirably adapted to his style and the pianist's clarity and rhythm were excellent. But this young artist lacks fire. Brahms's Rhapsody was without life or depth, and throughout his playing one was conscious of precision and correctness rather than deep feeling or emotional response.

Mr. Schneider's voice possesses some excellent qualities. He has skillful modulation, a smooth, agreeable tone and excellent enunciation. But his voice is too light to be effective. He knows how to use it to best advantage, but his voice seems incapable of force and depth or dramatic expansion.

Miss Mabel Beddoe's Recital.

Miss Mabel Beddoe, a contralto, whose voice is not quite of the contralto quality, but which has beauty and expressive potencies of its own, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She sang music that is not commonly sung, as an air from Fadi's Cantata No. 132, and the "Landamste" with violin obbligato (played by Hugo Kartschak) from the mass in B minor; a gloomy but effective song by Strune, "Heimkehr," two of Reger's "Schilke" Welsen," charming in their

melodiousness; others by Brahms, Debussy, Villermoz, Pizzetti and a group in English.

Miss Beddoe hardly put all there is to put into the airs by Bach, which are extremely difficult. In her other songs she frequently showed she has certain mannerisms she would do well to watch.

Elgar Concerto

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's (last edition)

Sir Edward Elgar's violoncello concerto was the principal feature of the concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night, not because it is a finer composition than Brahms's fourth symphony, which preceded it, but because it was new to us. Also because it was played by Mr. Jean Gerardy, for whom there has long been a warm place in the hearts of New York's music lovers. The composition under some circumstances (other than those which confront a daily newspaper reviewer) might furnish forth food for considerable and interesting discussion. It seems to have done so in England, where there are many persons of intelligence who rank him among the greatest of contemporaneous composers. One critic was quoted, in the programmatic notes, as saying that if Sir Edward "had completely realized his own standpoint" he would not have employed so large an orchestra. We fancy that the composer was entirely conscious of his point of view, and that, though he may not have achieved his ideals fully (few real geniuses ever do that), he knew whence he set out and whither he tried to go. What we fear he did not do was to create music which contained enough beauty and variety of thought to justify the labor spent upon it. Also that, though he has displayed ample capacity and willingness to go his own gait regardless of conventions and traditions, he seemed in this work to take especial pains to avoid things which were palpably proper—to avoid them not because they would not have been attractive, but because some one would have

said they were too obvious. He did not strain for effects, but to avoid what might be taken for purposed effects. The sobriety of mood which dominated the first movement seemed to us not the calm poise of nobility (though he labeled it *nobilmente*), but something dangerously near a sober-sidedness which produced a mood of monotony—one as devoid of exaltation as it was of depression.

Tranquillity, peace and loveliness spoke out of the slow movement, but when at the close we thought we were about to be launched into a spirited finale our mind and emotions were left suspended in air. Perhaps this was not the composer's wish, but Mr. Stokowski's whim—a whim like that which he tried to enforce upon his audience at the first concert this season, when the audience had to compel pauses between the movements which the composer wanted but the conductor did not. It was compulsion by applause; an amiable sort of compulsion, but compulsion, nevertheless. Last night we felt that the Adagio was emotionally and formally linked with the final Allegro, but our feelings were left hovering in midair like Mahomet's coffin. Then, again, when we thought we were in for a symmetrical dance time theme, which we would gladly have accepted, even if it

turned out (as it threatened) to be rather commonplace, we were abashed and made ashamed of our ingenuousness at thinking that a modern composer would be guilty of a melody which might be a mere tune, or that the suggestion of a bit of fugato which seemed imminent would be followed. Of course not.

But we are growing accustomed to this sort of thing, and after a while we shall be able to obey Bunthorne's injunction to Patience and prepare for an aesthetic revelation by thinking of nothing at all. Mr. Gerardy played with all the sobriety which the music invited, and disclosed the dignified and capable virtuoso, though his intonation was not wholly flawless. The commonplace fireworks of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in F (No. 1 of the orchestrated series) ended the concert.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

At the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra given last evening in Carnegie Hall the program comprised Brahms's fourth symphony, Elgar's concerto for 'cello played by Jean Gerardy and the orchestral transcription of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in F, fourteen of the set for piano, numbered the first of the orchestral set.

Elgar's concerto was played for the first time in New York. It was written three years ago, one of several compositions for strings that the English composer was moved to produce in quick succession. It was played in London first by Felix Salmond, who sat last evening in the audience and heard it.

The writing of 'cello concertos has been a temptation to which many composers have succumbed, but which few have added permanently to their laurels. From the nature of the instrument and the nature and object of the concerto form, a 'cello concerto is almost suspect, a priori. Few instruments lend themselves less amiably to the purposes of display than the 'cello; and most concertos, even of the finer grain, involve a certain amount of it.

Sir Edward Elgar, however, has gone as far as may be to avoid that unpleasantness. The solo instrument is more concerned with the enunciation and development of melodic material than with the embroidery of it. In this concerto he has scorned to follow a different method from that of the symphonies and other orchestral works and even of the later oratorios that are known here. They are crowded with block-like themes, usually short, thickly mosaiced and elaborately worked into form.

Here he has been much more sparing. The thematic material is not rich; it is spun out, sometimes pretty thin. It is agreeable, as in the undulating melody of the first movement, to which a pastoral character is attributed by the commentators; or the song of the slow movement, or the dance-like theme of the last. What Mr. Gilman calls a passage in "Parisian Dramatics" in the last movement is for a moment engaging. There is some of that community of theme between the four movements that modern composers are fond of, and some ingenious derivations from a "motto theme" that appears at the very beginning for the 'cello.

But altogether the substance of the concerto is rather tenuous. Even so fine a performance of it as Mr. Gerardy gave could not raise the listeners' interest to incandescence. He played it with great finish and repose, yet with intense expression and with a tone of rare and searching beauty. Mr. Stokowski's performance of Brahms's fourth symphony was a brisk one, so brisk that sometimes the deeper significance of the music seemed to elude him. His modifications of tempo at certain points seemed excessive enough to interfere with the rhythmic flow of the work. But the playing of the orchestra was of dazzling brilliancy, precision and refugence of tone.

break in the first movement, which in the preliminary movements, a subdued melody, and the piano, were the only two weeps and tears were seen and her lover are again cut free, was beautifully played by the tenor.

The Sunday night operatic concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening took on a new and welcome aspect when the time-worn and colorless method of detached solos and fugitive features were laid aside for interesting and inspiring performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," with some of the young and admirable artists of Mr. Gatti's cast, getting opportunities which seldom come their way during the regular week-day routine of opera. To be sure, scenery and costumes were lacking but the glory of the vocal and orchestral score were all there, and Conductor Bamboschek led the way with as much zeal and accuracy as though he were playing to a banner house at the premiere of a new classic. There was also a debut. Armand Tokatyan, a most capable and handsome tenor appearing as Turiddu in "Cavalleria." Frances Peralta as Santuzza and Marion Telva as Lola acquitted themselves beautifully, and Milo Pico and Grace Anthony added sterling values to the unadorned merits of the little cast.

Morgan Kingston, the gigantic Welsh tenor, as Canio, covered himself with glory and Giuseppe Danise's Tonio was another proof of the free and scholarly artistry of this too-seldom heard baritone. Marie Sundelius as Nedda, as might have been expected, gave a capital singing of Nedda, and Angelo Bada as Beppe and Vincenzo Reschiglian as Silvio sang beautifully. The artistic success of these operas in concert form was pronounced and the audience was emphatically approbative for a Sunday night crowd.

In the evening there was "Samson et Dalila" at the Metropolitan, with the miraculously slimmer Mme. Matzenauer as the enchanting Philistine, and Giovanni Martinelli as the talwart victim. Mr. de Luca and Mr. Rothier reappeared in their customary roles, and Messrs. Ananian, Patrineri, Reschiglian and Audisio made up a capable cast. In spite of a long afternoon performance the orchestra, under Mr. Hasselmans,

showed no signs of fatigue throughout the heathen languors, melodic intrigue and impressive denouement of the score.

the Role of Boris

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second week of the season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with the first repetition of a work already heard. The last Monday night audience, which did brilliant the opening of the season, was permitted to enjoy a performance of "Tosca" with Mme. Marie Ritz as the heroine. The second Monday audience, also a brilliant assembly, sat last evening under the spell of Feodor Chaliapin's thrilling personation of the remorseful usurper in Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." The adjective, "thrilling" has almost lost its meaning because of loose employment. It is not quite as far degraded from its original dignity as at other adjective "wonderful," but is, nevertheless, almost impossible to use it with any hope of projecting enough its real significance. But Mr. Chaliapin's intensely tragic Boris does not give us thrills, what all be called thrilling?

There is no need of reiterating details which have already been catalogued in print many times. Mr. Chaliapin's acting—for he acts just as truly when he sings as when he merely moves—was again great and moving, perhaps he was not in perfect voice, at which he sang the address in the last act, he was an opera singer of the first rank. For the rest he was

and later was heard on each of the other instruments.

The Flonzaley Quartet played the composition with great beauty of tone and a perfection of ensemble as of an interpretation controlled by one mind and with great evidences of quality.

Recital of Boris Levenson's Works.

Boris Levenson, the Russian composer, presented a recital of his own compositions in the Town Hall last evening, assisted by Sophie Loopo, soprano; Alexander Bloch, pianist; Effim Liversky, tenor, and Metek Volk, pianist. All of the works were from manuscript and had never been played from a concert stage before. The opening selection was a sonata for violin and piano. There were two groups of songs and two for piano alone, besides the Oriental ballet from Mr. Levenson's opera, "The Caucasian Captive Warrior."

Paderewski

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

There is scarcely any use writing about a pianoforte recital by Paderewski unless the personal equation is permitted to step into the foreground. Neither he, his playing nor his reviewer can be a mere abstraction. In newspaper offices (that is, in a large section of them) everything is measured from a point of view which is seldom that of the reviewer of the drama or music. If a chorus girl in a musical comedy appeared on the stage with a hole in her stocking the case-hardened reviewer might in greatest likelihood think the fact did not signify in the least. A news editor probably would take a different view of the case, especially if he had learned that many Johnnies waited every night at the stage entrance for the young lady whose hosiery, by accident or by premeditated action, had suffered in its integrity.

It is not at all complimentary to a man of world-wide reputation to draw him into such a comparison; least of all when, as in the present instance, the man has played a large and dignified part in affairs compared with which a pianoforte recital is as nothing. Yet Mr. Paderewski, having returned to the field in which he won great renown before he took a part in the political affairs of the world, becomes again in the eyes of the musical reviewers a virtuoso and musician, and must be treated as such; and the news element in his case simmers down to this: that he gave a recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon after an absence of five or six years; that the hall was crowded to suffocation with admirers, though the price of tickets was doubled, and that there were the oldtime demonstrations of enthusiasm at the end of the set program, to satisfy which he had to give a supplementary list of pieces, though he had played almost continuously for more than two hours. Also, that the Minuet which first made him an idol of pianoforte-playing misses was vociferously demanded and played, and yet the hundreds who had rushed down to the stage to be as near as possible clamored for more, and, after the lights were turned out, got yet another number, which was a Chopin waltz.

Plays Many Extra Numbers

New also, probably, to many of those who, like Oliver Twist, called for more was the list of pieces played of which the titles were not printed; so we give it. After Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," which was the third number on the printed program, he played Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Op. 33, No. 2. After the Liszt Polonaise in E flat, which ended the formal concert, Liszt's transcription of Chopin's sonata "Maja piescok" (or "Meine Freuden," as it is better known by its German title), Chopin's waltz in C sharp minor, Liszt's transcription of "Isolden's Liebestod," from Wagner's tragedy; the second Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, his Minuet and the Chopin waltz, unidentified because unheard by the reporter.

The set program was in character a duplicate of many a one played by Mr. Paderewski in the many seasons in which he was a familiar: Mendelssohn's "Variations serieses," Schumann's Fantasia, Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Nocturne in G (Op. 37, No. 2), Mazurka in B flat minor and Scherzo in C sharp minor; Liszt's "Au bord d'une Source," concert study in E minor and Polonaise in E.

What in this purely external aspect of the case made the popular greeting to Mr. Paderewski more than ordinarily interesting and impressive was the difference in the conduct of the audience at the beginning and the end of the recital. When he came upon the stage there was a momentary silence.

Then the great gathering rose to its feet and gave him a reception which was dignified and impressive. It showed him honor, and in so doing bore finer testimony to the character of a large element in it and the value of its tribute than did those who, after he had nobly done his duty by them, rushed pell-mell down the aisles, obstructed the view of those who remained in their seats and noisily called for the composition which, with all its dainty beauty, may have seemed to him the most trifling composition of the afternoon. We do not say that the Minuet deserved such a characterization, but only that an artist who has written many pieces of much greater moment may have thought so. We hope he did, and that he wished his most demonstrative listeners had asked something else of him. It would have given him assurance that his playing had been received with approbation by persons capable of appreciating the best things in music.

Art Displays Its Old Power

And how did Paderewski play? A proper enough question, though not one requiring such an answer as might be demanded were he not the familiar figure that he has been for more than a score of years. He did not play like the Paderewski whom New York first knew; nor like the Paderewski of ten or more years later, who had unaccountably seemed to wish to be classed among the sons of Anak, with muscles and sinews of a Titan and a desire to use them like one of the Anakim. No one comes to Mr. Paderewski's concerts with the desire to pick flaws in his technique, or quarrel with him about his conception of the music that he plays. If any one should come with such purpose he would soon find it oozing away under an influence so persuasive that he would remain only to wonder at and admire the thing that is greater than these—the potency of the music itself. That is the characteristic of Paderewski's playing, the charm of a deeply poetical, profoundly musical intermediary between the composer and the hearer. Perhaps his fingers were not so inerrant as once they were. To be entirely frank, we think they were not yesterday. There were slips and inaccuracies in the Chopin ballade; there were blurrings of passages not wholly hidden by adroit devices of concealment in several pieces, even in the Beethoven sonata; there were some sloven rhythms. But out of everything there spoke the soul and shone the radiant face of Music itself. Why dissent upon the minor things? Beauty spoke her benediction and all but herself was forgotten.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Player Nervous at First.

Yesterday's recital proved some of this and proved much more. The program began with Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieses," which the pianist played rudely and confusedly. He was undoubtedly very nervous and even in the Schumann C major fantasia, the next number, which used to be one of his battle horses he did not find himself. There was too much thunder, too much hard tone, too little of the romance of Schumann. But before this number was finished the artist was in control of himself, and he gave a great and commanding performance of the "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven. Clarity of utterance, dignity of style and immenso breadth of technical method characterized a delivery which was marred only in a few spots by too much force.

The ensuing Chopin group was played in Mr. Paderewski's larger Chopin style, not sentimental, but heroic. There was nobility of art in it, coupled with a bewitching range of color and dynamic power. Rarely has the music lover had the opportunity to be so stirred by the G minor ballads and the C sharp minor scherzo. Three Liszt pieces completed the program, and in these Mr. Paderewski demonstrated that his old time skill as a virtuoso had not deserted him. The pieces were performed with ravishing color and gradation, and with exquisite finger work.

Mr. Paderewski has not lived thirty years since he first played here without feeling the burdens of time and experience. He is perhaps a less delicate and precious artist, but he is certainly a greater man and a more eloquent interpreter. He played yesterday with less of the exaggerated force than when he was here some years ago, but far more than he used in his early period. He played, too, with a wider scale of power and a deeper palette of color. He played even more emotionally; but the emotion of to-day is not that of youth. It is the emotion of one who has lived largely, felt deeply and pondered profoundly.

Mmes. Rethberg and Oleg'n in Joint Debut With Canadian Baritone Warmly Greeted.

AIDA, opera in four acts and seven scenes; book in Italian by Ghislanzoni, music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

The King.....Edmund Burke (debut)
Amneris.....Sigrld Oleg'n (debut)
Aida.....Elizabeth Rethberg (debut)
Radames.....Giovanni Martinelli
Ramfis.....Jose Mardones
Amonasro.....Giuseppe Danes
A Messenger.....Pietro Audisio
A Priestess.....Laura Robertson
Conductor—Roberto Moranzoni.

Three debuts of importance to New York's future enjoyment of a favorite opera marked last night's return of "Aida" at the Metropolitan, an occasion already "discounted" in advance in so far as the public had assumed in Mme. Sigrld Oleg'n, since her recent concert debut, the arrival of a first magnitude star. As Verdi's Princess of Egypt, she justified hopes and predictions of her friends then made. The new Amneris was a woman of majestic grace, broad gesture, brooding calm, while her voice was again one of great power controlled with smoothness and beauty, its emotional color prevailing of the "darker" sort, but stirred with the true gleam of temperamental fire.

Mme. Elizabeth Rethberg, heard for the first time in America in last evening's title role, made her most favorable impression at the start in Aida's lamenting air, "Nun, Pietà," her high, clear, liquid tones of a singular brightness floating above Verdi's orchestration with unforced ease. The Dresden soprano dominated sufficiently the noisier ensemble of the Theban trumpet scene, and she was dramatically acceptable in spite of crude costuming and the nervousness of this utmost critical ordeal. In the Nile scene, there was again opportunity for her singing to win its way, which, after all, is the main point; a success, in essentials, distinctly was Mme. Rethberg.

Mr. Burke was a slightly King of Egypt, and vocally an old friend to many who had heard the Canadian baritone on concert tours with Mme. Melba. He sang with intelligence and acted with dignity, surrounded by Metropolitan veterans such as Martinelli, Danes, Mardones and others who were cordially welcomed by a crowded house. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the familiar work, Mr. Setti's chorus sang as of yore, and it seemed more than possible that the general excellence of performance also owed no mean share to the new stage manager, Wilhelm von Wymetal of Vienna.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Oratorio Society in The Apocalypse.

The Oratorio Society at its first concert this season, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, presented for the first time in New York "The Apocalypse," an oratorio by Paolo Gallico, to a text by Pauline Arnoux MacArthur and Henri Pierre Roche. Mr. Gallico, better known as pianist and teacher than as composer, and Mrs. MacArthur are both residents of New York; and the oratorio gained a prize of \$5,000 offered by the National Federation of Women's Clubs last year. It has been performed in the West.

The oratorio is in four parts: a prologue, "Belshazzar's Feast," "Armageddon," "Babylon," "The Millennium." There is a narrator, whose words are Biblical. The solos and choruses are selected from Holy Writ, partly from the Book of Daniel, but mostly from the Book of Revelations. The connecting text is the work of the two authors named. That they had an ethical purpose in writing the oratorio is indicated in the preface, where it is said that an oratorio of this character seems especially fitting at this time, "when the world is beginning to realize that the working of cause and effect in the spiritual world which is called prophecy. Behind and above this entire work we must see and feel the hand of God."

Nevertheless, even in oratorios so inspired, there must be a consideration of the means employed. The text may remind some of the texts of many of Bach's cantatas in which the difference between Luther's translation of the Bible and Picander's verse is so noticeable. The attempt has been made to present the dread subject in a picturesque way, to elicit and develop the Biblical texts chosen and so connect them as to form a unified whole.

Mr. Gallico has written for the orchestra and chorus with a boldness and freedom that can surprise those who have known him chiefly as a pianist. This is not to say that his vocal writing is often singularly crabbed and difficult, unvoiced and hence ineffective. There are passages for the orchestra in which he has gained striking effects, but it may be said in general that these are the ones in which he has least striven for complications and intricate combinations. His choral writing shows the same kind of difficulties that he has shown in the part of the soloists.

Mr. Gallico has felt moved toward a modern expression in his style, and especially toward that represented by Strauss. It may be said that he has been strongly influenced thereby. He is fond of all sorts of chromatic intervals and chords of the higher degrees.

On a first hearing there is not strikingly in evidence a vivid stream of inspiration in his music. It seems rather calculated than spontaneous. One who has the Apocalypse for his text is necessarily confronted with powerful and overwhelming effects to be made, and Mr. Gallico has not neglected them. He has done nothing finer, and partly because he has abandoned search for

terre effect—in his music, and partly because he has abandoned search for

ing of the seven angels with the seven vials. The section called "Babylon," is for soprano and orchestra. This was sung by Mme. Elsie Swalla, recently heard here in a Wagner concert, with abundant power and dramatic expression. Frederick Patton delivered the bass part of the Narrator impressively, with sometimes an excess of expression. Mrs. Dicke Howell, soprano, Dalphine Mard and Frieda Klink, contraltos, James Price, tenor, and Edwin Swain, baritone, all sang at high level of excellence. The chorus was well schooled in the difficulties of its score under the direction of Albert Stoessel, which is perhaps a little more than could be said of the orchestra.

The audience was not very large but gave ample evidence of appreciation.

A \$5,000 Oratorio

Are American composers neglected and unrewarded? Perish the thought! To be sure, one of them told me a few years ago that his symphony—an excellent work, by the way—had so far cost him about \$1,000. On the other hand, several American composers have won \$10,000 prizes with operas, and now comes along Paolo Gallico with—of all things in the world—a \$5,000 oratorio. "The Apocalypse" is its name and it had its first public performance last night in Carnegie Hall, after a final rehearsal in the Great Hall of City College, on which the following estimate of the work itself is based.

Paolo Gallico is a pianist and composer who was born in Trieste fifty-four years ago, but who has made his home in New York ever since 1892. He had previously composed an operetta and an opera, but his oratorio is the first work of his that has come up for discussion here, so far as this writer knows, unless it be some of his songs and piano pieces.

Oratorios do not usually try to be timely, but the first part of Gallico's work has the aspect of having been written since the encouragement given to the "wets" by the recent election. The first tenor solo begins "I sing to the grape which can quench man's thirst"; there is a chorus of gluttons; another of women singing about the passion which makes them "utter the cries of wild beasts." Like a voice from Battle Creek comes the admonition:

Some savage tribes
Who eat but roots
Are stronger and more hardy than you.
Sober and virtuous
They will one day be your masters.

But in vain are these men and women admonished:

Lo! they fall to the earth!
Some of them in drunken slumber,
Others completing the orgy
In voluptuous frenzy.

And this prologue, entitled Belshazzar's Feast, ends with the handwriting on the wall: "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin."

The other parts of the oratorio are Armageddon, which tells about the seven vials poured upon the earth by seven angels; Babylon, a long soprano solo, "I wield the greatest power o'er all the earth"; and Millennium, beginning with boys' voices telling of "a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."

This text, selected and arranged mainly from the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse by Pauline Arnoux MacArthur and Henri Pierre Roché, certainly offers excellent opportunities to a composer. It cannot be said that Mr. Gallico has made full use of them. His score is that of an accomplished musician, who knows how to write fluently, not only for the orchestra but for the voice, solo or ensemble. There are only traces of real invention and reminiscences abound. In the Babylon section Kundry seems to be talking to Parsifal.

The music of Belshazzar's Feast is not orgiastic or even bibulous; it is placid and pleasant. There is so little characterization and differentiation that detailed comment is not called for. The best tonal effects are in the last part, where the chorus and orchestra, reinforced by organ, rise to a superb climax.

Mr. Gallico surely cannot object to being bracketed with Richard Wagner. His oratorio reminds me of what Wagner said of his "Philadelphia Centennial March": "The best thing about this march is the \$5,000 I got for it."

Since the "Apocalypse" is more symphonic than vocal, the orchestra had the centre of the stage almost continuously. There was some excellent work by the chorus, notably in the number dealing with the seven vials (and that, of all, was most in true oratorio style), which is a brilliant example of part-writing. As for the soloists, there were seven in all: Elsa Stralia and Dicke Howell, sopranos; Dalphine March and Frieda Klink, contraltos; James Price, tenor; Edwin Swain, baritone, and Frederick Patton, bass. As the new work has no continuity of theme and the solos are narrative in form, they had few opportunities to distinguish themselves. Mme. Stralia was an exception, however, in her big number "Babylon," which almost monopolized Part II. She displayed a dramatic soprano of fine quality, which she used with real intelligence, moving

the auditor to remark "Why she doesn't need a voice; she's got brains!" At the close of the performance both the composer and the writer of the text came on the stage and received their due in applause.

NEW VOICES FOR "AIDA."

Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Aida," by Giuseppe Verdi, book by A. Bozzelli. Sung in Italian. First performance.

The debutants had things their own way last night at the Metropolitan when Elizabeth Reithberg's first "Aida" performance, to the closing duet beneath the temple there were new voices, new tones and new characterization to inject enough novelty into the familiar work to please the most accustomed regular standees.

The company has acquired two excellent voices and two invaluable actresses in the new debutantes. They received conclusively that opera is to be seen as well as heard, especially in the triumph scene, where the conflict of emotions and impulses stands out from the general fabric of the lot like an embroidered figure. Miss Reithberg, not in the least nervous, reduced an abundance of fresh, brilliant tones, dynamic and full of magnetism clear to the top, although once or twice she indulged a tendency to "spread" her upper notes in a manner hardly in keeping with good singing. She made of Aida a volatile, dominant characterization. Mme. Jeritza, who was heard a short time ago as soloist with a symphony orchestra, fulfilled the prophecy made at the time that she would "do big things in opera." She was every inch queen as she appeared in the hall of the Pharaoh's first time. Her mannerisms are alluring and designing, crafty and undisguisedly infatuated by turns. There were many moments where the guile of an Ortrud showed through the sinister portrait of the named Princess. She ought to be unforgettable in "Lohengrin." Her voice is opulent and gorgeously colored, there is intensity and dour drama in the turn of her head as she watches her slave rival.

Edmund Burke, the new King, is normal in stature and stentorian in tone. He sang his lines rather mechanically, it seemed; but then perhaps it is the divine right of a King to be merely a rhetorical figure. Mr. Danise, in fine voice, brought out the dramatic agonies of the captive Ethiopian Amonasro and his subsequent masterfulness toward his daughter. Mr. Martinelli, in splendid voice, covered himself with glory in the "No" scene especially. He has never sung better than he did in that act. Mr. Ardison sang Ramfis, and Mr. Audisio and Miss Robertson added technical skill to the minor roles assigned to them.

The piece has been recostumed with more color than taste. It is too bad we have so little authentic data concerning what the court and prole of ancient Egypt wore. In the draped garments last night the Egyptian women looked like nothing so much as a bevy of rural matrons who had attended a rummage sale and were trying to wear all their bargains home. And when will some energetic director abolish the pink or brown mummy wear for the soldiers and chorus? Somehow brown paint seems infinitely more modest (to say nothing of aesthetic) than wrinkling and army "heavies."

But the stage directing seemed exceptionally good, and the ballet (with an amazing number of blond Egyptian) danced vigorously and with the usual grace. Mr. Moranzoni gave the piece a speedy reading, sending the first act through like wildfire. Incidentally, in the trio of that act he crowned three strong voices with his brass.

If one did not have to look at the costumes, it was a fine, satisfying evening.

Greta Masson, soprano, appeared last night in song recital in the own Hall with Rex Tillson at the piano. An uncommon feature of her offering was four seventeenth and eighteenth century airs, two being musical settings to Shakespearean plays. Miss Masson's program, in full follows:

Softly Blooming ("Azor and Zelmira") Spohr (1784-1859)
Would He Upbraid (Shakespeare)... Bishop
Willow, Willow! (Shakespeare)... Benj. Carr
Dull Care! (anonymous)

Seventeenth Century
La de Poppaea ("Ariadne") Handel-Ribb

La de Poppaea ("Ariadne") Handel-Ribb
Domizilla (Old French) Arr. by A. L. Wagner
Schmerzen Wagner
Traume Wagner
Das Mädchen spricht... Brahms
Feldennacht... Brahms
Ständchen Brahms
The Clock (Novakoff) Bachnowsky
The Lake (Novakoff) Bachnowsky
Arthur Poole
Virgin's Cradle Hymn (S. T. Coleridge) F. Morris Glass
The Robin Sings... MacDowell
O Lovely Rose!... MacDowell
Snow on the Hills (Leonora Speyer) Mabel Wood Hill
Norwegian Love Song (H. H. Boyesen) Clough-Leigher

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Die Walküre," an opera in three acts, by Richard Wagner. Sung in German.

The Cast.

Sigmund... Curt Taucher (debut)
Hunding... Paul Bender
Wotan... Clarence Whitehill
Sieglinde... Maria Jeritza
Brünnhilde... Margareta Mateosau
Fricka... Jeanna Gordon
Heimwig... Mary Mellich
Gerhilde... Charlotte Ryan
Ortlinde... Laura Robertson
Roswelse... Flora Perill
Grimgerde... Merion Talva
Waltraute... Henriette Wakefield
Siegfrune... Raymond Deleunols
Schwertleite... Kathleen Howard
Conductor... Arhur Bodanzky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Walküre" had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. One new principal singer, Curt Taucher, a tenor, made his debut and was received with warm approval by an audience which appeared to be largely composed of persons devoted to the Wagner drama. Paul Bender, another of the new singers, was heard in his second role, *Hunding*. Mme. Jeritza repeated the *Sieglinde* which she made known last season. The others in the cast were familiar friends.

Perhaps a word should be said in the beginning for the stage management of Wilhelm von Wymetal, which made the fire on *Hunding's* hearth blaze up at the right moments, the sword show itself, and the doors fly open at the instant when the music ushered spring into the hearts of the lovers. It is a pity that his authority did not also govern some of the actions of *Sieglinde* and *Sigmund*, who frequently took the whole audience into their confidence and addressed their impassioned speeches to the subscribers.

But on the whole it was a good performance. There was unity of purpose among the singers and excellent cooperation between them and the orchestra. Mr. Bodanzky's reading of the score raised some questions, but these may readily be set aside in view of the general fervor and sincerity of the whole presentation. It will perhaps better satisfy general curiosity to say a few words about the new *Sigmund*.

Mr. Taucher is a typical German tenor. His voice has the characteristic quality and lack of color. He sang all his music intelligently in the true German style. He made the text for the most part clear, often sacrificing musical tone to sharpness of enunciation. He did not create any large dramatic illusion either as a hunted fugitive, a sudden lover or a sword snatching hero. No one could make illusion with the sword as the act of drawing it from the tree is customarily performed in the opera. A man could not pull a dinner knife out of a block of wood in that way let alone the long, shining blade of the incomparable *Notung*.

But Mr. Taucher made a good impression on his audience. He had numerous recalls. Mme. Jeritza's *Sieglinde* has not changed since last winter. It is a praiseworthy and sympathetic achievement, which effaces some of the beautiful memories associated with the Metropolitan stage, but nevertheless deserves a comfortable niche of its own in the affections of operagoers.

Mr. Bender's *Hunding* was as thoroughly German as Mr. Taucher's *Sigmund*, but it had more of the illusion of the drama. It was powerful, sinister, portentous and vocally sepulchral and unsteady. For the rest it need only be said that Mme. Matzenauer's *Brünnhilde*, Mr. Whitehill's *Wotan* and Mme. Jean Gordon's *Fricka* were just what they used to be and that two of them at any rate showed greater ability to preserve the lines of Wagner's melody than did some other elements of the cast.

There were really two symphonies on the New York Symphony Orchestra's program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mozart's *In G minor* came first, with its never-falling, wistful charm and its ever grateful brevity. Last and lengthiest came the Brahms *B-flat* piano concerto, which is no concerto at all really, but as nobly built and beautiful a symphony as one could wish.

Mr. Gabrieliowitsch played it magnificently, with all the brilliance of tone and technical mastery that it needed, yet with such perfect feeling for the larger good that his part dovetailed perfectly into the main structure of the work. One can give Mr. Gabrieliowitsch's Brahms playing no higher praise than to point out that he plays like a section of the orchestra and not in the least like a soloist.

Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra began the concerto a bit languidly, but warmed to the music and Mr. Gabrieliowitsch's playing, so that the last three movements went brilliantly.

In between came some new music by Ildebrando Pizzetti, one of the two most interesting of the younger Italians. The work played yesterday was a suite—or, rather, three movements of one—that Pizzetti made out of his incidental music to d'Annunzio's play, "La Pisanella." The story, which was not told in the program notes, concerns a painted lady of the middle ages who entered a convent, and after scandalous doings there, was smothered to death with roses.

The play had its first production in Paris, in 1913, with, we believe, Ida Rubenstein as the lady. The smothering scene, which is the last movement of the suite, was not played yesterday. There was a onto which suffered from its divorce from the stage action, an orgiastic dance, decidedly Russian in character, and a final sostenuto for strings alone, very lovely in line and color.

The rhythmic and thematic material of this music had evidently been fashioned so as to correspond very closely to the stage action, and it accordingly lost much on the concert platform. Even so, it is music of strong individuality, compelling mood and excellent workmanship. Unlike so many of his modern compatriots, Pizzetti gives no impression of being committed to any one melodic or harmonic system.

Dissonant as he is upon occasion, he always has artistic logic on his side. He seems always certain of what he wants to say, and seems also to have written his music to convey a mood rather than to solve a harmonic problem. And that, after all, is the way good music manages to be written.

There was nothing wild or revolutionary in the modern Italian number; Ildebrando Pizzetti's suite of incidental music to d'Annunzio's play "La Pisanella," offered by the New York Symphony Orchestra at its concert yesterday afternoon. It was, of course, not so modern after all, for, while still unpublished, it was composed in 1913, and the Schola Cantorum concert of last March showed Pizzetti as far from the most radical among contemporary Italian composers. It gave general impression of being distinctly melodious, but not very interesting; but this may have been due to some extent to the lack of information as to what it was all about. What particular scene each movement was supposed to illustrate nobody knew; the only light cast on the music came from the full title of the play, "The Woman of Pisa, or the Perfumed Death," with "the scene laid in the Latin kingdom of Cyprus, in the year of the Drought, when the Queen Venus reappeared near the city of Amathus."

Three of the five movements were played; the first a long, melodious lament; while the second brought in a brighter mood—a lively, rhythmic, dance-like measure which might have been some large festive gathering, as in Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture.

Another grave theme, of much the same character as the first, announced and repeated by various groups of strings, was the basis of the fourth movement, the last played. An "archaic and fantastic" atmosphere was attributed to the music by the program annotator, and, especially at the beginning, the archaic element was pronounced, but the fantasy was hardly to be found. Still, it was an agreeable, tuneful composition.

The New York Symphony.

Not the new piece that was played at the concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall by the New York Symphony Orchestra, but the two older ones afforded the greatest pleasure. The new piece was an orchestral suite, "La Pisanella," by Ildebrando Pizzetti. He is regarded as one of the most important of the younger school of Italian composers who have in large measure abjured the opera and are devoting their attention to forming a school of orchestral music.

This suite did not go far to justify the importance that is attributed to Pizzetti; but perhaps it was not heard in a way to give the music all the value and the effect its composer intended for it. It is made up of incidental music to a play of d'Annunzio's. Only three of the five movements described in the program notes were played; but they perhaps make a better showing when heard in their proper surroundings. The composer has given them an "atmosphere," at once fantastic and archaic, according to the program note. The fantastic is more in evidence than the archaic. Now, atmosphere is necessary; but atmosphere alone will not support life. And there seems to be perilously little else in this music.

"La Pisanella," a suite formed of incidental music to a play of that name by d'Annunzio, and composed by Pizzetti, now director of the Instituto Musicale at Florence, proved a most interesting number. Extremely modern in its fantastic harmonies and daringly dissonant chords, this suite yet retains rare melodic charm and beautiful coloring. The score is imbued with an atmosphere of modernity and archaic melody.

The third movement, sostenuto quasi grave, possesses a majestic theme announced by the violas and repeated in canonical form by cellos and violins, which is extraordinarily rich in melody and nobility of treatment. This combination of modern harmony with themes highly suggestive of the old Greek modes was particularly fortunate and it is to be regretted that Mr. Damrosch saw fit to play only three of the five movements composing the suite.

QUARTET GIVES A NOVELTY.

New York String Plays Sak's "Meditation" at Second Concert.

The New York String Quartet, which made its bow this season after some years of playing in private, gave a second concert in Aeolian Hall last evening. The house was filled, the audience attentive and the players themselves, Messrs. Cadek, Siskovsky, Schwab and Vaska, showed an advance in close harmony of classic ensemble, in this case Mozart's quartet in G, which ended the evening. If there could have been more depth of tone at the start in the broad introduction of Ravel's quartet in D major, the four artists made up for it with their deft treatment of varied rhythm in the lighter movements of the Frenchman's work.

A novelty here was Josef Suk's "Meditation," Op. 35, on an old Bohemian chorale, the tune of "King Wenceslas," known to every schoolboy. The simple song was intoned by the instruments in turn, then in combination, as an antiphonal chant, its hymn-like quality persisting through successive allegro, allegretto and andante, with plucked cello suggesting the church bells or the four strings together an organ. The Czechoslovak composer's use of the quaint material was effective and unassuming, a genial chamber work which left its audience humming.

Wagnerian tenor, made his debut as Sigmund and made an obviously favorable impression on a large audience. He is by no means the ideal Sigmund. Apparently daunted by the size of the house, he pushed his middle voice to painful extremes. His stature is not of heroic proportions, and his acting lacks blingness. Nevertheless he is a great deal better than what we have had for a long time. His voice is pleasant in quality, with a fair degree of freedom in its upper register, and there is a reasonable repose and grace in his acting.

Mme. Jeritza made an uneven Sigmund. It is not her best role—the long Wagnerian vocal line does not suit her. Besides, she had a cold, and something happened to her acting in the end of the first act. In the second, however, she made a tragic and appealing heroine, and did some glorious singing.

The real surprise of the evening was Paul Bender as Hunding. He is, as one suspected from hearing him in "Der Rosenkavalier," essentially a singer of serious roles. Not only did he sing Hunding surpassingly, but he made him live. What has too often been a mere property villain suddenly came to life with startling vividness, a masterful portrait of brutal and malignant savagery.

hearsals. Sieglin'e, by the way, would have been more convincing if she had not been visibly eating cough lozenges all through the first act.

The New York String Quartet at its second concert, held last night at Aeolian Hall, brought forth as a novelty Josef Suk's "Meditation on an Old Bohemian Choral." This number was privately heard last Spring, but had never been played here in public

hitherto. The composer, who was born in 1874, is highly regarded in Europe as a composer for stringed instruments, and in this number has shown considerable skill in the usage of the ancient St. Wenceslas choral commemorating Wenceslas, who was King of Bohemia in the tenth century. The same hymn is now established as the Slovakian national anthem, under the title "Nad Tatrou Sa Blyska."

There was much of a sonorous mediaeval air to the work as played last night, a poem moving with dignity and color. It is true that musically it seems to thin out a little as it approaches its agitato climax, but the lofty strophes of its slowly mounting coda make up for other shortcomings and leave a highly agreeable aftertaste. The viola player, Ludvik Schwab, deserves special mention for his excellent work in this number.

The Slovakian work was preceded by Ravel's Quartet in F major, a glittering opalescent composition which should be heard more often. It has appeared on the average twice a year on programs. Last night there was poetry and much illusive beauty, though rather small tones in the first movement; but the ensemble picked up and gave the second movement a reading of brilliant vitality, particularly in the staccati, which abound in it. The response from the audience was richly deserved. The best ensemble playing, in so far as synchronized and blended tones were concerned, came in the third movement. Mozart's Quartet in G major closed the evening's offering.

A. C.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly," an opera in three acts and two scenes by Puccini. Sung in Italian.

The Cast.

Cio-Cio-San.....Florence Easton
Suzuki.....Flora Perini
Kate Pinkerton.....Cecil Arden
D. P. Pinkerton.....Giovanni Martinelli
U. S. Consul Sharpless.....Antonio Scotti
Goro.....Giordano Patrino
Yamadori.....Petro Audisio
The Uncle-Priest.....Paolo Ananin
Yakuside.....Paolo Quintina
The Imperial Commissioner,
Vincenzo Reechiglian
Conductor.....Roberto Moranzoni

By Deems Taylor

We had no idea Florence Easton would be so good in "Butterfly." She is always an artist, always a skillful craftsman, and a sincere one. In comedy she has been delightful, and in tragedy almost magnificent. But hitherto she has always been a little remote, a little too smoothly chiselled in the marble perfection of her tragic queens. There was some last thing which she did not give. One admired Florence Easton, but one did not weep over her.

Yesterday one did both. She gave us fine a performance of Cho-Cho San as this reviewer has ever seen, a performance that for exquisite detail and heart-breaking pathos harked back to the days of Blanche Bates.

It was a subtle and genuinely creative union of beautiful singing and acting. Her first act Madame B. F. Pinkerton was a girlish picture of shy and graceful charm, alluring and pathetically merry. And in the end she rose to heights of tragedy that were touched something finer and truer than Puccini's opera—Cho-Cho San, facing her death, a pitiful, broken figure, so childishly and tragically simple in speech and action that one saw her through tears.

There were no melodramatics in this portrait, no hysterics, no posturings. She sang brilliantly, of course—when brilliant singing was wanted. Yet in the last moments, in her scene with Sharpless and Kate Pinkerton, and her farewell to the child, she sang scarcely at all, delivering her lines in a toneless, almost whispered monotone that lent them almost unbearable poignancy.

Most of the others in the cast were old friends and did their work well. Scotti was the familiar, likeable Sharpless, Martinelli sang well as Pinkerton and Flora Perini made a rather good Suzuki.

There was new scenery by Joseph Urban, impressively good in line and gorgeous in its warm greys and lacquer reds. The dawn scene in the last act showed the dim branches of the peach trees silhouetted against the paper windows in a fairy tracery of silver grey that was like a Japanese shadow print—a lovely touch that did wonders for the mood of the scene.

There had to be something wrong, of course. Unless our eyesight is exceptionally defective, two of the platforms in the last act were set wrong side out, so that one looked through their skeletons. It seems doubtful that Mr. Urban planned the effect.

Mr. Wymetal had restaged the production and made several changes in the last scene that helped it enormously. Instead of leaving the child to sit melodramatically waving a flag while she killed herself, Cho-Cho San sent him outside to play. Nor did Pinkerton rush in, anticlimactically, at the end. He was heard outside, calling "Cho-Cho San!" as she crawled feebly to the door and fell. She died alone, as she should. A fine production and a great performance.

The performance yesterday was generally admirable. There was some new scenery for the opera, said to be strictly Japanese, and done by Joseph Urban. It was very new in its appearance, yet effective, and causing some changes in the former routine of stage business. Mme. Easton, who first sang Cio-Cio-San here with Savage's company and later once or twice at the Metropolitan, was nervous at the beginning and missed the pitch in the top notes of her entrance song. But as a whole she sang throughout with splendid dramatic eloquence.

Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Scotti, both old favorites in the roles, were the naval officer and American Consul. Miss Flora Perini was the Suzuki, a part so frequently taken for many years by the lamented Mme. Rita Fornia. The conductor was Mr. Moranzoni. The large audience liked the performance greatly and yet there was something missing from all the pleasure shown. It was that lively flitting spirit of delight which used to emanate so freely from all the many Gory flappers, now passed into history. Their occupation is gone.

Boito's "Mefistofele" was repeated in the evening. The audience was quite as large as that which attended the first performance, although it was somewhat more reserved in its demonstrations of pleasure. There were two changes in the cast. Mr. Gigli, being scheduled to sing *Romco* this afternoon, yielded the role of *Faust* to Mr. Charlee, who made his first appearance of the season. Miss Perini, having sung *Suzuki* in the afternoon, was relieved from the brief duties of *Pantalis* by Miss Marion Telva.

Mr. Chamlee's singing of the music of *Faust* bore out the promise of his previous achievements. This young American tenor has made an enviable record, and with his remarkably beautiful voice and delightful style should go far. He showed a slight tendency to pinch his upper tones when singing piano last evening, but this may have been due to temporary causes.

Mr. Challapin was the *Mefistofele*. He was in command of his powerful voice and his impersonation had its full value vocal and histrionic. Mme. Aida as *Marguerite*, Mme. Howard as *Marta* and Miss Peralta as *Helen* were the other principals. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

There was a notable audience.

Roderick White Recital.

At Aeolian Hall in the evening the gifted young violinist, Roderick White, gave an interesting recital which fully demonstrated his native and scholarly attainments. He played the Bach-Schumann Prelude in E major, Grieg's Concerto in C minor for piano and violin, with Frederick Persson at the piano, Viextemp's "Serenity" and a generous list of pieces by Haydn-Burmeister, Cameron White, Sarasate, Tor Aulin, Roger Clerbois, Granados-Kreisler, Novacek and others. Mr. Persson was a most effective accompanist.

At Carnegie Hall in the evening the New York Symphony Society repeated its Friday matinee concert with Ossip Gabrilowitsch as soloist. J. H. R.

s Williams 'Pastoral

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society gave its fourth matinee concert at Carnegie Hall yesterday. The program consisted of Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral" symphony, Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," Mozart's piano concerto in A and the prelude and love death from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." The pianist was Arthur Rubinstein. The symphony heard yesterday was first played in this country at the Norfolk festival on June 7 of this year. It is the third of Mr. Williams's compositions in this form. The "Sea Symphony" was given here last April by the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and the Philharmonic. The "London Symphony" was produced by Albert Coates and the New York Symphony Society orchestra on the occasion of Mr. Coates's first appearance in the season of 1920-21.

The "Pastoral" symphony has three individual elements which will distinguish it. The thematic material is fashioned in the style of the English folk song. The reflective mood, the serenity of the restful English countryside, is preserved throughout. In the last movement a soprano voice is employed not to interpret text but as a distant instrument, repeating in a new tone quality a melody already heard in the orchestra on the stage.

Thematic subjects are beautiful in themselves. Their mediaeval constitution, organized from the antique scales known as ecclesiastic modes, is clearly conveyed to the hearer and is in itself filled with the character of the thought which the musician has sought to convey. The development of these themes is enriched by an orchestration exquisitely conceived and written. In it important instrumental solo voices are employed with unflinching skill as well as fancy and the general texture is opulent in delicate and expressive tints.

The vocal solo in the last movement is most effective and fits itself perfectly into the general scheme. Its tones, ranging from high to low and given forth with an impression of mystery by an unseen singer, make a climax to the deeply felt moods of the symphony. For audiences, however, the courageous manner in which Mr. Williams has clung to his vision of a

tired Britain resting in her lovely shores after the ghastly shocks of the world war will be a stumbling block.

Few will go affectionately with him through his many pages of contemplation. Audiences will undoubtedly ask for something more highly spiced. And surely Englishmen will understand Mr. Williams better than other men. If you have some British blood in your veins and have slept in Amble-side or drowsed along the Thames in a half sunny afternoon you will understand him. But he is not for Broadway and the electric lights.

The other items of yesterday's concert do not demand special consideration. The Philharmonic played Mr. Williams's work beautifully and Mr. Strauss's less well. Mr. Rubinstein is perhaps more comfortable with Liszt than with Mozart.

Max Smith

The performance yesterday was Josef Stransky, conductor, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, gave what the programme described as the first performance in New York of Vaughan Williams's "Pastoral Symphony."

In the generally accepted sense the programme told the truth. This lengthy work as such had not been submitted until then to the public of this city. In another sense the programme was somewhat misleading. Most of the music spun out by the Englishman in four movements had been heard here in somewhat different guise and under different titles. Mr. Williams is not original. Despite the British folk-song themes he has employed to lend local color to his pictures the atmosphere of these landscapes is French. And one finds this out, too, long before the forty-five minutes occupied by the performance have expired.

To praise a work is often a dangerous experiment. The glowing tributes bestowed by Mr. Gilman in his notes created hopes that were not fulfilled. The music appeals to the hearing at the outset. It is admirably scored. But the unending succession of pastoral impressions becomes intolerably monotonous.

The performance yesterday was good enough, it seemed, to do full justice to the author's intentions. Florence Hinckle's voice has rarely been heard to better advantage of late than in the distant chanting of the concluding Lento. What a relief, though, after the usual intermission, to hear Strauss's buoyant tone-poem, "Don Juan," even if Mr. Stransky showed more gymnastic energy than imagination at the baton.

Arthur Rubinstein, virtuoso pianist, vouchsafed Mozart's piano concerto in A major (K. 488) instead of the Lisztian A major concerto originally announced. He played fluently and brilliantly. The prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan und Isolde" brought the matinee to a close.

R. A. Smith

This "Pastoral Symphony" is the third. It was preceded by his "Sea Symphony," heard here last Spring, and by his "London Symphony," brought hither by Albert Coates two seasons ago. First heard in London last January, it was played at the Musical Festival at Norfolk, Conn., in June of this year, when the composer was brought over to conduct it himself, after the princely fashion of Mr. and Mrs. Car. Stoeckel, whose gift that festival is.

This "Pastoral Symphony" is "more expression of feeling than picturing," to a greater extent than Beethoven's symphony with the same title. There is no brook nor a bird nor a thunderstorm nor a hint of the actual presence of the country people in it. There is not a anecdote of any kind. There is not even a shepherd's pipe, nor any other point of use of the oboe as a pastoral suggestion. It is wholly an expression of mood, the composer's feeling, in musical form. As had been pointed out, there is, in fact, nothing in the "Pastoral Symphony" but music.

It seemed, on hearing the work yesterday, that it denoted an advance over the "London Symphony," heard here that it is music of a somewhat finer grain, though not so effective on a first hearing. It is very true, as is emphasized in Mr. Gilman's annotations, that here is the "contemplative" spirit, in most thoroughgoing manner.

An outstanding feature of the music is the composer's use of melodies like folk tunes, and especially of the "modes," in which most frequently the English folk tunes are cast: the Dorian, Aeolian and Mixolydian. This gives a characteristic flavor to the music.

Another outstanding feature is the composer's fondness for passages of consecutive fifths, to which he contrives give a pungent and not unpleasant effect. His skill in orchestration is one of the means by which he does it. He employs a large orchestra, with a quite individual use of its colors to carry out and intensify his moods—not "brilliant" orchestration, but one of low tones of color and subtle contrasts.

The music suffers, undoubtedly, from a too great prolongation of a single mood, especially in the first two movements, which also show little contrast in tempo; but also to a certain extent through the whole symphony. In the first movement there is a quaint so for the bassoon, put thereafter successively upon the clarinet, the strings, flute; a salient feature in a crowded mass of material. The succeeding movement has a haunting charm in quietness, broken by that singular effect of the horn solo in C over untuned strings in F minor, that the composer by the management of the color, kept within the limits of endurance. This is a piercing trumpet phrase, reaching the highest ranges; there are distant calls on other instruments.

The vigorous opening of the third movement interrupts for a time the strained feeling of the music and so runs into a fast tempo, making room for another tune of the folk-song kind, treated with some entrancing orchestral effects. In the last movement a piano voice is introduced, singing at distance off the stage, and singing without words—the part was beautifully lived yesterday by Miss Florence Hinckle. Then the contemplative mood is for a time cast off and the music rises to a superb climax of power; a wordless song returns and the close is very quiet.

Such music is not wholly to be grasped in one hearing. It will not easily make an effect upon an audience and one failed to make one upon the audience at Carnegie Hall, which listened with sympathy almost complete. But the performance was a particularly fine one and may be supposed to have done full justice to the work, which is of a subtle and complicated. The tone of the orchestra was superb. Mr. Stransky had clearly devoted much pains to preparing the symphony and conducted with obvious devotion and great care.

The other numbers of the program were Strauss's "Don Juan," very brilliantly played; the prelude and scene from "Tristan und Isolde," the piano concerto by Mozart, played by Arthur Rubinstein. He played a clear and sharply defined performance of it, but one that did not seem wholly sympathetic to the spirit of Mozart.

Romeo et Juliette.
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA in five acts (even scenes, book in French by Barthelemy, after Shakespeare, music by Gounod. At the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, July 1, 1922.)

Lucrezia Bori
Raymond Delaunoy
Benjamin Godard
Angelo Bada
Giordano Paltini
Giuseppe De Luca
Millo Peco
Paolo Ananias
Adamo Didur
Leon Rothier
Louis D'Angelo
Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

When there were De Reszkes, a Plan and a Melba at the Metropolitan a House, Gounod's opera of "Romeo et Juliette" was one of the popular of the repertory. Those singers and it a very favorable medium for exploitations of their finest singing. There are no longer De Reszkes, Plan and Melba at the Metropolitan and "Romeo et Juliette" has of years seldom emerged from the library's back shelves.

When the management has taken hope in something with the opera and placed it on the stage of the Metropolitan it was heard with apparent a large audience. It brought the singers engaged in it into parts of a most of them are not known for the opera had not been heard since the season of 1910-11. Then as not considered worth while to it more than twice.

The fact is that the opera can be alive only by fine singing of the kind to which it belongs, and by singers who can convey some of the genius of Shakespeare's drama that filtered through so sparingly into libretto which Barbler and Carreared for Gounod. There are, of course, worse operatic travesties of Shakespeare than this one, though that of giving it much praise. There is beautiful music in the score, beautiful as it seems, of the stronger of "Faust." But Gounod's inspiration in "Romeo et Juliette," such as, was steady and not intermittent, and those who listen to the opera do not find in the uninterrupted flow melody in a world where melos come so hard as they do today, is something, and there seemed to some signs of thankfulness for it.

The performance yesterday afternoon brought back more than memory of the great old days, and yet it a very good performance, both the ear and for the eye, in which considerable degree of competence shown by most of those who took part in it. There was the competent Miss Lucrezia Bori to present a figure of Juliet at least as beautiful to upon as any that has been heard for a long time; with an adorable charm—the grace and charm youth, her hesitant simplicity and eager self-surrender of instant adoration. She sang the music admirably the florid passages of the waltz with something of their brilliancy, high note quite the ease and spontaneity of those to the manner born. It was an impersonation that the audience gladly took to its heart. hardly so much can be said of Mr. De Luca's Romeo, yet he sang the music admirably too, and perhaps as well as can be sung by any one today; with at beauty of tone and phrasing, with or and with artistic restraint, not says seeking to make his high tones and, but realizing the value of the voice and of the head tone. It not given to Mr. Gigh to present a winning figure of Romeo and impossibly fervor, nor, as yet, to enunciate a perfect French. Yet he made a ant approximation.

It is long since there has been so good recitation as Mr. De Luca's; even in good old days. And it is not easy remember how the fine singing of "Ballad of Queen Mab" in the first as he presented Mr. Bada's Tybalt well received, at least from the dramatic point of view, and Mr. Rothier as the Capulet had all the attributes in dramatic and artistic that aerded Capulet, as shown by Mr. ur, for once showed the qualities of human personality rather than of a figure.

By Deems Taylor

Commenting upon Henry James as novelist, Wells once brutally spoke him as "a hippopotamus toying with a pea." Hearing Saturday's recital of "Romeo et Juliette," and remembering that it used to be sung at the Metropolitan by Jean de Reszke, Pol Plancon and Melba, one did not help recalling that remark. Gounod's is about as imponderable a version of Shakespeare's tragedy as could well be imagined. It is as tuneful as "The Yankee Princess" and not much heavier.

But it is a likeable little opera, the same—if you go in the right line of mind to listen to it. It is Shakespeare musically (only it could have set the first act

properly and only Wagner of Debussy could have done justice to the last), and if the listener expects to hear a score that truly belittles the immortal lovers of Verona he is bound for disappointment. But it is ingratiating, variegated, deftly written music, always charming and, in its own miniature way, perfectly sincere.

Gounod did not cut very deep in "Romeo et Juliette," nor see very far, but listening to his music one feels that he gave the very best he had. And if his score is superficial it is somehow honest too. He had only tunes to write, but he made them good tunes, and did not pretend that they were anything more. The first-act waltz, "Dans ce reve," everybody knows—the player pianos and phonographs and pop concerts have seen to that. But there are others—Romeo's "O nuit divine" in the second act, and the enchanting duet, "Ah! ne fuis pas encore!" at Juliet's balcony. The music for the death scene is not profound, but neither is it obtrusive. Gounod knew enough to keep from under Shakespeare's feet when it came to tragedy. Better one ingenuous act of "Romeo" than all the pompous futilities of "Ermani" and "Loreley" put together!

Of the libretto it is only necessary to say that it follows Shakespeare pretty faithfully, even to the brief choral prologue that explains the feud between the Montagues and the Capulets. Let us get on to the cast of Saturday's performance.

Two Charming Lovers.

It was distinctly Mr. Gigh's afternoon. When he was first announced as Romeo one wondered rather dubiously what he would make of the part. He made a great deal of it, giving the best all-round performance that he has ever given at the Metropolitan. His acting showed an enormous advance, both in skill and sincerity, over anything else he has done. In the first act he had little to do except fall in love with Juliet, but he did that convincingly and with boyish charm. His old sin of confiding in the audience was nowhere in evidence. He was properly impassioned in the balcony scene, and in the duel with Tybalt he was amazingly vigorous.

It was a real fight, with a real thrill to it, miles beyond the usual "one-two-three, up, one-two-three, down" of stage fencing. The death scene he did with an economy of gesture and utter sincerity of mood that made it profoundly touching. His singing was almost flawless. In the aria "Ah, leve-toi, soleil," in the second act, he forced his middle voice, so that he went off key, but otherwise he gave a splendid performance, noteworthy alike for its beautiful tonal quality and admirable restraint.

Lucrezia Bori's Juliette was less completely successful. She seemed ill at ease in the first act. The unfortunate operation that so nearly cost her her voice has left its traces in one respect—it takes her nearly an act to get her voice entirely under control. It generally lacks warmth and flexibility at first. This was particularly evident on Saturday, for she seemed to have great difficulty with the florid strains of the famous waltz song.

This was not entirely her fault, for Gounod seems to have had a coloratura soprano in mind when he wrote the first act, and then to have written the rest of the role for a lyric soprano. Certainly Miss Bori improved steadily, once the coloratura work was out of the way. Her balcony scene was a delight, and in the fourth and fifth acts she displayed all the vocal charm and dramatic sincerity that are so characteristic of her. She did possibly her best singing in the closing duet of the balcony scene, which, ably seconded by Mr. Gigh, she made

a moment of ravishing beauty—until it was spoiled by ill-timed applause.

Enter the Vandals.

Which brings us to the claque—but soft; we apologize. There is no claque at the Metropolitan. Have not Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Otto Kahn reassured us on this point over and over again? They must have been ordent music lovers, then those five black-haired, swarthy-skinned gentlemen who stood at the end of the gallery by the right hand corner of the proscenium arch and beat upon hands of horn every time an aria or an act ended. How they did love it, those five! They broke into every

scene, whether anybody else wanted to applaud or not, and when it came to curtain calls—they simply couldn't get enough of them. Long after the rest of the audience had tired, their slow, steady "whack, whack, whack" kept up relentlessly. Watch for them next time you go to the Metropolitan. For they are there at every performance—those music lovers.

A Fine Cast.

The rest of the cast were excellent. Mr. De Luca was, of course, a superb Mercutio; his singing of "Mab, la roine des mensonges" in the first act was one of the day's finest moments. Equally good was the Tybalt of Mr. Bada. He died so movingly, in fact, that one rather disliked Romeo for killing him. Mr. Rothier was an impressive Friar Lawrence and did some good singing. Mme. Delaunoy was a most amiable Stephano and made much of her solo at the opening of the street scene. Mr. Didur was a vigorous Capulet—surprisingly so, in view of his make-up, which was that of an old gentleman of not less than 105 years. One marvelled that he should have a fourteen-year-old daughter. Those were the gland old days!

The opera was sung in French—of all kinds. The only impeccable accent fell from the lips of Mr. Rothier, Mr. Ananias and Mme. Delaunoy. Miss Bori's was almost perfect, and so was Mr. De Luca's. Mr. Bada's was excellent, and Mr. Gigh's, while far from perfection, was much better than last year's "Le Roi D'Ys." The others were so so. No matter. They were a better singing cast than one ever hears in Paris, and they looked convincingly Veronesc. The chorus, incidentally, sang surprisingly well.

Urban's Colorful Scenery.

Joseph Urban provided seven gorgeous sets for the production, the finest of which was the Verona street scene, with its red brick and sandstone church and blazing blue sky seen through shadowed archways. Almost equally good were Friar Lawrence's cell, its groined ceiling, a triumph of deceptive lighting and Juliet's Romanesque balcony overlooking a moon-drenched garden. The hall of the Capulets, with its tawny walls covered with primitive mosaics, looked stunning in the opening scene, when it was filled with merry-makers, but its design and colorings were too overpowering when the young lovers were left alone. Juliet's chamber had wonderful gold walls hung with curious tapestries, and the tomb of the Capulets showed a huge, arched vault, open at the farther end, with a fascinating iron grille silhouetted against a sombre sky. The costumes, by Gretl Urban Thurlow, were good in line and sumptuous in texture and color.

There were a few bad spots in the direction. The street light at the curtain of Act Three looked too much like a Virginia Reel to be impressive, and the quartet in Friar Lawrence's cell was rather stiffly handled. Mr. Gigh's death scene was almost spoiled by making him roll down the steps of the tomb in a manner that, however realistic, somehow lacked repose. In general, however, Mr. Thewman's staging was good, the crowds being unusually well handled. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted a fluent and beautifully expressive reading of the score.

Jascha Heifetz, lyric in tone and impeccable in technique as always, gave another recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. A Heifetz recital, be it the first or the fifteenth of a season, means always the same thing: a crowd, a touched and fired crowd, a shouting, responsive crowd. Only the programs vary. What comes from the platform and what is returned by the audience are ever of the same calibre. Yesterday Mr. Heifetz played Brahms's sonata in A minor, five movements from Bach's sixth sonata and a galaxy of shorter numbers by Chalkowsky, Glazunoff, Chopin, Wienlawski and Paganini.

At Aeolian Hall Ernest Hutcheson gave the second of his series of "Masters of Music" recitals. In this case there was an all-Beethoven program, played to a large throng, and to Ignace Faderewski too, who, with Mme. Faderewski and their adopted son, was sitting in a right hand box.

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Mr. Hutcheson's program followed:
Sonata in E major, Op. 90
Bagatelle in B minor, Op. 106
Minuet in E flat major
Rondo a capriccio, Op. 129
Sonata appassionata, Op. 57
Sonata in E major, Op. 111.

Down the street, at the Town Hall, Erika Morini was appearing in recital for the second time this season. Miss Morini in the past has set herself some pretty high standards, but yesterday her work vaulted well over them all. Her technique may not always be impeccable, sometimes she errs in phrasing and in recitative portions; but she has a compelling sense of tempo and tone—tone that yesterday, for instance, in the opening Spohr concerto was lambent and molten, as rich and heavy as an August mid-afternoon. She had a vast amount of reserve power which she only seemed to tap in this work. There was melting sweetness one moment, and in the next one caught whimsical lights and shadows like sunlight spluttering through green branches. The closing rondo was tense and compelling through her amazing use of changing staccato accents and carried her audience along with its contagious rhythm. It was not that she syncopated, but she came perilously near it, with compelling results.

In the later groups, she played the Svendsen "Romance" cadences with a tone so influenced that it was like a human voice, with its almost imperceptible distension or contraction of the regular beat of the tempo. Her super-sensitiveness to rhythm was

written all over the "Tartini Variations," which although it appears on so many programs, was in a way transfigured yesterday. Still later, in Chalkowsky's "Neapolitan Song" there was a cadenza, all harmonics, that whistled a morsel of a serenade as if from a human throat. All that she did was of the best quality, and bore the hallmark of true and memorable artistry.

In the evening Mr. Stransky led his Philharmonic through an all-Wagner program at Carnegie Hall. The familiar numbers, sonorous and grateful to post-war ears, may be guessed if the more names of the dramas are listed. There was music from "Rienzi," "Tristan," "Rheingold," "Meistersinger," "Tannhauser," "Parsifal," and the "Fliegende Hollaender."

July 2, 1922
Bach Revived
By H. E. Krehbiel

We are not at all disposed to make merry at our feature of yesterday's music, for that which we heard was calculated to put us in no contemplative mood; that when a fellow of infinite humor remarked that "we are getting back to Bach" we could only reply that it seemed so and wish that we were making the progress on lines somewhat different than those marked out for us by our leaders. It was just after the first concert of the Friends of Music in Town Hall in the afternoon and we heard two church cantatas and a violin concerto by Johann Sebastian, father, and it had been reported to us that all had gone well at Aeolian Hall with a concerto (we suppose) of Carl Philip Emanuel, son, at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Though this Bach was nearer to our generation, in manner, than his father, and it is likely that his music was made to sound still more contemporaneous by the transcription of it which was played by Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra, it must still have been archaic enough to convince the audience that there was a large infusion of educational purpose in two of the significant concerts of the day. This being so, we pondered a bit on the question whether the laudable purpose might not have been better served at Town Hall if the vocal music had been of a kind intelligible to the listeners. To all of them we mean, those familiar with the German language as well as to those to whom German is an unknown tongue. Why should the cantatas have been sung in German? To the choir English is a native tongue. The hymns which it sang offer no obstacles to effective translation. Some of them, we believe, have found their way into English hymnals. So far as the singing of the choir and two of the four solo singers are concerned the sounds which they uttered might as well have been Choctaw as German. Only Mr. Meader, an American, and Mr. Bender, a German, uttered words which were intelligible to anybody.

Opera and Concert Confused

Perhaps there were reasons for choosing the solo singers from the Metropolitan Opera Company. If so, they had no artistic validity. No artistic end is achieved by transferring the principle alleged to be dominant at the opera to the concert room. As a matter of fact, the rule of preserving the original language of the opera in the Metropolitan is not strictly obeyed. Russian operas are sung in Italian; so are some French. Some, like "Boris Gudounoff" are simultaneously sung in both. The public is indifferent in the matter, because the public doesn't care for the words of the opera, but only for its music and its outward integument.

It is different in the concert-room and in music like that sung yesterday. The cantatas were portions of church services—the first, "Der Friede sei mit Dir" for the Feast of the Purification; the second, "Christen, ätzel diesen Tag" for the Feast of the Nativity, for Christmas. Bach wrote scores of these services for the Sundays and holidays of the Church year. They are generally short, made up of recitatives, chorals (i. e., hymns), and more or less elaborate choruses. How beautiful many of them are every cultured music lover knows. But except for the hymns the texts are as a rule little better than doggerel. Bach was not greatly concerned beyond seeing that they were proper to the lesson of the day and afforded stalking horses for his music. Occasionally he indulged in delineative effects, but when he did so he put no insuperable rock in the way of a translation.

Value Chiefly Educational

It is only for musical folk of a studious mind that the cantatas are good concert material and they are likely to accept them for what they are—church services. Now a query: Would not the laudable purpose which underlay yesterday's concert have been better achieved if the text had been intelligible and the performance more like that which prevailed in Bach's time? Suppose the choir had been like that of the Church of St. Tomas in Leipzig—one of men and boys—and as a concession to the occasion (and the music) both choir and orchestra had been nearly double in number those that Bach controlled, say, twenty singers or twenty to thirty instrumentalists. Suppose that the concert had been given in a hall (or better, a church), with an organ and that the figured bass had been worked out by an accomplished musician, so as to be something more than a support for the voices in chordal harmony. Would the audience, which was a fine one and one of serious mood and inclination, not have enjoyed an artistic sensation very different from that afforded by yesterday's concert—admirable as it was in the main? We think so; but some may think we are disposed to think too curiously about these concerts.

On the above is a Sunday meditation in which and in the pleasure which the concert gave we could not have indulged had it not been for the fact that the friends of music gave a Bach concert. To it Mr. Bender gave distinction by his singing of the solo in the cantata first mentioned and Mr. Huberman by his playing of the concerto, and also the obligato which accompanies the solo voice, which is the chief factor in the service for the Feast of Purification, the chorus having little to do in the composition. In the second cantata there was a quartet of solo voices—Mmes. Peraltina, Tilna and Messrs. Meader and Bender. The contribution which the ladies made to the pleasure of the occasion was rather negative than otherwise. Bach's music must be sung with a steady outflow of tone—like that of Mr. Huberman's violin in obligato and concerto—as far as possible away from the style supposed to be dramatic at the Opera House. Musical passages, like the words, must be lucid. Concert singers trained in the English school of oratorio should be employed in such work.

The concert began with an orchestral transcription by Mr. Bodanzky of Bach's organ choral prelude on "Aus tiefer nuth schrei ich zu Dir." Mr. Townsend's chorus sang with precision, good balance of tone and good expression. It may have had more vitality of effect for the listeners in the balcony than for those on the main floor. Acoustical conditions are also important in concerts of such musical character.

At the symphony orchestra's concert given simultaneously in Aeolian Hall Mr. Felix Salmond, the scholarly and finished English cellist, played Bruch's transcription of the Hebrew melody "Kol Nidre" after the concerto by Philip Emanuel Bach, and the solo part of Strauss's "Don Quixote" after Respighi's "Fountains of Rome."

NEW YORK SYMPHONY PLAYS.

Orchestra's Concert in Aeolian Hall Rich in Variety.

The New York Symphony Orchestra's program in Aeolian Hall yesterday was without a new work, but it was rich in variety and musical taste. No mental

strain was put upon the listeners. They simply sat back in their seats in comfortable ease and enjoyed the concert. Felix Salmond, the distinguished English cellist, was the soloist. The opening number was a concerto in D by Philipp Emanuel Bach and arranged by Maximilian Steinberg (Vienna, 1888), in which Walter Damrosch conducted and played the piano part. The composer of the concerto, who was the third son of the great Bach, not only is important in musical history for bringing in his compositions the influence of his father down to Haydn's era, but, a writer of polished form, he is regarded as the inventor of the sonata. His concerto in D was first written for four violins. Steinberg has scored it for flute, two oboes, English horn, bassoon, horn and strings. According to the notes, his arrangement was made from the original manuscript, now in the Charles Guillon collection at Bourg-en-Bresse, France.

The music was somewhat too richly clad with modern tonal warmth to be in strict keeping with its underlying classic design, but it was beautiful music and well played.

Mr. Salmond, following the concerto, gave a beautiful and impressive performance of Bruch's concert piece on a Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidre," and was warmly applauded. The orchestra played Respighi's tone poem, "Fontane di Roma," which had been given recently at one of the society's Carnegie Hall concerts. The list closed with Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," in which Mr. Salmond played the cello solo with rare poetic feeling, and Mr. Pollain and Mrs. Paone the viola and tuba obbligato. This work Mr. Damrosch had given here as far back as December 8, 1912, and the Boston Orchestra had introduced it here the preceding season. The orchestra yesterday gave the score a fine performance.

of Philharmonic

It is a far cry from the serene meditations of Brahms to the dance of Salome in the Strauss opera of that name. That was the distance traveled by the Philharmonic at its concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, with Liszt and Bruch marking the milestones.

Scipione Guidi, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist of the afternoon, and gave an admirable performance of Bruch's Scottish Fantasy. Mr. Guidi is always something more than routine in the brief passages that occasionally fall to him alone in the various orchestral works which the society performs, and as the violinist of the New York Trio he has often won praise for the excellence of his chamber music playing. In the more pretentious offering yesterday he acquitted himself exceedingly well, playing with excellent tone and style and with a poetic feeling that avoided the excess of sentiment so easily read into Bruch's composition. He was heartily applauded and won a chorus of "bravas" from his associates in the orchestra.

The first section of the program was devoted to the Second Symphony of Brahms, which thus had the advantage of players rested and refreshed. Whether for that reason or not, it was played with the most caressing warmth of tone. Mr. Stransky conducted it and the large audience listened to it as if they still considered it far more than merely a tender memory, in spite of the pronouncements of M. Pierre Lalo, delightfully discussed in Mr. Gilman's program note. If it is facing sunset, its sunset colors still burn with a steady glow. Perhaps it is a mid-night sun.

Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Tasso, Lament and Triumph," followed, and contrast and balance were further given the program by the music of Salome's dance before Herod, which brought it to a close.

GIVES FIRST "POP" CONCERT.

City Symphony Pleases Large Audience in Opening Series.

The first of an interesting series of "pop" concerts by the most recent addition to metropolitan orchestras, the City Symphony, was given at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon. Conductor Dirk Foch's program included Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite No. 1 and the overture to "Die Meistersinger" by Johann Strauss; the "Valse Triste" of Sibelius, and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.

These concerts are designed to be of a popular character, the series being arranged with a view to developing musical appreciation by leading up from light music to symphonies and more complicated musical forms. On the whole, the new organization did very well. The strings were in excellent condition. Mr. Foch's conducting was restrained and at the same time effective in making the most of the many opportunities offered by his program for rich coloring and skillful modulation. If the orchestra's playing was at times a little heavy and a trifle lacking in coordination these conditions were probably due to the arctic temperature of the house, a temperature, however, which threw no chill over the warmth of applause from a large and enthusiastic audience.

McCORMACK IN GERMAN AIR.

Sings "Wo Find'ich Trost" in Its Original Language.

John McCormack, whose "next and final" concert is set for Sunday afternoon, Dec. 10, at the Hippodrome, appeared there for the third time last evening before an audience of 6,000 that, as usual, overflowed the stage and that heard with interest the tenor's first essay here of a German song in its original language. Midway in his program he gave Hugo Wolf's "Wo find'ich Trost," in text as crisp and clear as his English, and more easy to follow than most German tenors in so large a space would be.

He sang his German in the same calm lyric style as he did his Italian in Handel's classic, "Lascia ch'io pianga," while for the rest it was as always, a delight to mark his diction in actual English or translated airs. Of these, one favorite was his first encore, a typical McCormack love song, "The Heavy Hours," and another, the graceful "Dying Embers" of Merikanto, in a group of Northern or Baltic composers. In conclusion, there were Irish, English and American ballads, including by request Sullivan's "The Lost Chord."

Opera Selections Sung.

Ten selections, suitable for concert from the operas by Puccini and Verdi, were sung in the second Sunday Night concert of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Grace Anthony, Suzanne Keener, Frances Peraltina and Laura Robertson sang the soprano parts and Jeanne Gordon the contralto. Mario Chamlee, Orville Harrold and Morgan Kingston sang tenor rôles, and Louis D'Angelo, baritone, and José Mardones, basso, also appeared. The accompaniments were played by the entire Metropolitan Orchestra, under the direction of Giuseppe Panzofschek. The capacity audience was persistent with applause, despite the note on the program that because of the length of the concert positively no encores would be allowed.

Manor Club Chorus

The City Symphony Orchestra gave its third concert last night. The organization being itinerant in habit, it is proper to note that the concert took place in Carnegie Hall. An announcement distributed with the programs made known the fact that the concerts which had been planned for the Manhattan Opera House would take place in the Century Theater instead.

For the enlightenment of the benighted regions below Twenty-third Street, of which we once heard, nothing seems to be doing. The march of the cultural forces in music seems to be steadily northward, the limit in that direction already reached being 138th Street, unless we count in Pelham Manor, which was pleasantly associated with last night's concert. Pelham Manor has a Manor Club, and the Manor Club, among other departments of artistic activity, has a choral section. As yet this is composed exclusively of ladies; but in time the male human being may be admitted to membership. We hope he will if he discloses as much adaptability as the women's chorus did last night. It has been in existence only a few weeks, and this was the first time that it indulged in public utterance. It did so in Schubert's Serenade, for solo and female chorus, with credit to itself and its conductor, Mr. Howard Barlow. The voices are of good quality, and the sentiment of the music was well expressed. Better, indeed, than Miss Elena Gerhard expressed it in the solo for that lady's emotions are frequently too intense to allow that equable emission of tone the scarcity of which we are compelled to deplore more and more as the days of good vocalism drift into the past. She disclosed better taste in the romance from the incidental music to Schubert's "Rosamunde," though she might have been embarrassed by the fact that Mr. Foch's orchestra could not get together for the simple prelude and had to be stopped and started over again. The romance was followed by "Die Allmacht."

The other numbers of the program were Beethoven's overture "Leonore, No. 3," some of the ballet music by Schubert from "Rosamunde" and Brahms's C minor symphony. Balance between the band's choirs and euphony are still things of promise rather than fulfillment.

OPERA

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Tristan and Isolde.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE, music drama, in three acts, book in German and music by Wagner. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Tristan	Curt Taucher
Isolde	Paul Bender
Kurvenal	Margarete Matzenauer
Melot	Clarence Whitehill
Brangaene	Carl Schlegel
A Shepherd	Sigrid Onelli
The Steersman	George Meader
A Sailor's Voice	Louis D'Angelo
Conductor	Angelo Bada
		Arthur Bodanzky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The third week of the season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House began last night. The opera presented was Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," which was the second of the Wagnerian list to be brought forward. The performance was one to call for much praise. Indeed in some of its details it transcended all those of recent seasons. But the artistic purposes of Wagner demand first of all unity of conception and perfect cooperation in interpretation on the part of all concerned in one of his dramas. It is, therefore, imperative to say, first of all, that last evening's presentation excelled chiefly in its coherence, its upholding of the composer's ideals and its sustained dramatic moods.

The musical interpretation was, of course, guided, if not wholly governed, by the intelligence of Mr. Bodanzky, whose treatment of this opera is well known to all music lovers. It is intelligent rather than emotional, finely conceived, rigorously carried out and generally discreet in its adjustment of the orchestra to the voices. It was not possible for the conductor to attain his ends at all times because of the individual preferences or abilities of singers, but on the whole last night's may be set down as an admirable "Tristan und Isolde."

Probably the pictorial problems of the first act will never be solved, but something at least might be accomplished in the direction of greater illusion in the first act. A ship on the stage is an obstinate and ill-mannered beast at the best of times, but it is not imperatively necessary that the tent in the waist of a medieval vessel should be made twenty feet high. Some of the yachtsmen in the audience must have wondered how Tristan could be so essential to the safe steering of the ship to King Mark's land when he could not see ahead of the mainmast, even though he was at the summit of a top gallant poop.

But who cares about such matters? Who thought of them while Mme. Matzenauer as Isolde and Mme. Onegin as Brangaene were carrying on their tempestuous dialogue in the big tent? Here were Isolde and Brangaene well paired, capable of filling the great stage with splendid presences and sending through the house waves of vibrating emotion. One might have wished that Mme. Matzenauer had left Isolde massive crown of emeralds and diamonds in the ship's safe. It crushed her features and killed much of her facial expression. But she sang with immense vigor albeit some of the upper flights of this soprano forced her voice into disagreeable quality.

Of Mme. Onegin's Brangaene it may be said briefly that it was superb vocally and dramatically, rich shades of expression, beautiful to see moving to hear. The conception of the part was just and dearly conveyed. This impersonation will be witnessed again and there may more to say about it.

Curt Taucher, the new German tenor, made his second appearance the season, singing Tristan. His not a heroic figure, nor has he a middle countenance. His voice, too rarely softens and its tones are without variety of color. But his Tristan was decidedly good because of its intelligence, its great fervor, the clarity of its diction and its general observance of significant details. Curt Taucher, as actors say, read his line excellently. He can sing legato, and does not break up Wagner's melody into bits of glittering staccato. It should prove to be a serviceable addition to the company.

Clarence Whitehill as Kurvenal and Paul Bender as a stalwart and vocally vigorous King Mark were other chief singers. Angelo Bada, whom all languages are easy, was unseen sailor and George Meader necessary shepherd who sighted Isolde's ship.

is hard to pull "Tristan," for score is such a marvel of passion-vitality that the music thrusts its past all the imperfections of performance and has its say regardless. So, judging from last night's performance, it is hard to do "Tristan" II.

It was not a bad performance; perhaps that was the worst thing about it. If one could say, "Such and such was terrible," one might retain certain degree of hope; there would be something definite to change. But nothing was so comfortably bad, as at. The principals were not bad, or orchestra was not bad, and the condary characters were good. It is an average, Metropolitan "Tristan," and there probably will not be better one.

Curt Taucher, in the title role, sang legately and gave an earnest, conscientious performance. Mr. Taucher's shortcomings are not his fault, but they are virtually fatal to his chances of being a great Tristan. His voice agreeable and fairly well produced, it has neither the volume nor the heroic ring needed for a great lover. His great handicap is his unimpressive nature and his singularly scant dramatic resources. His gestures lack significance and breadth and he seems to lose what to do in the pauses. Here are singing actors who can keep perfectly still with enormous impressiveness, but Mr. Taucher, under such circumstances, merely seems to be waiting for his next cue.

Mme. Matzenauer's Isolde is a familiar one and has moments of great beauty, even majesty; but much of her role is simply beyond her vocally. Her voice stubbornly refuses to sound like anything but a contralto, and her high notes are produced with an obvious effort and stridency that make them painful to hear. She was paired last night with a Brangaene who sang with exceptional clarity and lightness of tone, and in some parts of the first act one would have said that Isolde was the contralto and her tirewoman the soprano.

The Brangaene was Sigrid Onegin, who made her first appearance in the role. She gave a superb performance vocally and dramatically. Her acting has grace and distinction and her diction is beautiful. She is likewise one of those too few contraltos who sing with a bright tone without finding it necessary to pound away on a baritone quality in order to prove they are contraltos.

Paul Bender was a good King Mark. His voice and his manly presence did as much as could be done to mitigate the ennui with which one always hears the plaints of wronged husbands. Clarence Whitehill gave his familiar masterly portrait of the gusty, faithful Kurvenal. Mr. Bada seemed to have trouble with the song of the young sailor—and no wonder. He has done enough work in the past ten days to have killed a less insured singer.

Mr. Bodanzky's orchestra dragged the garden scene, and seemed occasionally unfamiliar with the notes. It would be interesting to know how many "Tristan" rehearsals it has had since last Spring. Mr. Urban's scenery—such of it as had been let alone—was as impressive as ever. If Mr. Gatti-Casazza must omit Urban's fine green sky in the first act, substituting a garish blue one of his own choosing, he might at least persuade the stage crew to hang it without wrinkles.

Margrethe Somme, Pianist, in Debut. Margrethe Somme, a native of Norway, made her debut as pianist yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, playing noteworthy program for a woman pianist's matinee—two sonatas, the A major of Mozart and the overshadowing us 110 of Beethoven, a Chopin group of pieces by Schumann, Reger, Juon and Dohnanyi. Miss Somme combines serious musician with the lighter in music, an agreeable stage presence, due technical equipment, in all, a touch of the poetic in her playing at its best. She was heard by a not overflowing audience, she gave a personal tribute to her elgnt teaching in two Hungarian rhapsodies by Dohnanyi.

Miss Somme's Recital Shows Technique and Agile Fingers

Agile fingers and a bright style were the principal attributes of the recital by Margrethe Somme, a young Norwegian pianist, yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Technique was the best point in her performance; she could approach brilliance in complicated passages, playing them with unflinching smoothness and with a touch that produced a cantabile quality in softer moments.

But she was inclined to punish the keyboard with a hardness which gave a very non-Mozartian air to Mozart's A major sonata, which became rigid not graceful. There was less violence and more shading in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and modern numbers, but on the whole Miss Somme was a technician rather than an interpreter.

The Beethoven Association gave its second concert last evening in Aeolian Hall. The entertainment was of a choice and aristocratic order. The artists who gave their services for the concert, all of high rank, were Mme. Florence Kinkie, soprano; Arthur Rubinstein, pianist; Paul Kochanski, violinist, his first appearance here this season since his return from Europe; Willem Willeke, cellist, and Coenraad Bos, accompanist.

The program consisted of Beethoven's violin and piano sonata, in C minor, opus 30, No. 2, played by Messrs. Kochanski and Rubinstein, Brahms's C major trio, opus 87, for piano, violin and cello, by Messrs. Rubinstein, Kochanski and Willeke, and between these two works, a group of vocal selections.

The latter were Handel's two arias, "Sommi Del" and "Gode l'Alma Consolata," Schumann's "Roeslein, Roeslein" and Schubert's "Du Bist die Ruh," "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen" and "Ungeuduld," Mme. Kinkie. The weighty, but beautiful, instrumental numbers, speaking in turn for their great masters, balanced each other appropriately in the list by their importance, while the classical arias and romantic songs shed a lovely radiance by way of variety.

Messrs. Kochanski and Rubinstein played the Beethoven sonata with general excellence, save that the piano, onw and then, was too heavy. The beauty of Mme. Kinkie's voice and her fine style in her numbers were an artistic delight. The Brahms trio for piano, violin and cello gave opportunity for hearing, with the other two players, Mr. Willeke's splendid art, a pleasure now all too seldom enjoyed. The distinguished audience was an enthusiastic one.

Beethoven Association's Concert.

Knelisel weather and as nearly a Paderewski house as could be got within the limits of Aeolian Hall marked last evening's second concert of the Beethoven Association. From the rigors of Winter, a distinguished assembly of chamber music devotees turned to the delights of Beethoven's sonata Op. 30, No. 2, in C minor, for violin and piano, played by Paul Kochanski and Arthur Rubinstein, and later to Brahms's trio in C, Op. 87, with the added eccllist of Knelisel days, Willem Willeke. Between these ensembles, Florence Kinkie Wither spoon sang a group of favorite arias from Handel, Schubert and Schumann, assisted by C. V. Bos at the piano; all in all, an agreeable evening of those classics of the more varied sort to which the association volunteers have given active aid and comfort during four seasons.

PADEREWSKI PLAYS,

By Deems Taylor.

When Ignaz Jan Paderewski came upon the platform of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon his audience did an unusual thing. It applauded, of course, and even cheered. But likewise, as if it had been trained to do so, it rose and stood in his honor for a full minute. Here was not only a pianist, but a great patriot and a great man. Five years ago he had played the piano in New York for what he thought might be the last time in his life. For five years he had devoted himself to the fortunes of his native Poland. And now, that work done, he had come back to music and to New York; and New York was glad to see him, and wanted him to know it.

It seemed as if all the pianists in the world were in Carnegie Hall yesterday, from Ossip Gabrilowitch, downstairs, to Josef Hofman, who sat in a box. There were violinists, too, and cellists, and singers, and

students—everybody. In fact, who had even a nodding acquaintance with the art of music, to say nothing of a thousand or two who were just plain public. And they all came in the same divided mood of welcome and doubt. Paderewski was back, to be sure; but was it the same Paderewski? How did he look? Had he changed? How was he playing?

Famous Hair the Same.

Certainly he looked the same. There was the same magnificent, inscrutable, leonine head, with the thin, fine jaw, the small moustache and brief goatee, the dark, deep-set eyes, the high, Slavic cheek-bones. He wore his hair the same, sweeping back in a short, crisp mane from his forehead—starting a little farther back, perhaps, than in other years—a little shorter and with more gray in its tawny yellow, but still the famous Paderewski hair.

His hands were the same, slim and beautiful. Even his black, skirted coat and low collar might have been the same he wore five years ago. And he played, as he always did, in twilight, with the house lights low and no light whatever on the platform.

Little Yellow Haired Girl.

But his playing? That was what they wanted to know about. Was he the great artist they remembered, or was this a stranger—just the former Premier of Poland playing the piano? They soon discovered. It was the same Paderewski, with all his gifts and all his faults, a little out of practice, but still Paderewski.

There was a little girl sitting in one of the lower boxes yesterday afternoon, a little girl about twelve years old, with yellow bobbed hair and an expression terrific calm that was no disguise at all for the fact that she was fearfully excited. She must have been a pianiste in her own right, for at the opening bars of nearly everything Paderewski played she gave an ecstatic wriggle of recognition and beamed so hard she had to stop to arrange her expression all over again.

The first notes of the Chopin B-flat Minor Mazurka wrer almost too much for her—she probably plays it herself. At all events, she not only beamed, but nodded to a demure young companion so vigorously that the bobbed yellow hair almost flew off. She frowned judicially as the work progressed, and even shook her head disapprovingly at one or two passages. This was not the way she had learned that mazurka. But as the last phrase faltered and died away, like a sigh, she sighed too, a great sigh of unwilling approval. Perhaps Paderewski was right, after all.

She was not the only one who felt that way. Since Paderewski left the concert stage in 1917 his personality has expanded into something perilously close to a myth, a figure so impossibly godlike that no mere human being could hope to live up to it. So that when he returned to Carnegie Hall yesterday he had to face not only an audience that was at once hypercritical and over-expectant, but one devoted to the Paderewski legend as well. And if he did not entirely come up to it, he came perhaps as close as any man could, and if some of the time he was exasperatingly wrong, some of the time he was gloriously right.

Hands Still Unequal.

A good many of his faults were technical and familiar. His hands seemed unequal in strength. Sometimes it would be his left hand that drowned the right with too vigorous an accompaniment, and sometimes his right would take over a phrase

from the left, and continue it with a different color and intensity. He has always been accused of pedantry, and he did push the piano unmercifully yesterday, so that some of the less passages lost their outline in a blurred, toneless jangle. Conversely, he seemed at times to lack power in the upper registers. Some of these dynamic faults might be traced to the piano, whose hammers he had apparently caused to be hardened, for brilliance's sake. The brilliance was undeniably there, but the tone was wanting.

All was not thus, however. In the Chopin Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, he produced a tone of melting warmth and softness, and the short "Andante" theme of the Beethoven "Appassionata" sonata had a stern inexorability that was like the voice of Fate.

The thing that makes him great, though, is not any perfection of technical skill, no ever any essential "rightness" in his interpretations.

Courage of an Artist.

His program was long (Mendelssohn's "Variations Sereieuses," the Schumann "Fantasia," the Beethoven, four Chopin pieces, and three by Liszt), and not all of it was played in a manner or spirit with which one could agree. Yet he is a great pianist; for he always knows what he wants to do.

No matter how wrong Paderewski may be in the opinion of his listener, one always has the sense of being in the presence of a man who means what he says. Right or wrong, it is his story. Nothing that he plays, from the tiniest morceau to a Beethoven sonata, is without plan and purpose. It must begin thus, and at this point have progressed thus far, and it must end so.

Frieda Hempel,

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Frieda Hempel, the distinguished soprano, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave her first song recital of the season in Carnegie Hall last evening. According to the prevailing custom among concert singers who presented a program in which operatic arias fell before groups of songs or after them. Three operatic numbers figured in the list, namely, "Non piu di fiori" from Mozart's "Titus," "La fawette avec ses petits" from Gretry's "Zemire et Azore" and the gavotte from Massenet's "Manon." As one good Mozart air deserves another, Mme. Hempel sang as an encore number after the "Titus" selection Zerlina's "Batti batti" from "Don Giovanni."

The German lieder comprised numbers by Schubert, Brahms and Rubinstein. It was a most agreeable recital, not so ambitious in its material as those offered by singers of less ability than Mme. Hempel, and perhaps for this reason it may have seemed to some of her hearers that she was not extending herself. But the art of a real singer must always give delight to those who know what real singing is.

Mme. Hempel's voice always was beautiful, but it was not always as opulent in color or as fully charged with expressive eloquence as now. It is a voice in the splendor of its maturity, backed by a richly endowed musical organization. There may be questions at times about this soprano's interpretations, but there are few raised by her technical equipment.

Her beautiful tones flooded the auditorium. She was "in good voice," as the familiar saying has it. She had sung on Friday in Boston with a slight cold, but last evening her voice was free and flexible. She sang the Mozart arias with that fluid legato for which they call and with an assurance and ease that were exhilarating. Her style in lieder has always been polished if not such as to probe the depths of all her selections. But she is a vocal artist of high importance, and no audience can fail to derive pleasure from listening to her. The assembly of last evening filled the hall and was enthusiastic in its demonstrations of approval.

PHILHARMONIC IN CONCERT.

Arthur Rubinstein and Orchestra Both Play Beethoven.

Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, playing Beethoven's G. major Concerto and the Philharmonic with Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony shared the evening in yesterday's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mr. Rubinstein gave an excellent interpretation of Beethoven's Concerto. It was not an inspired reading, but it was finely intelligent, flawless in technique, forcible, well modulated and rendered with such perfect finish and brilliancy of tone that it called for high praise. Perhaps one feels at times that Mr. Rubinstein does not delve deep enough into the musical treasures of his subject, and occasionally there is a metallic quality to his playing not altogether in keeping with the theme under treatment. This was noticeable to some extent in the first movement of the concerto. But when Mr. Rubinstein embarked upon the slow movement he soared to new heights. The majestic dialogue between piano and orchestra was nobly played and the ensemble was delightful.

It is enough to say that the Philharmonic played the "Leonore" overture admirably. Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, with its piquant waltz movement and its final note of triumph received full justice from Mr. Stranisky.

G. S. MADDEN GIVES RECITAL.

Songs in English From Many Lands on Program.

George S. Madden, Barytone at his song recital in Town Hall last night, sang in the English tongue a program comprising three groups of songs and airs taken from many lands. Mr. Madden, in an announcement note, had stated that "a song sung in any other language than that understood, may just as well be played on a musical instrument."

It is the words of the song that reach the hearts of the listener, otherwise it just pleases the ear. Mr. Madden's selections, beginning with American songs, included Harry Osgood's "Heaven at the End of the Road" (Down to Garryowen), "When I Was Young," old Welsh Foster's "My Old Kentucky Home," MacDowell's "Through the Meadow," and, among the classic selections, Handel's "Where'er You Walk."

Mr. Madden's serviceable voice, intelligence and, above all, his good diction, served to enable him to raise his performance above monotony, and to give much pleasure to his hearers. Maurice La Farge played the piano accompaniments and two groups of solos.

BERYL RUBINSTEIN PLAYS.

Beryl Rubinstein gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. In his readings of his two principal numbers, Liszt's arrangement of Bach's A. minor prelude and fugue and Schumann's "Symphonic Etudes," he played, generally, with a hard tone, a fondness for the damper pedal, but with a finely developed finger technique, artistic seriousness, clarity of style and repose of manner.

That he is not without poetry, was shown for instance, in a few passages of the Schumann music and in a nocturne by Chopin. Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" was given with excellent finish and great brilliancy. Mr. Rubinstein has made evident progress on the intellectual side of his art, and it is a pity that he does not pay more attention to the qualities of a good piano touch. Among his other pieces was the "Mazepa" etude of Liszt.

AMERICAN CONTRALTO SINGS.

Miss Minerva Komenarski, American Contralto, gave a song recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. She had evidently arranged her program with care. It included an air by Gluck; a "Vatteau Pastoral, My Mornand" of Saint Saens, which is seldom heard; other novel songs, German heder, and many American songs. The singer was hardly prepared for a public appearance. Her voice was, naturally, a good one, but with its scale not equalized, and a very limited knowledge of style, she was unable to impart to her audience, in a satisfactory manner, the contest of her various selections.

The third singer of the day, Minerva Komenarski, had, it seemed, a promising voice, but one that could profit from further training. It was a true contralto, but not particularly full or even in quality. Her higher notes were good, with a clear, fluent quality of tone noticeable in the Gluck aria "O mio dolce ardor" and German songs by Franz, Strauss and others, though there was an occasional metallic tinge. But her lower notes were apt to be cloudy and obscured, still, it seemed, unformed, while there was a strange increase of cloudiness in her French numbers, a "Chanson Bretonne" by Emile Durand, "Chanson Normande" by Frederic Berat, and, to a less degree,

in a Saint-Saens number. Perhaps it was to secure a quaint, rustic effect, like some of the "ballad singers" of the last few weeks, perhaps involuntarily, and hardly pleasing. Yiddish numbers by Silberta and Mana-Zucca and American songs, one by Ernest Harrison, the accompanist, completed the program—and the day.

Two Contraltos Vie With Greek Barytone; Elaise Gagneau at Aeolian Shows Elements of a Good Voice

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

There was no shortage of song yesterday, each concert hall having its recital; contraltos scoring two out of three, with the remaining one furnished by a Greek barytone. Elaise Gagneau was the contralto of the afternoon, singing at Aeolian Hall a program of the usual four languages in their usual order with indifferent success, showing at times the elements of a good voice . . . undeveloped, however; while her voice had some length, especially in high notes, her lower ones were weak and a general lack of smoothness, a cloudy veil, as it were, hampered her tone. This was most noticeable in the opening arias by Gioacchino Paganini and Pergolesi, less so in the following French and German numbers. There was little expression in Miss Gagneau's singing, which seemed to make little distinction between Wolf and Strauss, on the one hand, Faure, Duparc and Paladilhe on the other; her modern Italian songs, Pietro Ciomara's "Fiocca la neve," for instance, proving better in this respect.

A warmer and livelier atmosphere was produced by the other contralto, Elsie Reign (dubbed "mezzo-contralto") in the evening at the Town Hall, singing an aria from Charles Cadman's "Shanewis" and other numbers in German, French and English. Her voice had range and strength—undeveloped strength, it seemed—with a certain lack of polish and a metallic edge in louder passages, but it seemed promising. Her diction was clear, aggressively so in the opening German numbers; so much attention was paid to the words of Brahms' "Vergebliches Staendchen" that its phrases were clipped off with an abrupt, almost tuneless effect. In French songs, however, both diction and tone were smoother, and expression was not neglected. Josef Adler accompanied her, while Coenraad V. Bos was the pianist at Aeolian Hall.

Song of a different type was heard in the evening at Carnegie Hall at a recital given by a Greek barytone named Leonidas Coronis, who entertained a limited number of enthusiasts with French and Italian operatic numbers and Greek songs, a folksong and numbers by Spiro Samara and Xanthopoulos which gave the impression of a thickened Spanish or Neapolitan melody in a generally minor key. Mr. Coronis' voice was undoubtedly strong, but it had a thick quality of tone which made his singing seem to be a rather labored, while, in general, his manner and performance were those of the average Italian barytone. Wolfe Wolfensohn, violinist, gave a very respectable performance of two Neapolitan dances by Rosario Scialero and part of the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Die Tote Stadt.

DIE TOTE STADT, opera in three acts from Rodenbach's novel, "Le Mirage," after his novel, "Bruges la Morte"; book in German by Paul Schott, music by Erich Korngold. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Paul Orville Harrold
Marjatta Maria Jeritza
Frank Gustav Schützendorf
Bridgetta Marion Telva
Juliette Raymonde Delaunoy
Lucienne Grace Anthony
Gaston Armando Agnini
Victorina George Meader
Count Albert Angelo Bada
Conductor, Artur Bodanzky

Erich Wolfgang Korngold's opera of "Die Tote Stadt," first performed in New York last season, was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Mme. Marie Jeritza, who made her first New York appearance in this opera, again sang the part of the heroine, and in other respects the cast was the same and the performance, under Mr. Bodanzky's direction, duplicated that which the Metropolitan audiences got to know last season except for the appearance of Mr. Schützendorf as Frank and the Pierrot in the place of the lamented Laurenti.

The opera is a strange concoction in several ways; and it was thought, last season not to be wholly certain that the public would find its subject sympathetic—in curious obsession of the rather weak and unstable hero as to loving his dead wife in the person of a living and none too circumspect ballet dancer; and the fact that the greater part of the action is no reality at all, but only a disturbing vision in the mind of the protagonist. The whole conception is unreal, fantastic, and meant to be so, in spite of the modern scene, the modern costumes, the modern manner of speech of the actors. Common sense reasoning and the standards of every-day psychology cannot be applied to it.

The only question is whether the dramatist, the composer and the singers, between them, make the fantasy so convincing that those who see and hear can for the moment be made to accept it, to project themselves into this strangely unreal world of realism and live through with the hero his abnormal and visionary experiences.

The chief agency for accomplishing this must be the composer's music. He has succeeded in creating an atmosphere, in sustaining the dramatic interest through it, in characterizing to a certain extent the persons of the drama and the events through which they move. It hardly takes a reminiscence hunter to find the influences of Strauss, Wagner, Puccini in this score; even frank quotations from "Die Walkure." But Strauss is the one who has had most to do with Mr. Korngold's opera. After hearing so recently "Der Rosenkavalier," Korngold's indebtedness appears a very deep one. The score is full of Straussian quips and turns, both of melodic and harmonic substance, and in the orchestration Strauss's celestia, especially, appears to obsess Mr. Korngold.

But Korngold for all that is one who stands fairly firmly on his own feet. He is a melodist and not ashamed of it; though he is a modern, of course, and favors the dissonances of modern predilection. Still he is willing to soften, to mollify them, by orchestral coloring, as can easily be done. He writes for the orchestra with much ingenuity; his coloring is now glowing, shimmering, glittering, now powerful, now ethereal.

The performance was an excellent one of a complicated and difficult work. The orchestral part is especially complicated and difficult, and the hero and heroine both must be prepared to move unafraid in the higher ranges of their voices.

Mme. Juntza, who laid the foundation of her New York popularity in the part of Marjatta, does as much for it, doubtless, as can be done. Her brilliant and engaging personality fits it; her blond piquancy brings it into high relief. There are spirit, vivacity and full blooded dramatic power in her representation of the wayward dancing girl. The return from her other parts to that of Marjatta in "Die Tote Stadt" shows how peculiarly well fitted it is for her; how apt her personality is for the impersonation; how fortunate a debut at the Metropolitan it made for her.

Mr. Harrold again appeared in the part of Paul the dreamer. This part is also exacting. It requires much uninterrupted singing, much outpouring of high tones in full voice. It cannot be denied that at times this caused Mr. Harrold some labor. But in his main he acquitted himself honorably of this task, as well as if the difficult and ungrateful trading of the dramatic outline.

Mr. Schützendorf, Mr. Meader and Miss Marion Telva filled in the right spirit the parts of Fritz the Parrot, Victor and Bridgetta, the housekeeper. Mr. Bodanzky kept the performance moving with spirit and secured from the orchestra a good performance of a difficult score.

The City Symphony Orchestra.

The City Symphony Orchestra began still another series of its Winter concerts yesterday afternoon, the series that is to be given in the afternoon at the Town Hall. This, clearly, is not one of those intended for the benefit of working people, for working people seldom have free afternoons. And, indeed, neither the laborious nor the leisureed seem to find time or inclination to attend this concert in large numbers. The Town Hall is not a large hall, but it was not nearly filled; and it had been made smaller by the fact that some of the front rows of seats had been built over by the extension of the stage to accommodate the orchestra.

The program was not skillfully made by the collocation of an orchestral arrangement of one of Schubert's military marches, fragments of the simplest parts of the same composer's "Rosamunde" ballet music, all five of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" sung by Miss Edna Gerhardt, and Brahms' First Symphony.

Miss Gerhardt sang the five songs with great fervor and great beauty of tone. They are long and quite without relief or contrast of mood, absolutely desolating in their unescapable sadness. All five together make a gloomy spot in any program. The orchestral playing was not brilliantly successful. Mr. Dirk Foch conducted. In the military march he seemed to forget, especially in the trio, the military character assigned to the music. In the symphony both the conductor and orchestra made an ambitious attempt.

MUSIC YESTERDAY.

A large audience found out yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall that the City Symphony could play solidly and well if properly induced. It seemed yesterday as if Mr. Dirk Foch's ensemble had taken up D. Coue in a serious way, for certainly day by day they have been getting better and better.

They gave the Brahms first symphony a fine, sustained performance, robust without being noisy, full of Strum und Drang without confusion. There were only a few places where their work seemed broken and in need of further welding together. They owed much to their concert master, Jascha Fishberg.

They opened with Schubert's Marche Militaire and a handful of morsels from his "Rosamunde" music. Then came Mahler's five Songs of Infant Death, with Elena Gerhardt as soloist. Mme. Gerhardt was a joy. A rich, golden mezzo, plenty of reserve and a whole gamut of emotion to convey made her work memorable.

Particularly in the fourth of the Lieder, her voice was full of tenderness and disconsolate anguish. It was too bad, however, that she saw fit to sing from a book, especially since she has sung the "Kindertotenlieder" before, once at least with the Philadelphia Symphony in 1917. Put better her singing with a book than the memorized work of many others heard of late.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its first appearance in New York this season in Carnegie Hall last evening. It was probably not the most fortunate evening of the year on which to begin a series of symphony concerts; and the audience seemed to show the effect of a counter attraction at home. However, this may have been, the orchestra was in remarkably fine form and played a program in which older and the most recent music figured.

Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" unquestionably now belongs to older music and shows it more and more at each new hearing. It is some ninety-two years old and does not belie it. The paucity of specifically musical ideas in the composition is equalled only by the fullness of extant biographical and autobiographical details concerning it. The symphony has been much written about, and it is all interesting reading so long as there is no requirement to hear a performance of it. Then the interest completely collapses, swallowed up in musical dullness. As for the orchestration, that is of great historic importance; but it no longer impresses modern ears as extraordinary in any of itself.

The performance under Mr. Monteux direction was a brilliant one that missed not one of Berlioz's points. The last two movements at least were a lovely appreciation.

The symphony was followed by Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis for double string orchestra." The English composer wrote it a dozen years ago; was first heard in New York last season, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra. It improved on further acquaintance, especially when that fine performance that Mr. Monteux achieved.

Thomas Tallis, it will be recalled, was a sixteenth century English composer. The theme is a tune he wrote for a psalter of his time. It was, necessarily, one of the ecclesiastical modes then in use. Mr. Williams has retained completely the modal characteristics in his harmonization of his fantasia, which titles its name through the rich play of fancy that he has brought to bear on the great skill with which it is wrought, and especially the fine and delicate effects of tone that he has made by ingenious division of the strings.

But the impression is now, as it was on the first performance, of the fantasia, that Mr. Williams has carried too far. The modal harmonies excessively used produce an effect of monotony for modern ears sometime before the end is reached. The composer undoubtedly has strengthened his effect by greater conciseness.

Two pieces by the late talented American composer, Charles Tomlinson G. fes, were played: "Clouds" and "White Peacock." Both of these pieces have been previously heard in New York. Both were originally for piano, in the composer's Op. 7, entitled "Roman Sketches." It is not at all whether the orchestration is by Griffes or not. By whomsoever it is, it is exceedingly subtle in its imaginative use of orchestral color to enhance the effect of musical ideas in themselves clear, but singularly full of suggestion, pieces are both enchanting and wondrously charmingly played.

They were followed by the symphony poem, "Stenka Razin," written by Zinow in his youth before he had come so reckless in his output of orchestral compositions.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's last edition)

On glancing at the program of a concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last night one was tempted to credit Mr. M.

with a wot during in including
to's "Fantastic Symphony."
the work has been heard period-
y in New York during the last
ix years, it having received its
American performance at the
s of the Philharmonic Society
r the direction of Carl Bergmann
anuary 27, 1886.
at the periods seem to have grown
r and longer and the effect prod-
y by the work less and less as
has passed. Yet when Mr. Mon-
injected the vitalizing fluid of a
ere and graphic interpretation into
veins last night we were helped
new realization of what the com-
tion stands for in symphonic his-
especially of the influence which
xerted upon the composers of all
tries since Beethoven back to
ay it almost reaches.
or the story of its composition, the
ives which inspired it, its auto-
graphical ingredients, the sequence
incidents and passions which the
poser told us were its poetical
ents, we do not care a fig. To us
y seem like poppycock and we are
ngly tempted to believe that Ber-
was of the same opinion. But he
tainly did put a feature which Be-
even had conceived in an ideal form
o the symphonic form in so palpable
anner that it was copied by his suc-
ors and has endured ever since. It
still in process of growth, though
communal theme, which has its
ature in the "Fantastic," has
der the influence of Liszt, dwindled
wn t a "germ" which in the sym-
oni and symphonic poems of to-
y develops into the strangest and
st contradictory entities or does not
ow at all, but contents itself
th donning varied and motley har-
nic and instrumental colors.
We confess that we do not quite un-
stand why Berlioz chops off the
ad of his hero's sweetheart instead
the head of the lover who goes to
e gallows for the murder and after-
ard transforms her into a hag par-
ticipating in a witches' revel. But
rhaps this is inquiring a little too
riously, and if he did nothing more
his final scene than suggest to Liszt
in his "Faust" symphony he
ght picture Mephistopheles as the
irst of negation by parodying the
emes which stand for Faust and
retchen (we think Gretchen is in it
it we haven't time to think long) he
least showed the way to a device
hat has been industriously cultivated
nce. And in spite of all that is in
ie music (or only in the verbal pro-
ram which is outside of it) the
Scene in the Fields" remains of com-
elling beauty, and was made convinc-
gly so by the excellence of last
ght's performance.
After the symphony came Vaughan
Williams's superb fantasy on a theme
y Tallis, to which we were introduced
y Mr. Damrosch last March and
hich evoked thoughts of the "con-
orts for viols" of the Elizabethan
eriod; and then "Clouds" and "The
White Peacock" (ingenious bits of post-
obussism), by the late Charles T.
Griffes, and Glazounoff's "Stenka Ra-
in," with its familiar Russian echoes.

ON SYMPHONY.
m yesterday's lat-
tions.)
the chief of those com-
posers whose devotees always remark,
Ah, but you should hear his music
really well played!" They say it with
such finality that one never dares ask
what composers sound best when
badly played.
Be that as it may, we heard Berlioz
really well played last night. Pierre
Monteux elected to open the Boston
Orchestra's first New York concert at
Carnegie Hall with his "Fantastic"
symphony in C major. It was a bril-
liant performance, minutely thought
out and given with the transcendent
technical bravura and tonal limpidity
of which this orchestra is capable
when it feels in the mood.
And so, having heard the "Fan-
astic" symphony played as well,
probably, as it ever was or will be
played, we shall have to confess that
we still think it a dull, redundant,
treary business. It lasts three-quar-
ters of an hour; and what it has to
ay could be disposed of in fifteen
minutes.
It is easy enough to see that the
ork must have sounded terrifically
modern" and revolutionary in 1830
Berlioz was a great master of orches-
tration, and some of the effects in the
"Fantastic" symphony still sound
hophetically Wagnerian and
traussian. But granted that the
oderns owe much to Berlioz in the
ay of orchestral effects, they have
ritten music as well as orchestra-
on. This, Berlioz seldom thought
f doing. He seems to have cared less
bout what to say than about how to
ay it; and with a dozen of his suc-
essors accomplishing both very suc-
essfully, there is apparently no par-
cular reason why he should be
ard.

Berlioz must have been a great
talent. The first section of the sym-
phony is marked "Dream: Passions"
and was apparently written upon the
assumption that in order to depict
night of dreams you must write mu-
sic that lasts all night. So too with
the "Scene in the Meadows," in which
English horn, oboe (marvellously
played by Mr. Longy) and kettle
drums amuse themselves from spring
until haying time.
The section labelled "A Ball" is a
waltz, not very good, but long. The
"March to the Scaffold" struck us as
owing its gruesome atmosphere en-
tirely to the scoring. It is a pretty
good march, but almost any clever
musician could re-orchestrate it so
that it would do equally well for
"President Harding's Inaugural
March."
Part of the "Witches' Sabbath,"
particularly the tune for clarinet and
oboes, is authentically macabre, but
it too suffers from the composer's
preoccupation with acoustics rather
than music. All in all, we do not care
for Berlioz.
Mr. Monteux repeated Vaughan
Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by
Tallis" for double string orchestra,
which was first played here last win-
ter by the New York Symphony. It
bears second hearing impressively.

"Carmen."
CARMEN, opera in four acts, after Me-
rimée's story, book in French by Meilhac
and Halévy; music by Georges Bizet. At the Met-
ropolitan Opera House.
Carmen.....Florence Easton
Micaela.....Queenie Mario (debut)
Prasquitta.....Charlotte Ryan (debut)
Mercedee.....Marion Telva
Don Jose.....Giovanni Martinelli
Escamillo.....Giuseppe De Luca
Leencastre.....Paolo Ananiani
Remendado.....George Meader
Zuniga.....Louis D'Angelo
Morales.....Vincenzo Raschiglian
Conductor, Louis Hasselmanns.

By W. J. HENDERSON.
At the Metropolitan Opera House
Thanksgiving Day was occupied by
two performances. In the afternoon
"Carmen" was presented for the first
time this season. Mme. Florence East-
on, who had sung the name part be-
fore in the same theater, sang it again
yesterday. Of her impersonation of
the celebrated Seville vamp it is pleas-
ant to speak in terms of warmest
praise. It is admirable in conception
and execution; the capricious, un-
moral, wayward gypsy to the life, vi-
vacious, conscienceless, captivating,
rude, but never vulgar, and vocally an
unceasing delight.
There are all sorts and conditions of
Carmens. Some belong to the salon,
some to the gutter. This one belongs
to the cigarette factory and the moun-
tains. She'll wonder that she enjoyed
the love of three rather active men,
two military and one a bull fighter.
Of course, it was the weakest of the
three that made an end of her, but
that is no new story. Mme. Easton's
Carmen, which must have been a nov-
elty to most of her hearers, will surely
become a familiar figure on the Metro-
politan stage.
Miss Queenie Mario, who had been
heard here some seasons back with an-
other organization, made her first
Metropolitan appearance as Micaela.
She has a very pretty, though not large
voice, sang her music very well and
received abundant applause. Miss
Charlotte Ryan, another newcomer,
was observed as one of the minor
gypsies, acquitting herself with credit.
The other principals were Mr. Mar-
tinelli as Don Jose, Mr. de Luca as
Escamillo and Mr. d'Angelo as Zuniga.
Mr. Hasselmanns conducted, and the
performance, as a whole, went with
spirit and smoothness.
In the evening "La Traviata" was
given, Miss Lucrezia Bori appearing
for the first time here as Violetta
Valery. She had already sung the role
in Brooklyn and made a most favora-
ble impression. Before a susceptible
holiday audience last night she had a
brilliant success. Miss Bori is excel-
lently suited to the part. She has
youth, beauty, vivacity, histrionic skill
and a lovely voice. She was a con-
tinual delight last evening to both eye
and ear.
She delineated in the first act a
Violetta thrilled with the joy of living
and gradually discovering the advent
of a grand passion. In subsequent
acts she indicated well the renuncia-
tion, the grief and final despair of the
woman. Those familiar with the tra-
ditions of the opera may have noted
some slight changes of text and music,

but not any more than the omis-
sion of the familiar cadenza at the
close of "Semper libera" was a judi-
cious expedient and worked no harm
to the scene. The florid recitations
were well sung, but it was in the
purely lyric passages that Miss Bori
was at her best and in them her sing-
ing was beautiful.
Mr. Gigli shared the honors of the
evening with Miss Bori and Mr.
Danise. The tenor was in vocal con-
dition and sang with much beauty of
tone and variety of expression. Mr.
Danise's Germont is one of the best
of recent years, and was well liked
last evening. These are the only im-
portant personages in the opera, but
the record requires mention of the
debut of Italo Picchi as the doctor.
Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Violetta.....	Lucrezia Bori
Flora Bervoise.....	Mionie Egeer
Annina.....	Grace Anthony
Alfredo.....	Beniamino Gigli
Giorgio Germont.....	Giuseppe D'Alise
Gastone.....	Anelo Bada
Baron Douphol.....	Milio Picco
Marquis d'Obigny.....	Louis D'Angelo
Doctor Grenvil.....	Italo Picchi (Debut)
Ballet Divertissement by Rosina Galli, Premiere Danseuse Giuseppe Bonfiglio, Florence McNally and Corps de Ballet. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.	

Mme. Florence Easton was the Car-
men, a part she has taken before not
infrequently at the Metropolitan, and
successfully, as she does most of the
parts she attempts. Her Carmen yester-
day seemed to have made a slight
gain in rowdiness and vulgarity, and
was extremely vivacious, although less
destructive of the furniture than some
other Carmens have been. Mme. East-
on's voice seemed to be somewhat con-
stricted in the first act; later she sang
with greater freedom and with great
brilliance.

Ethel Katz, Young Pianist, Appears.
Ethel Katz, a fifteen-year-old pianist,
appeared for the first time in recital in
Aeolian Hall last evening before a small
audience. The program included Bach,
Beethoven, Chopin, Rachmaninoff,
Brahms and Liszt compositions. In
Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata she
played with a technique that was some-
what advanced for her age, but without
the depth of feeling such as this music
calls for. Bach's gavotte in B minor
was played with a certain brilliance.

**New Symphony
by D. G. Mason**

By W. J. HENDERSON.
The Friday afternoon concert of the
Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall
yesterday was one of those which are
not preceded by a Thursday evening
entertainment presenting the same
program. Mr. Stransky sometimes
produces new compositions at these
single concerts and he did so yester-
day. The work was Daniel Gregory
Mason's first symphony, which is in C
minor and is marked opus 11. The
symphony was composed in 1913 and
1914, and received its first perform-
ance at the hands of the Philadelphia
Orchestra in February, 1916. It was
revised in the course of the last sum-
mer and was heard for the first time
in its new form yesterday.
The composition exhibits Mr. Mason
as a musician of high ideals and
logical methods. Three root motives
appear in the first movement and out
of these the entire work is developed.
This method sometimes results in
apparent barrenness and in monotony
of style, but this is not the case with
Mr. Mason's music. It has variety in
unity, and as a piece of structural art
commands admiration.
If this were all, the praise awarded
the composition would have to be re-
garded as slight. But while the first
movement seems to lack point and
certainty in melodic continuity, the
second atones for this by reaping
from the already exposed thematic
material a rich harvest. There is
much fine and dignified music in this
movement, music which has not only
a strong intellectual fiber, but ro-
mantic feeling well conveyed. It is
excellently orchestrated.
In the third movement the recapitu-
lation of the fundamental thoughts is
effectively devised. It is not mere rep-
etition, but repainting. The ideas are
handled with a new spirit and a new
orchestral dress, in which a few re-
iterations of the original instrumen-
tation serve to heighten the contrasts.
Harmonically the whole symphony is
rich and colorful, without at any time
making excursions into the still ques-
tionable ways of the most recent im-
pressionists.
The second number on the list was
Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade,"

which, having emerged from the
strange lights and shadows of the
Russian ballet, has for several seasons
literally come into its own. It is a
suggestive rather than a definitive
composition and even if pictures could
be fitted to it from the hints in the
composer's movement titles they would
bear no relation to those once upon a
time revealed on the stage of the Cen-
tury Theater.
The final piece was Tchaikowsky's
"Marche Slav," which is a familiar
acquaintance of Philharmonic audi-
ences, and which, by its plangent so-
norities, usually evokes responsive ap-
plause.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.
Mr. Stransky produced another new
composition at the Philharmonic So-
ciety's concert in Carnegie Hall, yester-
day afternoon. It was a symphony in
C minor, the work of Daniel Gregory
Mason, known here both as a composer
and as Professor of Music at Columbia
University. It is his first symphony
and was written about nine years ago.
It had been played both by the Philadel-
phia Orchestra under Mr. Stokowski and
by the Detroit Orchestra under Mr.
Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Mason then revised
it last summer.
The symphony is in three movements,
like many modern symphonies, and like
many of the French school with which
Mr. Mason studied, it is "cyclical" in
its structure; that is, its chief themes
are derived and developed from a few
"germinal motives" heard in the intro-
duction, and a certain amount of "com-
munity of theme" follows therefrom.
In the devising of his musical
material Mr. Mason has shown melodic
invention, and his music is throughout
fertile in melody and in the turning of
the melodic phrase. His orchestration
is not of the "brilliant" kind, yet dis-
plays an ample variety of color and
many ingenuities in the use of the wood-
winds. He is not of the most "ad-
vanced" school in harmony, but the
music moves in an atmosphere distinctly
modern, and his effects are not of the
sort easily expected.
There is a slow introduction setting
forth the "germinal motives." The
first movement has a fine vigor and
propulsive power, and interesting and
picturesque treatment of themes interest-
ing in themselves. The melodiousness
of the slow movement approaches the
quality known as "lush," in its fullness
and richness. The composer seems to
have been so enamored of it that he
found it hard work to end, and the
movement is too long. The rhythmical
character of the last movement is even
more distinguishing than its thematic
substance. Its principal theme is, as
the composer calls it, "unruly" and
the development brings out much pun-
gent contrast.
Mr. Mason's symphony is not, perhaps,
in the highest sense distinguished music;
but it is a personal utterance, some-
thing of his own, said in his own way.
It aims high, and in its best moments
reaches a high level. Mr. Stransky
played it with much zeal and energy;
the performance showed careful prepara-
tion, and doubtless presented it truly.
There was applause, especially after
the second movement and at the end,
and Mr. Mason appeared on the plat-
form with Mr. Stransky to acknowl-
edge it.
The program further included Rimsky
Korsakov's symphonic suite "Schehera-
zade" and Tchaikowsky's "Slavic
March."

Jeritzza Again Sings Tosca.
Johnson a Fine Figure in His First
Appearance as Cavaradosi.
The Metropolitan's largest audience
thus far heard Jeritzza in "Tosca" last
evening, it being the first repeated opera
in three weeks, aside from the narrower
repertory in which Chaliapin has ap-
peared. With Mme. Jeritzza were heard
Mr. Scotti again as Scarpia and Edward
Johnson for the first time as the
Roman painter and revolutionist. Italo
Picchi, a recent Italian new-comer, also
acted the spy hidden in the church
scene, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.
Mr. Johnson, though he began in an
unstable voice, was a fine figure as Mario
Cavaradosi—the Guelph tenor is a
chameleon for make-up—and he sang
the later romantic and patriotic episodes
of the role with great ardor. A point
was made of giving him the curtain
calls after the first act, Mr. Scotti van-
ishing and Mme. Jeritzza refusing to ap-
pear. They were in at the death in
Act 2 for a joint ovation from a post-
holiday crowd of enthusiasts.
Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who was
present, went back to Mme. Jeritzza's
dressing room during the last entracte
and there congratulated the opera's
reigning star. It was the first time the
Polish prima donna had set foot on the
Metropolitan stage in fourteen years,
since her own farewell to this theatre
in 1908.

HARROLD MORRIS PLAYS.
Pianist Enthusiastically Received at
His Recital in Aeolian Hall.
Harrold Morris, the pianist, and one

of the few who have early persuaded audiences of the enjoyable quality of music, gave a recital out of the hackneyed order at Aeolian Hall last evening, though he did not permit himself one sure "popular moment in Chopin's sonata containing the 'Funeral March.' Less usual were Grieg's 'Ballade' of variations on a Norwegian melody, Busoni's arrangement of Beethoven's 'Eccosaises,' similarly drawn from the Scotch, then Chopin's 'Revolutionary' study, Brahms's too amiable A flat waltz, Liszt's sugary 'Liebestraum' and seafaring 'St. Francis' and Debussy's 'Gardens in Rain.'

Mr. Morris played vigorously with alert enthusiasm, and the house received him in like mood.

Mme. Matzenauer Cancels Engagement Because of Indisposition. Others All Do Well.

The fourth of the current season's Noonday Musicales, under the auspices of the La Forge-Berumen Studios, took place yesterday in Aeolian Hall. The artists appearing on the program were Erin Ballard, Rosamond Crawford and Dwight Coy, pianists, and Lawrence Tibbett, baritone. Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was to have sung two numbers, but owing to sudden indisposition, was compelled to cancel her engagement at the last moment. However, she promises to sing for one of the Noonday Musicales in the near future.

Miss Ballard played two selections in her usual artistic style, which elicited much applause. Miss Crawford's offerings were, Liszt's 'Dream of Love' and Chopin's 'Scherzo' (B flat minor), and Mr. Coy played 'Romance,' by Frank La Forge, and 'Rigoletto Paraphrase,' by Verdi-Liszt. Both artists added to their increasing musical stature in this last appearance.

Mr. Tibbett contributed two group numbers, one selected from Schumann and the other from 'The Beggar's Opera,' proving himself a master of diction and vocal charm. The Duo-Art Piano also contributed.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Don Carlos.

DON CARLOS, opera in Italian, in four acts and eight scenes, based on Schiller's drama; libretto (originally in French) by Mery and Du Locle, music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House, Philip II.....Feodor Chaliapin
Don Carlos.....Giovanni Martinelli
Rodrigo.....Giuseppe De Luca
The Grand Inquisitor.....Leon Rothler
A Monk.....William Gustafson
Elizabeth of Valois.....Frances Feralta
Princess Eboli.....Jeanne Gordon
Tebaldo.....Grace Anthony
Countess Armburg.....Maria Savage
A Herald.....Angelo Bada
A Voice.....Marie Sundelius
Count of Lerna.....Giordano Patrineri
Conductor: Gennaro Papi.

Verdi's very grand and very historical opera of "Don Carlos," revived on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons ago, entered on its third season there at the matinee performance yesterday afternoon. "Don Carlos" was not found very much alive when it was first restored to this stage in December, 1920; and last season it was given only three performances. But now the welcome fact is discovered that the part of Philip II. is in Mr. Chaliapin's repertoire.

What more natural than that the opera should have an early performance while the great Russian basso is still under engagement at the opera house? What more natural than that certain scenes in which he appears, formerly omitted, should now be restored to the performance? The opera has been a good deal pulled about since it was first produced in Paris in 1868—a process in which the composer himself had a chief hand. Some changes have been made in the book in the two seasons in which "Don Carlos" has been given at the Metropolitan.

Certain others were made in the performance yesterday. The chief ones were the omission of the entire first act, and the restoration of the duet in the first scene of the third act between the King and the Grand Inquisitor. The ballet was in the original version intended for Paris, but Verdi left it out in the changes he made for Italy. Now it is put back again, and gives pleasure to lovers of picturesque dancing.

It is not likely that the details of these changes would rouse more than languid interest, or would give rise to any deep sense of loss or gain; or indeed that they were noticed by many.

"Don Carlos" is full of historical details, and a few historical details more or less are not of momentous importance for the enjoyment of the opera, so far as enjoyment may be obtained from it. The only thing of importance now, of course, was to put back everything that practically could be put back calling for Mr. Chaliapin's appearance and singing upon the stage.

The part of Philip, which is assigned to him as the bass part of the opera, is not its most important one, but Mr. Chaliapin has a way of saying that where MacGregor sits there is the head of the table. The scenes in which he appeared he made engrossing and at times deeply impressive. He is, of course, an imposing figure—probably unhistorically, for the real Philip II. was no such robust monarch as Mr. Chaliapin makes him. He is both robust and regal, and his word of command is imperious. He delivered his monologue in the fourth act and his share of the following angry scene with the Inquisitor with extraordinary force and variety of expression.

But, alas! the great dramatic master is subject to the opera temptations of the weaker brethren and sisters. At the end of this monologue there was great applause; and though nobody else in the company, in obedience, apparently, to a newly promulgated principle, acknowledged applause on the scene, Mr. Chaliapin not only acknowledged his warmly, but also finally came forward to the footlights, told Mr. Papi where to begin again, and straightway repeated the last stanza of his monologue—with what effect upon the dramatic illusion need not be described.

He did it differently, as if to show that his resources were not used up. No doubt he could have done it a third time still differently; and, the picture having once been shattered, he might as well have. Mr. Chaliapin was in excellent voice; and Verdi's very singable music helped him to fine vocal effect throughout.

Mr. Martinelli as Don Carlos did some excellent singing, not all at the top of his voice, and acted with fervor; and Mr. De Luca presented a characterization very finely finished in action and in song as Rodrigo. Miss Gordon sang with credit as Princess Eboli, and Miss Peralta made a creditable attempt as Elisabeth. The brief scene in which Mr. Rothler, as the Grand Inquisitor, challenges the King he presented with powerful effect.

"L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci."

"L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci" were the Metropolitan's double bill last evening, completing eighteen operas in as varied a three-weeks as ever opened a Broadway season. Mr. Scott's Chinese rôle of the cutthroat opium den keeper has kept Franco Leon's Italianized "Cat and Cherub" before the public, not only here, but on his independent tours.

Scott has sung the work on its old home scene in San Francisco. In so far, it is American. Borl and Chalmers were the Celestial lovers last night, "Didur" again the Chinese sage; the others, Little Ada Quintana, Miss Telya, Messrs. d'Angelo and Patrineri, with Mr. Moranzoni conducting. Nor should mention be forgot of the Oriental chorus and Occidental police. Mr. von Wymetal had a new hand in the staging.

Mme. Rethberg sang Nedda in "Pagliacci" as her second rôle here, in light contrast to her début in Aida. Mr. Kingston, in good voice, sustained what must long be called "the Caruso rôle," to the confusion of many tenors; Mr. Danise had the popular baritone prologue, while Patrineri and Reschiglian took the lesser rôles and Papi conducted.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Johannes Brahms in some isle of the blest should have met his lifetime foes and critics during yesterday's matinee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, a day of contrasts, of prophecy and remembrance. For Arthur Honegger's "Horace Victorieux," here offered as first fruits of the Paris "Six," was paired with the now accepted Strauss "Zarathustra," and both together preceded by the Fourth symphony of Brahms. How his old antagonists would have hastened to agree that the symphony was warp and woof of the substance of harmony, the pattern of melody, quite as present-century audiences long since came to regard it.

Honegger's "Horace" is altogether a horse of another color; denial of harmony, of melody, even of motif—an orchestral "daub." Indeed, but suggesting new ranges of delicacy or depth in tonal combinations as elusive and fleeting as the colors of molten gold over a cauldron of fusing metal. It is boldly done, irritating or fascinating, according as the listener's thought on music of past or future. If Honegger has evolved a new language, he speaks it, or makes his orchestra speak it fluently.

The Horatii and Curiatii are sufficiently characterized in triple combat. Still more plausibly recognizable is Horace's sister, Camilla. She weeps—two whining cellos for her eyes—over her enemy lover. Horace draws his sword, and no greater thrusts ever sounded in full orchestra than when in Gilbert's phrase, he "drew his snicker-snee." For the startling sounds are indeed provocative of mirth, yet the fact remains that the composer has made his audience all but present at a killing.

Darius Milhaud is to bring here soon some more of the music of the "Six," and New York should be more hospitable to it than was Boston to Honegger, when subscribers threatened to withdraw if the orchestra should play any more of it. Mr. Monteux's players gave a great account of themselves in the novelty, and still greater in their superb performance of Strauss, which ended their first three days' visit to town this season.

Brahms's Fourth had a colorful, though slightly dragging reading yesterday afternoon when the Boston Symphony gave its second concert at Carnegie Hall. This work, although it was first heard here thirty-six years ago, still seems full of fresh, lyric youth and ebullient spirits, when the players will let them out. The best part of the performance yesterday was the second movement, andante moderato, which, unimpaired by the general tendency to retard, swelled like a series of long sea-waves, to the joy of

the ear.

"Horatius Triumphant" the mimed symphony unloosed for the first time here, as part of the program appeared to represent largely the triumph of sound over sense. It is the work of Arthur Honegger, one of the "Six," the very young French school. Written primarily as music for a stage-ballet, it is based on the tale of the Horatius who, having killed his sister's alien-born betrothed in combat, in turn runs the errand girl through for loving the enemy and lamenting his death. The action covers a love scene, the combat, the lament and the punishment of the disloyal girl.

Only in the actual combat section did the music seem to bear any emotional relation to the plot, and even then the effect was achieved largely by the cumulative force of crescendo and acceleration. The work as a whole is a series of deft juggling tricks with harmonics and whole tones, with here and there a suspicious trace of the Rheingold giants. Shriill, tremulous chromatics, harmonized in whole toned fashion, delineated the triumph itself, and the subsequent lament of Camilla for her lover, together with her imprecations, were fabricated out of alternate snorings and neighings from the orrass and musical meanderings up and down the treble in augmented steps on the part of the strings. Thus Camilla wept and cursed. Then Horatius, not without cause, ran her through with two or three peeping whistles, an election rattle, a rubble of drums telling how it was done. With a dull thud of the bass drum she fell to the ground (Camilla must have been a fat girl) and it was over. Mr. Monteux's muscular efforts were dutifully applauded by the house.

With the scenery, costumes and the choreography for which it was written the music might gain in appeal. As it was, standing alone, it was about as interesting as the gray voile curtains before which Isadora Duncan dances.

At Aeolian Hall.

At Aeolian Hall, just to prove that the moderns are not all dull, Victor Wittgenstein played as part of his piano recital a group of Scriabin numbers which were worth going far to hear. Mr. Wittgenstein has simplicity and sincerity of manner, presenting nothing but quality—no tricks. He gives honest value in excellent technique and a touch that is little short of magical, and the large

audience which gathered to hear him yesterday afternoon proved that this value is known and wanted.

Of the six in the Scriabin group (there was also some Chopin, Liszt, Bach, and some more) it would be hard to say which was the best done. The prelude, Op. 11, No. 10, stood out in high relief, sharp in outline and velvety in texture. Then later there was a poem (Op. 32, No. 1) like a spring in the woods, delicate and tender and contrastingly illusive. A morsel called "Desir" touched on a slightly more sophisticated mood, yet ended in a shattered rainbow of sentiment. The group closed with a "warlike and proud" prelude, fragmentary but incisive and highly vitalized. It is too bad that stricture of time prevented hearing the entire program. What was heard was memorable.

The Philharmonic, at Carnegie Hall, gave the first performance of the season to Chaikovsky's "Pathe-tique," eking out the program with Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3, and Schumann's concerto in A minor for piano, in which Alfred Cortot was the soloist. The large crowd which the Chaikovsky work invariably draws was in evidence and responded enthusiastically.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Of the three numbers that made up the Philharmonic program yesterday afternoon, two were old friends, none other, in fact, than "Scheherazade" and the "Marche Slave," and as such can be safely ignored. Besides, it is hardly the thing to discuss one's oldest friends in public. The third, which came first, was a symphony, new to New York, Daniel Gregory Mason's first, in C minor.

It was written in 1913-14 and was first performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski in February, 1915. The composer began a revision of it last summer, so that yesterday's performance was its first appearance in the new version.

It is written in three movements and is based throughout upon three "germinal" motives that appear in the introduction to the first movement. The program notes yesterday carried an elaborate thematic analysis written by Mr. Mason himself, and after hearing the symphony one almost wonders whether the analysis preceded the music. For the work leaves an impression of form triumphing too completely over substance.

The three germinal themes were there—one caught them as they first occurred, thanks to the explicit directions contained in the analysis—but they seemed hardly significant enough for the work they had to do. To put it coarsely, they lacked catchiness; and this humble quality is, after all, the thing that makes music remembered, whether it be written by Brahms or Berlin.

Mr. Mason seems to have been satisfied to work out his themes "plannmaessig," as the German General Staff used to say. And like the invasion of Belgium, a symphony may fail of its ultimate purpose if it is carried out with too little consideration for the emotions of the neutral observer. There were fine moments in the work, passages that were on the verge of becoming eloquent, but generally the composer stepped in too soon and ruthlessly cut them short, merely because it was time to begin developing something else.

The scoring showed the same symptoms of untimely change, for the orchestral color kept shifting, with a restlessness that did not seem called for by either the material or the form, with the result that no instrumental combination lasted long enough to be completely effective. "Kaleidoscopic color" is an alluring phrase, but a dangerous practice; for a kaleidoscope is not necessarily as interesting as an etching.

The performance of the last two movements seemed a good one. The first movement suffered somewhat from a lack of instrumental balance—that did not all, apparently proceed from the scoring.

Boston Band

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

Russia once had a group of composers who came to be called "The Five"—Balakireff, Borodin, Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. It was not long ago and their music, or a good deal of it, is more generally known than Rubinstein's ever was, though his was only Russian music with which America was familiar fifty years ago. "The Five" considered themselves revolutionaries; but most of their artistic principles were, metaphorically speaking, as old as the hills. Borodin, who (as also Ciaikov) spoke for them, said that Balakireff was the hen that laid the eggs of which the chicks came. The chicks were all alike, but no sooner were chicks hatched than each adopted a plumage of its own and flew away flock by itself.

In music it is hard to be original and now Paris (which is France, and will not be for long) has its "Five" whose names are Georges Auric, Louis Durey (Mr. Philip Hale tells us he is already an outsider—a fact which gave us from him), Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, Germaine Tailleferre and Arthur Honegger. Some of Milhaud's music was played here a year ago without disturbance of the foundation of even the foothills of art of music. Yesterday afternoon Carnegie Hall Mr. Monteux, with an excellent band from Boston, made a new record of New York's ears, nerves and nature with a symphonic pantomime or pantomimic symphony, by Honegger, titled "Horace Victorieux." It was a daring assault, but we fancy that the art of music came out victorious, though the auricular nerves of the audience were subjected to horrendous trial.

Symphony Chaotic and Puzzling

A great deal of music is played in orchestral concerts nowadays without being accompanied by pictures or pantomimes. We have said this before and meant it in seriousness. Yesterday we felt the need of a pictorial accompaniment to the "mimed symphony" because we realized two minutes after the orchestra

began that... have been heard... picture... or action. The com... had told us that he was del... the tale from Roman legendary... of the combat between the... and the Curatii, and the mur... by the victorious Horatius of his... Camilla because of her con... love for one of the men whom... had slain. So far as we could... from the music itself, we do not... (if it had to be a Horatian story)... it should not have been that of the... Horace (Horatius Cocles)... he'd the bridge against the Etrus... army and swam across the Tiber... error—that or any other tale... might be associated in fancy... trumpet alarms, strangled wood-

nds, roll of drums and the noise of... mob, relieved at intervals by sup... sentimental droolings and... linings. We could not guess at any... whether the Curatii or the friends... Horatius were getting their wind... slitten, and could only by an... contrive to fancy that Ca... had received her quietus when the... came to an abrupt stop. This shows... at Mr. Honegger's programmatic... is, is of the advanced order. When... scriptive music began (which means... it when music of one order had its... gin in imitations of the sounds... by beasts and birds) it was pos... to do something like this. Years... we were initiated into the bear... of the Iroquois Indians up in the... Nations Reserve in Canada, near... ntford. The Cayuga chief who... rched us up and down a room dur... the ceremony grunted a song as he... so. We noted the sequence of... es and the words, which sounded... "Ook-wah-lee, ook-wah-lee," and... ven we asked for an interpretation... e told "That's the way bear walk... log." And it was quite satisfactory... cause it was savage music.

School Renounces All Codes
But Mr. Honegger is an educated... nician, plainly cerebral, possibly... nothing more. It is the something... re than the cerebral quality of his... position that discomfited us. The in... gious Mr. Philip Hale, to whose... notes we turned for guidance... imates that the Six (now reduced to... Five by the ostracism of Durey)... he no code of law which they all... ect, no rule of artistic conduct, no... principle except that each one shall... as he pleases. Yet Mr. Honegger... studied with good masters, and... made it plain, even in this dis... sional tone phantasmagoria, that he... ws the techniques of musical com... ition. Why, he even invents a... me and pursues it fuggally for a... le space. We don't know why, but... know that he does because we... rd the short fugato. Knowing the... s, however, he applied them ap... pletly (we must not forget the mod... of a layman in the presence of a... med professor) to defeat the ends... which they were contrived.
Honegger is perhaps one of the last... micians to have felt the spell of... Wyner and profitably to have assim... lated it," says Milhaud (we are again... lden to Mr. Hale for the informa...). The evidence lies, perhaps, in his... ciation of themes with the people... his story, and his contrapuntal... riment. But Wagner's themes are... ly always illuminative, and his in... eaving of them makes for beauty—... racteristic when the drama demands... absolute frequently. He does not... them mudily and unintermit-

nder the first impression we feel... Mr. Honegger's themes have as... the likeness to the personages and... alations of his story as they have to... roblem in Euclid, and that his... position to them of the technics of... eaving agreeableness of sensation... rouse and elevate the fancy or... mination, to create what we may... lly term beauty, or arouse emo... which might have an uplift, but... rvide a bewilderment of sense... eeling, which he may say is un... tentional, unexpected and novel.

Public Verdict Desired
he does these things there are... y of modern aestheticians who will... that he has created art and that... e do not admire it now we shall... e become familiar with it... proposition we doubt. It could... y be put to a test, however. Let... Montoux (or Mr. Damrosch, who... elieve, has also included the work... is season's repertoire) place it on... gram for three or four concerts... cession. Then let the public... ct be read in the attendance and... eception given to the music. It... not asking too much. We

an impression that we heard Bee... en's A major symphony four times... in seven days last year, and en... ed the performances, though we... known the work fifty years. Let... e be an end of the affection of a... persons proud of their profession... they know that all new things... h come heralded by the trumpets... oterie advertising are good. The... y, retchy, putrid, fecal outpourings... sewer are not pure water. Con... rs may offer it to us, because... say it is their duty to do so. We

man, out of curiosity, look at it though... we hold our noses; we ought not to be... asked to taste it.
That is the end of to-day's sermon... a discourse justified by the occasion... though it ought, perhaps, to be ac... companied by an apology, because it... prevents us from writing the words of... praise which Mr. Montoux and his men... challenged by an admirable perform... ance of Brahms's Symphony in E... minor, which we had already heard... played well, though not with so per... fect a sense of its virility and euphony... this season. Mr. Montoux has a keen... ear for beauty and knows how to pro... duce it.

The twelfth symphony concert... vouchsafed to New York within some... days was that of the Philharmonic... concert in Carnegie Hall last night. Its... central feature was Schumann's piano... forte concerto, the solo part played by... Alfred Cortot. Before it came the... Beethoven overture "Leonore No. 3";... after it Tschaiakovsky's "Pathetic"... symphony. The concerto was played in... a manly and musically style, but not... with the full measure of poetic grace... which the gentle element in the com... poser's character put into it.

Chaliapin Reveals Many-Sided Philip

If one, inspired by Velasquez and ro... manco, should conjure up a mental... image of Philip II of Spain, it might... well be very like the Philip of Feodor... Chaliapin, who made his first appear... ance here as that monarch yesterday... afternoon at the Metropolitan, in "Don... Carlos," and showed that he could be... as effective as a king of Spain as in... the part of a Russian czar.

Emphasizing the dramatic value of... his part, he gave a Philip of many... aspects; at first a character to detest... but sympathize with later on—one of... cold, confident arrogance was his at... titude in the first act, while in the... second he was magnificent to behold—... but yet not sure of his power, fearful... of disaster. The best scene was the... soliloquy, usually omitted, which opens... the third act. Here he gave a vivid... impression of mental anguish and... despair, borne out by a soft voice of... unusual beauty. Applause, of course... was prolonged, but Mr. Chaliapin... signed for silence and repeated the... last part of the scene. This, dramati... cally, was a pity, for it broke the spell... Mr. Chaliapin had stepped out of the... character, he was no longer the suffer... ing Spanish king, but a singer re... peating a well-sung aria. But then... what is drama when it conflicts with... fame?

Mr. Chaliapin was, undoubtedly, the... central figure, but there were others... and others who did very well; espe... cially Mr. De Luca as the faithful com... panion, Rodrigo. His voice was re... markably pure and pleasing, while the... dramatic element was well brought out... in his scenes with the king and Don... Carlos, and especially his death scene.

It was pleasing to note that he won... his due applause in an unaccompanied... appearance before the curtain.

Mr. Martinelli was in good voice as... Don Carlos, a properly passionate lover... with ringing tones that rarely if ever... were rough. Both these artists of... "bel canto" were in contrast to Mr... Chaliapin, who laid the greater em... phasis on the dramatic aspect, the less... on the vocalization—not, of course... that one can or would dissect Mr... Chaliapin's performance. Its effective... ness was obvious.

As Elizabeth of Valois Frances... Peralta seemed nervous at first and... while her voice was pleasing if not... pushed, effort caused, barring some... clear, strong high notes, an effect of... strain. Jeanne Gordon was in very... fair voice as the Princess of Eboli... without neglecting the action; while... Leon Rothier, the grand inquisitor... held up his end well in his argument... with the king. On the whole, it was... an unusually interesting performance... of the Verdi opera. With the... king's scenes in the third act left in... the opening exposition was omitted... but this hiatus in the plot did not... bother the audience.

"L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci" filled... the evening. The drama of Chinatown... was generally well done, with Mr... Scotti's acting of the villain's part, as... usual, perhaps the chief feature, along... with Miss Bori's singing as Ah-Yoe... and the dignity of Mr. Didur as Win... Shee. Mario Chamlee was in good... voice as the ill-starred San-Fuy, with... other parts taken by Miss Telva and... Messrs. D'Angelo and Audisio. In... "Pagliacci" Mr. Danise varied the pro...

logue (a well sung one) by appearing... in a swallow-tail coat instead of the... usual clown's costume. Elizabeth Reit... berg, in her second Metropolitan ap... pearance, was a very satisfactory... Nedda, her voice being strong and... smooth after having been warmed up... in the "Bird Song." It did not seem... however, to be primarily a coloratura... voice. Morgan Kingston was a worthy... Canio, although seeming to aim at... more sound and color than the limits... of his voice allowed, with other parts... taken by Messrs. Paltrinieri and...

Reschlian. It was Mr. Tapp's bus... day. While Mr. Moranzoni led... "L'Oracolo," both "Don Carlos" and... "Pagliacci" were under the former's... baton.

Pizzetti's Music for Play by d'Annunzio 'Charming and Full of Ingenuity'

By H. E. Krehbiel

Mr. Paderewski played his pianoforte... concerto in A minor a few weeks be... fore the outbreak of the World... War at a concert of the Boston Orches... tra in 1914. It was a considerable... period before the world had begun to... divide its attention between the Polish... patriot and the musician. We had... heard it from him and also from Miss... Katharine Goodson, and though we... thought highly of its generally serene... beauty, much of it a reflex of the com... poser of whose works he seemed the... supreme interpreter, we had, and still... have, a higher admiration for his Polish... Fantasia as an expression—a strong... truthful expression—of nationalism in... music. His presence in a box at the... concert of the Symphony Orchestra yes... terday afternoon was not only the oc... casion of a popular tribute to him as... a man of political affairs, it also led... to a generous appreciation of the artistic... work of Mr. Ernest Schelling, who... played the solo part of the concerto—a... little larger appreciation, we fancy, than... it would have received under ordinary... circumstances. Had he played it him... self there would, no doubt, have been... a greater outpouring of beauty and an... incomparably greater demonstration of... delight. As it was, it furnished forth... a gladsome moment and lent eclat to... the affair.

The concerto was preceded by Moz... art's Symphony in G minor, in which... Schubert (we believe it was) said he... could hear the singing of angels, and... three movements of the incidental... music composed by Pizzetti for D'An... nunzio's play "La Pisanella," which... was on Mr. Damrosch's list a week ago... last Thursday. Charming music this... full of ingenuity, and archaic grace in... the final movement, which, were our... fancy not occasionally inclined to his... torical excursions, would have left us... wondering that it was set as a dance... for an intoxicated queen. Its modal... characteristics would sooner have sug... gested that it was one of the dances... which used to be performed in... churches—as is the custom to this day... in the Cathedral of Seville. As it was... it came as an amiable associate in... memory with Vaughan Williams's fan... tasy on a hymn by Thomas Tallis, per... formed a few days ago, introduced to... us last March by Mr. Damrosch and... performed again here by the Boston... Symphony Orchestra last Thursday. Experiments with the old ecclesiastical... (or, if you wish, Greek) modes may... lead the young composers of to-day... into finer fields than their present ef... forts to find new harmonic and instru... mental colors.

Thibaud Delights Again

Jacques Thibaud has been away two... years. Perhaps that is why the violin... recital which he gave yesterday after... noon in the Town Hall was heard by an... audience which, while large, did not... quite fill the hall. Certainly the fine... playing which he did was no surprise... to many present who had heard him... on previous occasions, and those to... whom it was a discovery testified to... this by increasing evidence of appre... ciation, until at the close, after he had... played a taxing program and four en... cores, they were still persistently de... manding a fifth. Only when this wa... given did they let him go.

Mr. Thibaud's tone is as fine-grained... and silky as ever, his bowing as sure... and incisive and his phrases as deli... cately etched. There is nothing per... functory in his work. He takes up... each piece with the air of one having... something to say and proceeds to say... it. His expressive zeal led him into... some extravagances yesterday. The... adagio of the Bruch G minor con...certo was a shade too slow and done... with a little too much "portamento,"... and an excess of energy in the allegro... energico made some slightly rough... places. But the Fantaisie in C major by... Georges Hüe was given effectively, and... the Sonata in E minor by Veracini-Salmon with beautiful tone and a sim... ple dignity of style eminently fitting.

There were short numbers by Rim... sky-Korsakow, Granados and Wieniaw... ski. Charles Hart was the accompanist... The audience included several well... known musicians.

Rachmaninoff Giv

By W. J. HENDERSON.

In a day of much music a great... musician stood forth conspicuous... Sergei Rachmaninoff, the distinguished... Russian composer and pianist, gave

His first piano recital of the season... yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall... He submitted for the consideration of... a large audience a popular program... embracing such numbers as Weber's... "Rondo Brilliant," a Chopin group... containing the B flat minor sonata... two short pieces of his own, and even... the Schulz-Evler transcription of... Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube."

The recital offered material suffi... cient for a column essay, but alas!... It was a day of much music. The per... formance of the sonata was perhaps... the forthcoming item, though the ex... quisite cameo of the value must not... be forgotten. But the B flat minor... sonata has suffered so long and so... bitterly at the hands of mere artisans... that every time a master plays it the... composition is born anew.

There ought to be a book or at least... a pamphlet about all the "readings"... since Rubinstein's. Rachmaninoff had... his own conception and his own idio... syncrasies. He made not a dramatic... but a baldly theatrical pause between... the first part of the funeral march and... the cantilena. He played the canti... lena anything but a battuta. There... was much leaning about between the... bars. No one, not even a newly risen... ghost or a trance conjuring psychic... could have marched to it.

And that was Rachmaninoff's point... The cantilena, according to him, did... not belong to the march. Well, the... caprice of the artist has always ex... isted. But it was more than caprice... Say, better, the royal prerogatives of... genius transcend the privileges of... mere talent. Rachmaninoff thundered... the procession to the grave. There a... serene voice sang a requiem. Then... the cortege moved away, receding... slowly into the purple distances of... hazy sound till silence fell and the

wind rose to sweep over the newly... covered grave, not a moist and tear... laden wind, but a cold, hard, cruel... blast full of dead autumn leaves and... the prophecy of sudden winter.

It was a genuinely large and pro... foundly moving interpretation of a... beautiful composition which has been... well nigh done to death. If the emi... nent Russian had done nothing else... since he came to this country this... alone would have sufficed to make... known the advent of a master. About... the characteristic qualities found in... all the playing of this artist no new... thing can be said. He is a virtuoso... of the first order and he has all the... tricks of the magician of the key... board from a staccato as full of sharp... angles and elementary colors as a... prism to pedalling and pressure touch... that make the piano a lyric prima... donna.

All this has been said before. And... so, too, has it been said that in the... playing of Rachmaninoff we are again... made certain of the proclamation of... a big spiritual force, much bigger... than the piano playing. But such... things ought to be repeated. Rach... maninoff does large things and in his... own way. Thereby he justifies him... self according to Emerson's dictum... "He is great who is what he is from... nature and who never reminds us of... others."

GIVES "AT HOME" RECITAL.

Marguerita Sylva, mezzo-soprano, gave... a novel "at home" recital at the Broad... hurst Theater yesterday afternoon. Mme... Sylva offered five groups of French... German, Spanish and English songs... Her offerings included airs from Monte... verdi's "Orfeo" and Gluck's "Armide" and songs by Faurdin, Masson, Wein... gartner, Wolf, Osma, Stevenson, Cad... man and others. Interspersing her songs... with comment on the program and bits... of information concerning the musical... world, Mme. Sylva succeeded in pleas... ing a large audience. Her voice was effective... and her interpretation of a group... of Spanish songs was done with much... spirit and dramatic ability.

City Symphony Orchestra Assisted by Miss Mellish.

The City Symphony Orchestra, as... sisted by Miss Mary Mellish, soprano... gave its second "pop" concert at the... Century Theater instead of the Man... hattan Opera House yesterday afternoon... Miss Mellish sang "Depuis le jour" from... "Louise" and the "Jewel Song" from... Faust. Dirk Foch, conducting the or... chestra, offered Tschaiakowsky's "Nut... cracker" Suite, the entr'acte from "The... Jewels of the Madonna," Schubert's... "Marche Militaire," the andante cant... able from Tschaiakowsky's string quartet... No. 1, and Weber's "Invitation to the... Dance."

Miss Mellish sang her arias well. Her... voice did not show to advantage in the

"Jewel Song" and there was some lack of feeling and smooth legato noticeable in both her offerings. But her high notes were full and lyric in tone and delicately shaded. The orchestra has improved. The strings need drilling and lack of unity was apparent in the pizzicato yesterday. But the quality of tone is much better and consistent improvement may be looked for in the future. A large audience applauded generously.

Sunday Night Opera Concert.

A new and musically avid element increased the usual large attendance at the Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan. Drawn by the first appearance in these programs of Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano, and Curt Taugher, tenor, both recently acquired German stars of the Gatti-Casazza forces, Marie Suudelius and Erna Rubenstein were the other soloists.

Galli-Curci Acclaimed.

Galli-Curci, assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist, appeared in what is announced as her only recital of the season and was unanimously acclaimed by the capacity audience which thronged the Hippodrome last evening. She confined her efforts to a dozen beautiful ballads, a German lullaby and the valse song from "Roméo et Juliette," about a dozen numbers on the set program. She leaves this week to begin her engagements with the Chicago Opera Company and later will appear at the Metropolitan.

Norfolk Music

By A. E. Magnell

The announcement just made by Carl Stoeckel, of Norfolk, Conn., that the Norfolk Music Festival will be omitted next June is received with regret, especially among music lovers. The

In giving notice of the omission of the festival next June Mr. Stoeckel holds out the hope that they may be resumed in the near future. The reason for not planning for concerts next June is that Mr. Stoeckel's business interests require the time needed to make arrangements for the concerts.

Boston, in particular, regrets the decision to omit the concerts next June. George W. Chadwick and Edgar Burlingame Hill were composers of works first performed in these concerts. The importance and value of the Norfolk festivals appears from a listing of first American performances, as follows:

- 1908—"King Gorm, the Grim," by Horatio Parker.
- 1909—"Noel," by George W. Chadwick.
- 1910—"The Bamboola," by S. Coleridge Taylor.
- 1911—"North, East, South, West," symphony, by Henry Hadley.
- 1912—"Aphrodite," symphonic fantasy, by George W. Chadwick; cantata, "A Tale of Old Japan"; "Negro Air" and concerto for violin and orchestra, by S. Coleridge-Taylor.
- 1913—"New England," symphony, by Edgar Stillman Kelly; "Negro Rhapsody," by Henry F. Gilbert.
- 1914—"Lucifer," tone poem, by Henry Hadley; "From the Prairie," by S. Coleridge-Taylor; "Aallat-taret," orchestral tone poem, by Jean Sibelius.
- 1915—"Concerto for Pianoforte," by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford; "Tam o' Shanter," symphony poem, by George W. Chadwick; concerto for violin, by Frederick A. Stock.
- 1916—"Hera Mystica," symphonic poem, by Charles M. Loeffler; "In a Nutshell," for orchestra and piano, by Percy Grainger.
- 1917—"Irish Rhapsody No. 5," by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford; "Sermon in Stone," symphony, by John Alden Carpenter; "Symphonic Impression of White House," by Nicola Laucella; "The Warriors," imaginary ballet, by Percy Grainger.
- 1918—"Land of Our Hearts," patriotic hymn, by George W. Chadwick; "The Dream of Mary," cantata for chorus and orchestra, by Horatio Parker; Symphony for orchestra, David Stanley Smith; "Verdun," for orchestra, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.
- 1919—"Alice in Wonderland," for orchestra, by Edgar Stillman Kelly; "Lyric Suite No. 2," by Victor Kolar.
- 1920—"Prelude to the Trojan Women" after the drama of Euripides, by Edgar Burlingame Hill.
- 1921—"In Old Virginia," overture by John Powell.
- 1922—"Pastoral Symphony," by R. Vaughan Williams; "Anniversary," overture, by George Chadwick; "Slovakian Rhapsody," by Victor Kolar.

In the performance of the compositions an idea which originated with the Litchfield County Literary Club, an organization quite as distinctive as the Litchfield County Choral Society, under whose auspices the festivals are nominally held, it has been the practice to have the orchestra or chorus directed by the composer. The instances in which the composer was not present have been the exception. S. Coleridge-Taylor came from England to conduct "The Bamboola," Nicola Laucella from New York, Percy Grainger from New York and Jean Sibelius from Finland. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the English composer, is the only foreign composer who did not appear to conduct his own concerts, being kept away because of the war in 1915. Others have come from the most distant parts of the United States.

Soloists who have been heard include some of the most prominent American singers. Mme. Louise Homer appeared most frequently between 1908 and 1920. Alma Gluck, Frieda Hempel, Florence Hinkle, Merle Alcock, Margaret Keyes and Anna Case have sung for several successive years. Among men singers have been Paul Althouse, Clarence Whitehill, Lambert Murphy, Orville Harrold, Fred Patton and Herbert Witherspoon.

Among violinists and pianists have been Maud Powell, Fritz Kreisler, Efreim Zimbalist, Kathleen Parlow, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Percy Grainger. Richmond P. Paine, conductor emeritus, took charge of the concerts up to 1915, and Dr. Arthur Mees also directed for many years. Henry Shmitt, of New York, directed orchestra pieces occasionally.

At the first concert, given in 1899, the instruments were an organ and harp. Theodore Thomas's orchestra played for concerts following, and since 1908 the orchestras, numbering usually sixty pieces, were assembled from members of the Philharmonic Society.

Originally one concert was given in a church in the village. Then for five years concerts were given at the armory in Winsted, while since 1906 they have been held in the "music shed" erected on the Stoeckel estate, White side. The original structure was intended only for temporary use, but a permanent building, 166 by 59 feet, was constructed. The shed has a stage for the accommodation of 500 and the seating capacity of the auditorium is nearly 2,000.

The capacity was taxed at every concert.

No admission fee was charged, admittance being by card, members of the chorus being given first preference for invitations, a specified number always being laid aside for them. A small section, however, was reserved for distinguished guests. The demand for tickets was countrywide. Requests have come from as far as California, but even the patrons of the concerts are regulated by the limitations placed and admission was as much sought for and desired as to a Yale-Harvard football game. The popularity of the concerts and the wishes of the music world led to holding concerts on two days, then three, and finally five days. Then the musicians' union served notice of limitations for rehearsals, and the concerts were reduced to three.

The purpose inspiring the organization of these concerts and their promotion is a sincere love of the art of music. Personal aggrandizement was never in evidence.

It was Mrs. Stoeckel who inspired the present organization. Her father, Robbins Battell, was one of the foremost musicians of Litchfield County and a composer of ability. Every year one of his compositions is sung in his memory. He directed the music of the Litchfield County Centennial in 1852 and in 1874 promoted the organization of the first Winsted Choral Society.

In 1897 Mrs. Stoeckel invited those interested in the formation of a glee club to her home for rehearsals, and out of this grew the organization of the Norfolk Glee Club in 1898. Gaul's "Holy City" was rehearsed and sung.

The Winsted Choral Society was invited to join with the club and accepted, and the Litchfield County Choral Union was organized.

The inspiring motive was to present music in its highest form and to honor the memory of Mr. Battell. The Salisbury Choir, the Canaan Chorus and the Torrington Musical Society, all organized between 1904 and 1906, came into the union.

Rehearsals were held under the direction of capable instructors, and concerts preliminary to the big festival were held in their respective communities. Their total membership is probably 700, active and honorary. Race and creed are unquestioned; ages run from eighteen to sixty years.

From the small societies the festival chorus of 450 voices has always been selected. Some of those taking part in the last concert were charter members of the organization and have never missed a meeting.

To-day a casual visitor in Norfolk may enter the country store and hear discussed intelligently the respective merits of the compositions of Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, or the ability of Kreisler, Zimbalist, Paderewski or other instrumentalists by men who are plainly agriculturists. Question one and he will say:

"We hicks have grown up in an atmosphere of only the best music, and most of us know personally the world's best artists, so we talk music more'n we do crops."

Regret that concerts should be omitted even for one year is keen among the townspeople and is now the sole topic of conversation.

Cracker barrel talk is that the concerts were an annual expense of about \$25,000 to Mr. Stoeckel. Townspeople point to the high salaried soloists, the expense of bringing composers from foreign countries and the expenses of sixty orchestral players for a week—and not one penny received from the concerts.

Dec 5 1922 'Romeo et Juliette,'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second performance of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was heard by a large audience, which manifested its pleasure in unmistakable manner. The performance was in almost every respect an improvement on its predecessor. On the previous occasion most of the principal singers were sadly afflicted with nervousness, and some of their best laid plans, like those of Mr. Burns's mice and men, were prone to "gang aft agley." But last evening they all felt sure of themselves and made their points with certainty.

The head of the house of Capulet had undergone a delightful rejuvenation. He had knocked off the wrinkles and feebleness of thirty-odd winters and appeared as a hale and hearty gentleman of some fifty summers, able to swing a sword or tread a measure with the best of them and not to be frightened by all the Montagues in Verona. Mr. Didur, who impersonates Father Capulet in this noteworthy revival, has done well to lessen the number of his gray hairs. The thoughtful auditor need no longer be harassed with doubts when Romeo, having discovered the identity of Juliette, wails "Capulet est son pere."

Miss Bori was even more beautiful and more captivating as the unhappy young heroine than she was at the first performance. She was in good voice last evening and sang admirably. Mr. Gigli's Romeo showed progress, and a progressive lover is doubtless the kind that is, according to Emerson, popular with all mankind. It is never easy for an Italian tenor to master Romeo, but Mr. Gigli is making an effort which is bringing some good results.

Mr. de Luca's Mercutio and Mr. Rother's Friar Laurence were good last evening, and so was the Tybalt of Mr. Diaz. The program assigned the part to Mr. Eada, who had it at the first performance, but the singer was Mr. Diaz. The splendid apparel which Mr. Gatti-Casazza has provided for the new production of the opera again pleased the eye, and the general merits of the representation were high.

Lester Donahue offered an unconventional and generally interesting program of piano music at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, beginning with Liszt's Variations on a Bach Theme, dipping into modernism with Debussy's "Poissens d'Or," John Ireland's "The Island Spell" and de Falla's "Andalusia," glancing into a somewhat hazy future with Scriabin's fifth sonata, and coming safely back into the salon with Liszt's "Barcarolle," Godowsky's "Alt Wien" and Balakireff's "Islamey."

The Liszt number had good tone and a disarming sincerity of feeling, but packed plan, somewhat, reaching several climaxes, of which the last was by no means the most impressive. In this, as in some of the other pieces, Mr. Donahue's pedalling was not above reproach. It wanted definiteness. Sometimes it followed the harmonic scheme and sometimes, for no discernible reason, it did not, so that several passages that should have had clarity as well as sonority were badly blurred.

He played the Debussy piece charmingly, and probably got all there was to be had out of Ireland's by no means pregnant work. The de Falla had vigor and attractive color.

Mr. Donahue has an ingratiating tone and his technique shows evidences of hard work since his last appearance here. He played the Scriabin sonata rather well but a bit splashily. It is based on the Russian composer's famous orchestral "Poeme de l'Extase," and so should be well liked by those to whom the larger work is significant. It must be confessed that one listener heard more extase than logic in it. Scriabin seemed to be more successful at feeling than at communicating.

Lester Donahue, American pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. Mr. Donahue is no stranger to local audiences and some of the music he offered was also familiar. Liszt's "Wolnen Klagen" variations of a theme of Bach led the program. This pretentious composition has excited the interest of several pianists this season but there has been no evidence that it absorbed the attention of music lovers. It is a very tiresome piece and ought to be permitted to retire once more into the obscurity which it so long enjoyed. Mr. Donahue did better for himself and his art when he performed Debussy's "Poissens d'Or," Ireland's "The Island Spell," de Falla's "Andalusia" and Scriabin's fifth sonata, none of the very important or convincing music, to be sure, but not shopworn. Godowsky's scintillating valse, "Alt Wien," was pleasing. Balakireff's "Islamey" ended the program sonorously. Mr. Donahue plays very well. He played the same way when he first appeared here. He seems likely to go on playing the same way.

CITY SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Mme. Namara Soloist With Orchestra Under Foch.

The City Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Foch conductor, gave the third concert of its Carnegie Hall series last evening with Mme. Marguerite Namara of the Chicago opera as soloist. The program consisted of Tchaikowsky's symphonic fantasy, "Francesca di Rimini," a group of three vocal numbers with orchestra, Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Strauss' "Tod und Verklarung." The compositions on the program require no special mention. They were all very familiar. The playing of the orchestra continues to deserve credit. Mr. Foch seems to know pretty well what he is about, and he will no doubt with time be able to trim off with advantage some of the organization's ragged edges, especially ones of brass, which are still noticeable.

Mme. Namara's selections were Mozart's "Vol che Sapete," Grieg's "I Reve" and the "Gavotte" from Massenet's "Manon." Her singing seemed to give much pleasure. Her style in the Mozart air was not as satisfactory as it was in the modern music. Her agreeable voice was at its best in the operatic excerpt.

Ernest Seltz, Young Pianist, Plays

Ernest Seltz, a young Canadian pianist, undertook a serious task last evening in Aeolian Hall in playing Liszt's transcription of Bach's A minor organ fugue, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Chopin's B minor sonata and a number of shorter pieces. He has technique enough to play the notes of these pieces, but not yet the musical depth and maturity to get fully to the bottom of them. And he who plays them must get within measurable distance of the bottom if he would contribute materially to the musical end.

of musical New York. Mr. Case sang seriously and unaffectedly and a respectful hearing with evidence of approval from an audience of good repute.

Mona Gondre Sings and Dances.

Mona Gondre sang in a pleasing voice and danced in costume a program of French and English songs at the Town Hall last evening. She also sang in English three Chinese songs in a Chinese setting, characterized by this song in a manner which delighted the audience and brought forth enthusiastic applause. Elise Sorrell sang two groups of compositions on the piano and the spontaneous way in which she drew forth melodies from the instrument won applause to which she responded with encores. Flora Macdonald played Miss Gondre's accompaniments on the piano.

Max Olanoff in Violin Recital.

Young New York violinist, Max Olanoff, made his appearance in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon playing a program that was ambitious enough to include Handel's sonata in D, the Chaconne by Bach (in D minor) and Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor—not a fortunate collocation of keys—as well as other pieces. Mr. Olanoff has studied conscientiously and what he has been taught to do, but he is not sufficiently developed and matured in his art as yet to be important or interesting additions to the musical life of the musical capital.

First "musical morning"

held out yesterday an interesting program to the Waldorf-Astoria. For more than a score of years it has been constant in attendance of the unique entertainments. The program was Mme. Sigrid Onegin and Paul Roschanski, Polish pianist. The piano accompanists were Golda, Salvatore Fucito and Raucheisen.

Martinelli's first number was "Aldo," and he also sang Pietro Starnello, Cley's "I'll sing a Song of Araby," the latter in a setting of "Chere Nuit" and "Amar" of Leoncavallo. Later Mme. Onegin, he sang the duo the fourth act of "Aldo." Mme. Onegin sang the Chanson Sarazene by Louis, and Couer d'Ouvre a la Voix d'Amour at Dalia, the Brindisi "Te Rezia Borgia," two English songs, "The Blind Ploughman," by Granville, "I'll sing a Cry," by Fisher, and some old Italian songs. Mr. Roschanski's numbers included compositions by Desplanes, Pugnani-Kreisler, and Saens and Wieniawski.

Anna Case

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The League for Political Education held an at home last evening in its Town Hall. Under its auspices Mrs. Anna Case gave a song recital in aid of the Town Meeting fund. Recitals of a purely charitable nature are not subject to critical comment, but Miss Case's entertainment can hardly be regarded as one of this kind.

She must be one of the most delightful things in the world to be Miss Anna Case. A beautiful woman with a beautiful voice, a gracious manner and an unusually good technical and artistic equipment ought to experience every day something of the joy of singing. Certainly Miss Case should be when she is singing old Italian songs and a bit of Handel, for artists can do it as well as she can are very scarce. And there is something to be said for a singer who sings alms by the forgotten, Frankmont Fasolo and the still less Neapolitan Falconieri.

Case's vocal technique is a joy, extraordinarily good. She has a production which ravishes the connoisseur. She rarely loses her tone and her point d'appui, French name it, is almost always the same. The result is homogeneity and smoothness and loveliness. Each support is admirable, so that she might find it difficult to excuse her splitting of the last of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Her style is rich in elegance and in the expression of good taste.

It is a regret that she should herself to follow the bad example of many contemporaneous singers and into action, as she did in "Therese." The place for the theater. On the concert is entirely out of place, no

matter who sets the example. Miss Case pronounces her texts very clearly and that brings with it another regret, that she does not always pronounce them correctly. Her French might well be improved and her German seemed often to be affected by the French accent which was missing in her French lyrics.

The faults which have been noted are unfortunate blemishes on a very beautiful art, so beautiful that those who love it best feel its defects most keenly. Miss Case does not often sing in this concert ridden town. Even when she does not quite reach perfection she is so captivating that those who make acquaintance with

her art must fervently wish that they got more of it.

Miss Cora Cook's Recital.

Miss Cora Cook, who designates herself mezzo-contralto, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. She presented a good program, although in some respects it made exacting demands on her powers. The most important number was Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," which calls for vocal and interpretative ability of the highest order. It was therefore in this group of lyrics that Miss Cook most completely revealed her artistic possessions.

These are by no means slight. She has a good voice, warm sympathy with the poetic content of such songs as Schumann's, and considerable skill in communicating her conceptions to an audience. Her pronunciation was delightfully clear, her distribution of shades and accents intelligent and her tone at times well suited to the sentiment.

But it was in the department of tone that she showed the need of further experience. Her voice frequently sounded constricted and became not only cold but unsteady. At such times she was, of course, not successful in probing the depths of Schumann's music. But on the whole her recital was creditable. Frank La Forge played accompaniments admirably, as he always does.

There are certain things which can be taken for granted in a recital by Feodor Chaliapin, who gave his second one last night in Carnegie Hall. Two are that all seats and all standing room are sold and that the audience waxes vocal in enthusiasm. So it was yesterday, and so undoubtedly will it be at any subsequent recital that Mr. Chaliapin may give.

Mr. Chaliapin exhibited his familiar qualities at last night's recital, causing the usual admiration at the power and the flexibility of his voice. While he could at moments endanger the eardrums of those in the front rows, he could soften his tone and produce a smooth, soft note parallel, it seemed, to a violin harmonic, fading away to silence, an effect used at the end of many numbers. Throughout he was a singing actor rather than a vocalist, always bringing out a strong dramatic element which varied from tragedy in Sakhovsky's "Death Walks About Me," for instance, to broad comedy in Leporello's tale of Don Giovanni's thousand and three loves in Mozart's opera, and, as in his operatic appearances, not hesitating sometimes to adopt a parlando manner at the expense of the tune to gain emotional effect. But the audience did not stop to dissect the purely vocal from the auxiliary dramatic in the general result.

The program, of course, was mainly Russian, with songs by familiar and unfamiliar composers, and with Schubert's "Doppelgänger" in Russian, and it seemed as Russian as the rest. The Mozart number was in Italian, while Mr. Chaliapin also offered a number in English, Sidney Homer's "Requiem," where one could not recognize very many words, but enough to identify the language. From a purely vocal standpoint, Keenemann's "When the King Went Forth to War" and Rubinstein's Persian song seemed the best sung. The Volga boat song had its due effect, and the audience clamored for Moussorgsky's "Song of the Flea" and got it, but this, as Mr. Chaliapin announced, was to finish.

Max Rabinovitch, the pianist of the evening, had a solo number, a paraphrase on "Eugen Onegin," and others with Nicholas Levenne, cellist. Both got their meed of applause.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Intimacy is all very well, but to sit

in the Town Hall with an orchestra of ninety men playing Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" within thirty feet of one's ears strikes us as carrying that interesting attribute almost to excess. Under the circumstances, it was difficult to make an altogether fair appraisal of the City Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon.

However, discounting the want of aural perspective that was inherent in the occasion, one gathered that Dirk Foch has under his baton the makings of a good orchestra. It is far from a finished product. The mixture has not yet "jellied." The men lack the intuitive sense of one another's presence, the indefinable quality of team work that comes to the members of such an organization only after intensive practice and association. The attacks are still ragged, and the tone quality of the various choirs lacks homogeneity. One is still conscious of the individual instruments when listening to the woodwinds or brasses.

But the orchestra has compensating virtues. If the attacks are ragged, it is the raggedness of over-eagerness rather than of uncertainty, and the tone, raw as it is, has brightness and good intonation. Moreover, there are excellent players in the band, men like Jascha Fishberg, the concertmaster; Rene Corne, the first oboe; Daniel Bonade, the first clarinet, and Arthur Geithe, the first horn—a good nucleus for any orchestra.

In other words, the material is here, and it remains to be seen what Dirk Foch can make of it. His work yesterday was reassuring. He showed a clear, decisive beat, a grateful freedom from waste motion and a left hand that did more than echo the right. The Chalkovsky "Francesca da Rimini," which opened the program, was often noisy and unbalanced, but it did possess clean outlines, good rhythm and considerable emotional power. If he did not always get from his men what he wanted, at least he wanted the right things. Later he conducted a really excellent performance of Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade."

Marguerite Namara was the soloist. Her best work was a brilliant rendering of the gavotte from "Manon." In Mozart's "Vol che sapete" her voice was a little hard and inflexible. Grieg's "Un Reve," her third number, was robbed of much of its virtue by an ineffective orchestral arrangement. If Grieg made it, he did himself much less than justice. Incidentally, one listener found it hard to think of any good reason why a Norwegian composer's setting of a German poem should be sung in French by an American singer.

At Aeolian Hall Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff played a program of cello music that had the virtue of considerable musical worth. It included Sammartini's sonata, the Dvorak concerto, with Raymond Bauman playing the piano accompaniment, and Bach's unaccompanied suite in C major. Her reach was hardly proportionate to her grasp, for she did not succeed in making all this music uniformly interesting. Neither her tone, which was small and rather dry, nor her technique was much above the average.

A joint recital was given last evening at the Plaza Hotel by Regina Kahl, mezzo-soprano, and Ruth Kemper, violinist, under the auspices of the Washington Heights Musical Club.

Miss Kemper contributed three numbers: "Sonate V." by Mondoville, "Symphonie Espagnole," by Salo, and a group number of four selections. Miss Kemper draws a broad, expressive bow, and has an excellent tone to commend her to the public, and last night's audience found much to enjoy in this young artist. Miss Kahl sang three numbers: "Vissi d'Arte," from "La Tosca," being perhaps the best vehicle for a beautifully placed voice. A group number of four songs closed a program of unusual worth.

Of Sigrid Onegin

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.) Along with a great measure of delight, provided by Sigrid Onegin at a song recital in Carnegie Hall last night, came the query whether such a voice as hers is not wasted at the

opera. We do not mean that Mr. Gatti's organization does not deserve so magnificent an organ and such beautiful art as Miss or Mrs. Onegin has at her command, but only that the Metropolitan repertoire offers them too little opportunity to be enjoyed. The voice is a contralto of exquisite quality and tremendous power. It is completely under the control of a singer whose intuitions and training are equally good and whose emotional warmth vitalizes her tones and gives them the colors of a gorgeous sunset. In every style of song which she essayed last night it gushed out like a deep yet limpid stream, with a steady flow, reflecting all the lights and shadows of the music. For such singing the current operatic repertoire is too limited. It is heard only to its full advantage in a recital of songs. The rôle of Amneris in "Aida" is glorified by it, but there is too much sameness of color between her Brangäne and Matzenauer's Isolde to enable either of the artists to give full effect to Wagner's tragedy. In such a program as that which she presented in her recital she is spared the temptation to which Mme. Matzenauer has yielded to force it beyond its natural range and thereby to destroy its luscious quality. It is a marvelously equable voice now, free from the stridency and faulty intonation which might result were she to be forced, as so many contralto singers have been, to attempt the rôles which belong to dramatic sopranos. The fact that contraltos have long been neglected is deplorable, but it is a fact nevertheless, and it is fortunate that the song field is open for artists so well qualified to fill it as Sigrid Onegin. It is to be hoped that she will be spared for it.

Vocal loveliness, intelligence and a splendid sweep of emotional power marked all the songs of last night's list, which ranged through groups of Lieder by Schubert and Brahms, through some old French romances and pastorals, from Weckerlin's olden time collection to a final set of English songs (in which there were signs of groping toward the light which we hope will soon dawn), by Robert Coningsby Clarke, William Arms Fisher, Deems Taylor and Granville Bantock. To each of the first three groups the singer was compelled to add a supplementary number—to the Schubert set his "Seligkeit"; to the Brahms set his "Der Schmied" (in which the tones fall like resounding blows upon an anvil); to the French set Pasiello's "La Zingarella." In all, the diction was admirable, and only a few impurities of intonation were to be noticed, not as the result of affected pathos, but apparently of a temporary carelessness in emission. She stirred the audience to real enthusiasm. She won a triumph of unusual magnitude. And she deserved it.

This list afforded Mme. Onegin good opportunity to disclose her abilities. She was successful in no small degree. Her voice of fine range, great power and rich quality, manifestly gave great pleasure, as did her splendid dramatic power in certain songs. In some of the finer qualities she did not reach the highest standards of song delivery. In the more subtle and delicate shadings of tone and color she was deficient, her phrasing was sometimes labored, the pitch was lost through forcing her upper tones and her diction was not always clear.

On the other hand her interpretations were on a grand scale and hence the loss of finesse was not so obvious. Schubert's "Allmacht," with which she began, was imposing and splendid. Her general interpretation of "Der Erlkönig" was likewise fine. At the close of this song, which concluded the first group, she had her accompanist, Michel Raucheisen, who was now here, share the applause. She then added as an encore another Schubert song, "Seligkeit." Mme. Onegin made a very favorable impression upon her large audience. Mr. Raucheisen played the accompaniments artistically.

Sigrid Onegin, the Metropolitan's new contralto, also sang last night, but at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Onegin has sung with the Philadelphia Orchestra, as well as in opera, but yesterday evening was her first New York hearing in a recital of songs.

She presented an excellent program, beginning with groups of Schubert and Brahms, continuing with four of Weckerlin's "Bergerettes" and concluding with an English group by Clarke, Bantock, Fisher and Taylor, with an added Chanson Sarazene, by Jencieres.

Mme. Onegin's singing was by turns a pleasure and a disappointment. The glorious beauty and power of her voice have been described and

used so much that they may be taken for granted. There are, however, decided flaws in her singing. She is, even in recital, essentially a dramatic singer. Her best work, vocally and artistically, was done in just those songs that called either for impersonation or narrative. Songs like Schubert's "Der Musensohn" and Brahms's "Ständchen" had irresistible charm of mood and clear beauty of tone. Her singing of "Erlkönig," too, was a thrilling evocation of pity and terror—a really great performance.

But—and a serious but—in songs of quieter mood, that call for legato singing, her tone is badly produced, with too much mouth and throat in it, and with exaggerated vowel formation. The description sounds technical, but the result is simple. She flats. The fault never occurs, oddly enough, in her top notes. But then there is no question of the adequacy of her voice, merely of the way she uses it. D. T.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Loreley," romantic opera in three acts, by Alfredo Catalani, book by Carlo d'Ornano and A. Zanardini. Sung in Italian, Roberto Moranzoni conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST.

Loreley.....Frances Alda
Anna.....Marie Sundellus
Walter.....Beniamino Gigli
Rudolph.....Giuseppe Fanise
Fishermen.....Jose Mardones
Woodcutters, Evens, Knights,
Nobles, Monks, Water Nymphs, etc.
Incidental dances by Rosina Galli, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and corps de ballet.

"Ich weiss doch, wass soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin." That is a German joke and means, freely translated, "I don't care much for Catalani's 'Loreley.'" If one were to draw an analogy between opera and food, "Loreley," it seems to us, would fall somewhere between vanilla cornstarch and fried parsnips.

Remembering it from last year's revival, one came to the conclusion that it would probably improve vastly upon acquaintance. But last night's performance sounded drearier than ever. Not that "Loreley" is a bad opera. The libretto is not bad; it is merely imbecile. Nor is the music bad. Badness is a positive quality. No, the score of "Loreley" is a vindication of Nature. One understands, at last, why she abhors a vacuum.

All the above, we hasten to add, is what is known as a personal reaction. Last night's audience was of quite another opinion, apparently, and breathed in Catalani's strictly aseptic airs with every manifestation of joy. It was an evening calculated to show that the "cane di critics," as they are called in some parts of Europe, do not necessarily share in the public taste.

There was some good singing which undoubtedly helped. Mr. Gigli was in excellent voice and spirits and did much to make the preposterous Walter endurable. Mme. Alda sang the title role for the first time and sang it beautifully, with cool but crystalline tone.

The remainder of the cast were almost equally good, and did capably what acting there was to do. The chorus too sang well and tunefully and Mr. Moranzoni maintained a well balanced ensemble.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Loreley" is with us once again. It is an opera by Catalani and was revealed to Metropolitan Opera House's auditors on March 4 last. Its career on Broadway is therefore still in its infancy. Its only other disclosure had been one brief strut on the stage of the Lexington Theater in the Chicago Opera season of 1918-1919. It was restored to the Metropolitan repertory last evening and seems likely to remain there for some considerable time, not only because the public enjoys its undisturbing melodies but also because it provides media for the art of certain singers who might otherwise have less to do.

There are popular elements in an opera which deals with the old Rhine legend of the submarine siren and which leans heavily on the early style of Wagner. Catalani had no important ideas, but he knew the theater and he knew how to write an opera score. The result is that people who ask for the same kind of food every

time they go to sit at the operatable never find themselves puzzled by the appearance of strange dishes and foreign sauces. They know what they are getting and they feel comfortable and at home.

Catalani's craftsmanship is nowhere better shown than in his recitatives and his building up of climaxes for voices. Almost any operagoer knows that nothing can be duller than recitatives in which the conventionalized phrases are strung together loosely and without regard to the musical context. Yet this kind of writing is common in the works of some composers whose airs show more invention and greater dramatic force than those of Catalani.

The composer of "Loreley" uses his chorus with judgment. Any musician can make a chorus "sound," as the musicians say. When he cannot do it any other way he can adopt the simple method of writing unisons and these are good at any time. Catalani, however, does some musicianly part writing, and if one of his scenes reminds us of "Tannhaeuser" the librettist is perhaps more to be questioned than he is. Some of the lyric passages in "Loreley" are clever because they give the singers good opportunities. Nothing new or important is said in these passages, but they are agreeable to the ear and they help well clad ladies and gentlemen to pass a pleasant hour or two, which seems to be the purpose of opera in these days.

The performance last evening was generally good. Mme. Alda as Loreley (an orphan, afterwards bride of Alberich and queen of the Rhine) was in good voice. Her singing of the lyric portions of her role was the best she has done this season. The more dramatic declamation was somewhat too heavy for her voice, but in her delivery of it she showed her knowledge of style and her understanding of the content of the scene.

Mme. Alda was the only new member of the cast. The others were all heard last season, and all of them repeated what they then did excellently. Mr. Gigli as the hesitating lover Walter sang well and did as much acting as the part required. Mme. Sundellus once more delivered the measures of Anna well, and Mr. Danise made much of the stupid role of Baron Hermann. Mr. Mardones was admirable as the Margrave. The choruses were well sung and the ballet, with the delightful Fiss Galli at its head, danced airily. The orchestra deserved commendation and Mr. Moranzoni likewise for his judicious conducting.

By MAX SMITH.

CARL SCHLEGEL has a baritone voice, rich, mellow, vibrant—one of the finest voices for sheer beauty of timbre at the disposal of the Metropolitan Opera Company. And he knows how to sing in the true sense of the word.

He demonstrated as much at his recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, through the medium of a programme that embraced several interesting novelties—a programme that did not include a single number without genuine artistic value.

Beginning with Carissimi's "Vittoria" and Lotti's "Pur d'cesti," in which, despite manifest nervousness, he showed his command of legato in admirably sustained phrasing, he proceeded with songs of Schubert: "Die Allmacht" and "Nachtstueck." Next in order he presented lieder, by Strauss and Wolf; then introduced compositions by Hans Morgenstern, one-time assistant conductor in the Metropolitan Opera House, and by Walter Courvoisier—none of which, incidentally, had been sung before in New York—and wound up with a group comprising three mood pictures by the American composer, Gertrude Norman Smith. "From Afar in the Night," "Saint Thomas" and "Loving," and Pietro Yon's stirring "The Fool of Thule."

Mr. Schlegel was heard at his best in Strauss's "Ach weh' mir unglueckhaften Mann" and Wolf's "Er ist," the latter repeated. Warning to his task, he also achieved impressive results in his final offerings, to which he added

a supplementary contribution of good measure.

In some of his numbers, as in Morgenstern's "Sah wie im Traum," a remarkable poetic

work. By the way, and in Courvoisier's "Alt Italienische Sonnetts," lack of rhetorical incisiveness and vigor in the delivery of words and music counted both against him and the composer, even though he brought considerably more warmth of feeling and variety of expression to his interpretations than at his recital a few years ago.

I believe, indeed, that if he had managed to muster more dramatic energy and fire—in striving for which Dr. Karl Riedel, skilful accompanist otherwise, might well have been of greater assistance than he was—Schlegel would have had some of his auditors cheering instead of expressing approval in the conventional way.

At Aeolian Hall another good dictionist, Edna Indermaur, was also appearing in song recital. Miss Indermaur has a modest vocal equipment, with which she has apparently done a good deal, since her shortcomings are in general not those of training. Once in a while she strays from pitch, and in Schuetz's "Ewig mein bleibt was ich liebe" she seemed to have little grasp of the mood of the lyric. She sang the line, "The third girl said," as if it were a line belonging to Lady Macbeth. But her diction, in any of the three languages she sang, was clean-cut and clear; and she used in "Im Volkston" particularly a light, brittle conversational tone which was pleasingly effective. Her program follows:

Komm, lelle mich.....	J. S. Bach
Venetian Pastoral.....	Porpora
Gia il sole del Gange.....	Scarlatti
Die Einsame.....	
Offnet ich die Herzenstuer.....	Edw. Schuetz
Im Volkston.....	
Ewig mein bleibt was ich liebe.....	
Wien.....	Rudolph Horwitz
Schmied Schmerz.....	Heinrich van Eyken
Solr Palen.....	Alfred Casella
En Ramant.....	Pastourelles by
L'aimable Flore.....	J. B. Veckerlin
Peace.....	Eric Fobb
If June Were Mine.....	T. Hilton Turkey
Shy One.....	Rebecca Clark
A Christmas Carol.....	Malcolm Davidson

In the evening, at the Town Hall, Bessie Worthen Stevens, who was billed as a "lyric reader," offered a program largely made up of such songs as Cousin Emily sings when the young Armstrong boy comes over for his regular Wednesday night sentimental journey. Everybody knows what they are: "The Rosary," "Pale Hands I Loved" and so on. It was a recital eminently interesting to any to whom programs mean little. Two assisting artists, Vahdah Bickford and Zarh Bickford, added melodies played on the mandolin and guitar. A. C.

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Paderewski Plays

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fourth Thursday matinee of the Symphony Society at Carnegie Hall yesterday acquired special importance through the presence of Mr. Paderewski as the solo player. Those music lovers who take themselves and the art seriously receive quite as much pleasure from hearing a great pianist play one of the master concertos as they get from listening to a recital. It is conceded that the recital is a more popular medium for the display of a musician's art.

Mr. Paderewski, making his first appearance as a soloist with orchestra since his return to the local platform, might easily have chosen one of the more superficial and brilliant concertos, but there are two reasons why he need not make any such concession. One is that a Paderewski will draw a big house no matter what he plays. The other is that this famous pianist respects his art and wishes always to be regarded as one of its high priests.

He played yesterday afternoon with the orchestra Beethoven's fifth piano concerto, the E flat, long ago christened the "Emperor." It is anything but a virtuoso piece. In some pages it is not even especially piano music. It is just great music, supremely great, and the artist who devotes himself to its interpretation is compelled to subordinate self to Beethoven if he wishes to achieve success. It is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain

world that a pianist who tries to display his own cleverness and virtuosity in a performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto will make a brilliant failure.

Mr. Paderewski is not added to the habit of failure. He may be more successful sometimes than at others, but his sincerity of purpose always sustains him on a high level. Yesterday he was at his best. Whether he was playing on the same piano as he used in his recital or had caused it to be regulated a trifle less brilliantly can only be conjectured. But it is certain that the pianist's tone yesterday afternoon was that of the great lyric performer who took this town by storm thirty years ago.

Given Paderewski with his most beautiful tone at his command, something glorious in the way of piano playing is to be expected. But this is only the beginning of things. The end of the achievement was the eloquence of the proclamation of Beethoven's thought. A more dignified and yet poetic reading of the concerto would be difficult to conceive. It was all song, but the song of a musical prophet, the song of the supreme master who spoke a celestial musical language. The audience, which had risen to greet the artist when he appeared on the stage, was enthusiastic and remained to applaud and cry for more long after the concerto had been finished.

The Symphony Society Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch furnished the pianist an excellent accompaniment, but deserves more praise for the finish and tonal beauty of its performance of the fifth symphony of Tchaikowsky, which preceded the concerto and was the only other number on the program.

MISS GREVILLE IN RECITAL.

Miss Ursula Greville, an English coloratura soprano, who has sung extensively in Europe, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, with Kurt Schindler at the piano. Her program comprised a group of "Old Songs," with "There Is a Lady," by Ford (1680); two groups of modern English songs and, between these two last named sets, a group styled "old and new technique," with Mozart's air, "Ah, Lo, So" from the "Magic Flute," and an air written for the singer by Egon Wellesz, a composer now living in Vienna. All the modern music was heard for the first time in America.

The English songs, which varied in artistic value, were by Garratt White, Greville—her "Illusion," which was effective and much liked—Shaw, Bainton, Jacobson, Mase, Gibbs and Besly. The Wellesz air, entitled "Aurora," was intoned and cleverly employed a scale of dissonant sounds which caused the hearer to wonder if the singer was really on or off the pitch. Miss Greville's vocal resonances are somewhat limited, but her sweet lyric voice, clear diction and unaffected style, were very interesting.

POLISH PIANIST PLAYS WELL.

Mieczyslaw Muenz, a young Polish pianist, who first played here last October and has since then remained as an outstanding figure among the new pianists thus far heard in New York this season, played Brahms's F minor Sonata, Beethoven's seldom heard "Eroica" variations with fugue, and other pieces. In Aeolian Hall last night and evoked admiration for his fine musical gifts and accomplishments. The Brahms score he played remarkably well. There was, to be sure, the groping of youth noticeable in some passages, where the phrasing was uncertain or long drawn out. But the performance had poetry, fire and a never failing beautiful tone. And warm praise is likewise to be given to the player's reading of Beethoven's music. Muenz, in whose veins runs the musical distinction peculiar to his race.

The Philharmonic Society.

There was a novelty to Mr. Stransky's program for the concert of the Philharmonic Society given in Carnegie Hall last evening, as there has been on so many of his programs thus far this season. It was a novelty for which Mr. Stransky was himself in part responsible, for last Summer he suggested to Arnold Schönberg in Vienna that he orchestrate some of Bach's choral preludes for organ. Schönberg took two for this treatment and sent the manuscript to the Philharmonic Society for their first performance anywhere.

They are two of the set of eighteen choral preludes that Bach collected in his last years, "Schmucke dich, O liebe Seele" and "Komm Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist." Schönberg is more noted for his devotion to his own theories of harmony orchestration and composition that have had such horrifying results in his later years, than to the works of the older giants. Such of his writings for orchestra as have been heard here would not single him out in the minds of many for the task of reconstituting Bach's organ preludes for an orchestra. But the results of his labors, as heard last evening, announce emphatically that he is not the man to do it.

Both transcriptions are singularly feeble specimens of their kind, in which

A coat of the color of C sharp minor, topped with an E major collar. Hoffmann, who was among the first critics who manifested a full appreciation of Beethoven's genius (he has been dead a hundred years and three months), was also a critic who had a prevision of the program artist of to-day, whose verbal commentary has a hundred times the volume of the music which it is supposed to expound. Once this fantastic chapelmaster was about to play what his auditors supposed would be a sonata like that in vogue before Beethoven. By accident the snuffers from his candlestick fell into his pianoforte and broke a dozen strings. The candle went out, and in the gloom Kreisler began to strike one chord after another and fill the spaces between with a maniacal monologue ending with "Dead! Dead! Dead!" Not a melody, not a phrase, but a mad rhapsody punctuated by an occasional harmony. We can imagine such a composer to-day without difficulty. Schumann saw his romanticism in a lover and more genial light. His "Kreisleriana" is a set of rhapsodic little pieces, full of whimsicalities, but replete with melodic, harmonic and rhythmic charm.

The "Childhood Scenes" are like them in a sense, but more definitely suggestive of things and emotions for which he found such designations as "Playing Tag," "In Dreamland" ("Träumerei"), "The Knight Astride a Stick" ("Ritter vom Steckenpferd"), "The Child Falling Asleep" and "The Poet Speaks." It seems like a waste of time to say these things, but Schumann's titles can be understood only if one remembers that they were invented after the music had been composed, which means that the musical thoughts preceded the descriptive titles. That is one reason why pianists, young or old, lay or professional, ought to familiarize themselves with the literature upon which Schumann fed before attempting to interpret his music. Mr. Hutecheson has evidently done this and saturated his own soul with that of Schumann. Therefore, his playing yesterday brought rapturous delight to a houseful of people familiar with good pianoforte music and good pianoforte playing.

Of an entirely different type, Mr. Oswald's program was quite as unconventional. He played at first a prelude and fugue by Frescobaldi, which brought back to students memories of a style common to all keyboard instruments—the organ as well as the harpsichord. Then two pieces by Domenico Scarlatti, with whom the harpsichord manner came to fruition in Italy. After Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata there were shorter pieces by César Franck and H. Oswald, and finally the pianoforte manner of to-day was reached in pieces by Chopin and Rubinstein. Clarity, taste, intelligence and sound feeling marked the performance.

The recital which John McCormack gave yesterday afternoon in the Hippodrome was attended by the usual throng, filling auditorium and stage, and was in its program similar to its predecessors. Because he is a widely popular singer he gives the things that a great many of his hearers come chiefly to hear, the Irish folk songs, which he sings with such authentic grace, and the songs of sentiment and immediate appeal. And because he is also a fine artist, he gives always a number of selections that draw more deeply upon the wells of his art.

The first half of his program yesterday contained an aria from Handel's "Solomon," songs by Richard Strauss, Rachmaninoff and Paladilhe, and "A Christmas Carol," by Arnold Bax, written with suggestions of liturgical music leading to a noble climax. It was sung with exalted feeling, and to some of his hearers was the high point of the afternoon. The majority, however, seemed to favor the Irish songs, which included such old favorites as "The Meeting of the Waters" and others. Rudolph Bocho assisted with violin numbers, and Edwin Schneider was the accompanist. The recital was Mr. McCormack's last appearance here until next fall.

"Die Winterreise"

It was no light task that Elena Gerhardt set herself at her Town Hall recital last night. She sang twenty-three songs of Schubert's "Die Winterreise" cycle—a program with no light numbers and few breathing spaces, and performed her task well. After all, it was a more grateful one than on her previous appearance, with the City Symphony in the unrelieved gloom of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder." "Die Winterreise" does not present the cheerful aspect of Schubert. It is generally grave and often poignant; a wintry atmosphere, in short, but relieved with frequent gleams of sunshine, and this alternation of sunshine and shadow was well brought out by the singer.

From a purely vocal point of view

her singing was not perfect; her lower notes roughened now and then; while sudden emotional outbursts, though strongly compassed, gave a certain effect of strain. At such times Mme. Gerhardt's breath seemed to be drawn with audible difficulty. This did not give an impression of pent-up emotion, but her voice fared best in calmer, sustained passages calling for a moderate volume of sound. Then it had a pure quality of tone while well able to express shades of feeling. Mme. Gerhardt's sincerity and her thorough knowledge of the phrasing and expression of the songs told with her audience, which rewarded her efforts with unusual warmth. Coenraad V. Bos was the pianist.

Meanwhile, at Carnegie Hall, Anna Meitschik, Russian contralto, who had appeared here in opera a dozen or so years ago, showed a surprisingly deep voice—a feminine edition, it might seem, of the Russian deep bass. This was the most effective part of her singing. Higher notes, when used loudly or ornately, were apt to seem somewhat worn, and thus ineffective in the florid Handel arias, sung in German, which began the recital. The rest of the program consisted of Russian, Hebrew and German songs, and of these the best seemed the Russian: Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tscherepnin, Tanelieff and Rubinstein, where the singer's lowest notes had their full effect and the accessories of expression accomplished what her voice alone could not. Here and elsewhere she was well received. Walter Golde accompanied, with a violin obbligato played by Vladimir Grafman.

Music of "Dame Libellule" Proves Graceful Though Lacking Pictorial Setting

By H. E. Krehbiel

Mme. Frieda Hempel provided the solo numbers for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and they were the same songs that she had sung in the afternoon of Saturday at the symphony concert for young people, also conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. No harm in that. Listening to her lovely voice and style in the familiar scene and air from "Der Freischütz," we felt our dutiful desire to keep up with the procession and be "progressive" gradually oozing away under the influence of the glory which was Weber and to be reverting to willing thralldom to the beauty and dramatic truthfulness of the composer who linked Beethoven with Wagner, "Fidelio" with "Tannhäuser" and his companions down to "Parsifal." It may be a confession which is pitiful, but confession is good for the soul. Concealment cannot help the matter. We must out with this much of our artistic credo—Carl Maria von Weber was a finer, a truer, a higher type of genius than is Giacomo Puccini or Erich Korngold; a better musician and a better dramatic composer. The belief may be perilous stuff in these advanced days, but we will not purge our soul of it.

Let us frankly admit that we are slipping backward. We had a hope after the treasonable thrill with which Mme. Hempel's singing of "Leise, leise fromme Weise" filled us that Mr. Blair Fairchild would save us from toppling over the brink into the waters of conservatism with his music to a ballet entitled "Dame Libellule," which the program notes told us "has to do with the devastating effects wrought upon the insectile coquetry of a vamp of the genus hexapoda." We read the story of the ballet and from it learned that the characters were somewhat in likeness to those in the drama now occupying Mr. Jolson's playhouse, and that among the other wicked things done by Dame Libellule (who might be called Miss Dragonfly in the vernacular) was that she played mischief with the affections of our numble tumble-bug, a toad and a lizard, stirring up the jealous passions of the latter two until they engaged in deadly battle, and at the end flitting away with a butterfly.

Mr. Fairchild's music was deftly fitted to this story, though perhaps a little too closely to be wholly satisfactory as concert-music. It needed the ballet or (let us say again what we have said several times when purely pictorial music has been played dissociated from the scenes which it was written to accompany) it might properly have been accompanied by moving photographs. Of course, we heard the toad croak, though in nature the toad is a peculiarly reticent and unloquacious creature, and we saw with our ears the flutter of the dragon-fly's wings; but the music frequently left us in the lurch, even with the plot in our hands. Besides, the conservative spell being still upon us, we couldn't

help remembering that one of the Viennese Strausses had written a "Libellenpolka," which, though it told no story at all, gave a far more graphic, or suggestive, picture in music of the flight of a Devil's darning-needle than Mr. Fairchild's with all his modern orchestral accessories. But this is treason again—double treason, for Mr. Fairchild is an American composer and Mr. Damrosch invited the audience to pay him tribute by directing attention to the fact that he was an occupant of one of the boxes. There is much graceful fancy in the composition and fine craftsmanship. It would be pleasurable to hear it again with its complementary action.

The other orchestral pieces were the overture to "Der Freischütz," Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" and Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."

At the Town Hall Saturday afternoon Alfredo Oswald, Brazilian pianist, appeared in his first recital of this season. Chief on his program was Beethoven's sonata, Op. 57, which was given a performance full of digital pyrotechnics and brilliancy that brought much applause from the too-scanty audience. Mr. Oswald showed fine grasp of the work as a unity and played it with considerable color. Cesar Franck's "Deux Pieces Breves," which followed, were simple in outline and done in a clean-cut, coolly chaste fashion. An unfortunate lapse of memory at the beginning of the number marred it, but it was so minute that it must have escaped the notice of most of the audience. Mr. Oswald wandered occasionally from strictest rhythm in this number, as once or twice in the two colorful bits which followed (compositions by his father), but in general his performance was rather more than merely commendable. The rest of the program was devoted largely to Chopin.

Anna Meitschik, who sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company in Gustave Mahler's production of "Pique Dame" about twelve years ago, returned to the local stage Saturday night when she gave a song recital at Carnegie Hall. Mme. Meitschik disclosed a very romantic contralto, with an excellent middle register and capable of being colored with telling effect. As when she sang here before, she used many chest tones which might have been dispensed with, and aloft there was too often a dismaying tremolo; but her diction is irreproachable, and in general she sings with authority and style.

On her program were two Handel airs, some Hebrew traditional numbers, a Schumann group (very capably done) and some new and interesting Russian songs. In many ways it was one of the few wholly fresh and attractive programs recently offered. Taniev's "Winter Travel" was especially well sung.

A. C.

"Die Tote Stadt"

Two repetitions were the Metropolitan's offering, Saturday when in the afternoon "Die Tote Stadt" was given its second hearing of the season and "Traviata" had another presentation at night. In the former the usual cast held sway, except that on account of the illness of Angelo Bada, the role of Count Albert was sung by Rafaelo Diaz, who in turn was replaced by George Meader as Victorin. Mr. Diaz's sympathetic tenor and agreeable diction were heard to especial advantage in the second act quintet. Miss Jeritza repeated her graphic characterization

of the dancer, while Mr. Harold sang the uxorious Paul. In the audience was Mary Garden, who, stopping off from her concert tour, had, it was said, her first opportunity to hear the Viennese singing actress in opera. "Traviata," whose line of standees commenced to form at 4 o'clock, was sung in the evening by Miss Bori with her notable skill at acting and lyric singing. Mr. Gigli was once again the romantic Alfredo.

Mischa Elman in Recital.

In the evening at the Hippodrome, assisted by his sister, Liza Elman at the piano, Mischa Elman, as usual, drew a packed audience of loyal followers. Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" proved one of the high spots in a brilliant performance and the fine program also included Wieniawski's Concerto and numbers by Bruch, Rachmaninoff, Wagner and Sarasate.

The New York Symphony.

A new position was put at the Sun's afternoon concert at the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday—a little arrangement for the ballet of "Dame Libellule," by Blair Fairchild. Mr. Fairchild is an American composer, who has in recent years been living in Paris, some of whose music has been from time to time heard in this city. His "Dame Libellule"—"Lady Dragonfly"—has been one of the recent successes at the Opéra Comique in Paris. The suite heard yesterday, and played for the first time in America, was extracted from the score by Mr. Damrosch. The ballet is a fanciful etiological history of "the devastating effects wrought in the insect and reptilian world by the heartless coquetry of a vamp of the genus hexapoda," says the program annotator. She charms the toad, the beetle, the lizard. The toad is the lizard's enemy, and the lizard is mortally wounded; but a multi-colored butterfly appears, cuts out the lizard and drives away Dame Libellule, as the toad expires and frogs come out of the water to weep over him.

Musical accompanying and illustrating such a drama a little of anane on the concert stage. Mr. Fairchild has written music of fancy and whimsical suggestion; picturesque and obviously suggestive of something, but of just what concert performance does not and cannot reveal. The listener is convinced that the insects and reptiles are doing something—but their songs are veiled from him.

Mr. Fairchild has written for the orchestra with a light and delicate touch, without seeking for extravagant or exaggerated effects. There are charming instrumental color and piquancy; and the orchestration has frequently a certain open or exposed effect as of chamber music. The quality of the music is obviously French and the composer has been submitted to the influences as it pervade the Parisian atmosphere, as it was inevitable that he should be. But there is something personal in his utterance. As a concert piece this suite will probably not make a deep impression. Played in this way, it seems too long; and its length is not in its manner wholly justified by its content. In its own thing it is not difficult to imagine that there would be in it a charm to explain the favor it has won in Paris.

Mr. Fairchild was called upon to accept in a box and applause with which his knowledge the applause with which his music was received in a performance that embodied its fanciful and ingenious spirit.

Mme. Frieda Hempel appeared as soloist and gave great delight by her singing, in which her voice seemed never more beautiful, never richer and fuller, never more flexible and her style more perfectly suited to what she sang. She began with the air "Leise, leise," from "Der Freischütz"—parts of which had just been expounded as part of the overture to the opera with which Mr. Damrosch began the program.

In this there was admirable expression of romantic wistfulness and vague pre-arrangement and expressive delivery of the interrupting recitative, in finely sustained legato and brilliant power in the final outburst. It was such a performance as will not too frequently be heard from singers of this day and generation.

So was Mme. Hempel's singing of "Ratti, Ratti," from "Don Giovanni," delivered with the suavity and grace that belong to it. The "Cradle Song" by Humperdinck, once more frequently heard than it is today, gave great pleasure to the audience, and there was brilliancy in the singing of the page Oscar's song, "Saper Vorreste," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera."

In the overture to "Der Freischütz," with which the concert began, Mr. Damrosch showed how Wagner's instruction as to modification of tempo could be carried much further. The orchestra numbers also included Brahms's variations on a theme of Haydn's (the "Chorale of St. Antoni") and the overture to Lalo's opera of "Le Roi d'Ys."

SIXTEEN CONCERT SOLOISTS

Audience Fills Auditorium at the Metropolitan.

Sixteen soloists appeared in the concert last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, together with the entire orchestra and chorus of the Metropolitan under the direction of Giuseppe Baraboschek.

In the second act of Verdi's "Il Trovatore," Mmes. Peralta, Gordon, and Arthon and Messrs. Kingston, Zanolli, Picchi, D'Angelo and Patrinieri appeared. Giordano Badini took the place of Angelo Bada in the second scene of Act II of Donizetti's "Lucia Lammermoor," and Mmes. Mario, Arthon, and Messrs. Picchi, Zanolli, and Harold appeared in the other part. Renato Zanolli was enthusiastically applauded for his interpretation of Lot Ashton. In the "Kermesse Scene," from Gounod's "Faust," Mmes. Ryan, a Dalossy and Messrs. Tokatyan, Rotte Burke, and D'Angelo appeared.

The audience filled nearly every seat of the auditorium and was warm in its applause.

An Anniversary Program.

At Carnegie Hall in the afternoon Philharmonic Society observed the twenty-first anniversary of the death of the composer's D-minor Symphony with splendid spirit and feeling. Bronis Huberman again was the soloist, with great approval for his brilliant, if times uneven, playing of Tschaiikowsky's concerto for violin with orchestra. Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" concluded the concert.

Instead of with his mind, as he came, unhappily, to do later; and Mozart, who was a bit of an innovator himself in his day, would be quick to sense the superb form and musical logic of the work.

He would, perhaps, shrink from the unrestrained passion of "Verklärte Nacht." The fastidious Wolfgang was hardly cold, perhaps, but even at his most impassioned he contrived always to be a little remote, a little less than "all zu menschlich." Perhaps he could not have been, if he would. Music was less close to life in 1785 than it is now.

In "Verklärte Nacht," Schoenberg has brought it close enough, heaven knows. There is no need to read the composer's long program note in order to feel in this music the frank sensuality, the soaring beauty and bitter eloquence that make it a landmark in chamber music, a human document as vivid in its way, and as unashamed, as "Memoirs of My Dead Life." What a pity it is that Schoenberg should have ceased being the George Moore of music to become its James Joyce!

At the Town Hall last night Estelle Liebling and George S. McManus gave a joint recital that presented some rarely heard music and some entirely new. The rarest was "Ch'lo mi scordi," a Mozart recitative and rondo written originally for soprano and small orchestra, with obligato piano, rearranged by Mr. McManus and sung by Miss Liebling.

The soprano also sang four modern German songs, including Fritz Kreisler's "Mir traumte ich ruhte wieder," and three delightful bits by Respighi. Mr. McManus played a Mendelssohn prelude and fugue, three Brahms intermezzi, and several new American works. Frederick Jacobi's "Burleschi"—three of them—had gayety and some piquant harmonic glints. The tarantella was excellent. Good too and of quiet charm was Marion Bauer's prelude in B minor. John Carpenter's "Polonaise Americaine" has been heard before. Mr. McManus played it a bit noisily, but cleanly and with excellent rhythm.

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Georgette Leblanc

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc, at one time a distinguished star of the French stage and formerly wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, gave a song recital last evening in Town Hall, with Carlos Salzedo at the piano. Since Mme. Leblanc made her debut at the Opera Comique in Bruneau's "L'Attack du Moulin" in 1893 her emergence here last evening may be regarded as a historical incident. She created what is called a sensation by her realistic acting in Bruneau's opera, and somewhat later when she sang in "La Navarraise" at the Theater de la Monnaie in Brussels she astonished even the trained routiniers of the orchestra.

She sang *Thais* with the approval of Anatole France and is credited even with a praiseworthy assumption of the role of *Leonora* in "Fidelio." But probably her most "sensational" achievement was her *Carmen*, which was to all other *Carmens* as *Aspasia* was to all other *hetirae*. M. Fierens-Gevaert wrote some flaming pages of French prose about this impersonation. *Monna Vanna*, *Sapho*, *Ariane* (in "Ariane et Barbe Bleue"), and even *Melisande* were among her delineations.

A woman who had accomplished so much was certain of public consideration, and although Parisian critics had frankly averred that she was not a singer a few people went to hear her interpret songs. It was only a few, so few that the recital wore a somewhat pathetic aspect. It did not begin till half an hour after the advertised time. Then a spot light was turned on the stage and out of the gloom at the side emerged a graceful figure clad in black velvet.

Blonde hair, a pair of statuesque arms and a face like Sara Bernhardt's were illuminated by the spot light. The recital began with a French version of Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura."

It was revealed at once that what French critics said twenty-five years ago was true. Mme. Leblanc never

had much voice. She has not acquired more. She was never an important singer. But sometimes standing, sometimes sitting in an arm chair, using gestures and facial expression, she made silhouettes of her songs and emitted flashes of dramatic skill. But it was not an impressive recital.

What might be considered a concentrated Maeterlinckian atmosphere hovered

about the song recital, or, strictly speaking, the "interpretative" recital of songs by Georgette Leblanc yesterday evening at Town Hall—an atmosphere tending toward the moribund, which suggested similar scenes in plays of her former husband. The general impression was borne out by Mme. Leblanc's exotic, rather bizarre appearance, clad, except for a flash of green, in the deepest of black, and even more so by her voice and expression in a thoroughly French program, ranging from Lully and Rameau to Duparc, Reynaldo Hahn and Ravel, among others, with German and Russian numbers translated into French. "Interpretative" implied much expression, and so it was; produced partly by rise and fall of tone, but more by gestures and movements of the arms and head, and a frequent undulating motion suggesting that Mme. Leblanc was on the point of a swoon.

Mme. Leblanc's voice added to the general impression. It seemed rather worn; clear, smooth tones were rare, while loud notes were apt to produce a strained effect. But such notes were few; more frequently Mme. Leblanc cultivated various shades of piano and pianissimo, rather expertly shaded, strengthening the atmosphere of a "dying fall," punctuated by passionate outbursts—effective as far as it went, but depressing. There seemed to be some "scooping," while the quality and distinctness of her diction varied. Carlos Salzedo was an expert accompanist, while, for some reason, an audience of any size failed to materialize—hearers were few and scattering, but they were ardent enthusiasts.

There have been several experts in high speed among the many pianists heard in recent weeks, but most of them were outdone, it seemed, by Josef Lhevinne, who played last night at Carnegie Hall in a well-chosen program of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, numbers by Rameau and Bach, Chopin pieces and others by Debussy, Medtner and Liszt. The technique was not always perfect, but the general impression was one of unusual brilliance, especially in the sparkling smoothness of his rapid runs. He knew what degree of loudness he wanted in a note or a passage and could produce it; showing remarkable exactness in variations of shading, for instance, in the Chopin numbers. Brilliance and, as a rule, a clear, revealing manner characterized his performance rather than a poetic interpretation. Orthodoxy was the note of the eighteenth century numbers, and to some extent of the sonata, while there were poetic and less poetic moments in the Chopin numbers. The C minor Impromptu, two Etudes, Op. 25 (when Mr. Lhevinne was especially effective in the alternation of storm and calm), and the French ballade, Debussy's "Poissons d'Or" was given a vigorous brightness. The audience was good-sized and Mr. Lhevinne generously rewarded its applause with extra numbers.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

JOSEF LHEVINNE'S RECITAL.

The remarkable art of Josef Lhevinne was displayed in a piano recital that he gave in Carnegie Hall last evening. It is an art that has grown notably in the years that have elapsed since his first appearance here; not only in the transcendent powers of his technique but in the ripening of his interpretative powers.

Mr. Lhevinne cannot be called a deeply imaginative player, or one who communicates an emotional flame to his listeners. He keeps his heart in a place where dances cannot peck at it. Yet his performance leaves the impression upon those who hear it that they have been put into close contact with the composers; there is little intervention of a personality when he plays Beethoven's sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein as he did last evening. A close approximation to Beethoven's intentions seems to have been conveyed. D'Albert's transcription of Bach's D major prelude and fugue sounds not only big and sonorous but built up with a definite exposition of its structure—perhaps a little more rapid in tempo than the character of the music warrants, but nevertheless remarkably clear. In at least the B minor and the C minor études of Chopin, a magnificent effect is produced; and in the Impromptu in C minor and the Ballade in F minor, if the passion is restrained, the exposition is clear and unencumbered by anything extraneous to the music.

Mr. Lhevinne's technical powers have been developed to such a pitch and have been refined and polished to such a degree that no technical difficulty any longer interposes any problem between

With his second appearance in the character of Philip II in Verdi's "Don Carlos," last night, Mr. Chaliapin ended his present engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. Whether or not he will be heard again in some of the spring representations is a matter which lies on the knees of the gods—which is a metaphorical way of saying that it rests with his manager and Mr. Gatti-Casazza. As it is he has made the rounds of the subscription nights with his three operas: "Boris Godunov," "Mefistofele" and "Don Carlos," not one of which need be dropped out of the company's repertoire if the public should manifest a desire to hear it. They were in Mr. Gatti's list before Mr. Chaliapin came here last season, and there is no reason why they should not remain after his departure, notwithstanding that his impersonations have been their great glory. The patrons of the Monday night performance heard him as Boris; those of Wednesday as Boris and Philip II; those of Thursday as Boris; those of Friday as Mefistofele, and those of Saturday afternoon as Philip II and Mefistofele.

He thus gave seven performances with the Metropolitan company in New York and one in Philadelphia.

Thus much for the statistics, which are interesting in the case of so unusual an individual in the world of operatic art. As for the rest, there is little to record save that Mr. Chaliapin, despite his tardy participation in the drama, dominated it after his appearance, repeated his air in the third act, though there was little justification so far as the applause was concerned, and, of course, none at all in the dramatic situation, which it spoiled of its effect. The traditions of long ago might have justified the act after so fine a vocal performance; the feeling of to-day condemned it emphatically, and so, obviously, did the judgment of the vast majority of last night's audience.

Former Mme. Maeterlinck Gives an "Interpretative Recital."

Georgette Leblanc, formerly Mme. Maeterlinck, gave an "interpretative recital" at the Town Hall last night by way of first appearance in New York, before an audience evidently of persons appreciative of her career and its association with the Belgian poet's works. It was recalled she had read or sung his "Melisande" during the Boston Opera Company's production of Debussy's "Pelleas," while there were remembered pictures of her acting Lady Macbeth to an audience that moved from room to room in their Old World castle of Saint Wandrille.

Such remembrance Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck brought to her program of songs, accompanied at the piano by the harpist, Carlos Salzedo. She sang Beethoven's air translated "Loin de Ma Tombe Obscure," Lully and Rameau, Schumann's "Pauvre Pierre," unpublished text by Maeterlinck, Rachmaninoff's "Le Printemps," Lully's "La Prison." There were three children's songs by Stravinsky, manuscripts of Gaillard and others, of which more will be heard. The spare, pale figure in black, the animation of face and gesture, invited interest, even as the woman's intelligence and theatrical instinct vitalized moods locally unrelieved by sensuous appeal, yet poetically illumined.

Dec 15 1922

HEIFETZ WITH PHILHARMONIC.

"A Pagan Poem" Played Here for First Time.

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, and Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil) were the two main attractions of the Philharmonic concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. Other features of the program were Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," and Wagner's prelude and Lieberstod from "Tristan and Isolde."

Mr. Heifetz played Beethoven's concerto. He gave an excellent and feeling interpretation of this familiar work. It was played with finished technique and delicacy of touch.

Mr. Heifetz infused new life into Beethoven's oft played theme, with a tone beautiful in its revealing tints and nuances. Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem," although performed several times in Boston and elsewhere, was played for the first time by the Philharmonic. Placed between "Fingal's Cave" and Beethoven's concerto, its richly developed polyphonics and melodic exploitations were brought out in bold relief by the simpler harmonies of the other two compositions.

This work, drawing its inspiration from a love incantation of Virgil's Eighth Eclogue, is remarkable for its exotic coloring and dark brooding themes. It is composed for orchestra, with piano, English horn and three trumpets obligato. Heinrich Gebhard did well at the piano. The orchestra played excellently and was applauded by a large audience. Mr. Strinsky conducted.

ADAMI PLAYS NEW MUSIC.

Gluseppe Adami, violinist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last night. The three principal numbers in his program, largely Italian in selection, were announced as heard for the first time in America. These numbers were Locatelli's A major sonata, arranged by Res-

pighi for violin and piano, a "Concerto Romanico" by Zandonai and Tartini, variations on a theme by Corelli, as arranged by Mario Corti. Some other pieces were by Enrico Barraja, Dettavio, Pinto and Quintana. The piano was Mr. Barraja. Mr. Adami played the Zandonai concerto very well. The composer, whose opera, "Conchita," was produced here once at the Metropolitan by the Chicago Opera Company, has no done great work in his concerto. The work has some good music in it, but the harmony too often offends the ear and the ideas seem vague. The audience applauded the violinist warmly.

BUST OF ELWES UNVEILED.

Americans' Memorial of English Singer Placed in London Hall.

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—In memory of Gervase Elwes, the famous English singer who was killed last year at Boston, a bust given by the sculptor, Miss Malkina Hoffman, and other American friends, was unveiled this afternoon by Lady Lee of Fareham, in Queens Hall, where Elwes had often sung.

The bust stands in a niche at the back of the grand circle. Over it is the inscription: "With his whole heart he sang songs and loved Him that made him." Beneath is another inscription telling that it is an American tribute to an English artist.

Lord Shaftesbury presided over the large gathering of Elwes's admirers, and a choir of 150 sang Bach's chorale, "Just Joy of Man's Desiring."

Lord Shaftesbury described how Miss Hoffman, a pupil of Rodin, hearing of Lady Winifred Elwes's desire to have a permanent memorial of her husband, volunteered to execute his bust. He called Lady Lee and, standing in front of the memorial, she said:

"As an American by birth and, I am proud to say, a friend of Gervase Elwes, I feel justly proud of the honor of having been asked to unveil this American tribute to a gifted Englishman who, by the rare and spiritual quality of his art and even more, perhaps, by what he was, did so much in the short time he was in America not only to charm all lovers of fine music but to create a new bond of sympathy between the peoples of our two countries."

As the covering fell from the bust, she added:

"I unveil this memorial so appropriately placed in this temple of his work to a great singer, a great artist and a great gentleman."

As the audience thronged to the spot to gaze on the well-remembered features of Elwes, the choir sang exquisitely, unaccompanied, Parry's "There is an Old Belle That on Some Solemn Shore."

Cardinal Bourne was the first to pay tribute to the singer. "One memory of him is predominant in my mind," said the Cardinal, "how in the anxious days of war he brought courage and comfort to many stricken hearts. He inspired belief in hope that underlay music and we felt that he was speaking with a true prophetic voice."

Sir Hugh Allen spoke for Oxford University and, after other tributes, the Earl of Denbigh expressed the thanks of his sister, Lady Winifred Elwes, to Miss Hoffman and the many Americans who had rendered Lady Winifred kindnesses in her great bereavement.

ETHYL HAYDEN IN SONGS.

Young Soprano Again Displays a Clear, True Voice and Refined Style.

Ethyl Hayden, soprano, a young artist who has found favor in recent seasons, sang to a crowded house, the more unusual in yesterday's weather, at her first recital of the current Winter in Aeolian Hall. She was assisted at the piano by Florence Harvey in classic Handel's "Care Selve," Mozart's air of Susanna in "The Marriage of Figaro," lighter German and French groups and songs in English by Terry, Cyril Scott, Scott, Edward Harris and Pearl Curran. With rare personal charm, Miss Hayden's singing again showed a clear, true voice of crystalline tone and refined style, recalling her own mistress of song, Mme. Sembrich, in such delicate airs as the two serenades of Brahms and Strauss. A revival of interest was Liszt's "O Quondam Je Dors," and she added to her foreign texts a pair, "La Colombine" and "En Cuba," dedicated to Miss Hayden by Frank LaForge.

SINGS NEW COMPOSITIONS.

Edgar Fowlston, a barytone, who had been heard here in recital, gave a program of songs, with Ralph Douglas at the piano, last evening at Town Hall. His selections were mostly by composers of the present day. They included four French songs and many lyrics by English and American composers, of which one set consisted of four new songs by Daniel Wolf of Baltimore, who gave a piano recital here last week. For these songs the composer was at the piano. His songs were settings of poems by Bliss Carman. Not extremely modern in his form, Mr. Wolf shows taste and sentiment in his style. Mr. Fowlston's delivery in the Wolf and in other numbers was in certain respects musically, if not always emotionally effective. His enunciation was one of his best assets. Mr. Douglas, who was almost a newcomer here, gave the singer valuable support as an accompanist.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mme. Jeritza in "Thais."

THAIS, lyric romance in three acts and six scenes. Text in French. By Louis Gallet, after the novel by Anatole France, music by Jules Massenet. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Maria Jeritza, Orville Harrold, Clarence Whitehill, Louis d'Angelo, Charlotte Ryan, Minnie Egner, Marion Telva, Vincenzo Reschiglian.

The restoration of Massenet's opera of "Thais" to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in four seasons took place last evening. It was not in itself a cause for great excitement, the opera has been well known in New York for fifteen years or more and has not won the warmest admiration from the public. But the production was a new one, lavishly mounted after the manner of Metropolitan lavishness; and furthermore it gave an opportunity for the first appearance of Mme. Jeritza in a new part, one of those in which she replaces Mme. Farrar. It was likewise her first appearance "anywhere" in the part of Thais, as was announced, and the first time she had sung any operatic role in French.

The audience was large and found, perhaps, an unexpected pleasure in the performance and gratification that was not unexpected in Mme. Jeritza's appearance. She was greeted with applause on her first entrance, and was enthusiastically applauded at the fall of the curtain on the first scene of the second act, at the close of which she produced an effect that stirred the audience to unbounded manifestations. It was evident that Mme. Jeritza had added another success to those which she had already gained at the Metropolitan.

The opera itself is not one that sustains the public interest long or high, interruptedly. It has large and substantial strata of dullness. It is doubtful if the early Christians and their antics are contemplated with deep interest, notwithstanding their moral worth, not always accompanied by capacity to sing in tune. The sombre color is relieved by the brilliancy of the scenes before the house of Nicolas, the dramatic episode in Thais's boudoir, the dancing in the square before her house. Then twilight falls again.

Mme. Jeritza has, as was easily to be anticipated, the brilliant personality, the dramatic skill and force, the vocal resources to make a striking and alluring figure of the Alexandrian courtesan; denote the insouciant and febrile coquetry that is conscience stricken and turned to the new faith by the labors of Athanael. Her impersonation is a new disclosure of a wide and varied personality and is pitched in a high key.

The process of her change of heart is carefully portrayed; and the climax of the scene with Athanael in her boudoir wrought up to an effect—nothing less than sensational, as she utters a laugh and hysterical shriek and rolls senseless on the floor. Mme. Jeritza has seldom acted, so far, in revelations of unexpected kinds or of device for putting her own stamp upon her climaxes of effect. This one takes the audience by surprise and as the curtain fell upon the scene, burst into a tumult of applause that is scarcely been equaled in the house since the same singer made her first in "Tosca" last season.

Mme. Jeritza's impersonation of Thais, considering the circumstances, was surprisingly fine; but is not yet fully opened and developed. It would be strange if a first performance should show full ripeness and development. It is a great artist so resourceful and so intelligent as this one. In her singing Mme. Jeritza shows the same kind of dramatic instinct in filling the music with or less in arioso style, of which there is so much in the opera, with ality and expression. But there were certain features of her singing that may have made her admirers a little uneasy; especially the tendency to make excessive emphasis; the tendency at times to scoop, and in certain high notes to force her tone above the pitch and beyond the quality of beauty.

Mr. Harrold was another new member of the cast, who appeared as Nicolas. He is not exactly turned out by nature to body the ideal of a Greek gentleman, but of a Hellenist; one, though doubtless there were all kinds. He sang with vigor, often, but not always with perfect success in producing beautiful tone, and acted with intelligence.

Mr. Whitehill's performance as Athanael was very fine in its dignity, its earnestness, its emotional power, its suggestion of the victory of the flesh over the spirit; and it was sung with great impressiveness.

The performance was doubtless one of the best ever heard in New York so far relates to the influence that Mr. Harrold has upon it. The playing of the orchestra was refined, rich in sound and in the varied nuances of Massenet's practical and skillful orchestration. There was a new and in many ways beautiful scenic setting by Eph Urban, mostly also rich in color in the architectural effects solid, though the unnecessary narrow hangings too liberally distributed, sometimes interfered with the singers—and the use of the square in front of her house, a nevertheless, showed some curious inexplicable Hellenistic Greek architectural designs. And he viewed over the landscape a horizon between earth and sky. The ballet in the second was sumptuous and won its own success.

John's "La Boheme" was added to the current opera list at the Metropolitan special matinee yesterday for Inwood Hospital and House of Rest.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Thais" was performed

at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season. Also Mme. Marie Jeritza made her first essay at the role, for which she had studied French since she came to this city. It was a brave undertaking and met with large public favor. The opera was needed in the repertoire of the Metropolitan and could not be permitted to lapse into obscurity merely because the former representative of the Alexandrian siren was no longer in the company.

As they say in politics, Mme. Jeritza was the logical candidate for the name part. She had achieved her most brilliant successes here as various ladies of questionable methods. Marretta in "Die Tote Stadt," and the heroine of "Tosca" had marked her for their own. Octavian, the amorous stripling of "Der Rosenkavalier," had been but a slim departure from the eternal feminine. As Elsa, the naive and sedate lady of Brabant, the singer had enjoyed less glory, and even the forest foundling, *Steglind*, proved equally to innocent and confiding for her talents.

Novel Impersonation.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who is a lover of all things scenic, seized the opportunity afforded by a novel impersonation to provide the opera with entirely new garb. The staging was especially prepared for this production and with all the sumptuousness which characterizes Metropolitan revelations. The apparel of the singers was splendid, and there was a feast for the eye from the moment Athanael reached Alexandria till the converted courtesan lay dead before the despairing monk.

It would be an invasion of the realm of speculation to make a summary of Mme. Jeritza's Thais. She had plainly not yet perfected her impersonation, which will undoubtedly be one of strongly individual merits when it has come to its full flowering. Last evening it was an excellent impersonation yet in its infancy. The costumes and the makeup had arrived; the acting and singing were still in a state of progress.

These facts being granted, it may be said that Mme. Jeritza's Thais was a beautiful vision and that she developed the character from the vampire to the nun with commendable skill. Her voice is well suited to the music, and she sang well, except for occasional bursts of tone that seemed to be beyond control. But these may have been due to the nervousness of a first performance. The indications last evening were that the Austrian soprano's first essay at the role of Thais would be followed by performances of great merit and that she would be likely to retain the part in her repertoire.

The Disrobing Scene.

Doubtless the episode most to be discussed to-day will be the disrobing for the discomfiture of Athanael. The singer wore a gorgeous red mantle and much drapery. When she threw off the mantle and some of the draperies she left some extending to her feet, but they were adorably indiscreet. So now the world knows how tall and slender the vampire of Alexandria was, and some will call her the scarlet woman and the more ribald will prate of Mr. Kipling's poem.

Mr. Harrold was the Nicolas. He may have had his own ideas about a Greek man about town, and at any rate he suggested the free and easy swagger of a bon vivant of the southern Mediterranean coast in the days when people fed boars on holm acorns and slew them in a mild south wind so that the flavor might be to the perfect taste of an epicure. There is little chance for Nicolas to distinguish himself as a singer.

Mr. Whitehill's Athanael is an old friend. It is unnecessary therefore to say much about it. Good wine needs no bush. The admired American barytone has been in better voice than he was last evening, but he sang well and his French, as usual, was a delight. No more singers count for much in "Thais." The two stars were Mme. Egner and Miss Ryan, comely enough for their scene. Mr. d'Angelo was a good Palamon and Miss Telva

acceptable as Abime, mother superior of the convent.

There was a good ballet, with Miss Gall at its head, before the house of Thais, and that edifice was effectively committed to the "Jovourning elements." Mr. Masselmans conducted the performance very well indeed.

By Henry T. Finck

After the first appearance this season of Maria Jeritza in "Tosca," Pitts Sanborn wrote in the *Globe* that the performance was a triumph for Geraldine Farrar.

Last night when Jeritza made her debut as Thais in Massenet's great opera some one said in the writer's hearing that it was a triumph for Mary Garden.

It could hardly have been otherwise. When Miss Garden made her debut at the Manhattan Opera House in 1903, she was in her early prime, beautiful of face, voluptuous of figure, an actress of the first rank, specially schooled in French operatic art, fresh from sensational triumphs in Paris, and Oscar Hammerstein provided her with first-class Parisian associates.

Frau Jeritza, on the other hand, had never sung a French part in French before last night; there was not a single French artist in the cast; the conductor was a Frenchman, but he appeared to far less advantage than he has heretofore; the weather was depressing; and, altogether, it would have been a miracle if under these conditions one could have restrained from sighing about the good old times when Garden, Renaud, Dalmore, and Campanini did this operatic masterwork so wonderfully at the Manhattan.

Histrionically, Frau Jeritza's Thais is somewhat surprisingly lacking in interesting details. One tries, almost vainly, to recall an eloquent gesture, an expressive look. Her attempts to ensnare the stoical Athanael in the first act were almost comically inadequate. Did she never see Mary Garden, the arch-temptress, perform this wonderful scene? Even if she had, she could hardly aspire to such heights of seduction. The effect of her disrobing before Athanael's dazzled eyes was excellent. Her figure looked beautiful in the long simple lines of the Greek dress, which displayed her in a most alluring picture. Why, then, did she change? Mary Garden knew a good thing when she saw it, and, until her conversion, she kept on the wonderful first costume. Frau Jeritza would do well to follow her example. She has never worn a more becoming costume.

At the end of her great scene with Athanael in Act II there was a loud outburst of applause. Why? There had been no loud high note. But there had been wildly hysterical contortions, a plunge, and heavy fall down Mr. Urban's inevitable platform steps, and this exhibition of melodrama brought down the house! It always does, and it leads one to sad reflections on the general art, on unpreparedness of the average person.

All dramatic continuity in the act was destroyed by the tiresome ballet. One quite forgot that any plot was being worked out and that one was not at the Hippodrome. The scene with the statue of Eros was blotted out, but it had made little impression anyway. In the desert Frau Jeritza's picturing of her exhaustion was good and she had a very pretty, natural motion towards the water cup in Whitehill's hand. Her parting with him was almost too clinging.

Happiness radiated from her face in the final scene, but it was of the earth earthy. Even when she sinks down, seeing heavenly visions, her expression is merely agreeable, not spiritually ecstatic.

It seems hardly fair to compare talent with genius, although talent so often receives the recognition which should have belonged exclusively to genius, but Mr. Whitehill is undoubtedly the best exponent of the rôle of Athanael since M. Renaud sang it in New York. One constantly wishes he could have copied, at least partially, his predecessor. In the first act he does not feel, like a sensitive plant, the mere approach of Thais's dangerous charm. In the last he does not show the ravaging devastation of his unholy love; and between there is a constantly changing scale of expression which he does not touch. Yet he is so good that he should be better. Can he not teach his facial muscles to express? He sings the part finely and pictures it well—with all the finesse left out.

Mr. Urban's palms are excellent, also the beautiful setting of Nicolas's palace with Alexandria in the distance. The final scene is good, too, but the waits are interminable, not only between acts but between scenes. These waits, with the interminable ballet—a very stupid one, too, and musically dull—are enough to ruin any opera. I always suspected that Massenet had this ballet music written by one of his pupils. It is quite unworthy of the pen that wrote the rest

of this opera—so entrancing when it is well done. It was not well done last night and, apart from the outbursts referred to, the applause was mostly apathetic.

When the opera is repeated it will be well to give more prominence to the exquisite Oriental music in the second scene of Act II. One could hear little last night but the quaint melody. No doubt Frau Jeritza will improve in every way. She can sing much better than she did last night. In the first act her voice was shrill. The softer music of the later scenes was better done, especially "C'est Eros, c'est l'amour"; but there was no swing to the great love duo in the oasis, "Baignon d'eau tes mains."

By Deems Taylor

They revived "Thais" at the Metropolitan for Geraldine Farrar in 1916-17, but not even her personality and loyal following could keep it alive for very long. It has always had a fatal fascination for prima donnas, from Sybil Sanderson, for whom Massenet wrote it, down through a long line in which have stood ("stood" is not quite the word) at various times Lina Cavalieri, Mary Garden, Farrar, Lois Ewell, and last night, Maria Jeritza.

It is easy enough to see why the prima donnas like "Thais." The fearful joy of appearing in one and the same evening both as the world's champion courtesan and the world's best known nun is something not lightly to be foregone. But it is also fairly easy to see why the history of "Thais" has not been one of uninterrupted triumphs.

Massenet calls it a "lyric romance," which is not very illuminating. What "Thais" really is, in form, at least, is a genuine old-fashioned Verdi grand opera, with recitatives and arias and duets, and a ballet, and everything. Massenet doesn't admit it, but his lyric romance is essentially hardly more modern than "Rigoletto."

But the thing that made the old-fashioned grand opera go was—tunes; tunes, and plenty of them. And "Thais" lacks that ingredient. Yes, even in the face of the notorious "Meditation," we stoutly maintain that the music is essentially feeble and characterless. There are occasional scraps that sound imposingly like themes, but Massenet pounds the poor things to an utter pulp in the misguided belief that maddening repetition is thematic development. There is nothing much in the "Thais" score that one remembers, or particularly wants to remember.

If the work had dramatic unity, if it carried its listeners along by the sheer force of its story, there might be a different tale to tell. But Massenet himself ruins what chances Anatole France's plot might have by introducing a foolish ballet in the second act, so extraneous and distracting that it is impossible thereafter to take the action very seriously.

If any one can make "Thais" a permanent fixture at the Metropolitan, it will be Maria Jeritza. Last night's performance was emphatically her evening. Despite the fact that she was singing the rôle for the first time in her life, in a language that she learned only last summer, she gave a performance of great plastic beauty, vocal appeal and blazing dramatic power.

She made Thais primarily a childish person—an innocent person, if you like, if innocence be lack of realization; a woman so in love with life and delighted with power that she thought not at all what sort of person she was. She jeered at Athanael like a street urchin when she first saw him; then feared him; then loved him.

In the boudoir scene of the second act, when the prophet threatened her with damnation, she covered and clung to the feet of her pagan goddess like a child afraid of the dark. Throughout the scene she was superb, rising at the close to a pitch of hysterical frenzy that was frightening in its insane force, and falling to the floor with a bone-breaking fall that startled more than one auditor to his feet.

It was that fall that brought the house down—appropriately enough. The audience brought her before the curtain again and again and applauded and cheered tirelessly—in relief, possibly, that she wasn't killed.

She was generally more than satisfactory in her singing. Occasionally the French nasal vowels hampered her tone production, but in the main

she sang beautifully. Her French was not perfect, but it was amazingly good. When she is a little more at home, vocally and linguistically, in the role she should be a great "Thais."

The remainder of the cast were good or better. Curiously enough, there was not a French singer in the piece. Mr. Whitehill was an excellent Athanael, a figure of stern beauty and suppressed passion. He sang well too except in the first scene, where he lacked power. Mr. Hasselmanns may have been partly to blame for this, however, for the orchestra was rather obstreperous at the beginning.

Mr. Harrold made a good Nicias, singing most excellent French. Mr. Hasselmanns's conducting was spirited and colorful, and, except in the first scene, gratefully discreet.

Joseph Urban's scenery was generally excellent in design and color, particularly the oasis set and the house of Nicias. This last, perfectly lighted, showing a massive pedimented house on a terrace overlooking the City of Alexandria, is one of the most beautiful things Urban has ever done.

The scene in front of Thais's house, showing an ancient street bathed in moonlight, looked lovely at first, but was subsequently ruined by some execrable lighting. Unless one is to consider "Thais" a musical comedy there seems to be no vestige of excuse for the way the scene was handled.

In came the ballet, carrying five small torches, and—presto! the entire street, moonlight shadows and all, was in a blaze of brilliant noonday sun. When the ballet went out, out went the sun. There is enough bad taste in real life as it is without having to go to the opera to see it.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

The second of the week's pair of concerts by the Philharmonic Society was given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The principal orchestral number of the program was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," after Virgil, for orchestra, with piano, English horn and three trumpets obligati. The composition has several times been played in New York in the fifteen years since it was first produced. But pieces of this calibre by American composers are not played as often as they should be, and Mr. Stransky did an admirable thing, a real service, in putting it again before his audiences.

It is music of a lasting fibre; and it seemed on a repeated hearing as strong, as significant, as deeply imbued with poetical feeling as it ever did. It is assuredly one of the finest of Mr. Loeffler's orchestral compositions, if not the finest; the one in which his imagination soared highest and in which his touch in capturing and embodying it in music was the surest. There is no need of a close following of Virgil's eighth "Eclogue" to appreciate and understand the meaning of this music, which is eloquent and beautiful as music in and of itself. Rarely elsewhere has Mr. Loeffler written with so great skill for orchestra, so richly and luminously, and the three solo trumpets, heard behind the scene, have a magical, a haunting effect.

Mr. Stransky obtained a truly fine performance of this remarkable composition; one in which the orchestra surpassed itself in the quality of the tone and its finished coherence. Heinrich Gebbard, who has been inseparably connected with this "Pagan Poem" from the beginning of its career, played the piano obligato; Mr. Strano the English horn and Messrs. Helm, Schlossberg and Grupp the trumpets, all members of the orchestra.

The soloist was Jascha Heifetz, who played Beethoven's concerto for violin. It was a performance on the highest level of Mr. Heifetz's art; wonderfully beautiful in its large, rich and glowing tone, broad and reposeful in style and disclosing a ripening conception on the young artist's part of the spirit of Beethoven that breathes through the music. The cadenzas that he played in the first and last movements were those of his teacher, Professor Auer. There was much pleasure expressed by the audience in hearty applause.

The program began with Mendelssohn's overture "Fingal's Cave," and closed with the prelude to Act III, of "Die Meistersinger," and the "Valkyries Ride" from "Die Walküre."

New York Chamber Music Society.

The indefatigable New York Chamber Music Society continued its activities last evening with its first subscription concert of the season. The program contained a number of pieces played for the first time in New York: Four of Max Bruch's "Eight Pieces" for piano, clarinet and violin; Elgar's quintet for piano and strings, and Albert Strossel's "Suite Antique," which is

still in manuscript, for strings, wind and piano, thirteen instruments. The program began with Mozart's quintet in E flat for piano and wind instruments.

Here was a large amount of new music for a single hearing. Bruch's pieces, however, made no great strain on the receptive powers of the audience. They are pleasantly melodious and well written in a rather conventional style, and then in a very acute utilization of the dark color of the viola and clarinet that is much in evidence; not on the whole an important addition to the literature of chamber music.

Elgar's quintet is one of his latest productions, which appeared in England at about the same time with his string quartet. If Elgar was once an innovator he is one no longer, and this quintet, in conjunction with quartet, declares that he is not of the younger generation of English composers. So far as the idiom goes, it is safe and sane. It seems a more important and valuable contribution to current musical production than the quartet, for it is more individual, verges less dangerously upon the commonplace and is more elaborately worked out.

There is much that is effective in it: the vibrant second theme of the first movement, with a hint of Hungarian character; the grave and full-throated harmony of the second movement, an adagio, that is worked up to a vehement climax, and the impetuous and impressive last movement with a brief lulling section for the mute strings. In the last there is at the end a good deal of what seems like empty rhetoric after the composer has said his say and is not disposed to stop. The quintet is a use of the strings and their effect and the music is mostly in a true chamber music style. The performance by Miss Carolyn Beebe and Messrs. Gindl, Lichstein, Kovarik and Bunchuk was not in all respects an entirely finished one, but there was much spirit in the performance.

In Mr. Strossel's piece, which has five movements, the composer, who is also a violinist as well as conductor of the Oratorio Society, and Edwin Ideler assisted by playing the violin.

Colin O'More Again Sings Irish Airs.

Colin O'More, in his second recital at Carnegie Hall last night, sang Louis Aubert's "Rime Rendre," Cesar Franck's "Le Mariage des Roses" and other lyrics recalling his Paris student days with de Redzke. However, from the first encore, "Have You Seen But a White Lily," his house asked more of the old Irish airs, of which the tenor has of late been a popular singer. He was assisted at the piano by Walter Golde, while in two intervals there were violin solos by Sigmund Schwartzstein, a recent wartime refugee from Warsaw. The young artist played creditably several arrangements of Bach, the Vitali chaconne and "Liebesleid" of Kreisler.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" had its second performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There were two changes in the cast. Mme. Sigrid Onegin gave way to Mme. Jeanne Gordon as *Brangäne* and Mr. Whitehill, who had sung the exacting role of *Athanael* in "Thais" on the previous evening, was relieved by Gustave Schuetzendorf as *Kurvenal*. Neither change was beneficial. Mme. Gordon's voice is of soprano quality, while that of Mme. Matzenauer, who sang *Isolde*, leans toward contralto timbre, especially in its lower range. Thus the musical contrast planned by Wagner was reversed, and this, in a lyric drama in which the organic union of mood, text and musical color is so complete, was disadvantageous.

It seems futile, however, to plead for the artistic aims of Wagner. He himself died a disappointed man because he felt that the world persisted in ignoring his purpose to transform opera into "drama per musica" and viewed such works as "Tristan und Isolde" through the eyes of the mere secker after entertainment. The conditions which Wagner lamented still exist, and therefore operagoers are not disturbed by an exchange of voices so long as those voices produce agreeable sounds.

Let it then be recorded that Mme. Gordon is pictorially a beautiful *Brangäne* and that she gives an intelligent and commendable impersonation. Mr. Schuetzendorf has been heard with greater satisfaction in other roles than in *Kurvenal*. He was sincere and painstaking and quite in accord with the traditions.

Mr. Pender repeated his *King Mark*, in which he sustained the reputation which he has gained in the course of his short term at the Metropolitan. Curt Taucher was, of course, the *Tristan*. This young German tenor attains a considerable level of merit in the part. His voice does not admit of a moving expression of the tumult of passion that shakes the soul of the unhappy knight, but he is faithful to the letter and the spirit of the drama as far as his powers go. Mr. Bodanzky conducted and governed a generally well knit publication of the score.

Dec 17 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Verdi's "Ernani."

ERNANI—Opera in four acts from the French drama of Victor Hugo; book in Italian by Mario Flave, music by Giuseppe Verdi. At the Metropolitan Opera House. Ernani.....Giovanni Martinelli
Elvira.....Titta Ruffo
Don Ruy Gomez de Silva.....Jose Mardones
Elvira.....Rosa Ponselle
Giovanna.....Grace Anthony
Don Riccardo.....Angelo Bada
Jago.....Vincenzo Reschiglian
Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

Verdi's opera of "Ernani," one of his earlier works that was restricted to the Metropolitan repertory last season after many years of well deserved rest, was given at the matinee performance yesterday for the first time this season. There was a very large and noisily enthusiastic audience, full of the anticipation of hearing Mr. Titta Ruffo, who made his first appearance this season in it, in the part of Don Carlos. It was intended a year ago that he should make his first appearance with the company in this opera; but he was prevented from doing so at that time by illness.

When it is added that besides Mr. Ruffo, Miss Ponselle as Elvira and Mr. Martinelli as Ernani were also in the cast, there is the assurance that it was a balcony and vociferous occasion; and consequently a highly successful performance. The drama, dismal and impossible today, is full of crude theatricalism; but it has also, even now, something of the impetus that launched the romantic movement in France with Victor Hugo's play, "Hernani." There is characteristic expression of all that in Verdi's music. It seems tolerable today only because it gives opportunity for such displays of vocalism as are required in "Ernani, Involuntarily"—the slurred by which the opera is nowadays generally remembered—and a few other such things.

There is the noise, the luxuriant vocal tune, the unceasing bent of the orchestra to emphasize the swelling choruses with the full force of the bass drum, the brass and the cymbals to push them to their crashing climaxes. The chorus in "Ernani" has the tune of the life and with it all there is now and again the feeling here of intense dramatic stakes, through the conventional formality and absurdity of the libretto, the kernel of Verdi's vitality that saw him through from crude beginnings to the marvelous mastery of his last works.

Miss Ponselle, who appeared in this opera for the first time this season, made a vigorous and imposing Elvira, and sang with great volume of voice; not altogether with the style that Verdi expected in the performance of his music, but often with powerful effect. Her "Ernani, Involuntarily," for instance, was not sung as great singers have sung it in the past, yet it seemed to have a convincing effect upon Ernani, as well as upon the more inflammable portion of the audience.

Mr. Ruffo's Don Carlos, which was heard only once last season, is, of course, impressive and robust in appearance as it is in song. He was in good voice and seemed even to improve in this respect as the opera went on. He sang with much power and in certain respects with great skill. But the part is, in its lower ranges, too low for his voice and many tones occurring in those ranges had little resonance. It did not seem as if he were as thoroughly familiar with this part as with some others in which he has been heard here; but it is one in which no doubt he will gain greater ease and certainty with repeated performances.

Mr. Martinelli revelled in the opportunities which the music of "Ernani" gives him to sing loud and long, and he sang so. Also he made his impersonation rich in romantic fervor and passion, or what passes for such in operatic acting.

The chorus was fully prepared to meet the demands upon it and sang with great sonority. In the last act an elaborate ballet was interpolated, a "Spanish and Oriental divertissement," in which Miss Rosina Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio took solo parts to the accompaniment of the corps de ballet. Mr. Papi conducted successfully.

Pianist Plays His Own Compositions

Carlos Valderrama, the Peruvian pianist, played a program of his own compositions before a small audience in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Edith Helena coloratura soprano, who sang several arrangements from the native melodies of wide range with ease and freshness of voice. The selections, which were based on Incas and Spanish Colonial music, were for the most part interesting, although becoming monotonous in their reiteration of the primitive rhythms and minor harmonies.

Dec. 8, 1922

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

PERIOD MUSIC.

The International Composers' Guild, which is as partial to the twentieth century as the Friends of Music are to the eighteenth, gave the season's first concert of modern music at the Klaw Theatre last night, before a fairly large audience that seemed equally divided between the cheerers and the jeerers. This was the program:

I. Premiere Sonate for violin and piano, by Arthur Honegger, played by Gustave Tintot and Carlos Salzedo; II., "Luciferian Stanza" and "Pavement," for piano, by Dane Rudhyar, played by the composer; III., songs, "The Deceltful Day" and "The Resurrection," by Lazare Saminsky, and "Un Grand Homme Noir" and "A Clymene," by Marius Francois Galliard, sung by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck and accompanied by the composers; IV., Sonata for violin and violoncello, by Maurice Ravel, played by Gustave Tintot and Paul Kefer; V., "Angels" (second movement from symphonic suite, "Men and Angels"), for six muted trumpets, by Carl Ruggles, conducted by John Inghrem; VI., "Pleurs de la Vierge Marie" (fragment from a sacred song of the thirteenth century), for voice, violin, viola and violoncello, by Arthur Lourié, performed by Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, Gustave Tintot, Saul Sharrow, Paul Kefer.

All of this music was performed for the first time in America, and several of the pieces had their first performance anywhere. In general, it was a mildly interesting evening, but a bit disappointing. There was dissonance in the air, to be sure; but we must be getting inured to dissonance just as we finally got used to the Third Avenue elevated. At all events, neither seems any longer to keep us awake at night.

The disappointment lay in the lack of any strong musical profiles among the composers exhibited. The most determinedly radical among them succeeded in arousing no particular emotion beyond a mild, momentary annoyance. One had at no time the sense of being in the presence of work that was too big to understand at a first hearing. We found nothing on the program to be mentioned in the same breath with, say, Szymanowski's second symphony or Loo Ornstein's two-piano sonata.

The music might roughly be classified as harmless, slightly nutritious and indigestible. There was nothing dangerous. In the first category could be put the Honegger sonata, a piece that had decidedly pleasing moments, many that were Debussyesque or Franckian, and a decided taint of monotony. It was well built, however; Honegger has more sense of form than many of his contemporaries. The Ravel sonata was possibly the best offering of the evening.

The four songs were likewise good none of them, however, offering any hair-raising experiments in cacophony. "Resurrection" was the better of Saminsky's, and "A Clymene" of Galliard's. The latter, in fact, pleased the audience so much that Mme. Leblanc sang another of his, a setting of Verlaine's "Spleen."

Mr. Rudhyar's pieces belonged to the radical school. The first was very loud and very dissonant. I had a theme, the first three notes of the minor scale repeated—apparently—several thousand times. The second was atmospheric. Neither could have been very difficult to write, as they belonged to the catch-as-catch-can school of composition, no holds barred, but keep away from the major triad.

Mr. Ruggles's piece was the sensation of the evening as played by six astounded-looking trumpeters. The audience giggled a bit at some of the more emphatic angelic utterances, but rallied gamely at the end and stood with thunderous applause. The six urged by Mr. Inghrem, then repeated the work. On neither occasion could this listener discover anything beyond a series of brass remarks that recalled the "Sheep" section of Strauss's "Don Quixote." But then this listener is prejudiced. If such is to be the music of the future, he is destined to spend a lonely old age.

OTHER MUSIC.

The City Symphony has evidently taken too deeply to heart the remark made several times in these columns that it was playing too loudly, for yesterday afternoon, at its "pop" concert at the Century, it gave a large audience one of the most intimate, and subdued renderings of Chaiovsky's "Pathétique" symphony heard this season. Let Mr. Dirk Foch articulate as he might, the players were not going to be loud! Even the brazen third movement, which ought to smash and crash through as near everything did early in the city's season, went almost faintly by, reaching as gently as any sucking dove, was, in general, an unemotional

Elizabeth Rethberg

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Walkure" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was the second performance of the work this season and incidentally brought forward the second *Sieglinde*, in Miss Elizabeth Rethberg. This valuable young soprano had been heard in two Italian roles of widely divergent types, *Aida* and *Nedda*. She had not previously appeared in a German part. Her *Sieglinde* had several important merits, namely, youth, pleasing appearance, understanding, temperament and a fresh and warm quality of tone. If all these had been revealed in great brilliance, hers would have been a great *Sieglinde*.

But Miss Rethberg fell just a little short of realizing the figure of the daughter of the mysterious stranger who in the Norse legend drove the sword into the breast of the slain. The absence of the heroic element was doubtless not felt by most of the audience because the charm and sensibility of the impersonation absorbed the attention. Miss Rethberg's voice is perhaps a trifle light for the grand Wagnerian roles, and it sounded a little tired just before the end of the act when she uttered the exultant cry of recognition of *Siegfried*. But her *Sieglinde* was very praiseworthy and fitted well into the general scheme of the performance.

Mr. Taucher's *Siegfried* does not grow larger on acquaintance. It remains commendable because of its intelligence, its clear delivery of the text and its fervor. He was in good voice last evening and his impersonation went for its full value. Mme. Matzner's *Brünnhilde* is so familiar that it needs no comment. The same thing might be said of Mr. Whitehill's *Wotan*, but the sterling character of the barytone's delineation of the emotions of a worried one-eyed god calls for renewed praise. So, too, does the brutal and sinister *Hunding* of Mr. Bender, a valuable addition indeed to the Wagnerian forces of the house.

There was a choir of vigorous Valkyrs, who would have been called forty years ago "the untuneful nine." But those days have fled, now that we are learning to love the latest French fashions in music. Mr. Bo-

dansky conducted last evening, and there was a typical Monday night audience.

HINE-MUNDY RECITAL.

Soprano and Cellist Give Joint Program.

Miss Clytie Hine, soprano (in private life Mrs. John Mundy), and John Mundy, an English cellist, gave a joint recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Their program was interesting. The first group consisted of songs, with the violinello including some quaint seventeenth and eighteenth century airs, collected from old editions with figured bass, and played as arranged, for the first time. "Ah, Heaven! What Is't I Hear?" by Dr. John Blow; "Gentle Swain," by Dr. Arne, and "O! Le Me Weep," by Purcell. Other songs with the cello were Martin's "Plaisir O'Amour," "Mein Glaubiges Herz," by Bach; Ariosti's "Pur al fin Gentil Viola," a new song by Benj. J. Dale, "Come Away, Death," and others. Miss Hine sang Handel's recitative and aria, "From Mighty Kings," from "Judas Maccabaeus," and Bantock's "Hamabail." Mr. Mundy played a sonata by Wilhelm De Fesch, Conal O'C. Gark, assisted at the piano. Miss Hine possesses a good lyric soprano, full and sonorous, and of generous volume. She sang well, although her phrasing was not always skillful or the use of her voice consistent.

Mr. Mundy played with precision and finish. His style was not distinctive, but he possessed breadth of tone, and played with a good deal of feeling.

Dec 20 1922

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Stokowski's direction has given few finer performances than it gave at its concert in Carnegie Hall last evening.

here, flutist, were assembled in a program of chamber music by Bach.

There were four sonatas, all beautiful, as Bach's music is certain to be, all interesting for numerous reasons, and all suggesting more than can be set down on the morning after a day of so many concerts. Two of the set of sonatas for violin and cembalo, Nos. 3 and 5, were on the program. Between them stood the sixth sonata for clavier and flute. The final number was the sonata in G for clavier, flute and violin. Much has been written about these works. Much more will be, for Bach is still a young composer and his music will grow in public favor.

Among musicians he has been regarded for some years—say, about 100—as the father of all such as play upon the piano and the organ, not to mention those who sing soberly and in reverence before the holy altars and those who wrest orchestras to their sometimes uncertain purposes. They have all busied themselves trying to find out how it was done; and the secret remains a secret, because the man and his achievements were like Grant and his. Senator Yates in a historical speech declared that Grant was "not ostentatious nor dramatic. It is the genius of accomplishment that he has. When the work is done there it is—done; and there is the man, except for the work, ordinary as before."

No one can tell how Bach came to anticipate Dvorak's Americanism in the first allegro of the E major sonata for clavier and violin, nor how in the second adagio he disclosed Gluck's Elysian fields about the period when Gluck was studying music in a Jesuit seminary. Nor does any one know just how Bach worked up in performance the simple continuo which he wrote for his clavier parts. Possibly not just exactly as Mr. Siloti has done it in his editions and revisions exhibited yesterday, though these were scholarly and observant of the spirit of the original, chiefly by means of doing only the obvious and avoiding excursions into the experimental.

Four sonatas in a row, even by Bach, make a considerable afternoon tea. Yet there was wonderful variety within the unity of form which was so rigorously preserved by the program. And who was Bach's flutist? What dazzling virtuoso performed such feats as those of M. Barrere yesterday and all before Theobald Boehm devised the modern bore and finger mechanism? There were unfathomable mysteries in Coethen and this was one of them. But let pondering cease. It was a good concert. The audience was composed of chamber music enthusiasts evidently, and there was plenty of warm applause.

The International Composers' Guild had a distinguished audience at the first of its concerts in the Klaw Theatre last evening, when seven composers had their trials—trials in every sense—that to many hearers seemed to be mutual. These modern musical explorations, cubist contraptions of tone and tempo, fit for ears to which harmony is a lost illusion and melody a lost art, were handsomely presented by skilled interpreters and in three instances by the composers themselves.

Heading the list was Honegger's "Première Sonate," confessedly not "strict" in form, deriving thematic material from a "centrifugal" figure in each of three movements. Gustav Tiniot and Carlos Salzedo played to admiration the violin and piano parts, written in chords of non-conformist ninth, eccentric eleventh, often unrelated keys entirely, that left the house in puzzled mood. There followed Dane Rudyer, whose "Luciferian Stanza" for piano sounded like the very devil mentioned in its title, provoking to mirth, though the young Parisian was powerfully in earnest.

Songs of Saminsky and Marius Galliard, sung by Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck with dramatic enunciation of texts by Sologoub, Annensky and Verlaine, aroused interest and enthusiasm. Mr. Galliard adding with the singer another Verlaine setting as encore. There were also Raels really fine sonata, written this year, played by Mr. Tiniot and the cellist, Paul Kefer; a symphonic movement, "Angels," by an American, Carl Ruggles, for six muted trumpets, repeated amid calls for "speech," and a final song with a string trio, "Pleurs de la Vierge Marie," by Arthur Loure, a music commissioner of the Russian Soviet.

John Ingram conducted the trumpet piece and beckoned to the footlights its composer, the fourth of the guild's musicians to appear. An intermission midway in the bill brought the audience to the theatre lobbies in excited discussion, while Mrs. Arthur M. Reis, the active Chairman of these concerts, announced a coming lecture by Carl Engel on the proposed January production of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire."

Albert Polding, the violinist, appeared at last night's opera concert, playing with the orchestra of the Metropolitan, under Mr. Hambacher, the "Scottish Fantasia" of Bruch and a solo with piano, including his own "Albama" and his version of "Hark, Hark, the Lark." There were opera airs for Queen Maria from "Traviata," Jeanne Gordon from "Don Carlos," Mario Chanice from "Marta," and Gustav Schuetzendorf from "Tannhauser."

In the spirited, dramatic manner of her operatic days, Mme. Emma Calvé sang her part of the concert in the Hippodrome last evening, her accompanist, Mme. Yvonne Dienne, opening the program with piano pieces, including Grandos's "Danse Espagnole," which won favor with the audience. Jean Gerardy played three groups of violoncello compositions with fervor and brightness of style. In Spanish songs, Mme. Calvé was heartily applauded, especially in the "Habenera" from "Carmen," clamorously greeted by her hearers. Snapping fingers and wide arm gestures were an important part of this remembered interpretation, and the singing was in full, clear tones. She was called upon for several encores.

Alexander Siloti, pianist; Paul Kochanski, violinist, and George Barrere, flute, appeared in a recital of Bach sonatas in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon before a large audience. The sonata for violin and piano in E major was followed by that for piano and flute in the same key, its last movement evoking the highest enthusiasm of the matinee. Messrs. Siloti and Kochanski received hearty applause for the adagio in another sonata for piano and violin, in F minor. A larger work, for piano, violin and flute, in G major, which concluded the program, was the least effective. Several of the compositions were performed from new arrangements by Mr. Siloti.

Sigrid Onegin, with Harold Bauer, pianist, and Felix Salmond, the English cellist, appeared in a joint program for the benefit of the New York Diet Kitchen, the twentieth annual event of that charity, held yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Messrs. Bauer and Salmond were heard in Brahms's E major sonata, Op. 99, and in solo groups, the pianist adding several Chopin encores.

Walter Golde assisted Mr. Salmond in the piano accompaniments to works of Glazounoff and Frank Bridge, while Michael Rauchsels was at the piano for Mme. Onegin. The Metropolitan contralto, in fine voice, sang old Italian airs of Marcello and Paisiello and German Lieder of Brahms and Wolf, to which she announced as a last "requested" encore of Mozart's "Alleluia." She caused a ripple of amusement by laying on the piano a bouquet, which an attendant later placed within the instrument when the lid was raised and again lowered for other numbers, without, however, audible effect upon the strings.

Dancers under the direction of E. Bernardi gave a program at the Princess Theatre last evening, their opening ensemble being Wagner's "Tannhauser" bacchanale, headed by Ernest Lagary. Effective among thirty later episodes were Delibes's "Valse Brillante," done by Lillian and Frank Chabot; Liszt's "Reverie Mongroise," Rose of Frances Bernardi; Luigia's "Danse Egyptienne," Marion Milner, and Drigo's "Vallerina," Jessie Buchanan. The musical director was Leon Vanderhelm.

By MAX SMITH.

BRAMH'S sonata in F major, opus 99, for piano and cello, inspiringly played by Bauer and Salmond, opened yesterday afternoon, in Carnegie Hall, the programme of the concert for the benefit of the New York Diet Kitchen, to which Sigrid Onegin, distinguished contralto, also contributed her persuasions. What a pity, though, that Mme. Onegin, to exhibit her phenomenal range and the extraordinary dexterity she has in florid music, should have defaced Marcello's "Il mio bel fuoco," and Paisiello's "Chi vuol la zinaarella" with virtuosic flourishes!

Modernists Fill Guild Program

Modernism, of the extremest Parisian dye, reigned undiluted at the Klaw Theater, where the International Composers' Guild gave its season's first concert, causing ecstasy among the initiated and suffering among those of conservative tastes. Arthur Honegger's first sonata, indeed, smacked of Debussy and even of Franck, but it had been composed four to six years before "Horace Victorieux." Mme. Georgette Leblanc made her second appearance in songs by Lazare Saminsky and a young Frenchman, Marius Gaillard (both acting as accompanists), and a number with stringed instruments by Arthur Loonig, with the same bizarre appearance and dramatic manner as before and a stronger voice, with a resulting impression that was striking but hardly pleasing.

There was also a suite of this year's vintage by Ravel, who seemed to have flung all tradition to the winds, and a part of a symphonic suite by an American, Carl Ruggles, for six muted trumpets, well known features of latter-day works, but the six, undiluted, had a penetrating, nasal timber of a painful intensity impossible to describe. Enjoyment of these latest experiments would seem to be distinctly acquired taste.

of the most compelling rhythmic in view of all this, naturally, graceful allegro con grazia was done than the rest. It was of and of delightful contours.

The soloist was Nadia Reisenberg, made her debut playing the part of Paderewski's "Polish Fantasy." The composer, with Mme. Reisenberg occupied a box, and of the piece was much cheered by the conclusion of the piece. Reisenberg has considerable brilliancy in her flying fingers and produced some clean-cut work, although was a trifle brittle at times.

At the Metropolitan the Philharmonic offered a Russian program by Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter" and "Scheherazade" and Alkovsky's "Marche Slave" and variations on a Roccoco Theme. Thus last Hans Kindler played the solos, proving himself the best of the program.

A. C.

gnace Jan Paderewski paid his tribute to his afflicted country as well as youth in art, when, with a heavy heart at the news of the assassination of Poland's new president, he kept his ard and went to the City Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon, where a young Russian refugee pianist, Miss Nadia Reisenberg made her American debut as soloist in his own "Polish Fantasy" piano and orchestra.

The performance of Mr. Paderewski's composition happened most timely, fought with Polish themes and color, fantasy is a fine work of character and melodious beauty. Miss Reisenberg, who is 17 years old, first studied in Poland and later in this country one with Lambert. Mr. Paderewski has own interest in her talent and some ago he said he would attend her recital of yesterday. Among the other eminent pianists who have marked her gifts, are Rachmaninoff and Hofmann.

The "Polish Fantasy" was well permeated with no little credit going to the orchestra. The young player showed common musical insight in her reading of the piano solo, giving it with the ardor and brilliance often found in mature concert soloist. She was warmly applauded and in response to this for the composer, Mr. Paderewski rose from his seat in a box to the left of the stage and acknowledged the applause while the audience rose in turn. A woman in the audience rushed frantically down the aisle, waving her program, and by her lively applause seemed to be exhorting all to continue the ovation to Mr. Paderewski.

The orchestral numbers were Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" symphony, the symphony to the Sun, from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'Or" and Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz.

PHILHARMONIC GIVES CONCERT

Hans Kindler, Cellist, Is the Assisting Artist.

Hans Kindler, formerly first cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was the assisting artist at yesterday afternoon's concert by the Philharmonic Society at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Kindler played Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Roccoco Theme" for violin, with orchestral accompaniment. Interpretation of this work was difficult. Gay simplicity and carefree form are seldom associated with Tchaikovsky, yet both these qualities, together with a rhythmic grace suggestive of dance movements, mark the theme variations, and Mr. Kindler was most successful in his portrayal of these tributes.

Mr. Stransky, conducting the orchestra, offered two selections by Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter" overture with its curious contrast of religious festivals and pagan rites, and the brilliant symphonic suite, "Scheherazade." The orchestra interpreted the first of the overture very well, but Mr. Stransky's reading of "Scheherazade" at times uninteresting and lacking in brilliance. Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave" closed the program.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

As a season of concerts advances the horizon becomes hidden by a flight of whole battalions of stars, managers begin to give their commands of soloists the command "Fire platoons." This, to be sure, compasses the lover of music little, though may help to explain to him the reason for certain kinds of entertainments. Yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall Alexander Siloti, pianist; Paul Kochanski, violinist, and George Bar-

The program comprised the scene from Debussy's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" entitled "La Cour des Lys"; Chausson's symphony in B flat; the end of the third act of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" and Tschalkowsky's B flat minor piano concerto, played by Mme. Olga Samaroff.

Excerpts from "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien" were given in New York in 1912 by Mr. Kurt Schindler with what was at that time known as the MacDowell Chorus. It is a choral work, a "mystery," written after the manner of mediaeval plays. The piece played last evening is the orchestral introduction to one of the scenes, and expresses the vision of the Good Shepherd. The music is deliberately archaic in its outline and substance; there is the suggestion of mystery, of the divine summoning of Sébastien to his high mission. The color is determined by the preponderant use of the woodwinds by the successions of fifths in the harmonies and by other archaic traits. The music has little of the aspect that is familiarly associated with Debussy; few of his characteristic tuens of melody and harmony. It has a grave, sweet beauty, suggestive of the other worldly things disclosed by the drama; and the effect was fully represented by the remarkably fine and euphonious performance by the orchestra.

Remarkably fine and euphonious also was the performance of Chausson's symphony, a work of consummate skill in orchestration, in which the instrumental effects are made with an unerring touch. The work is suffused with a deeply romantic and poetical coloring, ardent and sensuous; and this coloring was reproduced with the utmost warmth and loveliness of tone and tint. It may be, as has been suggested, that the symphony shows traces of the influence of Wagner. It was composed in 1890, when young France was still under that influence. But it is even more a personal and individual utterance. The symphony is not unknown to New York; it has several times been played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Danneberg, and it is one that might well have a more frequent hearing.

Mme. Samaroff played Tschalkowsky's well-thumbed concerto with grace and fluency rather than with the insistent and strenuous force that more truly becomes it. Here is a work that is beginning, or has some time since begun, to lose something of its freshness, but pianists let it go with reluctance, presumably because it is supposed to be so sure of its effect. The accompaniment was admirably played.

"Tosca" Sung to Aid Home.

"Tosca" was sung to a sold-out house at the Metropolitan yesterday, the special matinee earning a handsome profit for the benefit of the Florence Crittenton Home. Mme. Jeritzka reappeared in the title role, Mr. Scotti in that of Scarpia, while Edward Johnson for the first time here as the Roman artist-hero shared in a general ovation. Others in the cast were those long familiar, and Mr. Morazoni conducted. Last evening the company went over to the Brooklyn Academy with the Italian double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana," sung by Parilla, Perini, Tokatyan and Picco, and "Pagliacci" for which the cast included Rethberg, Kingston and Ruffo.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fourth concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which took place last evening in Carnegie Hall before a large and demonstrative audience, breathed at least a suggestion of the spirit of Christmas peace. The program comprised "La Cour des Lys" from Debussy's "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien," Chausson's B flat symphony, Tschalkowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor and the finale of "Götterdämmerung."

Here was variety and some spice, but the gentle and reflective measures of Debussy, dealing with the celebrated "mystery" of Gabriel d'Annunzio, recalled one of the famous legends of the church, which incited hundreds of painters to dot Europe with pictures of monks looking up to heaven, while arrows protruded from sundry parts of their bodies. A beautiful old legend, indeed, that of the martyrdom of the chief of the imperial archers, but Mark Twain and his incorrigible innocents touring Europe spoiled it for many persons afflicted with tactless memories.

The Chausson symphony comes around occasionally in the shuffling of the orchestral cards and at each return it impresses upon the hearer its narrow escape from becoming important. It is a lovely work and exquisitely scored, and when it is performed as it was last evening by the admirable orchestra from Philadelphia it gives genuine pleasure. But it never hits one between the eyes, as the painters say. It leaves one happy, but not exalted.

Tschalkowsky's B flat minor concerto for piano and orchestra has had

to stand much wear. It is a hardy composition and its fiber is still tough, but it suffers now from too much understanding. It was first performed in public at a concert given by Dr. Hans von Bülow in Boston on October 25, 1875, which makes it forty-seven years old. The Boston comments on it astonished Tschalkowsky, who perceived that his art was uncomprehended. Now every one has the seed. This concerto has been prattled, hammered and even battered and occasionally it has been interpreted from Boothbay to Santa Catalina. But there is no one who can be puzzled by it.

The pianist who performed the solo part last evening was Mme. Olga Samaroff, between whom and Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, there is surely an excellent musical accord, since they are husband and wife. Mme. Samaroff discharged her duties in so far as the first movement (all that this reporter heard) with judgment and with a great deal of beauty in touch and tone.

Some music lovers have heard a more potent proclamation of the content of the composition, but it was a very charming delivery of the music and was received by the audience with manifest pleasure. The "Götterdämmerung" excerpt, it should be noted, was that arranged for orchestra, unaccompanied by the voice of Bruennhilde, who sat in a box and wore evening dress. At any rate her familiar representation, Mme. Matzenauer, did.

DUTCH BARYTONE IN SONGS.

Jan Van Bommel, a Dutch barytone, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Louis Robert was at the piano. The program included Beethoven's "In the tomb of the obscure," "Stornello" by quest tomba oscura, "Sotto il Ciel," songs by Clara, Sibella's "Sotto il Ciel," German by Dalcroze, Delibes, Fauré, and Richard Strauss, and a group of songs by Mann, Dirk Foch, Loehr and others. The program closed with Adolphe Adam's "Noel" with organ accompaniment. Mr. Van Bommel made a very agreeable impression. Possessing a voice verging on a high barytone, with a wide upper register of excellent quality, he sang with a good deal of warmth and well with a good deal of feeling. Beethoven's "In quest tomba oscura" and several earlier offerings did not receive full justice, apparently due to lack of confidence on the part of the singer, but the French and German groups of songs were delightfully sung. Mr. Van Bommel's French diction was not always of the purest, but his sincerity and warmth, combined with a voice used with judgment, did much to make an enjoyable recital.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

For the first concert of the Schola Cantorum, given last evening in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Kurt Schindler, its conductor, had gone as far as he had for most of his programs, and had gathered matter of much interest from many lands. The concert came at the approach of Christmastide, and it was appropriately made a Christmas program, devoted largely to music celebrating the day.

It began with two pieces by masters of the old ecclesiastical school: Sweelinck's "Hodie Christus Natus Est," with an organ accompaniment developed from a figured bass, and Victoria's "O Magnorum Mysterium." There were three old French Christmas songs; and then Mr. Schindler reached his favorite Catalonia and selected three Catalan songs, two folk songs and one elaborate "Legend" for six-part chorus and boys' voices, by Nicolau, "Almo for the Christ Child." There were Russian children's folk tunes arranged by Gretchaninoff and an anstrem by Rachmaninoff; a group of Basque folk tunes arranged, and finally an arrangement for chorus by Mr. Schindler of Provençal Christmas march, adapted to a well-known tune in Bizet's incidental music to "L'Arlesienne."

There were novelty and great variety as well as great beauty in this unusual program. Many of the pieces would merit extended consideration; as the elaborate composition of Nicolau. This, according to Mr. Schindler's note, is a solution of the problem of writing for voices in the sonata form (though the form is not obvious at a first hearing) and of characterizing personages of the story by various groups of the chorus, including a boy choir. The piece is impressive, and long as it is, is absorbing.

Strikingly beautiful also were others of the Catalan songs, of which "The Three Kings" with soprano solo sung by Miss Lillian Gustafson, had to be repeated. It is noted by Mr. Schindler as a remarkable instance of the "migrating folksong"; for the melody is found in Germany, France, Switzerland and Holland.

Singularly interesting and character-

istic were some of the Basque songs, folk tunes harmonized by Basque musicians. The chorus undertook the adventurous task of singing all this music in the original tongues: Latin, French, Catalan, Russian and Basque. However it made out with these, it acquitted itself creditably in the singing, often in music of much difficulty. Its tone was often, though not always, of fine quality, and its attack, and especially its shading, were on the whole excellent. The boy choir from Calvary Church that assisted in Nicolau's piece did well. The audience showed great interest in most of the numbers of the program and was hearty in its applause.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Schola Cantorum gave the first concert of its season last evening in Carnegie Hall. The energetic conductor, Kurt Schindler, had prepared a program of music generally appropriate to the Christmas time. Naturally in doing this he had chosen two of the compositions which used to figure occasionally on programs of the now defunct Musical Art Society. But he had found a goodly number of new works, all interesting and some especially admirable.

The first of the two central numbers was Antoni Nicolau's "Alms for the Christ Child," a Christmas legend for six part chorus and boys' voices. In this the choir of Calvary Baptist Episcopal Church was employed to advantage in the utterance of the wailing measures designed to imitate the weeping of the Infant Jesus. The boys sang beautifully. The whole composition, written in 1903 by Spanish musician, revealed character and much skill in the creation of expressive effects.

The other extended number for Gretchaninoff's "Al dudu," Russian songs to peasants' texts. The music is written for chorus of women's voices with piano accompaniment. Some of the other works heard were "Allons, gay, gay, gay, bergères," by Guillaume Costeley, who died in 1606; a Noel "Wallon" arranged by Albert Radoux, now living in Liege; the old French Noel, "Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus," harmonized by Gevaert; "The Three Kings," a Catalan nativity song, the setting by the Rev. Luis Romeu of the Cathedral of Vich, and some unusual pieces from San Sebastian. In "The Three Kings" the soprano solo was charmingly sung by Miss Lillian Gustafson.

Mr. Schindler is indefatigable in seeking strange choral treasures in rarely visited places in Europe. He has unearthed some real jewels. It must be admitted that a program of so many numbers, though no one of them is long, assumes an appearance of duration which it does not actually possess. On the other hand, it would be a pity to lose any of such music as that heard last evening.

The conductor of the Schola Cantorum has developed an excellent chorus. He has more than ordinarily good material. The voices are fresh and vibrant and the singers have learned to command a wide range of gradation in dynamics. Their fortes are sparingly used and for that reason

have a more vivid effect than if a full volume of tone were poured out all the time. The tenors of this choir are better than choral tenors usually are. This constitutes a valuable element in the presentation of part music, especially that which is given without accompaniment, in which poor tenor quality seems to stand out so prominently.

Concerts such as the Schola Cantorum offers are much needed in New York at this time, when the attention of music lovers is likely to be drawn almost entirely to orchestras and operas. The beautiful compositions of the ecclesiastical writers and the rich heritage of people's music should be made known often in order that true conceptions of musical beauty be not replaced by distorted ideas.

Erika Morini and City Symphony.

Erika Morini appeared as soloist with the City Symphony Orchestra in its concert under the direction of Dirk Foch at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. She played her part of Brahms's concerto in D major for violin and orchestra with fine tone and fervor and the difficult Joachim cadenzas she played with ease. The audience expressed its enthusiasm with prolonged applause. The orchestra opened the program with Debussy's colorful "Iberia," from the "Images" suite for orchestra. They also received hearty applause for the playing of Franck's symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," and Liszt's "Hungarian" rhapsody No. 2.

Dec 16 1921

Vladimir Kosing

A strange personality interpreting strange songs was heard at Aeolian Hall Saturday night—Vladimir Kosing, the Russian tenor. To tell of this concert is not easy, for it was more of a pleasure to hear his songs done as Kosing did them, with a dramatic insight and a complete unconsciousness of self, than it was to hear his voice. By that it is not implied that he has not a good voice—he has, but it is not remarkable. The excellence of his programme lay in the fact that he lived and made the audience live in the music. Attitude, facial expression, understanding, tone color, were perfect; no mild emotions for his themes—love, hate, death, anguish—these he chose and did them justice.

The programme included Moussorgsky, Schumann, Grieg, Chopin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, and two arias and some folksongs. The audience insisted on having the "Love Song of a Village Idiot" twice, so fascinating was his singing of this terrible bit of Russia. The Chopin étude was beautifully done, and so also was Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nieht."

Kosing had his audience completely with him, and his brief explanations, made often before he sang, added to their intimate appreciation of the selections. There are some who consider that too informal, but many persons to-day rejoice that going to concerts is being made less a matter for the connoisseurs and more of a joy for simple music-lovers. H. M.

'Romeo et Juliette'

"Romeo and Juliette," with Miss Lucrezia Bori and Beniamino Gigli in the title roles, was given for the third time this season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was a performance, which showed consistent improvement and the enjoyment, of which was again enhanced by the beautiful and luxurious setting of Joseph Urban.

Miss Bori has gained in self-confidence and a resulting ability to make her points with charm and effectiveness. A lovely and appealing figure, she sang beautifully. Mr. Gigli's impersonation of the faithful lover was above his usual standard. Although never rich in poetic imagination he achieved good results and seldom has his voice appeared to better advantage.

Mr. Didur, as the head of the house of Capulet, seems to have steadily lessened his gray hairs with each performance and with a correspondingly happy effect. Angelo Bada again appeared as Tybalt after a temporary absence at the last performance when Mr. Diaz undertook the part.

Mr. de Luca gave his customary clear and distinct impersonation of Mercutio, and Mr. Rothier, who seems destined and accustomed to clerical parts, displayed his excellent French diction as Friar Laurent. Louis Hasselmann again conducted and gave a delightful interpretation of the score. It was a thoroughly enjoyable performance, applauded generously by a large audience.

"Romeo et Juliette" had its third hearing last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Miss Bori as the ill-fated Veronese maid and Mr. Gigli singing the role of the luckless lover. Both were in excellent voice, as was the remainder of the usual cast. Mr. Gigli, however, still persisted in singing his apostrophes to the audience, in spite, for instance, of the text's "Leve toi soleil," obviously addressed to the light in the window above the balcony, but floated out by the tenor toward his old friend, Row M of the family circle. It was refreshing and comforting to see Miss Bori, Miss Howard and most of the rest keep strictly to their business.

A. C.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

The most ambitious number on the program, Antoni Nicolau's "Alms for the Christ Child," formed the third group all by itself. This is a choral setting for six-part chorus and boy choir of a long poetic legend by Jacinto Vordaguer, which relates how the holy family, after being repulsed by the rich, were fed by a beggar-woman. The boy choir from Calvary Episcopal Church assisted the chorus.

The work, which is for unaccompanied chorus throughout, is written with great solidity and effectiveness, and has dignity and several moments of poignant beauty. The music is symphonic rather than choral in form and treatment, and offers some terrifying tonal difficulties to the performers. Under the circumstances, it is not sur-

ing that the choristers showed un-
stable signs of fatigue before
the end, but they gave a per-
formance that was on the whole en-
tirely creditable.
A group of Russian children's songs
were next, arranged by Grochannoff
women's voices and piano. Some
of these were rather commonplace.

Dec 22 1922
Mme. Matzenauer
Gorgeous Dalila in
By W. J. HENDERSON.

The performance of Saint-Saens's
opera, "Samson et Dalila," at the Met-
ropolitan Opera House last evening
had some features which must prop-
erly be regarded as items of interest.
Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, the dis-
tinguished Austrian prima donna so-
prano a contralto, was as usual the
impersonator of the famous siren who
overthrew the virtue of Samson and
caused him eventually to overthrow
the walls of Gaza. Mme. Matzenauer
lately disclosed a new and regal garb
for her *Isolde*, but all the princesses
in Ireland never got together such
gorgeousness as the prima donna
found for her *Dalila* last evening.
Lord Carnarvon has discovered
that the Egyptians had some jewels,
but the Philistines last evening pro-
duced a lady with crown diamonds
that would have made any Miss
Pharaoh ill with envy. The whole
costume, too—what there was of it—
was new and splendid.

Mr. Martinelli as *Samson* had no
chance from the moment the lady be-
gan to promenade around him and
murmur things about love's young
spring. Hergeshelmer's *Cytherea*
claimed him for her own and he went
lamblike to his doom. No one was
astonished to see him grinding corn
in the third act. Mr. de Luca as the
High Priest, Mr. Rothler as the would-
be fire preventive old Hebrew, and
Mr. Ananian as the early slaughtered
Abimelech were also in the cast.

There were some improvements in
the stage management. The chorus
was broken up at times into groups
and there was movement in some
places where the immovable poses of
oratorio used to exist. Mr. Von Wy-
metal, the new stage manager, was
probably responsible for the changes.
Mr. Hasselmanns, who conducted, kept
things moving, as he usually does. He
does not permit tempo to drag, as they
are wont to do in opera. The or-
chestra and chorus both contributed
much to the general merit of the per-
formance.

Dec 23 1922
Miss Rosalind Rudko
By W. J. HENDERSON.

The merry Christmas season usually
brings with it a brief lull in the whirl-
wind of concerts. The interval for
rest and refreshment is shorter in
these days than it was a few years
ago. The number of aspirants for
public favor increases continually. If
there was also an improvement in the
quality of the offerings the growth in
musical activity would be something
which much gratitude might be
expressed. But the unfortunate truth
is that there are hardly any more suc-
cesses now than there were in the
days when debuts were one-third as
many. The reasons are those which
have always existed—mistaken en-
couragement by friends who do not
wish to say unpleasant things, illu-
sions created by the apparent pros-
perity of performers who are paying
money for the privilege of exer-
cising themselves in public and an in-
alienable belief that distinction can
be attained without long and arduous
study.

Most of the debutantes have some
good qualities. Some have real talent.
We disclose the results of sufficient
training. In other words, many appear
before they are adequately prepared.
Miss Rosalind Rudko, who gave a
glorious recital last evening in Aeolian
Hall would perhaps have done better
if she had waited another year. Her
voice is one of pretty quality, though
the lightest and most fragile type.
Her command of her tones is not yet
scientifically sure to enable her always

to give them their best quality nor to
keep them steady. Her phrasing last
evening showed that she had been
well coached and there were evidences
of a rudimentary knowledge of style.
Perhaps when she sings again next
season she will show much improve-
ment, and her friends may then feel
surer of her future.

Two Sopranos Give Recitals.

Gertrude Well gave a recital of songs
for lyric soprano at the Town Hall yester-
day afternoon, assisted at the piano
by C. V. Bos. In her program were
classic lieder of Schubert, Schumann,
Brahms and Grieg, as well as French and
Italian songs by Saint-Saens, Morst,
Sibella and Renato Bellini.
Rosalind Rudko, a young soprano of
Frederick N. J., who has studied in
Philadelphia, Paris and Milan, appeared
for the first time in Aeolian Hall last
evening. She was accompanied by Leon-
ard Rudko in airs of Verdi and Doni-
zotti, some modern Italian songs of
Donaudy and others in Russian and
English.

"Loreley" was given for the second
time this season at the Metropolitan
Opera House last evening, with Mme.
Frances Alda in the title role and Benia-
mino Gigli as the unfortunate *Walter*,
victim of the Rhine malden's charms.
The performance was in all respects a
good one, with its charming incidental
ballet and the various well staged spec-
tacles of the Rhine. Mme. Alda sang
her part well, although her voice occa-
sionally showed traces of a recent cold.

Mr. Gigli was in excellent form and
gave a wholly adequate impersonation
of the unfortunate lover torn by con-
flicting emotions. Mme. Marie Sundellus
again sang the part of the ill fated
Anna of Reihberg with much feeling, Giu-
seppe Danise made the most of his
rather limited opportunities in the role
of *Baron Hermann*, Miss Galli danced
charmingly through the Dance of the
Flowers and Mr. Moranzoni gave a ju-
dicious reading of Alfredo Catalini's
pleasing if unimpressive score.

Dec 24 1922
'Der Rosenkavalier' and 'La Boheme'

"Der Rosenkavalier" was repeated at
the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday
afternoon with a cast which included
Mmes. Jeritza, Easton, Rothberg and
Anthony and Messrs. Harrold and Ben-
der. In the evening "La Boheme" was
sung again by Mmes. Alda and D'Arle
and Messrs. Chamlee, Scotti, Dildor,
Mardones, Ananian, Malatesta and
others.

Dec 25 1922
Philharmonic in

Josef Stransky, giving an all Wagner
program, led the Philharmonic Orchestra
in the society's second Sunday afternoon
concert at the Metropolitan Opera House
yesterday, with a large and enthusiastic
audience present. The selections com-
prised eight of the favorite excerpts
from the master's music dramas. The
numbers were the "Rienzi" overture, the
"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal";
the "Prelude" to "Lohengrin," Mr.
Stransky's arrangements of "The Wan-
derer's Ride," "Siegfried's Passage
Through the Magic Fire" and "Dawn
and the Rhine Journey," from "Sieg-
fried" and "The Dusk of the Gods," the
"Tannhaeuser" bacchanale, the "Sounds
of the Forest," from "Siegfried"; the
"Prelude and Finale," from "Tristan
and Isolde," and "The Ride of the Valkyries,"
from "The Valkyrie."
The performance of the orchestra
was very fine throughout. Following the
Wagner-Stransky excerpts and the "Tris-
tan and Isolde" music, the applause was
shared by both conductor and orchestra.

VARIED PROGRAM GIVEN.

Sunday Operatic Concert Ranges
From Auber to Verdi.

The sixth of the series of Sunday
night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera
House took place last evening. The
program consisted of the "Fra Diavolo"
overture by Auber; Saint-Saens's "Sam-
son et Dalila," act two, with Miss Gor-
don singing the *Dalila* and Mr. Taucher
the *Samson* (the music of the *High*
Priest was omitted owing to the indis-
position of Mr. Burke, who was to have
sung the part); Gounod's "Faust," act
two, with Mr. Harrold as *Faust*, in place
of Mr. Chamlee, indisposed; Mr. Rothler
as *Mephistopheles*, Miss Sundellus as
Marguerite, Miss Dalossy as *Stebel* and
Miss Telva as *Marthe*, and Verdi's "Il
Trovatore," act one, scene two, with Miss
Peralta singing *Leonora*, Miss Anthony
the *Inez*, Mr. Kingston the *Manrico* and
Mr. Picco the *Count di Luna*. Hearing the
operatic excerpts given in concert form
gave great pleasure to the large au-
dience, as was shown by the applause.
Mr. Bamboschek was the conductor.

EDELSTEIN QUARTET PLAYS.

The last of four concerts at the All-
erton Houses by the Edelstein Quartet
was given yesterday afternoon at the
Twenty-ninth Street Allerton House.
The program included Mozart's Quartet
for strings No. 17; Concerto in G minor
for violin, Bruch, and Quartet for piano
and strings, op. 25 Brahms. Frank
Sheridan was at the piano.

Dec 26 1922
'Thais' and 'Ernani'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two performances were given at
the Metropolitan Opera House yester-
day. Both were attended by audiences
as large as the theater would hold.
This proved that Christmas music is
not all necessarily religious and that
thousands are ready to enjoy that
which is most particularly secular. In
the afternoon "Thais" was given for
the second time. The cast was the
same as that heard at the previous
performances of the work. Mme.
Jeritza repeated her picturesque and
well planned impersonation of the be-
witching but repentant siren of *Alex-
andria*. The part is one well suited to
her personality and her histrionic
methods. She interested her audience
yesterday and was enthusiastically ap-
plauded and called before the curtain
many times.

Mr. Whitehill was the representa-
tive of the monk who came to grief
through his successful conversion of
Thais. Mr. Harrold impersonated
Nicias, the Greek bon vivant, who
failed to hold the siren against the
power of the monk. The brilliant
pictorial investiture of the opera again
delighted the eye, and the capable
treatment of the whole work made an
agreeable effect.

In the evening "Ernani" was sung
with the same cast as before. Titta
Ruffo again commanded the approval
of the auditors by his singing of the
role of *Don Carlos*. Mr. Ruffo's treat-
ment of the music of this part has
shown unusual discretion. He has not
indulged in any tumultuous bursts of
tone, but has sung his music with un-
wonted suavity and respect for style.
The results have been very pleasing.

Miss Ponselle's beautiful voice again
disclosed its best qualities in the music
of *Elvira*, though the florid passages
were not always well delivered. But
her methods adapt themselves well to
the more dramatic passages. Mr. Mar-
tinelli sang the measures of *Ernani*
with a great plenitude of tone and a
triumphant emission of all the high
notes. Mr. Mardones as *Don Ruy Go-
mez de Silva* was admirable and has
the familiar success with the tuneful
"Infelice." Miss Rosina Galli's danc-
ing, aided by that of Giuseppe Bon-
figlio, added much to that part of the
entertainment addressed to the eye.

Dec 28 1922
'Die Walkuere'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Die Walkuere" continues to be the
one member of Wagner's tetralogy,
"Der Ring des Nibelungen," in the
current repertory of the Metropolitan
Opera House. It was repeated last
night to the apparent pleasure of the
Wednesday subscribers and a large
number of others, each of whom might
perhaps have qualified as Bernard
Shaw's "Perfect Wagnerite." It cer-
tainly is evidence of deep interest in
Wagner's art, if not ecstatic devotion
to it, to stand in solemn silence in the
dark space behind the orchestra
rail through the three long acts which
unfold the workings of weary *Wotan's*
futile plan to breed a freely acting
hero to deliver the gods from the
bondage of the curse imposed upon
them by the violation of the moral
law in the rape of the gold.

The glittering web of guiding themes
that holds together the musical struc-
ture of "Der Ring des Nibelungen"
is starred in "Die Walkuere" as it is
in "Siegfried" with many pages of
free music such as the surging love
song of *Siegmund*, the announcement
of death by *Brunnhilde*, and the clos-
ing threnody of the father god over
the couch of his favorite daughter,
from whom he has taken the divinity
with the kiss of sleep.

Doubtless these "gems" of the opera
make their desired impression upon
the casual hearer, who does not grasp
the entire significance of the score,
but even in those scenes in which the
leading themes are busiest the mar-

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velous skill of Wagner in making
them voice the passionate moods of
the moment lifts the musical utter-
ance of the drama to heights of com-
pelling eloquence. This is the case
always when a performance is carried
forward with sincerity on the part of
all concerned.

"Die Walkuere" as given at the
Metropolitan is continually interesting.
It is not in all moments ideally inter-
preted, but it is given with earnest-
ness, and in places with splendid ef-
fect. The cast of last evening was
that of the last previous performance.
Mme. Matzenauer as *Brunnhilde*,
Mme. Gordon as *Fricka*, Miss Reth-
berg as *Sieglinde*, Mr. Taucher as
Sigmund, Mr. Bender as *Hunding* and
Mr. Whitehill as *Wotan* constituted a
cast well fitted to give a highly com-
mendable performance of the drama.
Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

THE ORATORIO SOCIETY.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late
editions.)

It is probably violating no confi-
dence to say that Haendel's "The
Messiah," which the Oratorio Society
sang at Carnegie Hall last night, has
been heard here before. In fact, last
night's performance was the ninety-
seventh that the society has given in
New York. If one counted the dozens
of performances that are given here
annually by church choirs and neigh-
borhood choral clubs, "The Messiah"
could probably make "Hamlet" look
a comparative failure.

Under the circumstances, there re-
mains not a great deal to be said
about the performance that would
make novel or startling reading. One
is tempted to say that they had a
fine night for it and stop.

That, however, would not be quite
fair, for as "Messiah" performances
go last evening's was an excellent
one, and was heard with rapt atten-
tion by one of the largest audiences
that Carnegie Hall has seen this
season. So great was the crush that
The World reviewer, arriving a little
late, found two devout and hopelessly
immovable listeners in his seats, and
so heard much of the oratorio stand-
ing on one foot.

Considering the number of times
some members of the Oratorio Society
must have sung "The Messiah," it is
no small tribute to the enthusiasm
and skill of Albert Stoessel to say
that he succeeded surprisingly well in
keeping the performance free from
the curse of perfunctoriness. The
choral singing was vigorous and well
shaded, good in tone and intonation,
and generally crisp in the attacks.

The orchestra was the New York
Symphony. It tumbled occasionally
(possibly the players were thinking of
this afternoon's Brahms's program),
but had excellent tone and volume.
The famous "Pastoral Symphony"
was a really delightful bit of string
playing. The soloists, Olive Marshall
playing. The soloists, Olive Marshall,
soprano; Mary Allen, contralto; Jud-
son House, tenor, and Frederick Pat-
ton, bass. None was a stranger to
the work—three of them sang without
the notes—and all were good. Philip
James got more than might have been
expected out of the Carnegie Hall
organ.

SOIREES MUSICALES BEGIN.

**Stokowski Conducts 58 of His Play-
ers in Old Music at Biltmore.**

Without program, save for the con-
ductor's spoken word on examples of
seventeenth and eighteenth century
music for string band, the first of the
soirees musicales was held in the ball-
room of the Biltmore at 9:30 o'clock last
evening. Leopold Stokowski, leader of
the Philadelphia Orchestra, came over
with fifty-eight of his players for the
occasion. Plans for the series include
another Biltmore evening on Jan. 17, in
charge of Ossip Gabrilowitch of the De-
troit Orchestra, and three later events
at the Plaza, led by Georges Enesco,
Walter Damrosch and Willem Mengel-
berg.

Mr. Stokowski's performance included
an overture from Bach's suite in B
minor, four ballet movements by Lully,
arranged by Mottl; a concerto grosso in
D minor by Vivaldi, part of a concerto
in B major by Bach, and the familiar
Boccherini minuet and Gluck's flute
melody of the dance of the blessed spir-
its, from "Orpheus."

Dec 29 1922

By Deems Taylor

MUCH BRAHMS.

It may have been the general depression that overtakes those who have to labor between Christmas and New Year's; it may have been the grateful warmth of Carnegie Hall after the vile weather outside, or it may have been merely bad ventilation. Whatever the cause, the New York Symphony's All-Brahms program yesterday afternoon was a little soporific.

Perhaps physical conditions had nothing to do with it. Brahms himself may have been the sinner. Certainly the performance was not to blame. Mr. Damrosch gave a rousing reading of the academic Festival Overture and conducted a delightful performance of the serenade in D and the variations on a Haydn theme.

As for the double concerto, which came last, it has seldom been better done. The soloists were Paul Kochanski and Pablo Casals, and their names alone are a guarantee of technical brilliance. In addition, they played with an understanding of the music and a unity of artistic intent that, coupled with the orchestra's excellent accompaniment, made a flawless ensemble.

No, it must have been Brahms's fault. Hearing a great deal of him at once, one reached the conclusion that he is the most mannered of composers. Not alone his materials and his mental processes, but his manner of expressing himself, his gestures and tricks of musical speech are inescapably Brahmsian. At his best he is a musical Rembrandt, a master of chiaroscuro; at his worst he sounds like a smaller man aping his style.

One might say that his vocabulary is not large enough to last him through an entire afternoon. He utters weighty things in a weighty way, but he utters his less ponderable thoughts in that weighty way too—with exhausting results. The overture, was thoroughly enjoyable, with "Gaudamus Ig-tur" furnishing a really rousing finish. One leaned back, flushed and happy, and thought, "That's fine! Now let's see what he has to say when he's really in earnest."

But the serenade was less important than the overture and so, alas, were the variations. Yet they were still lighter in manner. They were still this too, too solid Brahms that would not melt. So that when the big, important Brahms arrived, wrapped in a double concerto, his hearer was inclined to be sceptical and a little incredulous. He was saying something great, no doubt, and very impressive, but he had said something rather like it several times before. And so one doubted, and dozed a little.

Joseph Schwarz's Concert.

Joseph Schwarz, baritone, who has been a member of the Chicago Opera, and was to be one this season, and who has a reputation in Germany as well as in New York, gave a concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. It was an ambitious undertaking and involved the co-operation of the Philharmonic Orchestra, with Mr. Stransky to conduct. Mr. Schwarz did not spare himself, and all the numbers on the program were vocal numbers with orchestral accompaniment.

There were arias by Handel and Caccini, songs by Liszt and Dvorak and operatic arias from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and "Wotan's Farewell" from Wagner's "Die Walküre." The songs by Liszt and Dvorak, originally written with piano accompaniments, were sung with arrangements of those accompaniments for orchestra; those of Liszt being arranged by Arthur Nikisch, and those of Dvorak—four Biblical songs—by Bernard Wennergren, a member of the orchestra.

Mr. Schwarz's voice is a baritone of fine quality, and he is a singer of experience who has won appreciation. He has sung better than he did last evening. His tones at their best had real beauty and richness. He used the head voice with no common skill and frequently with excellent results.

But there was at times too great an effort for effect—a forcing of the expression as well as of the tone. Mr. Schwarz's style is, in general, dramatic, and his endeavor is to impart a dramatic impression to most of his singing. It can be carried to excess with injury to the purity of the vocal line, the vocal phrase, and it is a pity that Mr. Schwarz yielded so much as he did to that temptation. There was a large audience that was liberal with its ap-

plause and found all that Mr. Schwarz did well done without reservation.

Vernon Archibald, Baritone, Sings.

Vernon Archibald, who appeared in his second New York recital of baritone songs last evening in Aeolian Hall, has the unusual faculty of maintaining one mood consistently through an interpretation of a song and of choosing songs which stand out, each one as an individual unit of the program, from the contrasting manner in which he sings them. He has good control of the wide range of his voice and his tones are of a rich quality. High lights of the program were Widor's "Dans la Plaine" and Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen." Bertha Ball-Archibald played the accompaniments.

'Butterfly' and 'Die Tote Stadt' Sung

Double opera defied a blizzard day yesterday when the Metropolitan gave its special matinee of "Madame Butterfly" to the considerable profit of the Greenwich House Music School, the stars being Miss Easton, Measiss, Gigli and Scotti. In the evening the usual sold-out house again heard Mme. Jeritza, Mr. Harrold and a familiar cast in this season's third repetition of "Die Tote Stadt."

When Joseph Schwarz began his song recital last night at Carnegie Hall (with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra), many of his hearers must have congratulated him on the cool, passionless style with which he delivered the two opening Italian classics. There was a Haendelian arioso and Caccini's "Amarilli," in the latter of which especially was this restraint and impersonal style noticeable.

But with the progression on to the Lieder group, it slowly dawned upon the listener that this was evidently Mr. Schwarz's characteristic manner, for he sang the Lieder, which were totally dissimilar in mood and thought, in exactly the same way. Imagine the Liszt "Es muss ein Wunderbares Sein" sung as it might be thought by a grammar school virgin who believed in Santa Claus! All the lyric passion was in the orchestration, which despite Arthur Nikisch's name, was in fact rather undistinguished. The second Lied, "O komm! ein Traum," was more interestingly scored for orchestra, with the harp playing a prominent role, in true romantic fashion, and toward the end a brief and slightly saccharine interlude for harp and strings.

The four Biblical songs by Dvorak were colorful, and much better tone, for Mr. Schwarz seemed to get out of his complacent attitude long enough to achieve some of the elegiac possibilities of the suite. A quartet of operatic arias completed the program.

Mr. Schwarz, apart from his manner and style in delivery, has a resonant baritone with so musical an upper register that it might be a tenor's with much richness and sympathetic beauty. Once in a while it came dangerously close to a falsetto, yet—it wasn't. One could wish that with such a vocal gift Mr. Schwarz might be shaken out of his manner, and so get better results. And a man who has only twelve songs to sing should not need to carry a book of words and refer to them constantly.

Bori as Manon for First Time

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Manon" had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Because a new impersonator of the inconstant heroine appeared, the representation conjured up many memories associated with the history of the opera at this lyric theater, and among them those which shone with the greatest brilliancy clustered around the beautiful and pathetic figure created by Miss Sybil Sanderson. But memories may be permitted to rest. The joys of the present are enough for all. And when some of them are provided by Miss Lucrezia Bori the cup of happiness runs over.

Miss Bori sang *Manon* on the Metropolitan stage for the first time last evening. She had sung it in Philadelphia and Atlanta. She is destined to sing it often in New York, though it is quite safe to say that she will share its opportunities with Mme. Alda, who has often been heard in the

part. Miss Bori is perfectly suited in appearance to the role. She was happy in her makeup and costumes last night and was a continual delight to the eye. Her voice, it need hardly be added, is well fitted to the music and she sang every page with felicity of style and with indescribable charm.

She was particularly successful with the sentimental farewell to the butterfly and the salt cellar, and with the blandishments of the convent scene. But those who like to look beneath the surface of operatic impersonations will doubtless find more to admire in her deft characterization. The psychology of *Manon* is not elusive, but the embodiment of it may easily be bungled. Miss Bori indicated the volatile nature of the girl from the moment of her first entrance. She reeked with half baked vanity and radiated invitation to the male. But she had an eye to the main chance and took her *Des Grieux* because he seemed to be it, only to throw him over when a man came forward with more glittering prospects as his bait. And when fate dealt her a bad hand she turned down the cards, blamed fate and went whimpering to her doom.

The other members of the cast were old acquaintances. Mr. Chamlee's *Des Grieux* did not reach its own standard, chiefly because the tenor was suffering from a slight touch of enow in the throat and his voice therefore lacked its usual richness of quality and had to be delivered with discretion. Mr. de Luca's *Lescart* is his own, a bluff but dignified soldier, who holds the family name in respect and expects others to do so. Mr. Rothier was again excellent as the elder *Des Grieux*, and Mr. Meader made the small role of *Guillot* prominent. Mr. Hasselsmans conducted the performance with firmness, elasticity and a fine command of style.

MANON. Opera in French, in five acts, after the novel of Abbe Prevost. Text by Melhac and Gille. Music by Massenet.

At the Metropolitan Opera House.
Manon Lescart.....Lucriza Bori
Lescart.....Eugen Dalmazy
Poussette.....Laura Robertson
Javotte.....Marion Telva
Des Grieux.....Mario Chamlee
Lescart.....Giuseppe de Luca
Count des Grieux.....Leon Rothier
Guillot.....George Meader
De Bretigny.....Milo Heco
Hotel Keeper.....Paolo Anselmi
Two Guards.....Elio Audisio
A Servant.....Maria Savage
Conductor, Louis Hasselsmans.

The Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Stransky gave another place on his Philharmonic programs to an American composer at the concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon when he put on Ernest Schelling's *Fantastic Suite* for piano and orchestra Op. 7, with Mr. Schelling to play the piano part. The suite is not new, having been composed some fifteen years ago; and it had been heard in New York, but not for a good while. It was played yesterday for the first time by the Philharmonic Society. Its title disclosed its character. Mr. Schelling has written with a sort of reckless and untidied fantasy, with both the solo instrument and the orchestra. He has amused himself with these matters more than he has given his attention to pregnant musical ideas and their development, such as he has wrought with in some of his later compositions. Musical ideas are not lacking, but they seem to serve more than anything else as starting points for a riotous and ebullient fancy in rhythms, pianistic figuration and embroidery, orchestral devices of color and combinations.

In the last movement, called a "Virginia Reel," Mr. Schelling has made use of two good American tunes, "Dixie" and "Old Folks at Home," and has hinted at "Yankee Doodle." These lend themselves to his purposes admirably, and he has made skillful and amusing use especially of "Dixie," than which there are few better tunes of its kind. Mr. Schelling has written with great dexterity for the piano, which has no secrets from him in the exploitation of what it offers to a virtuoso's technique. That was to be expected, perhaps; but it was not so much to be expected that his early attempts at orchestration should show so great a confidence and precision of touch in the manipulation of effects and devices that were somewhat experimental; a confidence and precision that are still more marked in his later work of weightier import.

Mr. Schelling played his piece with a great sweep of brilliancy, power and rhythmic verve. Mr. Stransky secured from the orchestra also a brilliant performance of its difficult and complex part that lacked chiefly something in lightness and fleetness. The work pleased the audience and roused it to hearty applause, especially after the American tunes.

The orchestral numbers comprised Smetana's overture, "The Bartered Bride"; Dvorak's "New World" Symphony and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." Aged valetudinarians who remember how Anton Seidl took the symphony under the eye of the composer when it was first produced by the Philharmonic Society in New York in 1893, shake their doddering heads and mumble something about different tempos; but nobody pays any attention to them.

SING CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Schola Cantorum Assists New York Symphony in Concert for Young.

The New York Symphony Orchestra was assisted by the Schola Cantorum in the symphony concert for young people in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The singers, under the direction of Kurt Schindler, presented Christmas songs of various countries in the languages in which they were written. Lillian Gustafson sang the soprano solo of Louis Romen's, "The Three Kings," with effective co-operation from the chorus.

Mr. Damrosch in his announcements said that Mr. Schindler had decided the songs by Gretchaninoff should be sung in Russian "because it was a Damroschian concert."

The orchestra opened the program with Rossini's overture to "William Tell." As an encore to the Andante Cantabile from Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5, the waltz movement from the same work was played. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 was also on the program. The audience filled all of the available room of the auditorium and the applause was spontaneous.

'AIDA' SUNG AT MATINEE.

Burke III, Gustafson Appears as King—Didur in 'Mefistofele.'

Verdi and Boito, who together produced two of Italy's crowning works, "Otello" and "Falstaff," were represented separately on the Metropolitan stage yesterday by the two best works they produced apart, "Aida" and "Mefistofele." At the matinee a mild revolution in Egypt was caused by the little grip germ that laid low Edmund Burke. In his place as King appeared William Gustafson, while others, as before, were Rethberg, Matzenauer, Martini, Danise and Mardones, and Moranzoni was the leader.

Last night the "popular" series of Saturdays hitherto was interrupted for a performance at special prices of "Mefistofele," which Chlapin is now singing in Chicago. Adam Didur assumed the title role, as in other years, with keen dramatic skill, while Aida and Grief sang the lovers, and again Moranzoni conducted.

Ernest Hutcheson's Chopin Recital.

Ernest Hutcheson continued his series of piano recitals devoted to the great masters yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. It was the fourth of the series and was devoted to the music of Chopin. The program included the Fantasia, the Ballade in F, nine preludes, the nocturne in F sharp minor, the Scherzo in B minor, the waltz in B minor, three mazurkas and five études. The audience was the largest that has attended the recitals; the hall was full and people were seated upon the stage.

Mr. Hutcheson's musicianship is such as to compose many styles of piano music; and he played this music with insight and sympathy, not all of it equally well, but frequently with a true expression of the poetry and passion that it voices. His performance was highly appreciated, and at the close the audience started to listen to no fewer than eight encores.

Friends of Music

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second concert of the Society of the Friends of Music took place yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. These serious lovers of the uncommon, having at the previous entertainment spent a light-minded afternoon hearing the works of Bach, now devoted their joyful attention to Brahms. The "Song of Fate," given at one of the society's concerts last season, was repeated, and the chorus and orchestra were also heard in the rhapsody, opus 53, on fragments from Goethe's "Harzreise." The Serenade in D, performed by the Symphony Society lately, was also heard, and so were the "Bratschenlieder," for voice, viola and piano. Conductor Artur Bodanzky officiating at the keyboard.

Louis Bailly, violist of the Flonzaley Quartet, played the viola part and Mme. Charles Cahier, who was also heard in the other vocal works, was the singer. This artist enjoys great favor with the Society, which finds it possible to induce her to make periodical journeys hither all the way from Vienna. In so far as the most famous journey to the Harz Mountains is concerned, it was Goethe and his writings which crowded it with immortality. The vocal garb of Brahms is naturally beautiful, but this is not one of the most important creations of the master, who is not so popular that he might be called the Sullivan of high class music.

The "Bratschenlieder," which in posing title means merely viola songs are seldom heard, and they might be given oftener if contraltos in search of material were less concerned about the exhibition of their few vocal a-

and more about the story of the... To make a success with these things requires no small degree of self-enclosedness. Indeed, it is almost impossible to make "points" with them, if they are very beautiful and well played study and devotion.. Mme. Cahier sang them well, but without vitalizing them. Her tone was excessively sonorous throughout and her diction too often indistinct. In short, her interpretation was intelligent, but lacked communicative power. Mr. Bailly played the viola obligato admirably, and Mr. Bodanzky the piano showed himself a discreet accompanist. The singing of the chorus of the Society was one of the pleasing features of the concert. This vocal body, trained by Stephen Townsend, has given a good account of itself in the two entertainments of the society this season.

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS.

Brahms is looking up. The New York Symphony Orchestra played an Brahms program twice last week, and yesterday afternoon the Society of the Friends of Music devoted the end of their Town Hall concert to producing four of his works. The program comprised the "Song of Fate," the chorus and orchestra conducted by Artur Bodanzky; the "Bratschenlied," two songs for contralto with piano accompaniment and viola obbligato sung by Mme. Charles Cahier; the "Der Jäger," "Les Mamelots" and some of the Italian ones. Kurt Hetszel played admirable accompaniments and also contributed solo numbers.

After last week's Symphony Concert this reviewer had ventured to doubt whether Brahms had sufficient ability to be absorbingly interesting in an entire program, but yesterday afternoon's proceedings began too auspiciously that he began to prepare to sing his words. The "Schicksalslied," Brahms at his best, a work saturated with the grave, introspective quality that he can so well express. The orchestral prelude is brief, but too brief to establish a lovely mood, and the choral section is well-knit, beautifully sonorous, and eloquent. Yesterday's performance was excellent. The chorus, although not large, had a tonal quality (the male section especially good), and showed the results of Stephen Townsend's careful training, and the orchestra poured eloquently at Mr. Bodanzky's behest.

Good, too, were the two songs. Mme. Cahier's voice sounded a little weakly for them, but it had color and expressiveness, and she sang with intelligence. Mr. Bailly's viola obligato were the perfection of delicacy and beautiful tone.

But disaster set in during the second. When Mr. Damrosch conducted last week he omitted two of its movements, the second and third. Bodanzky omitted only the fifth, but the first movement there can be no question. It is entirely charming, with its romping little horn theme that starts the ball rolling so sensibly (Mr. Bodanzky's horn not romping with entire success yesterday). The fourth movement, likewise, the minuet, is diverting.

The remainder of the piece, however, has too much of one dimension in length. It is easy to understand why both conductors made cuts, but it is hard to fathom Mr. Bodanzky's motive in restoring the third movement. It is an adagio. Now an adagio if it is to be bearable, must be either brief or eloquent. This one is neither. It contains vast quantities of passages in thirds for clarinets, flutes, and other non-abrasive instruments. It is nice, amiable music, but its length is a liability.

Enough, but amiability can be a very exasperating quality. The first movement passed—or seemed to pass. We have no idea just how long that movement is, but we are positive it is the longest in the world. People began to seem to age visibly as they waited; we began to wonder if it would still Sunday. We calculated the number of pounds of music paper must have used, and the gallons of ink. Finally all was silence. The next sound we heard was an electric train. We were on Sixth Avenue. We had walked in our sleep.

Isa Kremer Pleases

In the evening, Isa Kremer gave her fourth Carnegie Hall concert before a large audience. Upon her first appearance here two months ago her skill as a singer and her accomplishments as a pianist and pantomimist made an exceedingly pleasant impression, and she now has attained a following who call vociferously for favorites when she appears for encores. She graciously added many extra numbers last night. She was again designated on the program "International balladist," and again established her claim to the "international" by singing with equal facility and enunciation that was a joy to hear, songs in Italian, French, Russian, Yiddish and English. Piquant and expressive pantomime accompanied each, and delicate touches of humor, especially in "Der Jäger," "Les Mamelots" and some of the Italian ones. Kurt Hetszel played admirable accompaniments and also contributed solo numbers.

Joint Concert at Hippodrome

It was rather an unusual Hippodrome Sunday evening, with Louise Homer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch sharing a concert, which proved one of the most delightful heard there this season. Both were in excellent form. Mme. Homer's voice seeming as strong, smooth and as able to compass expression without apparent effort as ever, as was shown in her opening number, "Che faro senza Euridice," recalling "Orfeo" under Toscanini at the Metropolitan in days some time past. There was quiet sentiment in the aria from "The Messiah," "He shall feed his flock," with an agreeable seventeenth century number and Haydn's Merman's song to follow—contralto singing at its best. Two numbers from "Samson et Dalila," Massé's "Chanson du Tigre" and others by Sidney Homer followed, with Gounod's setting of "Ring out, wild bells" as an appropriate finale for 1922.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch played with his usual smoothness, delicacy and niceties of expression, but with no lack of power. The Beethoven Sonata quasi una Fantasia, the one called "Moonlight Sonata" seemed to lose the nuances of the first movement in the depths of the Hippodrome, but Chopin numbers—the Third Ballade, the G major nocturne and A flat major waltz—seemed to have their full effectiveness, with two of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's own compositions, a Melodie and Caprice-Burlesque. While every seat was not filled, it was a good-sized audience, demanding and receiving many encores.

A gala capacity audience, encroaching on the orchestra pit, heard last night's operatic concert, the seventh in the series of Sunday night performances, at the Metropolitan. The program, which was the most pretentious yet presented, included as soloists Lucrezia Bori, Queena Mario, Rosa Ponselle, Grace Anthony, Elizabeth Rethberg, especially effective in numbers from "Tanhauser" and "Der Freischütz," Ellen Dalossy, and Messrs. Chamlee, Harrold, Tokatyan, Mardones and Diaz. Among the evening's numbers were duets from "Madame Butterfly" and "La Bohème" were

by Miss Dalossy and Mr. Tokatyan and Miss Bori and Mr. Harrold respectively. Miss Ponselle and Mr. Mardones sang the duet from "La Forza del Destino," while the orchestral numbers, under Mr. Bamroschek, were the overture "Die Fledermaus" (J. Strauss), a suite from "Le Cœq d'Or" and Tschalkowsky's "March Slav."

Richard Crooks, who created something little short of a furor among the cognoscenti at his first appearance with the New York Symphony a few weeks ago singing some of "Siegfried's" music, was again the main feature of the Symphony's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. In an all-Wagnerian program Mr. Crooks sang the "Preislied" from "Meistersinger," and later, with Ruth Blackman Rogers, the duet from the prologue of "Goetterdaemmerung."

Miss Rogers's lovely voice was heard to the best of advantage in this number, although the orchestra almost succeeded in drowning her out at times when her music lay in the middle register. Mr. Crooks is every inch the ideal Wagnerian tenor, in stature, appearance, youth and most important of all, vocalty. He can sing; and he sang the "Siegfried" music from the duet as it has not been sung at the Metropolitan in many years. He still presents some difficulty in managing his breathing, but his voice is full of lyric beauty, fresh and managed with remarkable ease and smoothness.

The program opened with the familiar prelude, and prelude to act three from "Lohengrin," followed later by the Paris version of the "Tannhauser" bacchanale, the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" (arranged for violin solo, and played with a haunting majesty and splendor of tone by Gustave Tintot), and lastly, the prelude and finale from "Tristan." Mr. Damrosch's men produced their usual fine smoothness of

tone, and Mr. Crooks, alone, one of an all-round excellent afternoon, was worth going many miles to hear.

At the Century Theatre the City Symphony's "Pop" concert yesterday afternoon brought the debut of John Corigliano, a young violinist who played the solos in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." Mr. Corigliano in spite of a tone which was rather small and thin at times, nevertheless had some very fine moments in the middle range of the music, where he showed excellent lyric quality and a kind of sense of plangent undertone which promised exceedingly well for this young chap. His cantilena passages were full of light, fragile beauty, and his general reading of the work (to which the orchestra lent an able hand), while in no place passionate, was generally colorful and all of it lovely.

Other numbers on the list were the "Rakoczy March" (Berlioz), Smetana's poem "Vltava," Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" and the overture from "Rienzi."

With the typical pneumonia weather, most of the cast and all of the chorus at "Aida" Saturday afternoon were well prepared in their new winter Munsingwear. Mr. Martinelli appeared in the light brown, long-sleeved variety as Rhadames, while Mr. Denise as the Ethiop King belied his native jungle by sporting a deep chocolate ribbed fabric. A feature of the Triumph scene was the spectacle of four captives, genuine Negroes, bearing their national gods in effigy and clad in pearl gray up to the neck, above which rose the darker Ethiopian visage. Mme. Matzenauer, as Amneris, was evidently bent upon beating "Aida" on her own grounds, since she appeared in a short wig (a mark of slaves in Egypt) and a barbaric headdress of feathers, for all the world like a ruffled hen's.

Mr. Gustafson at the last minute replaced Mr. Burke as the King and sang the part beautifully, and in regal manner. It was whispered around the house that Mr. Burke was suddenly indisposed due to having neglected to put on the traditional "Aida" underwear! All those who usually sing well were quite up to form yesterday, and the others did their loudest best.

At Aeolian Hall Saturday afternoon, Mr. Ernest Hitchenson had the largest crowd of any of his series of recitals, which is probably one of the answers to why pianists always have

some Chopin on their program. Every seat was occupied, and there must have been a hundred or so more listeners on the stage. So much for the popularity of Chopin and for Mr. Hitchenson's keen-sighted interpretation of him. The program, all-Chopin of course, was as follows:

- I.
Fantaisie, Op. 49.
Ballade in F major.
- II.
Nine Preludes, Op. 28—Nos. 20, 23, 21, 22, 3, 6, 7, 10, 16.
Nocturne in F sharp minor.
Scherzo in B minor.
- III.
Valse in E minor.
Three Mazurkas—Op. 31, No. 1, in G sharp minor; Op. 31, No. 2, in D major; Op. 68, No. 2, in A minor.
Five Etudes—Op. 10, No. 8, in F major; Op. 25, No. 5, in E minor; Op. 25, No. 6, in G sharp minor; Op. 25, No. 7, in C sharp minor; Op. 25, No. 11, in A minor.

"Mefistofele" at the Metropolitan Saturday night without Chalapin for the first time this season seemed just a little like Hamlet with the Dane omitted. But Mr. Didur in the title role did his best to make amends, and considering Mr. Didur's exceptional ability as an actor the amends were very well made. Mme. Alda once more died a beautiful death in prison as the unhappy "Margherita," and Mr. Gigli was a "Faust" of romantic appearance and lovely voice. Miss Howard's "Marta" was the same bit of vivid characterization it always is, and there was the glorious "Broken scene" with its ballet—quite the best single scene the Metropolitan puts on. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. A. C.

John Corigliano and City Symphony.

John Corigliano, violinist, appeared as soloist with the City Symphony Orchestra in the "pop" concert in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. He was generously applauded for his interpretation of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole."

The high point of enthusiasm was evoked by Saint-Saens's symphonic poem, "Vltava," and Berlioz's "Rakoczy" march also had a warm reception. Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" and Wagner's overture "Rienzi" made up the remainder of the program.

'Parsifal,'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The New Year matinee of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday revealed the fact that the ax had been at work. For example, no fewer than eight minutes were cut out of the first act, and in the second Kundry's elaborate seductions were reduced considerably. Of course all good Wagnerites will be shocked by this new vandalism, but the ordinary operagoer will probably be pleased with the operation.

The performance apparently lost nothing of its impressiveness. Gustave Schuetzendorf was the Amfortas, because Mr. Whitthill, who customarily sings the part, had to impersonate Athanael in the evening. Mr. Schuetzendorf was commendable, but it was evident that the demands of the role were somewhat exacting for him. Mr. Didur resumed his old part of Klingsor. Mr. Taucher as Parsifal, Mr. Bender as Gurnemans and Mme. Matzenauer as Kundry did well what they had done before. The flower maidens sang better than at the previous performance, and the choruses generally were steadier and more faithful to the pitch. Mr. Bodanzky has his own ideas of the score, and conducted accordingly. But "Parsifal" is, on the whole, well given this season.

In the evening an opera of vastly different character was presented in Massenet's "Thais." To be sure in this, also, a siren tempts a holy person and destroys him, while she herself finds salvation. But it is all cast in a different mold.

Mme. Jeritza as the Alexandrian courtesan, Orville Harrold as Nicolas, the bon vivant, and Clarence Whitehill as Athanael, the much mistaken monk, were the three important members of the cast. The Austrian prima donna finds a happy medium for her talents in the delineation of the changing moods and developing character of Thais. Her impersonation has not yet acquired a perfect cohesiveness, nor has it mellowed its tints so that they do not clash. But hers is a stimulating personality, and she interests an audience. Her singing of the music has some moments of high brilliancy and sometimes she penetrates sufficiently far beneath the surface to bring up treasures from the depths. But up to the present her Thais is more noteworthy in its pictorial aspects than its psychological.

Mr. Whitehill continued last evening to sing the music of Athanael well, and to act the part with insight and intelligence. Mr. Harrold is a very emotional Nicolas. But he sang better last evening than at the previous performance of the opera. Misses Charlotte Ryan and Laura Robertson were acceptable as the two slaves. Paolo Ananian replaced Mr. d'Angelo as Palemon. Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio contributed some excellent dancing to the performance.

Mr. Hasselmans conducted and again gave pleasure to those who are susceptible to the qualities of style and responsive to well treated rhythm. His musical director, without receiving any of the glory bestowed upon tars of the baton, has proved himself to be a valuable addition to the forces of the house.

By Deems Taylor

TOSCHA SEIDEL.

The new year's first recital came yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, where Toscha Seidel, violinist, who has been touring for the past two seasons, was welcomed back by a fairly large and clamorously enthusiastic audience.

His program was good, if not especially novel. Cecil Burleigh's "Indian Snake Dance" and his own transcription of Anitra's Dance from "Peer Gynt" were the least familiar

his offerings. Otherwise, the included the Haendel E, major sonata, the inevitable Bach chaconne, and shorter pieces and arrangements by Kreisler, Auer, Moskowski and Sarasate.

His playing had its familiar technical brilliance, beautiful tone and good musicianship. The largo of the sonata was particularly fine in tone and sincerity of utterance.

He played the chaconne very well, but did not succeed in making it of absorbing power. That was probably not his fault. After a few dozen hearings of the chaconne one begins to suspect that its supreme interest is for the player, not the hearer, and that its chief glory lies in the composer's triumphant solution of a baffling technical problem rather than in its appeal as a work of art.

At first one thinks, "this work, if it were ever perfectly played, would be gigantic." But one is forced to believe, finally, that it never will be perfectly played, because it cannot be, as Bach wrote it. It is music of too big a harmonic and dynamic compass for one lone fiddle.

Playing it perfectly would involve playing in full the chords and contrapuntal voices that the unaccompanied player can, at best, only point to momentarily. There is pleasure in it and moving eloquence for the musician whose imagination can fill in the gaps. But to the ear it is simply a sketch, a sketch for an orchestral work that Bach never wrote.

RUDOLPH GANZ WELCOMED.

Swiss Pianist, Absent Two Years, Plays With City Symphony.

Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, now conductor of the St. Louis Orchestra, was greeted with a welcoming ovation on his return as soloist with the City Symphony last evening at Carnegie Hall. This was the first such appearance Mr. Ganz has made here in two years, and with tomorrow's matinee repetition of the program at the Town Hall it will constitute his only hearing as pianist this season in New York. He chose for his return the concerto of Tchaikovsky. Mr. Foch opened the evening with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, while, after the solo work, the orchestra closed with Chabrier's "Espana."

Mr. Ganz gave pleasure by his polished performance of Tchaikovsky's admired work, perhaps not least so by the evidences of broadened style, as befitting the musician who is himself a leader of men, although the Ganz of other days was to be found in a certain grace and poise of the concerto's more melting moods. Mr. Foch's men, but three months together, began the new year by giving a good soldierly account of themselves in the great Beethoven classic, read without extravagance or exaggeration, and in Chabrier's brief, brilliant rhapsody upon the dances of Spain.

ENESCO CONDUCTS.

"Hamlet" went on at Carnegie Hall last night without the Dane, which is to say that the Philadelphia Orchestra played under the baton of Georges Enesco, the Roumanian composer, who acted as guest conductor in the stead of Leopold Stokowski, now on his way to Europe.

The first half of the program contained two of the young Roumanian's own works, the first of them his second Roumanian rhapsody, in D major. It is less familiar than the oft-played first, but is almost equally ingratiating, with interesting thematic material that is well scored and developed.

Symphonies in three movements are multiplying so fast that they promise soon to be as numerous as their quadrupedal avatars. Enesco's, which was the second number on the program, contains but three, and belongs in addition to the now fashionable "cyclical" set; that is, its last movement utilizes material that has already been discussed in the other two.

It is not a work of epochal novelty or unforgettable musical physiognomy, but it does contain ideas of some worth, and in the course of their development it attains moments of beauty and some eloquence. A waltz-like episode in the first movement has color and sensuous charm, and the mood of gentle melancholy that pervades much of the second movement is well sustained and effective.

The piece suffers, though, from inconclusiveness. At times it seems almost as if the composer had some definite program in mind, so strongly does the structure suggest literary rather than purely musical forms; at other moments the mood is one of

pure cantilena, almost ballad-like in its vocal quality. This is unsettling enough to the listener, but in addition Mr. Enesco seems to have had trouble in finding a convenient stopping place.

He seems to be hampered by too much fluency. He thinks of a vast number of ways in which to develop and expand his themes, and is not ruthless enough in weeding out the less effective ones. The second and third movements, particularly, would fare much better if they were each three minutes shorter.

He conducted his own works very well, obtaining an excellent quality of color, balance, and dynamic variety from the orchestra. The "Pathetique," with which he concluded the evening, was another story. This was a singularly uninteresting performance, anaemic in the extreme, almost totally wanting in vigorous accent and propulsive vigor, and frequently bad in the balance of tone. Inner voices that one has learned to wait for as for old, if not bosom, friends, often went unheard, smothered in the prevailing welter of mezzoforte. The obligato for pizzicato strings, for example, that figures so charmingly in the second movement, disappeared entirely after the first three notes.

It may have been a plot. We may have been taking Mr. Stokowski too much for granted, in his opinion, so that he decided to let us see just how good he really is. Rumor had it that Mr. Enesco had learned the score of the "Pathetique" in just five days. The time seems exaggerated. D. T.

By MAX SMITH.

MAKING his first bow to an American audience, Georges Enesco, Roumanian composer, virtuoso violinist, pianist, 'cellist—one of the most versatile musicians of the day—appeared last night in Carnegie Hall as "guest" conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, of which Leopold Stokowski is the musical director.

As he had arrived in this country only Sunday, delayed by the gales at sea, one could not help wondering how he would manage to lead a body of musicians entirely new to him in the Roumanian Rhapsody No. 2 in D major, and the Symphony in E flat, both of his own composition, and in Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony, which he had never before conducted—so 'twas said.

Evidently, however, he is quick to meet emergencies. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that he had a super-excellent orchestra at his disposal. Everything went smoothly enough, at any rate, despite occasional evidences of lack of preparation. And the distinguished visitor seemed sufficiently at home in the Tchaikovsky music, which like his own compositions, he conducted by heart, to throw doubt on the assertion of those who insisted that he had examined the Partitur for the first time in his life on Sunday.

His reading of Tchaikovsky's thrice-familiar score, to be sure, was rather perfunctory. It showed plainly that he had not taken time to elaborate details. But to have committed it to memory in a few hours! That would seem to be a rather fantastic assumption, and even if possible, a rather foolhardy undertaking to attribute to a man of Enesco's artistic dignity.

Enesco wielded the baton with rhythmical vigor and insouciance, but as one who had not practiced his art too frequently. Only now and then did he employ his left hand to supplement the beat of his right, to give a cue or drive home a suggestion. Nor could his gestures be described as graceful or elegant.

There was nothing theatrical or pompous in his manner, however. And after the symphony he refused modestly to acknowledge the applause until he had persuaded the orchestra to rise and share with him the tributes of approval.

This opus 13, written in the composer's early twenties, is not a work that becomes etched on the mind at first hearing so as to leave a lasting impression. But it is a work of noble content expressed in a style straightforward and sincere without the slightest

evidence of the poses and mannerisms that are the fashion of the day. The slow movement, in particular bears the marks of true inspiration, if not of authentic originality.

ANNE ROBINSON SINGS.

Soprano Appears With Rubi Davis at Aeolian Hall.

Miss Anne Robinson, soprano, assisted by Rubi Davis, violinist, appeared in Aeolian Hall last evening, presenting a varied program which showed to advantage the musicianship of both artists.

Miss Robinson displayed a voice of much charm in her selections, which comprised numbers by Handel, Sibella, Curran, Weckerlin, Vidal, Spross and other composers and the aria "Depuis le jour" from "Louise." Mr. Davis contributed "Chaconne" by Vitali, "Nocturne" (D major) by Chopin-Wilhemje, "Rondino" by Cramer-Brown and "Spanish Dance" by Sarasate. Louis Robert appeared as accompanist.

Paul Bender Sings

By W. J. HENDERSON.

PAUL Bender, the Cyclopean bass of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave his first song recital in this country in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. It is safe to say that it will not be his last. In Germany Mr. Bender is regarded as one of the leading interpreters of songs, but it was not a certainty that New York music lovers would discover the same reasons for enjoyment that Berlin found. However, it is now determined. The local concert stage has been enriched by the arrival of this admirable artist.

Mr. Bender's program comprised four groups of four songs each, the four composers being Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf and Loewe. It was a thoroughly artistic program, arranged with skill, with discretion and with a nice sense of proportion. The encore numbers after each group were by the composers of that group. In his entire plan of his entertainment, Mr. Bender disclosed an attitude of fine dignity, combining respect for the composers and for himself.

It is unnecessary to describe the singing of every song. Those who have heard Mr. Bender at the opera, where he is a newcomer, know that he is the possessor of a ponderous bass voice, which under the stress of operatic conditions not infrequently becomes hard and deficient in vibrancy. In the great liberty and ease of the song recital, in which dynamics and tempi are altogether at the singer's command, the voice revealed its best qualities. Heavy and inflexible, occasionally, it was for much the greater part sensitively responsive to the singer's will, not largely varied in tint, but warm and ingratiating and with a lovely freedom and quality in the head register.

With a clear delivery of texts, an exquisitely musical treatment of the phrase, and a remarkably nice judgment in the gradations of force, Mr. Bender interpreted his lyrics with poetic imagination and sincere feeling. His singing of Schubert's familiar "Der Wanderer," the second song on the list, was a reading of this lyric as beautiful as any music lover could wish to hear. It was, however, not better than Mr. Bender's delivery of the seldom heard "Alinde" or of Brahms's "Feldensamkeit." Admirable, too, was his singing of Brahms's "Verrath," "So willst du des Armen" and "Wie bist du meine Koenigin," the latter an encore number. In short, Mr. Bender as a song interpreter made his arrival in New York yesterday afternoon, and his reappearance will be welcomed. Michael Baucheisen played good accompaniments, some of them unusually good.

DUPRE IN FRANCK MUSIC.

Organist Gives Recital at Wanamaker Auditorium.

Marcel Dupre, organist at Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, gave a recital of Cesar Franck's composition at the Wanamaker Auditorium yesterday, thereby completing, in cooperation with Charles M. Courboin, organist, a series of three concerts designed to present the complete organ works of Franck. Yesterday's program included the fantasia in A, a pastorale, prayer, and the second chorale, in B minor.

There is little need to recognize the merits of Mr. Dupre as an excellent organist. Again he demonstrated his genius at improvisation, developing a short theme from Franck's oratorio, "Redemption," into numerous variations and modulations with a high degree of technical skill. Probably the two most effective numbers of the program were the second chorale, with an interesting opening pedal theme after the manner of an old Italian dance, the passacaglia, and the prayer. The latter composition's spirit of mysticism and exaltation was beautifully portrayed.

Jentza as Santuzza and Rethberg as Nedda Among the Prima Donnas Appearing.

The ancient and honorable "double bill," namely "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. It was a bad night in the streets, but it was warm and comfortable in the opera house, where life among the lowly was depicted in two sections, and it was demonstrated once more that the human heart is desperately wicked. The cast in Mascagni's opera included Mme. Jeritza as Santuzza and Mr. Chamlee as Turiddu. The Austrian prima donna had not previously sung in this opera in the current season. Mr. Chamlee's Turiddu has been infrequent.

The betrayed Sicilian girl is not one of Mme. Jeritza's best impersonations, nor is the music altogether suited to her voice and vocal style. But she brings to the role much fervor, sincerity and even passion. Much has been said about her famous fall down the steps of the church, but thirty years ago Francis Wilson got more applause for falling down stairs, and, after all, any child can do it. It is more to the point that Mme. Jeritza was in good voice last night and sang her music better than she did last season. Mr. Chamlee's Turiddu was also well sung and Mme. Perini was a handsome Lola.

In Leoncavallo's opera Miss Rethberg repeated her praiseworthy Nedda. More salient, however, were the picturesque and generally effective Tonia of Titta Ruffo and the virile and musical Canio of Edward Johnson. The character of the performances of both operas was in general that to which Metropolitan audiences are accustomed. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the first work and Mr. Papi the second.

The American Music Guild.

Various guilds and other organizations are seeing to it, in public and semi-public concerts and other advantageous activities, that the most modern music and especially the music of American composers shall not escape notice. The American Music Guild, one of the soberest of these organizations, gave its first subscription concert last evening in the Town Hall, where devoted listeners braved the elements to hear works of American composers.

The program comprised a sonata for violin and piano by Louis Grunberg; the song cycle, "Russians," by Daniel Gregory Mason; Op. 18, a sonata for piano, by the late Charles T. Griffes, and two rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano, by Charles Martin Loeffler.

Mr. Loeffler's rhapsodies were first played in New York a good many years ago, and have been seldom played since. Professor Mason's "Russians" have also been heard in New York. The other numbers were heard for the first time.

Mr. Grunberg, who played the piano part of his sonata, Albert Stoessel taking the violin part, was the winner of the Flagler prize in 1921 with his orchestral piece entitled "The Hill of Dreams." Mr. Griffes was the American composer, whose untimely death in 1920 robbed this country of a highly promising talent. His sonata was played by Katherine Bacon. Both works, it may be said, were given in a way that should have presented them in their best light.

Mr. Grunberg's sonata shows what seemed on a first hearing to be rather curious vacillation in style, with some of the most modern hardboiled and occasionally reversion to the safe and sane manner of the fathers. But there is not a little of imagination and fire in the work, though it seems as if the workmanship were not at all points such as to make them shine out for all they might. A good deal of the piano part, for instance, is reduced to a purely subsidiary place, saying much less than may rightfully be expected of the piano in such a piece. Mr. Stoessel played the violin part with an intense sincerity and power and surprised those of his hearers who knew him only as a choral conductor by his mastery.

Mr. Griffes's sonata shows a vantage on the road of independent thinking and expression that he was taking in other of his compositions. Here the style is of a singular unity as well as of conciseness, and the musical life in the three connected movements has a strongly original and personal character. Neither of these sonatas can fairly be judged on one hearing.

Mr. Werrenrath sang the "Russians" in his polished and expressive style to accompaniments of the piano. The players in Mr. Loeffler's "Rhapsodies" were Messrs. La Harmati and Morris.

By Deems Taylor

The American Music Guild, which organized last year to foster interest in native works, gave its first public concert last night in the Town Hall. The audience was sympathetic and, considering the weather, surprisingly large.

The program consisted, naturally, of works by Americans—three of them native born and the fourth a naturalized citizen—sung and played by members of the guild and by volunteer artists.

The latter included Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Katherine Bacon, pianist; Daniel Gregory Mason, pianist, and Albert Marsh of the Symphony Society, oboe.

First came a sonata for violin and piano by Louis Gruenberg, with Albert Stoessel, conductor of the Oratorio Society, as the violinist and the composer as the pianist. Daniel Gregory Mason's song cycle, "Russians," came next, sung by Mr. Werrenrath, with the composer accompanying him. Miss Bacon followed, playing a piano sonata by the late Charles T. Griffes. The list ended with two Loeffler rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano, played by Mr. Marsh, Sandor Hermati and Harold Morris.

Considered as a whole, the concert was encouraging for those who are interested in the fortunes of American music. Nothing that was played could be termed sensational either way, but on the other hand there was much that was good and some that was impressive. There was honest endeavor and very little pose.

It was a less turbulent concert than the one given lately by the International Composers' League, for it was less calculated to annoy; but it compared creditably with the other in point of musical merit. Everything must have a beginning, and, considered as such, last night's program was a good one.

The Gruenberg sonata is in three movements, comprising an allegro, a set of "variations on a Kaffir war theme," and a finale. The second movement seemed the best. It is not very warlike—indeed, the mention of the Kaffir theme was possibly unfortunate, for it led to expectations that the music did not fulfill, and did not need to fulfill. The theme is a simple one, diatonic in character, and, like much aboriginal music, interesting rather in its rhythm than in its intervals.

Leaving out the "war theme" part of the title, the variations showed considerable skill and no little effectiveness, particularly in an eloquent lento section near the end.

The Mason songs are set to verses by Witter Bynner, five of them, entitled "A Drunkard," "A Concertina Player," "A Revolutionary," "A Boy," and "A Puppet." They were originally written with orchestral accompaniment, and offer considerable difficulty to both player and singer—difficulty that did not always seem justified by the results.

Mr. Werrenrath, needless to say, sang them with consummate skill and perfect diction. The best, it seemed to this hearer, was the second, which had a moving simplicity and directness that some of the others lacked decidedly. "A Drunkard" was elaborate, but much more terrifically in earnest, musically, than Bynner's text. "A Prophet" was robbed of much of its effect by the almost impossible pitch at which its concluding measures were written.

The Griffes sonata was the most impressive work of the evening. Despite its occasional harmonic and rhythmic extravagances, it is the product of a genuine creative talent, a work of strong individuality and flashes of great power. Here was a young American who thought for himself, who could be as radically dissonant as the best—or worst—of them, and still contrived not to sound like an ersatz Frenchman or soulless Austrian. His early death is another chapter in America's musical bad luck.

The Loeffler pieces are beautifully made, sensitive music of no overwhelming importance. The Griffes sonata made them sound very French.

If Mr. Dan Foch, leader of the City Symphony Orchestra in charge for about two years more, he is going to make something notable out of it. The orchestra has done nothing better than the playing of the Chalkovsky II flat Minor Concerto which formed the novelty on its program at the Town Hall yesterday. Although the concert was a repeat from New Year's Day, lack of space then prevented its being reviewed.

The soloist was Rudolph Ganz, whose appearance with the organization constitutes his only concert appearances here this season. He gave a brilliant, graceful reading of the piano part of the concerto, doing his bit towards making the work a limpid and delicate April-thing, to after rainfall is to the eye and sense of smell.

Toward the end of the first movement, the spirited melody seemed a bit thin and shallow from the orchestra, but his running obligato was crystalline and fragile, a fine bit of interpretation. On the other hand, in the second movement, the orchestra filled the score with melodic richness and fine tone, but Mr. Ganz failed to cede to the cello in the latter's brief bit just before the quick waltz theme, and clouded the development of the movement somewhat.

The finale took the audience off its feet; with its spirit and buoyancy it seemed to catch up the house and carry it off on a flood of applause. There were bows and bows for every one, especially Mr. Ganz. Apparently even Mr. Foch was surprised at the reaction of the crowd. What he has done with the ensemble so far is little short of heroic, and he glowed visibly with the satisfaction of it.

Beethoven's Fifth, jubilant and in high relief, opened the program, and was played rather more than adequately, although the Town Hall is a little cramped for such symphonic work. Charrier's rhapsody, "Es-paña," closed the afternoon, rather too loud, badly rhythmized and overdetailed. But the concerto covered a multitude of sins.

A. C.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A larger audience than was present in Carnegie Hall last evening was merited by the excellent performance given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Pierre Monteux. The orchestra has made great progress lately in the improvement of its tone and its technical finish in the breadth and beauty of its performances; and though one or two technical slips marred its playing last evening, this was on the whole on a high plane of excellence.

The program included Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Arnold Bax's symphonic poem, "November Woods," and Strauss's "Don Quixote." The several orchestral pieces by Bax that have been played here seem to indicate that he is one of the contemporary English composers most gifted with imagination and a feeling for musical beauty and with the technical skill to embody it in original and subtly expressive forms. "November Woods" has no program beyond its title; and the piece is apparently rather a portrayal of moods of a stormy autumnal and melancholy cast rather than the depiction of the actual aspects of Nature.

Whatever the composer intended it to be, he has written music of a powerfully imaginative quality; music that is based on real and valuable musical ideas and that fertile development of them in a rich and skillfully wrought orchestral tissue; darkly and strongly colored, but not in itself mere color. The spirit is tempestuous, for the most part; when it is calmed there is perhaps a glimpse of Debussy's faun in a highly sunlit interval—but scarcely more than a glimpse.

Bax may have listened to seductive and insinuating strains from across the Channel; for few modern composers have been able to stop their ears against them entirely. But he has used them only as they have become a part of the modern material of music; and his musical thought is evolved from his own brain and is stamped with his own individuality. "November Woods" was played with a splendid energy by the orchestra and with what may be assumed to be a full realization of the richly elaborated orchestral fabric of the composer's imagination.

Mozart's symphony was played with spirit and in the main with finish. Strauss's vast tone poem, with its cross mixture of high-erected chivalrous eloquence, its ironical mockery of the same, its fantasticities and its stupid realisms, received an interpretation so flexible as to show an easy mastery of its once formidable complications. The obbligato, cello and viola parts were skillfully played by Messrs. Bedetti and Fournel, first cello and first viola, respectively, of the orchestra.

By Deems Taylor

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Pierre Monteux has an undeniable knack of picking up interesting new music for his orchestra. Last year two of the novelties he played, the Szymanowski symphony and Loeffler's three Irish songs with orchestra, were works of the first rank. At last night's concert, in Carnegie Hall, he introduced another new piece that, whatever its ultimate evaluation, seemed at first hearing to be far above the average in merit.

It is Arnold Bax's "November Woods," a tone poem for orchestra. Bax is one of the younger generation of British composers, and has written much chamber and orchestral music, some of which has been heard here in other seasons.

There is a gratifying directness and solidity about this new work. It has atmosphere, and plenty of it—shimmering muted strings, quivering woodwind leaves, and a fitful chromatic gale that occasionally rocks the orchestra to its very base. But the instrumental coloring is incidental. The composer has introduced themes, and actually developed them, using his orchestration as a background rather than a smoke screen.

We do not know exactly what program Mr. Bax had in mind. The Boston people have never got around to sending us Philip Hale's program notes, and a brother reviewer whose copy we tried to borrow refused on the ridiculous grounds that we would probably not return it. So we were obliged to rely upon the music itself for our idea of it.

Perhaps this is the best way. At all events we received a vivid impression of a man walking through a forest in a biting autumn gale. The feeling of motion was there, and the cold, and the pathetic beauty of dying things. For a little time the traveller set his feet upon a path that had already been well trodden—the dry leaves bore the hoof prints of Debussy's faun.

But it was not for long. Bax turned resolutely back from this trail that has lured so many young victims to their undoing, and plodded up the steep and tangled way marked, "Be Yourself." He succeeded, for the most part, admirably. "November Woods" may or may not be a work of great viability, but it is the work of an honest craftsman who has pleasant and sometimes beautiful things to say.

Mozart—the E flat symphony—began the evening, and Strauss—"Don Quixote"—brought it to a close. Jean Bedetti played the solo cello part with ample tone and evident understanding, and Mr. Monteux provided him a colorful and perfectly proportioned accompaniment.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's series took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of Mozart's symphony in E flat, Arnold Bax's "November Woods" and Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote." This arrangement revealed estimable cunning on the part of Conductor Pierre Monteux. The time honored symphony of Mozart, the latest exhalation of the British soul in music as exemplified by Mr. Bax and the still experimental methods of Dr. Strauss in transforming the adventures of the knight of La Mancha into a series of considerable variations fell into a most intriguing sequence as naturally as the celebrated horse and woman and walnut tree.

Mr. Bax's work was heard for the first time here. It is described as a symphonic poem, was composed in 1917, introduced to the world at a Halle concert in Manchester on November 18, 1920, and was disclosed to America by the Chicago Orchestra on November 3, 1922. The composition has a distinct and potent autumnal charm, the swirl of wet winds through the streaming trees, the spongy sinking of fallen leaves under the feet and the almost tragic mood of that time.

When the rain is on the leaf and the cloud is on the stream, When day is touched with darkness and the sun is but a dream.

The thematic material is clearly drawn, skillfully displayed and most ingeniously treated in instrumental-

tion. Horns, trumpets, a singing solo cello, a concertino of strings and the fleeting echoes of clarinet and oboe take their turns in uttering the principal melodic ideas, all of which have character and one of which—the cantabile theme—is uncommonly beautiful. The chromatic forest gales, a necessary item in November music, are cleverly written and the entire orchestral texture is rich and varied in color. It is a good, though not extraordinary piece, but fairly justifies the praise which the enthusiastic supporters of contemporaneous British music, Edwin Evans leading by a lap, have bestowed upon it.

Above all other features of the work the invention shown by the composer in the creation of his themes is conspicuous, and in these days the ability to invent themes is something rare and precious. Mr. Bax has proved in this symphonic poem that he has good and novel melodies and that he is also an orchestral colorist who can hold his head up in the most pretentious of modern company.

The music was excellently played by the Bostonians. Mr. Monteux has brought his orchestra once more to a high level of technical proficiency, and

although the performance of Mozart's familiar symphony had no special claims to consideration it was commendable and chastely classic in style. In the "Don Quixote" the important cello part was played by Jean Bedetti, the first cellist of the orchestra, and the viola solo by Georges Fournel.

Mr. Monteux had his customary contest with the audience about beginning. He waits for perfect silence and has much difficulty in obtaining it. In this commercial city concert audiences do not habitually become still until after the orchestra begins. In cultured Boston they hold their breath till the opening notes are sounded. But the New Englanders have always been a musical people ever since Antony van Corleair, the trumpeter of New Amsterdam, made his famous journey through the Connecticut villages and among the Yankee lasses, whom, as that accurate historian Dietrich Knickerbocker carefully records, "he rejoiced exceedingly with his soul stirring instrument."

"Carmen," sung as an extra matinee yesterday at the Metropolitan, brought out a large crowd despite the weather and gave Miss Easton another chance to duplicate her vivid impression of the Sevillian heroine. Miss Mario, lovely to see and hear, was again the Micaela, while Mr. Herrold, in excellent voice and with rather improved acting, sang Don Jose. The victory of the day, however, went to Mr. Mardones, who as Escamillo sang in a voice of fine quality but small volume and acted, according to baritone standards, extremely well. The applause for him was genuine and prolonged.

Henriette Wakefield, Grace Anthony, George Meader and Paolo Ananian, four-fifths of the second act quintet, romped through its patter in gratifying style. It was a joy to hear them.

In the evening "Bohème" had its first presentation of the year in the regular subscription series. Mme. Alda and Mr. Cigli had the roles of the midnette and her poet, with Miss d'Arle again as Musetta. Messrs. Scotti, Rothier and Pico were the other Bohemian comrades. Mr. Pan had the baton for an orchestra still energetic after Bizet's afternoon.

'WILLIAM TELL' I.

"WILLIAM TELL," opera in four acts and five scenes, text by Hipp. Bis and Jony, after Schiller's drama (in Italian). Music by Gioachino Rossini. Gessler, Governor.....Adamo Didur Rudolph.....Angelo Bada William Tell.....Giuseppe Danise Walter Furst.....Jose Mardones Melchthal.....Louis D'Angelo Arnold, his Son.....Giovanni Martinelli Leuthold.....Millo Picco Princess Mathilde.....Rosa Ponselle Hedwig, Tell's Wife.....Flora Perini Gemmy, Tell's Son.....Marie Sundellus Ruodi, a Fisherman.....Max Bloch Swiss peasants, three brides and escorts, noblemen, court ladies, soldiers and hunters.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Rossini's last opera, "William Tell," was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening amid the joyful acclamations of the dilettanti and the contented smiles of General

Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza. His work is nearing its hundredth birthday. It was given to an unresponsive Paris in 1829. Perhaps Mr. Gatti-Casazza will live to enjoy a centenary performance of it at the Metropolitan. It had slept till yesterday in the catacombs of that institution since 1895.

It enjoyed a fleeting moment at the Century Theater, where it was revived in English on September 22, 1913, with the following remarkable cast: Miss Lois Dwell as *Matilda*, Mme. Kathleen Howard as *Hedwige*, Miss Murrel Gough as *Jemmy*, Orville Harrold as *Arnold*, Louis Kreidler as *Tell* and Henry Weldon as *Walter Furst*. The town did not rise to it.

Last evening's revival was excellent and if public interest is not reawakened, it will not be because of any remissness on the part of the impresario and his able aids. The question which has to be answered is "Does 'William Tell' still loom large among operatic creations or has it shrunk and withered under the merciless light of ninety-four years?" This question cannot be wholly met by any critical consideration of the work. The reply is to be made by the operating public, which has a singular way of liking things which critical commentators do not like and giving the icy glare to things which warm the cockles of critical hearts.

Some History of the Opera.

Happily the commentator need not concern himself with a matter which will settle itself. And—theatrical managers to the contrary notwithstanding—he is not sent to the temple of art to guess whether the new production is going to be "a hit." In regard to "William Tell" it is inevitable that a paragraph of ancient history should be repeated. Rossini's work for many years was that of a hack Italian opera composer. Any one who wishes to know all about it can read the graphic tale in Stendahl's "La Vie de Rossini" or Hogarth's "Memoirs of the Musical Drama."

The habits of this kind of composition were not to be discontinued lightly when the musician sought to conquer a new domain, that of France. He wrote "William Tell" for the Grand Opera and endeavored to bring his methods into some sort of relationship with the traditions established by Lully and Rameau and further defined by the genius of Gluck. He failed because, in spite of his supreme effort, his opera was completely Italian in the hollow phrases of its declamation and superficial charms of its melodic fell heavily on the cultivated ear of France.

Nevertheless some French writer notably those neither too close to nor too far away from Rossini's period, have enriched literature with glowing sentences anent "William Tell." M. Chouquet in his "La Musique Dramatique en France" finds himself deeply moved by the entire work, which ought to be a subject of study or admiration to the musician from the overture all the way to the Swiss song of thanksgiving.

Clement and Larousse in their "Dictionnaire des Operas" declare without reservation that it "offers an ensemble of all the melodic and harmonic riches that the modern art of music seems able to provide." Which is going some. M. Francois Fetis in his "Biographie Universelle" is almost as enthusiastic, but avers that the French could not accept the stupid, inane and incoherent libretto.

Operagoers' View Changes.

The point of view of operagoers has undergone radical change since these men wrote. Modern musical criticism bases itself upon tenets strengthened by a longer range of vision. The operagoer of to-day cannot listen as if Wagner and Verdi had never lived. The promenading vocal puppet created in the seventeenth century without regard for dramatic illusion is dead for all time. The orderly sequence of solo, duet, trio and quartet, which the early librettist had to arrange for the composer, now counts for nothing, and even so good a quartet as that of *Jemmy*, *Hedwige*, *Tell* and the fisherman in the first act exposes too clearly the fact that the fisherman exists solely that his voice may be employed in this number.

There are other good numbers in the opera, but some of them are unfortunately placed. The famous trio of the three men, for instance, is twice

as long as it ought to be to strike an audience forcibly, and it stands in an act which has rarely been surpassed in dullness. Even the ensuing chorus, which is dignified and energetic at the same time, fails to stir the hearer as much as the scene suggests.

There are two famous solos, *Arnold's* "O Matilda, io t'amo," and *Matilda's* "Selva opaca." The first is much the better of the two. *Matilda* is only a lay figure anyhow. The true prima donna of the opera is *Jemmy*, who has no great aria, but does have the center of the stage. *Tell* himself has little effective music. In the end the

orchestra wins, for it has the best thing in the opera, the overture.

And there is a great to-do about marksmanship. *Jemmy* wins a target shooting with crossbows in which a whole ballet misses a bullseye about six inches in diameter and at a range of ten yards. It makes *Tell's* feat in knocking the big red apple off the boy's head look like a real achievement. An expression of opinion on this incident from some of the archery clubs would be interesting. One thing, however, seems certain. To-day every grown man in Switzerland is a qualified marksman. Either they were nothing of the sort in *Tell's* day, or Bis and Jouy, Rossini's librettists, Schiller and Sheridan Knowles did not know it.

In last evening's production the skill and resources of the local operatic establishment were displayed. The overture was shifted to the intermission between the first and second acts, thus insuring a full house for its hearing and enthusiastic applause. The new scenery by Antonio Rovescalli of Milan was as admirable as the conventional requirements of the work would permit. So, too, were the costumes, made in the house. The ballads, arranged by August Berger, were most pleasing and were delightfully done by the Metropolitan's capable corps.

The principal singers, of whom perhaps more may be said after a second performance, were well suited to their roles. They were Miss Ponselle as *Matilda*, Mme. Sundelius as *Jemmy*, Miss Perini as *Hedwige*, Mr. Danise as *Tell*, Mr. Martinelli as *Arnold*, Mr. Mardones as *Walter Furst*, Max Bloch as the fisherman and Mr. Didur as *Gessler*. There was not one of these who failed to make Rossini's music convey its value to the audience. Mme. Sundelius, Mr. Martinelli and Mr. Danise got the most glory because they had the best parts.

The choruses, in which the opera is rich, were excellently sung by Giulio Setti's trained veterans. Some of them were warmly applauded, but the commonplace ones naturally attracted little attention. Genaro Papi conducted the opera, which he had prepared with care and sympathy.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Rossini's "William Tell."

In the pursuit of operas to freshen and enliven the passing season's repertory, the management of the Metropolitan Opera House made, last evening, one more of the new productions promised in the season's prospectus. Rossini's "William Tell." It was heard by a large audience, in which the Italian contingent especially found much occasion for rejoicing. There was much of the hearty applause that comes from this quarter. There was otherwise not much enthusiasm beyond the polite interest that is to be expected for a new production.

It is twenty-eight years since "William Tell" has been heard at the Metropolitan, but the opera was given, after a fashion, in a performance by the English operatic enterprise at the Century Theatre in September, 1914. The last previous performance at the Metropolitan was in the season of 1894, when Tamagno was in the cast. Before that the opera had been given in a brief Italian season with Mme. Patti, in 1890, that followed the German season of that year; and in the German régime it had been given a few times in the course of two seasons.

It is a curious fact that "William Tell" has never been heard in New York in French, the language in which it was written by an Italian living in Paris. New York performances have been in Italian, German and English. It shows how indifferent the earlier operatic establishments were to that principle of "opera in the original tongue" that now guides the policy of the Metropolitan Opera Company. To be sure, satisfaction over this improvement must be temporarily suspended, for the Metropolitan Company itself has found it desirable or necessary to give "William Tell" in a translation. And it will surprise nobody to learn that the translation is in Italian.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has promised Rossini's opera, for which he is said to have a special liking, several times since he has been manager here, but now first redeems that promise. It may be that there has been no great anxiety on the part of the public about this delay. None of the New York performances mentioned ever found any great popularity, and in no season has the opera reached more than three performances. But in these days the impresario's promises have a way of being fulfilled to the letter. "William Tell" was promised to this season's subscribers and here it is.

"William Tell" is within six years of its centenary. Few operas have ever lived beyond that term. There is still a possibility that this last product of Rossini's operatic genius may not reach it. For it seemed pretty decrepit last time. It showed its age much more than his "Barber of Seville." Rossini worked a good deal harder over "Tell" than over "The Barber."

He wrote that immortal piece of persiflage in thirteen days. His biographers wish it understood that he went to work determined on "William Tell" and spent six whole months over it. He wrote it in the "French school," as far as so in the "French school," he abandoned an incorrigible Italian could. He abandoned in large measure the luxuriant vocal ornamentation that he had so long revelled in, laid some curb on the "Rossini crescendo," gave much solid work to the chorus and put what then passed for dramatic simplicity, directness and force into the solo parts. For the first time in his life he became really "serious." Eut, alas, he left out of "William Tell" something of the touch of "The Barber of Seville," still a delight to the minds of men.

The opera has been submitted to many abbreviations and mutilations in its time; and they have become historical. As it is given now at the Metropolitan, and has been given everywhere for man years, it is in four acts. Rossini wrote five. The original French text was written in as deplorable verse as often appears even in operatic librettos, and the translated Italian is no improvement. But the style of operatic libretto is not for literary scrutiny. There has been a century of lamentation over the poor dramatic quality of this one-lamentation that seems more and more justified by modern standards. It is undramatic, running out to an ineffective close after a climax in the third act. The dramatic movement is hardly traceable after that act, and none too strikingly or rapidly before it. *Tell* drops into apparent insignificance after he shoots his bolt; and *Matilda*, the heroine, though a Princess of the House of Hapsburg, appears to be operatically of no importance. It is difficult today to take *Gessler* seriously—such a very bad man, and looking it in M. Didur's impersonation so thoroughly—or, indeed, many of the scenes of the opera with the seriousness with which they were meant.

Was the great moment in the drama ever really thrilling or impressive—the moment when *Tell* shoots the apple from his son's head? Somehow, now there is no thrill in the situation or the deed. And it may be said that Rossini has contributed little to intensify either. *Tell* sings of caution to *Gemmy*—he is to keep still, invoke heaven and think of his mother. There is a rumble on the dominant in the bass, an ascending scale, and no more. The feat is achieved and the chorus breaks out, as operatic choruses will do, into "Vittoria!" *Tell* exclaims "Ciel! rabbia!" *Tell* vents his feelings in "O rabbia!" Musically nothing is said or done of the least import. Of course, some things should be excused in a nonagenarian opera, but there is need of a good deal of concession to the taste of another day in this opera.

The lack of pointed dramatic and individual characterization in much of Rossini's music is felt now. It extends to much of what the principal characters sing, and to many of the situations that are illustrated in the music. The famous moments in the opera are still fine in their way: *Arnold's* song in the first act, the trio of the three men in the third act, the air of *Matilda*, "Selva Opaca"; the chorus of the cantons and a few others. They are notable examples of sonorous effect and have been worth much to the success of the opera. The concerted numbers of the opera, both for the chief singers and for the chorus, have a greater prominence than the solo airs. The chorus has much effective music to sing; this new devotion to choral writing was one of the evidences of Rossini's "seriousness" in "William Tell."

The chorus, moreover, provides about all the local color that Rossini applied sparingly in the opera. The days of local color were not yet. "Ranz des Naches" and the Alpine storm, provides some of it. It was played before the second act in order not to be wasted on empty boxes and inattentive late comers. The chorus opens the opera with a chorus evidently intended to be "Alpine" in its character, though the orchestral accompaniment contributes more to this effect than the voices. And in the last act there is the Tyrolean chorus that is one of the best known tunes in the opera. There are two places for the ballet, one enlivening the rustic wedding in the first act, the other, more elaborate, in the streets of Aldorf before the palace of *Gessler*. Ballet music ages more quickly than any other constituent of opera; some of these dances are still pretty, but most have paled. And the public of this day cannot be blamed if they find that the whole opera has paled woefully.

The performance had been prepared with care. The chorus fulfilled its manifold duties in excellent style, with volume, precision and flexibility, and with fine tune. Mr. Danise as *William Tell* gave an admirably restrained and artistic performance, beautifully sung. It is not a part for sensation, not a part to leave a cat in. The sensation is entrusted to *Arnold*, a part noted for its high range and its demands for fortissimo high tones. Mr. Martinelli provided all the sensations that it allows.

and a few more, and rejoiced as a strong man to run a race in the higher ranges of the music in which he never missed an "ut de poitrine."

Miss Ponselle, as *Matilda*, sang with skill and also with power; the part is one that gives only the faintest dramatic outline to be followed. Marie Sundelius made an agreeable figure as the boy *Gemmy*, and Mr. Didur was the malignant *Gessler*, and Mr. Bada the hardly less malignant henchman. Mr. Mardones did some good singing as *Furst*. The ballet had an unusual variety of opportunity and met it successfully. The scenery was designed and painted in accordance with the spirit of the opera; the landscape effects were quite those of the Düsseldorf school.

The performance was under the direction of Mr. Papi, who did probably all that could be done to put the breath of life into the opera and to keep it moving with animation. The playing of the overture was excellent and received much applause.

MISS MYRA HESS PLAYS.

Miss Myra Hess, an English pianist well known to many concertgoers here, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program included Bach's Italian concerto, Franck's prelude, chorale, and fugue, a group of compositions by Albeniz, and Schumann's "Etude Symphoniques." Miss Hess played with her familiar color and warmth. Occasionally her staccato passages were given with a slightly brittle touch, but this quality soon disappeared and her playing assumed a consistently well balanced character. In addition there is spry and movement in Miss Hess's playing which were ably portrayed in the characteristic Spanish melodies of Albeniz. This young artist has charm which is infused in her art and her recital was apparently much enjoyed by a large audience.

MISS IVOGUN IN RECITAL.

Voice Well Suited to Lyric Compositions.

Miss Maria Ivogun, soprano, gave an interesting concert at Carnegie Hall last evening with J. Henri Bove, flutist, and Michael Raucheisen at the piano. With the flute she sang Sir Henry Bishop's "Lo, Hear the Gentle Larks," and variations on a melody of Mozart's by Adam. Her other offerings included a group of songs by Schumann and Cornelius. Donizetti's cavatina from "Don Pasquale," "So and lo la virtu magica," and compositions by Frank La Forge, Josten. Huerten and Buzzi-Pecchi.

Miss Ivogun, whose following is large, sang with delicacy and charm. Her coloratura passages were executed with refinement and clarity. Endowed with a large degree of musical feeling.

She was at her best in the lyrics of Schumann and Cornelius, for she has the ability of adapting her voice with great effectiveness to delicate shades of expression and change of mood. Although not of impressive force her voice is well suited to lyric composition. In short she sang with charming art, which was well supported by Michael Raucheisen's able accompaniments.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Harold Bauer's Recital.

Harold Bauer, who has returned from an extended concert tour in Europe, gave his first New York recital this season in Aeolian Hall, where it was announced that he has many friends and admirers in New York. He gave the renewed cause for admiration by his playing of a program to which, though it contained nothing new, he imparted delightful sense of freshness and new interest.

Beethoven's sonata called "Le Adieu, L'Absence et le Retour," Schumann's "Davidstrüdlertänze" and Chopin's "Polonaise Fantaisie" are no too often heard in the welter of New York piano recitals. There is a charming spirit in Beethoven's sonatas that commemorates a journey from Vienna to his imperial pupil, the Archduke Rudolph. It is not one of his heaven-storming works; but there is a highly characteristic expression in it, and the last few bars of the slow movement "Absence" leading to the jubilation of the "Return" have an inexplicable magic in their simplicity.

In this, as in the other pieces, Mr. Bauer displayed that extraordinary variety of touch and tone, that shifting color and contrast, that pithy accent and rhythm that are so distinctive features of his playing. These things contributed to the interest and artistic validity of his performance of Schumann's "Davidstrüdlertänze"—"dances" in no known connotation of that word—that gave these eighteen numbers so absorbing an interest. They are of Schumann's youthful romantic days, the days of Florestan and Eusebius, who signed separately or together, each of the pieces and whirled at the head of some of them little notices that are a veritable sign manual of the romantic brethren, and that the maturer and sober Schumann omitted in

his second edition, thirteen years ago. The music is simple and slight, but on that sort of thematic brevities that mark his earliest piano style; and it can easily sound monotonous and dull when played with less of the keen gusto and rich enjoyment and variously pointed significances that Mr. Bauer brought to them.

The romantic warmth of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, the essentially musical interpretation given to the fugue, the intensely emotional quality that he put into the Polonaise Fantasia of Chopin, a title that almost seems as if it should mean a "Polish Fantasia" rather than a fantasia in the form of a dance—these things were greatly enjoyed by his listeners, as was the realistically liquid flow of Liszt's ingenious "Jeux d'Eaux." Mr. Bauer's program closed with Liszt's Thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody.

Marion Telva sang Brangaene at the performance of "Tristan und Isolde," yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan. In other respects the cast was largely the same as hitherto, for Clarence Whitehill returned to singing Kurwenal in place of Mr. Schuetzendorf with Messrs. Meader, Kada, Schlegel and the rest in the other roles. Matzenauer's "Isolde" leaves few illusions either for the eye or the ear, so it was a relief to hear Miss Telva's fresh, colorful voice as the serving maid. She had considerable histrionic capacity, and was a youthful, beautiful figure to look at. In person she was an excellent foil for the Irish princess, and vocally, particularly in the first act, one of the few bright spots in an otherwise commonplace production.

The visiting Boston Symphony gave a not overcrowded house another "first hearing" yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, in the shape of Stravinsky's adaptation of Pergolesi's "Pulcinella" music. The suite was preceded by d'Indy's "Wallenstein" trilogy, with its re-echoes of "Walkure" and "Tristan," played with a fine sonorosity and majesty of tone. Especially lovely was the solo for woodwinds and harp accompaniment in the last section, "Wallenstein's Death."

The novelty suite is very much Pergolesi and very little Igor Stravinsky as generally known in these parts. In most places the Russian's contribution is merely rescoring, making a slight change of dramatic values here and there. There is a miniature overture to start the sequence, Watteauesque and formal, yet somehow fresh, a little cheeky, and as perennially youthful as the Dresden figurines which adorn many a mantelpiece. The second bit is a graceful fargetto serenade, followed without break by four brisk movements, almost fragmentary in form. Here and there the cloven hoof of Stravinsky peeps out from beneath the rustic Pergolesi hem, generally in the interludes which string the Italian bits together. But it's quite a harmless Stravinsky. The coda is typical—a brief chortle from the horns, after a moment's pause, for all the world like the Russian's laughing equivalent for the famous Barrymore words: "That's all there is!" The audience liked it hugely.

The remainder of the programme consisted of Franck's symphonic poem, "Les Aeolides," and Liszt's "Les Preludes."

Albert Coates Is

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The concert of the Symphony Society in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was made particularly interesting by the return of Albert Coates as guest conductor. His accomplishments here in two previous seasons were remembered with pleasure by music lovers. He was received yesterday with ardent demonstrations of pleasure by an audience which filled the hall. He had prepared a varied but compact program, which looks longer on paper than it really was. It consisted of Strauss's "Don Juan," Frederick Delius's "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," the scherzo from Tschalkowsky's "Manfred" and Glazounov's sixth symphony.

Mr. Delius's composition is one of two "Mood Pictures" which were first played here by the Symphony Society Orchestra under Walter Damrosch on November 28, 1915. The other one of the pair is called "Summer Night on the River." In the music heard yes-

terday Mr. Delius has employed an old Norwegian folk tune, "I Ola Dalom" ("In Ola Valley the Church Bells Chime"), used by Grieg in his opus 66. It seems that Mr. Delius is a lover of Norway, and spent many summers in Jotunheim, which, as every one knows, is the home of the Hrimthursas (Frost Giants) and other Jotuns, builders of Walhalla, and therefore responsible for the whole Nibelungen tetralogy.

Wagner also experimented with bird music, but no human being has ever been able to determine what kind of a fowl it was that sang first with a clarinet tone and afterward with a soprano voice and warned Siegfried to beware of Mime and to seek for the sleeping beauty within the circle of fire. Much pleasure may be derived from listening to such delicate and well colored music as Mr. Delius's, provided you do not take it too hard.

People who hear cuckoos in spring and write about them are not trying to create music dramas or heroic symphonies. The cuckoo is a shy and gentle bird, with a call "most musical, most melancholy," and Mr. Delius has shown taste in weaving this call into a web of shifting and delicate orchestral tints. The composition is agreeable, and it was charmingly performed yesterday afternoon.

"Don Juan" died hard, as he always does. Aeolian Hall is no place for his despair and struggles. It is too small; and Mr. Coates is a very large, powerful and energetic man. He needs more room. The "Manfred" scherzo seemed to have been thrust into the program to make it long enough. It served no special purpose except, perhaps, to remind one that Tschalkowsky's Eyrone hero had met some of the supernatural acquaintances of Berlioz.

What happened to Glazounov's sixth symphony? Till yesterday it had not been played here since Wasil Safonoff roused a Philharmonic audience with it on January 6, 1905. That was its first performance here. We take our music too seriously, and will not listen to anything that falls below the level of Bach, Beethoven or Brahms. This sixth symphony of Glazounov is candid, ingenuous, even naive in places, but it is music, melodious, graceful and ingratiating. There is no reason why it should be laid away again for eighteen years. It was well performed yesterday, and the hearers apparently enjoyed it.

By Deems Taylor

COATES CONDUCTS.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

The conductors are exchanging orchestras nowadays with very much the freedom and neighborliness of suburbanites exchanging lawn mowers. Leopold Stokowski has gone abroad, leaving the Philadelphia Orchestra in the hands of George Enesco. Mr. Stravinsky is about ready to lend the Philharmonic to Mr. Hadley and Mr. Mengelberg, and now Walter Damrosch has gone to Minneapolis to do a bit of guest conducting before his winter vacation, leaving the New York Symphony in charge of Albert Coates, who will watch over its destinies until March.

Mr. Coates began his third New York season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, offering a program that so far outraged tradition as to end with a symphony and begin with Strauss's "Don Juan." It was an afternoon of characteristic Coates conducting—a sufficiently informative statement for those who have seen him in action to stand without amplification. For those who have not, suffice it to say further that the afternoon was one of enormous vigor, considerable dramatic power, some beauty and a fairish amount of good old-fashioned noise.

The tall British conductor presents an impressive picture of sheer physical exuberance when he warms to his work, pulling fortissimos out of the brass apparently by main strength, exhorting the woodwind with the fervor of a Prosecuting Attorney, beckoning "Go" and "Stop" to the strings like one directing traffic. Not all of his strenuousness seems justified by the results—he can put more muscle into a pianissimo than any one we ever saw—but he inspires the band to such deeds of valor and obviously gets so much fun out of the proceedings himself that it is rather stimulating to have him back.

Three of his numbers yesterday

were unfamiliar. The best was the shortest, a mood picture by Frederick Delius, called "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." This is a lovely bit of musical impressionism, well scored for strings, woodwind and horns, and wrought in a mood of wistful lyricism that has real poetry. The piece lasts a bare five minutes, but in that brief span it manages to say much and suggest more.

The scherzo from Chalkovsky's "Manfred" was a little disappointing. We had heard the Manfred music called his best work, but yesterday's selection hardly seemed to justify such a characterization. It has melodic charm, of course, and structural clarity, but the charm was not enchantment, and the clarity seemed to reveal no impressive depths.

Last on the program came Glazounoff's sixth symphony. His fifth, as Mr. Damrosch expounded it recently, was about as weighty as thistledown, and yesterday's seemed scarcely as ponderable. It is not quite so flagrant in need of quotation marks as the fifth—although Mr. Glazounoff does pay rather marked attention to Isolde in the first movement—but the increasing independence of the composer's thoughts has added little weight to them. The second movement, a theme with variations, was perhaps the nearest approach to a serious utterance. The third was straight out of comic opera. The fourth we cannot for the life of us remember.

Henry H. Gilbert's suite from "Music for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant" had its first performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra Saturday night in Carnegie Hall. The occasion was also the first appearance this season of Henry Hadley as conductor.

The Gilbert suite was preceded by the overture from "Koenigskinder," given a charming, perhaps slightly sentimental reading by Mr. Hadley, and the Brahms violin concerto, in which Toscha Seidel played the solo. There was much magnetism and fire in Mr. Seidel's work, and a fine restraint and eloquent lyric smoothness in the adagio particularly. But the opus of making this work a success in this movement rested on Mr. Hadley, who produced a molten, lambent stream of melody from his ensemble. It was successful to a high degree.

The "Pilgrim Suite" began with a statement of the pilgrim adventurer theme, a call of half a dozen notes on the horns, somewhat "Rheingolden" in color. This led into the "Norse scene," moody and wayward, with two or three very moving dramatic passages and concluding with a series of elegiac phrases for strings, with harp pizzicati and lamentation by oboes. Then followed three brief sections: French and Indian one, with "En Passant par la Lorraine" interpolated into a pastorelle, broad and simple with undulating cadences; an Indian dance and the closing "Pestience" a dirge for flute, strings in rising chromatics and mournful tom-tom of drum. Very canny was the use of the "pilgrim theme" weakened and muffled in this last. The suite as a whole has not the seriousness of its opening section, but it is all colorful, fresh native music, and evidently made a place for itself with the audience. A. C.

HEIFETZ PLAYS AT CARNEGIE.

Capacity Audience Grets Brilliant Young Violinist.

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, played to a capacity audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon in his third recital of the season. Mr. Heifetz played Joseph Achron's sonata for violin and piano, with Isidor Achron at the piano; Spohr's concerto No. 8 and several lighter compositions, including "Aus der Heimat," by Smetana, a valse by Juan, and other numbers by Spalding, Popper, Tschalkowsky and Paganini. Samuel Chotzloff accompanied Mr. Heifetz.

There is little need to summarize the merits of Mr. Heifetz's familiar artistry. He played his program beautifully. Joseph Achron's sonata, a somewhat impressionistic, loosely knit and technical work, did not afford many opportunities for superlative playing, but the Spohr concerto was distinguished by a fine, exalted style, restrained, yet spirited and emotional, and flawless in purity of tone and accent. Mr. Heifetz apparently shows sentiment as a player, but he succeeded yesterday in playing with a high degree of color and warmth.

His bowing was excellent and he played in a singularly impressive and sincere manner. His brilliant technique was displayed to advantage in Popper's "Fluise," Paganini's "Ca-

price" and Juan's attractive valse. Mr. Achron, although inclined to overshadow his colleague, played his part of the sonata well, and a word of praise is due for Mr. Chotzloff for his modest and finished accompanists.

PABLO CASALS IN RECITAL.

Spanish Cellist Delights Town Hall Audience.

Pablo Casals, the distinguished Spanish cellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Town Hall before an audience that quite filled the place. He played Handel's G major sonata, Boccherini's B flat concerto and Bach's D major suite for cello unaccompanied, as well as shorter pieces by Florent, Schmidt, Faure, Granados and Saint-Saens. Edouard Gendron was at the piano.

Recitals by Mr. Casals invite extended chants of praise, but, on the other hand, the entertainment may properly be dismissed with the bald statement that the famous artist played as he always does, which is not precisely as any one else does.

The student of sheer virtuosity might have enthused over Pablo Casals's program yesterday afternoon at Town Hall; it is pretty certain that the layman who came mainly for emotional stimulus would have proclaimed it rather dull. Perhaps composers do not write for the violin-cello any more; at any rate, all but about fifteen minutes of yesterday's two-hour recital was devoted to the old masters who take much technique for what they have to say, but too often convey little to the modern. The afternoon began with Handel's G major sonata, followed by Boccherini's B flat concerto. This quasi-interminable work called for a variety of digital pyrotechnics, and won much applause, but there was small opportunity for lyric beauty of tone, one of the major charms of the cello.

Lastly came a group of four short numbers—Florent Schmidt's "Chant Elegien," a moving and eloquent dirge; Faure's "Papillons" in a fragile, scintillating allegretto; Saint-Saens's "Allegro Appassionata" and a Granados "Spanish Dance," garish and colorful, ending in the most enchanting of pianissimos. This last had to be repeated.

Edna Thomas gave a unique recital at the Broadhurst Theatre last night, when she sang for a sizable audience a program of what might be termed "songs from the core of American folk music," for the numbers were all plantation melodies and airs from Creole sources in an old New Orleans patois. One is tempted to break superlatives in describing it. Here was a Chauve Souris at our own doors, with a solitary talented woman, of compelling magnetism and rich lyric contralto singing our own music as well as anything has been sung by any of the numerous Continental Miss Thomas has the same indefin-

ballads who have flooded our shores this season.

able charm that brought the world to Yvette Guilbert; she has skill at interpretation and coloring her tones to glorify her material; she is a genuine artist to her fingertips.

On her program were ten spirituals, some well known, like "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," some like "Rise, Mourner, Rise," fresh to most ears, and full of beauty. Her group of street-peddlers' cries from New Orleans was a novelty of real folk-value. And then there were ten Creole songs, of which "Al Suzette" alone was worth an evening. "Lisette to Quitta la Plaine" was another gem; one wanted more and more. "Toucoultu," a derisive mockery song of the "yellow nigger" was another of the several which had to be repeated. Miss Thomas should have a larger public. Native folk-song, the intrinsic beauty of her songs, and her own first-rate art all deserve it.

Metropolitan Opera Concert.

Wagner, Puccini, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Ponchelli, Liszt, Bizet, Gounod, Chopin and Strauss supplied the numbers for the most eclectic Sunday night opera concert that has been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the guest soloist in a memorable playing of Liszt's Concerto (E-flat) for Piano with Orchestra, and later in a brilliant playing of two Etudes and a Ballade by Chopin. Cecili Arden, contralto; Morgan King-

ston, tenor; Yvonne d'Arle, soprano; Frances Peralta, soprano; Queena Mario, soprano, and Rafael Diaz, tenor, sang arias from those operas in which they are best known. The Metropolitan Orchestra under Mr. Ram-boschek played the Overture from "Die Meistersinger" and Strauss's Waltz, "Weinst, Weinen und Song."

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Mme. Alda Sings Siren in 'Loreley'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The season at the Metropolitan Opera House entered upon its ninth week last evening. The opera was Catalan's "Loreley," which Mr. Gatti-Casazza formerly rescued from long silence and propelled into the line of successes at the institution, so skillfully guided by him. The opera was lately introduced to Philadelphia, where its instant leap into popular favor staggered even the singers engaged in its presentation. It has gained admirers here, too, and seems likely to linger in the repertory for some time to come.

These are facts which belong to the record and have no relation to critical considerations of the opera as a work of art. The cast which delivers Catalan's melodies to the public this season consists of Mme. Alda as the young woman who is transformed into a Rhine siren, Mme. Sundelius as the unhappy rival, Mr. Gigli as the lover "torn by conflicting emotions," Mr. Mardones as the harmless, necessary father, and Mr. Danise as the unfortunate gentleman who in the game of love draws nothing but opportunities to philosophize in vain solos.

All of these singers were in good condition last evening and the performance of the opera proceeded with effect and with evident gratification to the audience.

Anton Bilotti Is Heard in Recital at Town Hall; Norwegian Soprano Sings Varied Program in Evening

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

There was brilliance in the performance of Anton Bilotti, a young Italian-American pianist, yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. With technical display as one of his principal characteristics, Mr. Bilotti played runs, trills and other complications of an ambitious program—Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt. He played with smoothness, confidence and a remarkable degree of speed, sustaining the enthusiasm of his hearers. In shading and expression Mr. Bilotti inclined to the bright and the spectacular. The Busoni arrangement of Bach's Fantasia, smooth and scintillant, was as much Busoni as Bach, if not more so, while Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata was taken at a flying pace, with furious outbursts of sound in louder passages and some hardness of touch. It was a highly seasoned, perhaps overseasoned, performance, but one which had its due effect on the audience.

In the Chopin numbers Mr. Bilotti could, and did, play clear-cut softer passages, but there was apt to be a lack of the intermediate degrees between these and the fortes. There was emphasis of the theme in the bass in the Etude, Op. 28, No. 11. In the A flat major Polonaise Mr. Bilotti produced a gradual crescendo until an orchestra would have been needed to express his desires, but there was a lack of color in the "raindrop" prelude, for instance. Mr. Bilotti undoubtedly is a skillful pianist, but requires some sobering and broadening of style. Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves" ended a program freely sprinkled with encores.

In the evening Agatha Berkhoel, a young Norwegian soprano, gave a recital in German with Schubert and Schumann numbers, Norwegian and English. With a rather agreeable, sympathetic manner she had a voice of limited scope, apt to show signs of strain and some tremolo if pushed. On this account her expression of the opening group of German lieder was somewhat hampered except in the softer passages. Her voice improved considerably during the ensuing group of Scandinavian songs by Sinding, Borreson, Sibelius and Grieg, becoming fuller and pleasing in the latter's three numbers "Et Syn," "Ved Ronderne" and "Og jeg vil ha." It had an agreeable lyric quality and brought out sympathetically the different moods,

pathetic and cheerful. This better singing continued in the English numbers by John Powell, Richard Hageman, Watts, Fairchild and Clara Edwards, in which her diction, as in German, was very faint. Coenraad V. Bos accompanied. The audience was sympathetic and prone to prolonged applause.

Beethoven Association Gives Second Concert

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

As a rule one can be assured of an enjoyable evening with the Beethoven Association, and such was yesterday evening at Aeolian Hall during its second concert of this season. Mme. Charles Cahier, who sang recently with the Friends of Music, gave the Schumann "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle. Jacques Thibaud, Pablo Casals and Harold Bauer opened the program with Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 70, No. 2).

The three artists were in good form and their playing was of the type that might be expected and blended well. The smooth, expressive quality of Mr. Bauer's performance at the piano and the singing quality of tone brought out by Messrs. Thibaud and Casals were a thoroughly agreeable combination—not that it was perfect. Strings, for instance, buzzed at infrequent intervals, but with little harm to the general effect. Albert Stoessel joined the three for the last number, the Brahms piano quartet in C major, Op. 25, which also had well blended expression and charm. The opening allegro was taken vigorously in contrast to the mysterious quality of the muted passage in the next movement, the four players suiting their performance to the varying moods. It was not, perhaps, one of Flonzaley smoothness, but one to be enjoyed.

Mme. Cahier brought expression and devotion to the Schumann cycle. Her singing had the characteristics of her appearance with the Friends of Music, considerable vocal range and a rich quality of tone, but one showing some signs of wear. This was slightly labored quality to the whole. Mme. Cahier was effective in the graver, tragic passages, for which her tone was well adapted, her lower notes helping to bring out the full pathos of the last song in the cycle, "Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan," which was well sung. Mr. Bauer gave a well-proportioned, sympathetic accompaniment. Every one concerned was warmly rewarded by a large, well-satisfied audience.

ALDA, JOHNSON AND SEIDEL AT MUSICALE

January Series of Bagby Mornings Start.

Mr. Bagby's January series of musical mornings began yesterday and there was a representative audience at the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Frances Alda and Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan and Mr. Toscha Seidel, violin. The accompanists were Frank La Forge, Ellmer Zoller and Francesco Longo.

Mme. Alda sang "Addio" from Puccini's "Boheme" and the Gavotte from the same composer's "Manon Lescaut." With Mr. Johnson she sang the duo from the first act of "Madama Butterfly." Her numbers also included some songs in English and French. Mr. Johnson sang old English songs, some by Haendel and Rubenstein, the tenor solo from the second act of Bizet's "Carmen" and that from the first act of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Seidel played compositions of Tschakowsky, Gossec, Mendelssohn, Schubert-Wilhelm and Sarasate.

By MAX SMITH.

JUAN MANEN, famous Spanish violinist, not heard here in two years, made his first appearance of the season last night in Carnegie Hall with Dr. Karl Riedel, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as his associate at the piano.

Beginning with Saint-Saens's B minor concerto—what a pity, though, that in this he had no orchestra at his disposal—he devoted the rest of his programme for the most part to works arranged and adapted by himself. These included Tartini's G minor Sonata, known as the



JUAN MANEN

"Devil's Trill"; Paganini's "Le Streghe," and pieces by Bach, Daquin ("Le Coucou") and Lasserre. There was also a composition of his own entitled "Lied." And Bazzini's "Danse des Lutins" served as a final offering.

Senor de Manen is not only an accomplished fiddler—a virtuoso, in fact, though by no means in the superficial sense—but a composer of genuine merit. His works include a symphonic poem, "Nova Catalonia"; two violin concertos, variations on a theme of Tartini for violin and orchestra, a suite for piano and violin with orchestra, chamber music and songs. He has also written several operas, the last, "Der Weg zur Sonne," produced recently, if the writer is well informed, in Germany.

The tone he drew from his violin last night (Nahan Franko, by the way, is the happy possessor now of one of Manen's finest Cremona instruments) was distinguished by beauty, warmth and expressiveness rather than by volume and power.

Exquisite euphony, unmarred by roughness of attack; concentrated expressiveness in sustained cantilena, never verging, however, on the sentimental; lightness of bowing and breadth combined; technical precision and utmost purity of intonation, even in difficult chord formations; distinction of style unobtrusive and repose. These were leading traits in his playing.

Only one fault, indeed, could be detected, a tendency to slide up to the tone. This was noticeable even in the G string Air by Bach, given as an encore.

Jan 10 1923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

In pursuance of its commendable policy of giving frequent hearings to new works, and of including in them the works of American composers, the Philharmonic Society at its concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening gave the first performance in New York of a new symphony by Frederick S. Converse of Boston. Henry Hadley conducted.

Mr. Converse's compositions have long been known in New York, and have given him the reputation of one of the stronger and better equipped of American composers; one who stands solidly on his own feet—a conservative, as that term might be used in the year 1923, who has not been swept from the roadstead of clear thinking, vigorous imaginations and sound expression by the cross-currents of the latest fancies in musical art. He is a conservative, but at the same time one whose musical inspiration is individual and personal.

His symphony, which was composed a year ago, is symphonic music for its own sake without an attempt to express more than moods—moods which he has enumerated as of "suffering of resolute defiance, of consolation, hope and joy, which moods all of us experience in life." The musical expression of these moods has power, intensity, charm, imagination and musical beauty.

Mr. Converse is a melodist, and his symphony is notable for the abundance of its melodic ideas. His harmony is not strained, but he puts no reliance upon set patterns, and there are both freshness and richness in this aspect of his work. He also has a firm command of form as a vehicle for the expression and development of musical ideas. His construction of this symphony in three movements is tightly knit and substantial, a cogent development of ideas in themselves significant.

The first movement is deeply serious and even vehement in expression. Into the second the composer has compressed slow movement and scherzo together, and in this he has used for his scherzo theme a motive said to be of Indian origin, though as it appears in the music

it has none of the stubborn angularity that belongs to most Indian motives. Fluent and engaging melody is especially prominent in this movement. Mr. Converse has written with color and sonority for the orchestra, in the main with skill, though there are passages in the first movement in which the orchestral fabric seemed to have its interstices. The symphony seemed to be on its first hearing here a substantial contribution to American art, though it is not one to lead it into new paths.

Toscha Seidel played Brahms's concerto for violin, as he did the other evening in Carnegie Hall, and the program closed with Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan."

Bachaus Piano

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

How long the conundrum "What is worse than a flute?" and its answer, "Two flutes," has amused the musicians of Germany cannot be told. It

may have had a classical origin, for we have an impression that in the "Tusculan Disputations" there is an observation to the effect that it was said among the Greeks that he who could not learn to play the lyre might take up the flute, the implication being, of course, that any one could learn to play the latter instrument. After having kept silent for half a century on a subject which called the weak Teutonic witticism to mind, we are at length moved to say that though attendance on one concert in an evening for 200 successive evenings is frequently a weariness to the flesh, attendance on two concerts is doubly an affliction—especially if the first affair is on a plane of excellence which charms the soul and lightens labor and the second is little else than a test of endurance.

Philharmonic Concert Barren

Of nearly every thing which made Mr. Bachaus's pianoforte recital in Town Hall last night a delight the concert of the Philharmonic Society, given at the same time in the Metropolitan Opera House, was barren. There ought to have been a larger measure of interest (or at least curiosity) in the orchestral concert than in the pianoforte recital, for Mr. Hadley, who conducted the former, having been deputed this season to make propaganda for the American composer, produced a new symphony by Mr. Frederick Shepherd Converse, while Mr. Bachaus played what some persons might be tempted to call an altogether too familiar list of pieces, comprising Bach's "Italian" concerto, Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Schumann's "Papillons," a group of pieces by Chopin, an Introduction and Fugue by Dohnanyi and two of the war horses which pianists are fain to play to make a scintillant conclusion. But when the peripatetic reviewer left Town Hall feeling that he had been lifted into a high and pure atmosphere and kept there throughout the concerto and sonata and reached the opera house too late to hear enough of Mr. Converse's symphony to form an opinion touching its merits, he was depressed to find that Mr. Toscha Seidel, though he played Brahms's violin concerto was utterly unable to excite his already languid spleen even by the seraphic song of the slow movement. Every alternate moment of the bottom seemed dropping out of the music; phrases became all but inaudible, the tone of his violin lost its vitality and the performance became more and more listless and apathetic.

Pianist Seldom Equaled

Mr. Bachaus, on the contrary, caught even the most incurious ear with his first phrase and held sense, fancy and emotion in joyous bondage to the conclusion. Better pianoforte playing we have not heard for years; little good. It was not marred by a single technical defect; it was free from the slightest vestige of affectation, nobility in sentiment, clear as a mountain brook, strong in its reposefulness, full of throbbing vitality, exquisite in gradations of dynamic expression and color. That he had made many admirers on his earlier visits was disclosed before he began playing, for was received with round after round of applause on his entrance, and demonstrations of enthusiastic and grateful delight came from his large audience after every number.

Mr. Hadley's program besides a symphony by Mr. Converse and a Brahms concerto included Strauss' "Don Juan."

Renee Chemet,

In a season well filled with all kinds of violin playing it was a distinct pleasure to listen to the recital of Renee Chemet, a French violinist widely known at home but hardly here, though she was heard here season or two ago as a soloist. At Aeolian Hall last night she gave a convincing demonstration of her talent considerably above the average, a well-proportioned performance notable both for tone and technique.

Shown in the opening numbers, Tartini's G minor sonata and the one D major by Handel, the violinist had a clear, smooth tone of agreeable fullness, not the smoothness and volubility of Mr. Kreisler's, but sufficient to her purpose. Her technique, while not aggressively brilliant, enabled her to play the complicated passages in the eighteenth century numbers with a parent ease. Numbers of this type can be tedious if indifferently played or even with a purely technical brilliance. As performed by Mlle. Chemet they had life and charm, the latter especially in the Larghetto of the Handel sonata.

Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole was another long number. It was well played, with an agreeably rhythmic vivacity in the last movement, and a Spanish atmosphere. This was preceded by the Beethoven F major concerto, with shorter pieces by Vivaldi and Mozart, Kreisler's arrangement of Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me" and Sarasate's Habanera. The Carnevali was the accompanying

The quality of Mrs. Chomet's performance was really recognized and acknowledged by her hearers. The afternoon at Aeolian Hall, Mrs. Drury gave her second piano of the season and met the favorable opinion won at earlier appearances with a dashing manner and technique entirely adequate for a from simple program that included Lattini Pastorale and Capriccio, Beethoven's A flat major sonata, Op. 10, with the funeral march, Schumann's "Träumerei" and five Chopin Etudes. Throughout she played with confidence, no lack of warmth and spirit, with reference for the higher speeds. Her style is not yet altogether made and there was a tendency toward undue, almost explosive emphasis on the loudest points, with a touch for smoother shading. The pianist, who ended with the well-known Schumann version of the "Blue Danube" waltz, had a fair and enthusiastic group of supporters.

English and French critics have praised Mme. Chomet to Pitz and for good reasons. She has the rhythmic incisiveness and the quickening trait and which prevents her and her playing from being even dull for a second. She has a flawless intonation, his golden purity of tone, his elegance of style, and his instinctively correct phrasing. He proclaims him and her—every one an artist.

How Kreislerian were the enrapturing accents and the dazzling rapidity with which she dashed off the "Dance of the Flutes" of Mozart. She had to repeat it. She had to repeat also Kreisler's arrangement of Dvorak's gloriously emotional (when thus played) "Songs of a Mother Taught Me." It would have been interesting if the second time she had chosen Maud Powell's version of this masterpiece, which is so lovely. Mme. Chomet is Maud Powell's successor in being, next to Kreisler, the most fascinating of living violinists. And as Kreisler looks very much a gentleman, she looks very much a lady—French, at that, with a taste for dress suitable to a lady and a grace of attitude and movement that greatly add to the impression she makes. No wonder she plays again wherever she plays.

In the eighteenth century, Irish style, "The Holly Bush," she had the nerve and vitality of Percy Grainger, and in the final brilliant "Habanero" of Sarasate she ran that great virtuoso a close race. She made even Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" interesting, and that's something to boast of.

Frieda Hempel's Recital
Frieda Hempel sang last night at Carnegie Hall—sang to an audience that awarded many encores and which recorded her in wholehearted admiration. As easy to understand in German and French as in English, she loved to look at as to hear, as old in her sustained tones as in her florid singing, it may be said at the concert was not a put too a point upon it, a success. Her programme was chosen in a way calculated to discredit Aeolian's claim that it is impossible to please with the music of Schumann and Brahms. She started with, then, seveneenth century songs from France and Switzerland, including that delightful ballad of La Petite Jeanneton, no set such an excellent example as the other demoiselles; next was Beethoven's aria from "L'Etoile du Nord," with two flutes. This was excellently done—one marvels at the fading surety of pitch with which she lands on the musical terra firma of a spirited dialogue among the flutes with the flute. Mme. Hempel sang the group of Irish songs so beautifully and yet so simply as to gain an undying gratitude of her hearers; there is there another prima donna who has the good taste to sing "Beethoven's All Those Endearing Young Charms," without a single change in the score? Not a trill, not a cadenza to mar its perfection. The first number was a Strauss waltz, the favorite encore seemed to be that waltz, "The Night Wind," which heard a great deal this winter. As an accompanist, Mr. Bos gave very good support, but he has an irritating habit of playing chords and pedaling before each number which lacks of pailor singing at Cousinnie's, where it is the player's privilege to quiet the tumult of all relatives before the performer starts. It is as if he said to a Carnegie audience, "Come, come, now; don't you want to hear the lady sing?" An expectant silence would be so much better and more suited to his excellent accompanying. H. M.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
"Cost Fan Tutte," an opera buffa in two acts by Mozart, sung in Italian.

The Cast.
Don Alfonso.....Adamo Didur
Ferrando.....George Meader
Guglielmo.....Giuseppe De Luca
Dorabella.....Frances Peralta
Florindella.....Florence Easton
Dapina.....Lucretia Bori
Conductor.....Arlur Bodanzky

By H. E. Krehbiel
(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)
It might be worth while some day to look over the list of new operas produced at the Metropolitan Opera House since Mr. Gatti came to administer its affairs, compare it with the list of old operas which he has taken out of the limbo of forgotten things and note the relative proportion of successes and failures in each category—news-paper critics have frequently amused themselves, if not their readers, by referring to his excavations as if he were a musical archaeologist. We fancy, however, that on the whole he has succeeded oftener with works from which he has brushed off the accumulated dust of generations than he has with works fresh from the pens of composers of his day and ours.

He has disappointed himself and the public in both directions; and what manager would not? The popular taste is fickle and it is frequently not the opera but the performance which determines success or failure. The character of the performance depends upon the skill and intelligence of the artists concerned in it. In the German régime, which did much to establish appreciation of the higher forms of the lyric drama, Beethoven's "Fidelio" was so disastrous a failure in one season that it was eliminated from the repertoire; but when it was restored subsequently at the urgent request of some of its lovers it stood on the top of the list in popularity and was given a representation outside of the subscription list (a rare thing in those days) because there were singers like Lehmann, Brandt and Emil Fischer to interpret it. The loss of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro" from the repertoire was due to a want of capable interpreters of their principal characters in the Metropolitan company, not to lack of appreciation of Mozart's music. "Cost fan tutte" was a success last season and its reception last night plainly indicated that it will achieve another triumph this year. It does not enlist such a galaxy of singers as used to make its greater companions welcome under the consulate of Maurice Grau, and its artistic appeal is not so profound; but the beauty of its music, the spirited performance of its comedy and its novel and beautiful scenic investiture have plainly captured the hearts of the best element among the opera-lovers of the city. If it is still so full of beautiful vitality, then so must its companions be, and we can think of no greater artistic boon which Mr. Gatti could confer upon his patrons than equally excellent performances of "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Die Zauberflöte" and, if he were willing to attempt another Mozartian novelty, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

The performance last night was in all things a counterpart of the performances of last season. There were the same conductor, Mr. Bodanzky (who shows a fine sense of the effervescent spirit of the comedy and its music), the same singers—Mmes. Easton, Peralta and Bori and Messrs. Meader, De Luca and Didur—and the same delightfully archaic stage furniture. The outburst of merriment in the audience when Miss Bori, disguised as a physician, produced a monstrous magnet and proceeded to bring the supposedly dying love-sick swains to life indicated that some of the spectators interpreted the act as a playful satire on the curative which is occupying a large share of attention to-day. An interesting historical fact which may be noted in connection with this incident is that the fed of mesmerism which Da Ponte and Mozart smilingly chastised in the scene had just run its course in Europe when the poet and composer wrote the opera. Dr. Mesmer, indeed, was a friend of the Mozart family, and the opera "Bastien and Bastienne," which Mozart composed

when he was a boy, had its first performance in the magnetic practitioner's garden-house.
"Tosca," with, of course, Mme. Jeritza in the title role, was given in the afternoon for the benefit of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Society of the Lying-In Hospital and, judging by the quality of the performance and the size of the audience, which filled all seats and standing room, proved a wise choice. Mr. Scotti was Scarpia, with Mr. Martinelli as Cavaradossi and Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

This is that of the Metropolitan House effort to keep the opera from being swamped in the great space of the Metropolitan Opera House, or at least to give that appearance. The opera was, of course, intended for a much smaller theatre, and properly belongs in such a one now. The smaller stage curtailed off from the rest of the stage at the Metropolitan, raised by a short flight of steps, gives with some plausibility the effect desired of a greater intimacy. There is at least an effect appropriate to the scene. "Realism" is, no doubt, sacrificed thereby; but of all operas now extant, "Cost fan Tutte" can doubtless as well dispense with realism as any.

The curtains of roccoco design, the old-fashioned footlights with glass chimneys, the four liveried footmen solemnly lighting them and the two big chandeliers, are a harmless attempt to give the impression of the eighteenth century theatre, from which the Metropolitan is so hopelessly distant; and by most were found pleasing.

Still more important is the devising of the decorations so that the numerous changes required by the seven scenes may be quickly made, and the rapid movement, upon which so much of the success of the performance depends, need not be long impeded. The scenery, painted by Mr. Urban, gives delightful representation of eighteenth century rooms, and the garden overlooking the sea reproduces the atmosphere of the time and place. The costumes are designed with taste and historical correctness, and all the outward aspects of the performance please the eye and the taste of the audience.

Ernesto Berumen, who appeared in his first recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, can always be depended upon to produce an interesting program, full of novel piano works. Yesterday, once having got the classics off his mind, he devoted the remainder of the recital to contemporary music.

He had begun with Handel's "Chaconne with Variations," which he played with rather obscuring brilliancy. Then came Haydn's "Minuetto glososo" in a form revised by Mr. Berumen, which received a sure delicacy of touch. The Gluck ballet, "The Happy Shades," later on was not so lambent as it might have been; it was rather jerky and uneven. Beethoven's "Dance" ended the classic group.

The modern numbers included a "Ballade on Two Mexican Themes," which made one suspect that the themes used must have been the trans-Rio Grande equivalent for "Wait till the Sun Shines, Nellie," for they were banal in the extreme and barely endured the harmonic treatment which Ponce had given them. All music is not good, merely because imported. Two Mexican folk-songs followed, saccharine and tawdry.

Mr. Berumen played them well, but his material was distinctly below par. Latin cheapness is the cheapest thing in the world; a Viennese, an Italian, a Russian sentimental ballad is generally fairly good music; South America, when it would strike the popular note, wallows in syrup.

The remainder of the program included works by Granados, Scott, Debussy, MacDowell, Grainger, Kaun and La Forge—which names tell perfectly how really good some programs can be.

An agreeable recital was offered by Tom Williams, a barytone, who sang last night at Town Hall in six languages, including Russian and Welsh. While his voice was not of remarkable dimensions nor his tone of perfect quality, the general effect was pleasing, with nothing to rasp the ear. He had a command of considerable expression, from the caressing to the declamatory. This latter was shown in the opening number, "Pieta, mio caro bene," of Buononcini, while Mr. Williams's soft notes were expressive in Rhene-Baton's Berceuse. In these and at intervals during the first half of the recital there was a thickness of tone, occasionally tremulous, which cleared up later on.

Besides Wolf and Strauss numbers his German group included two numbers by Leland A. Cossart, melodious in the orthodox German manner. He showed an agreeable lighter touch in two of the numbers in English—Albert Spaulding's "On Her Dancing," with a lively accompaniment to match, and the marked Irish atmosphere of H. O. Osgood's "Beyond Rathkelly." There was a plaintive number, the "Lament of Dan the Proud" by Charles Griffes,

with other songs in English by Hubert Hutchinson, Carl Engel and Jean Kursteiner. Two Gretchenoff songs and two old Welsh numbers completed the program. Mr. Williams's French diction had its faults, his German was better and his English good. As for Russian and Welsh it would not be safe to judge.

New York Banks Glee Club Concert.
Bruno Huhn conducted the New York Banks Glee Club in a concert at Carnegie Hall last evening, when the men's chorus was assisted by Leanne Laval, contralto, and Helen Jeffrey, violin, as well as in accompaniments by William Falk at the piano and Alfred Boyce at the organ. Miss Laval sang an air from Herodiade, and Miss Jeffrey gave Sarasate's "Carmen" fantasy and pieces by d'Ambrosio and Novak. Among the glee songs were Dudley Buck's "The Nun of Nidaros," Christian's "Marjory," Wake's "Up," and Walter Kramer's "The Last Hour," with incidental solos for Marlin Hollander, Gordon Imlie, Ralph Kelly and Dr. Stephen McGrath.

By H. E. Krehbiel
(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)
The Elshuco Trio, which seems rapidly to be acquiring the Kneisel Quartet audiences of a past much regretted but full of happy memories entertained and also edified a large gathering in Aeolian Hall last night. The organization has undergone several changes of personnel since it was called into being a few years ago and now consists of William Kroll, violin; Willem Willeke, violoncello, and Aurelio Giorno, pianoforte. Its vicissitudes have wrought no change in the character of its performance, however, which is marked by the finish, grace, elegance and purity of tone of the quartet which, in a way, was its precursor. The newcomer this season is Mr. Kroll, who is of the school of Kneisel and has made his mark in our concert rooms both as a performer and composer.

It was the final number of last night's program which sent the audience home in a blithesome mood—Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op. 90, a purling brook of exquisite melodies and graciously stirring rhythms, flowing between banks of lush grasses and fragrant wild flowers. But as everybody in the room had long ago taken that music to his heart, and the majority of the listeners were also familiar with Brahms's Trio in C, Op. 87, the center of curiosity as well as interest was the middle number, which, we believe, received its first public performance in New York. This was a trio by Paul Juon entitled "Litanie," which, we take it, is based melodically on a melody borrowed from the ritual of the Russian-Greek Church.

The composer, who is a Russian whose training, we fancy from the music, was received in France and Germany, calls the piece a tone-poem. It is, as a matter of fact, a fantasy on the ecclesiastical tune, which recurs at intervals with modern adornments, the most striking of which is a chromatic flourish in which the violoncello plays a long succession of fifths, which is the not long distant past would have set the teeth of conservative theoreticians on edge, but which, far from giving offense last night, were heard on each recurrence with pleasure and awaited with eager expectancy. Had a pedant protested against the device as a forbidden thing in harmony, we imagine that the composer would have been justified in retorting as Beethoven did on a historic occasion—that consecutive fifths used in such manner had his sanction. In cases like this one may say with Mr. Gilbert's little Japanese school girl: "Bless you! It all depends." The Trio is a delightful piece of music, symmetrical in form, ingratiating in both melody and harmony. It was obvious that the audience enjoyed it though the Schubert Trio came like a refreshing breeze after it and waded into forgetfulness even the Trio by Brahms.

By Deems Taylor
(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)
THE PHILHARMONIC.
Myra Hess was the soloist with the Philharmonic last night in Carnegie Hall, playing Beethoven's fourth piano concerto. It was Miss Hess's first orchestral appearance there this season, and the audience greeted her with flattering enthusiasm both before and after she played. The young English pianist soon proved that the pleasant memories she left behind her last season were well grounded, for she gave an appealing and poetic

the concerto. The first movement was keyed a little low; it might have had more thunder and lightning than she gave it. The others, however, were beautifully done, with romantic charm in the slow movement and a never falling bubbling eagerness of tone and rhythm that made the rondo irresistible.

The novelty of the evening was another of the American works that Henry Hadley is introducing this month, a symphonic poem, "The Siren Song," by Deems Taylor. The work was written in 1912, and won the orchestral prize awarded by the National Federation of Musical Clubs in 1913. It was not performed at the time, was revised three years later, and received its first performance last summer at one of the Stadium concerts, under Mr. Hadley's baton.

The piece takes its name from a poem by Joseph Tiers Jr.—too long to quote here—that recounts how the mariners at sea hear the siren's song rising from its gray depths, and lose their souls. If one resists her spell, he reaches safety and the sunlight again, only to be haunted forever by her voice.

As George Bernard Shaw pointed out in the preface to "The Irrational Knot," human beings are entirely renewed every seven years, so that an author may properly treat a twenty-year-old novel of his own as the work of a stranger. Such being the case, perhaps a reviewer may be similarly distant toward his own eleven-year-old symphonic poem. So far as we are concerned, "The Siren Song" is virtually a posthumous work, written by a young man whom we imperfectly—if fondly—remember.

We thought it a promising work with a certain freshness of feeling and a disarming simplicity of utterance that partly atoned for its lack of well-defined individuality. It followed the program with clarity and a degree of dramatic effectiveness, although the music did not seem to reach very far beneath the surface of the subtle and rather neurotic poem whose mood it aimed to express.

The thematic material is, on the whole, good and offers possibilities for development, of which the composer has not always availed himself. The middle section, the "Siren" theme, was best handled and had flashes of local beauty, and a martial section that followed had vigor and good rhythm.

Structurally, the piece is a little naive. The development is neither elaborate nor particularly skillful, for the transitions are not always smooth, and some of the joints gape alarmingly. The spirit of Wagner hovers undeniably over much of the work. We could trace no direct Wagnerian reminiscences, but much of the scoring, as well as the treatment of the themes, showed the hand of Richard.

The orchestration was fairly good. There were occasional passages whose effect was probably somewhat different from what the composer had intended, but on the whole the instrumentation, if not brilliant, was sound.

Mr. Hadley and the orchestra gave the new work a colorful and spirited performance that helped it greatly. On the whole, "The Siren Song" interested us. We should like to hear more works by the same composer.

Although Deems Haylor has been known as a composer for some years and lately as the music reviewer for the *World*, his name appeared last evening for the first time on a Philharmonic Society program. "The Siren Song" was written in 1912 and won the prize of that year for orchestral composition awarded by the National Federation of Music Clubs. It was rewritten and reorchestrated in 1915-1916 and was first performed at a Stadium concert under the direction of Henry Hadley on July 18, 1922.

The composition is founded on a poem by Joseph Tiers, Jr., and naturally points to the undoing of a soul by the seductiveness of the siren. The work is developed on three principal themes in a clear and well knit structure and with brilliantly effective orchestration, sonorous rich and opulent

in color. The moods of the composition are sharply defined and there is no mistaking the lonely sea, the singing siren, the crash of emotional forces and the fall of doom. The music is melodious and harmonically full, but not at all extreme. The symphonic poem was received with much applause by the large audience.

Miss Myra Hess, the English pianist, was the soloist in the Beethoven concerto. She played with immense vigor and dash and with fluency of technique, but there was no convincing proclamation of the poetic content of the composition, which is conceded to the tenderest and sweetest of all the piano concertos of Beethoven.

Mr. Taylor is music critic of The *World*, and has before now presented music as well as literature to the New York public. His cantata, "The Chambered Nautilus," sung by the Schola Cantorum six years ago, is remembered as a poetical setting of beautiful verse. He composed "The Siren Song" ten years ago, when he was even a younger man than he is now, and gained with it then the prize of the National Federation of Musical Clubs. Since then the work has been revised and restored; and last summer was played at one of the Stadium concerts.

The music was suggested by a poem by Joseph Tiers Jr., giving a modern picture of what Hamlet told of. Mr. Taylor's music is itself poetical, highly imaginative at points, pictorially suggestive. Its three sections are easily discernible. The first is a representation of the sea, a working up of an undulating theme, then came the siren herself and her song, a truly melodious section not unworthy of the difficult problem to be solved. It was long ago asked what song the siren sang; future inquiries shall now be answered. The song is not only pleasantly melodious; it is presented in a richly light in expressive and intensive harmonies, and is worked up to a passionate and moving climax.

The third section is developed from a martial passage intended to suggest the wanderer's triumph. It may be said that here the composer's invention has not served him so well as in the previous sections and has not kept him quite so far from the commonplace as it has so successfully in them. The development is somewhat more than the substance of the music merits and the physical climax of the piled up orchestral sonorities is not quite matched by the emotional value of the musical substance. But the composition as a whole is of striking beauty and effectiveness, the product of a melodic invention none too common in an arid time and of skill in structural form and in the management of orchestral effects and color. Mr. Taylor's piece was much applauded; Mr. Hadley made several acknowledgments of the applause and finally shared it with the players. But the composer made no sign.

Albert Coates at

There was no soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, unless it was Albert Coates, whose program began with lightness—Rimsky-Korsakoff's engaging fantastic suite from his opera "Tsar Saltan," with its reminiscences of "Coco d'Or" in the first movement and its suggestions of "Scheherazade" in the musical description of the magical island in the third—and ended in profound seriousness with Brahms's Fourth Symphony, with the prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan" as a transition.

It was not an exciting nor a particularly exceptional performance, but was very creditable, showing greater smoothness in the combined efforts of conductor and musicians and giving Mr. Coates a chance for a more thorough display of his powers than in the lighter, rather sugary, music of last Sunday's Gazonoff symphony.

In the Wagner number he showed a taste for bright coloring and marked and rather sudden contrast; outbursts and recessions of sound, with a tendency to overplay the drums; but the Brahms symphony, at least its later half, showed him, it seemed, at his best. At first, indeed, it seemed rather apathetic and none too clear, with emphasis mainly upon high lights and where the brass lay thickest; but the andante had deeper coloring and warmer feeling. There was a distinct liveliness in the scherzo, but not to the sacrifice of smoothness, while the final passacaglia, which can often seem abstract and abstruse, if not actually heavy, had no dry, academic air this time, but one of accentuated and contrasted feeling approaching the "passionate intensity" cited in Mr. La Prade's program notes. The symphony, on the whole, seemed to suit Mr. Coates's style; the long flute solo in the last movement certainly suited Mr. Barrère's.

John Charles Thomas Sings

Appears at Benefit Concert for Reconstruction Hospital

John Charles Thomas was the principal figure at a benefit concert yesterday afternoon for the Reconstruction Hospital. His voice, at least after the earlier measures of his first number, was, as it has been at previous re-

citals this season, full, rich and expressive.

Mr. Thomas's first offering was Percy Kahn's "Ave Maria," with organ accompaniment, and a well-blended violoncello obligato by Bart Wirtz, who was also heard in cello solos by Mozart, Martini and Bruch. Mr. Thomas continued with "Visions Fugitives" from "Herodiade," Pearl Curran's Nocturne, and songs by Debussy, Leonel, Walter Damrosch and others.

Clara Deeks, soprano, shared the program with Mr. Thomas. She displayed a voice pure in tone and adequate in strength, in Strauss's "Rest Thee, My Spirit"; Mahler's "Inana and Gretel," a vocal arrangement of the "Espana" rhapsody, and other numbers. There was a fair-sized, but not a full house. William Janashek was the accompanist.

"ERNANI" SONG AGAIN.

Verdi's Ancient Opera Repeated With Star Cast at Metropolitan.

Rosa Ponselle as Elvira and the doughty Martinelli in the title role last evening vied with the stentorian Titta Ruffo as Don Carlos in again delighting a large audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, where Verdi's ancient opera, "Ernani," threatens to resume sway as one of the "best sellers" in Mr. Gatti's repertoire. It was a brilliantly sung performance and Mlle. Galli in the gyroscopic diversions received a fine demonstration of applause. Mr. Papi conducted.

in 13 1923

Hears Jeritza in Role of Thais

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Thais" was the offering at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, when it was heard by an audience apparently the largest attracted this season by its sensuous charms. Mme. Jeritza as the famous professional beauty of Alexandria, Mr. Whitehill as the venture monk Athanael and Mr. Harrold as the Greek bon vivant Nicias were the chief singers in the cast. But as chief singers invariably receive the most consideration an exception may be made and the secondary artists given precedence in the report of the day. Imprimis, then, the genuinely beautiful singing of Louis d'Angelo in the brief role of Palemon, the old monk, gave pleasure to every lover of musical tones intelligently used.

Miss Marion Telva as Albine, the Mother Superior of the convent which received the repentant Magdalen, was commendable. The Misses Charlotte Ryan and Grace Anthony as the two slaves of Nicias proved that the convivial gentleman was not ungenerous in providing food and raiment for his household. If their merriment over Athanael, as somewhat forced, it should be borne in mind that people do not laugh in time to music, although there is a time to laugh. In music people sing and that the two presentable young women did as well as they could.

About the previously mentioned chief singers let it be recorded that they sang better than they did at the previous performance. Mr. Whitehill was then suffering from a cold, of which he was free last evening. He sang with discretion, not forcing his tones, and with a firm command of style. Mr. Harrold was less boisterous as Nicias, and consequently was more interesting and more musical.

Finally there was Mme. Jeritza with her generous and alluring display of charms and a picturesque portrayal of the discovery of her soul by a woman who had always thought only of her body. Mme. Jeritza's *Thais* improves, but it is not yet wholly convincing. But if the improvement continues it will probably become so. As already noted she sang better last night than before. Some of the music she delivered with dramatic effect, and the audience was moved to demonstrative applause. Louis Hasselmann conducted.

MME. LISZIEWSKA IN FINE PIANO RECITAL

Marguerite Melville-Liszewska gave another piano recital at Aeolian Hall "Manon" and "Valkyrie" sung in Day last evening, gaining another artistic success and again demonstrating the sterling qualities of her artistry. Schumann's Sonata (F-sharp minor) was her tour de force, and her program also included important and suitable numbers by Rameau-Godowsky, Paderewski,

Ravel, Debussy, Edwin Grasse, Albeniz, Chabrier and a group of four Brahms pieces.

At Carnegie Hall in the afternoon the Philharmonic Society repeated Thursday evening's program with the exception of Saint-Saens's "The Animals Carnival" and Strauss's "Don Juan," in place of which Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" and "Tristan und Isolde" supplied the orchestral selections. Myra Hess again was the soloist in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano with Orchestra.

In the evening the New York Symphony Orchestra repeated its Thursday matinee program.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Josef Hofmann's Recital.

Josef Hofmann appeared for the second time this season in a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, before such an audience as he always plays for in New York, one that filled every seat in the hall, and that was raised to the highest pitch of admiration by what they heard.

There was good reason for it. Mr. Hofmann, in his program, had departed widely from the more usual scheme of things into realms where few can follow him. He was himself more than ever in the vein and his spirit was attuned to the loftiest things. In fact it might be said, conservatively and cautiously, that such piano playing has only most rarely been heard in New York; or say, never.

Here was the art of the pianist raised to its highest power; technically, to a point where technical problems seemed to have vanished as such, and to leave the performer free to concern himself only with the higher artistic and intellectual problems.

All this was most conspicuously displayed in Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" sonata, Op. 106, so called from the fact that in the later years of his life he had a passing fancy to use German words for musical strings instead of Italian, then, as now, more usual; and "Hammerklavier" was the word he preferred to "pianoforte." It has long been a problem to pianists, one of the most difficult of the compositions of Beethoven's last period, comparable in that respect to the last five string quartets. Its difficulties to the player are of the most abstruse sort, technical and intellectual. To the listener there are equal difficulties.

For Mr. Hofmann the difficulties which pianists for a century have groaned over and editors have tinkered were as if they did not exist. He played the work with a stupendous power, with a fiery eloquence that illumined its meaning and for once sounded the depths and made them seem like a message of beauty—sombre, rugged, thorny, but still beauty. He made a lucid exposition of its structure and of the monumental outline as plastic development of its themes, especially in the wayward fugue of the last movement, which he took at a great speed that in no way clouded its intricacies. And it was all done with a variety and beauty of tone, a propulsive movement, a pulsing rhythm that never ceased in their appeal to the ear. It was a profoundly impressive performance and was felt as such.

Mr. Hofmann played Schumann's eighth "Novelette" in F sharp minor, one of the composer's more appealing and imaginative piano pieces that pianists strangely neglect. Its deficiency is chiefly one of form, but it has treasures of exalted and romantic feeling that Mr. Hofmann set lavishly before his listeners.

He played Brahms's Rhapsody in E minor with a tempestuous energy, spun infinite delicacies in the two pieces of Scarlatti that pianists so much affect, disregarding several hundred others of the same fibre; worked some tonal delights in Debussy's "Soirée en Grenade," found rhythmical charm in a Gluck by Mozart and ended with a coruscating performance of Godowsky's brilliant fantasia on themes from Johann Strauss's operetta of "Die Fledermaus."

Of course there were many encores—a transcription of Schumann's song, "Widmung," after the "Novelette"; a group of three pieces by Chopin after the sonata by Beethoven, and then more at the end.

IGNAZ FRIEDMAN APPLAUDED

His Playing of Chopin Delights His Hearers in Aeolian Hall.

Ignaz Friedman, whose Chopin playing is "sensational" in the height of polished cameo-phrase and bell-toned inner harmonies, was the magnet of many pianist at Aeolian Hall yesterday, when two Poles cast their spell from opposite ends of this musical town. If ears have silvered his romantic aspect, it was not yet atoned by the ripe musicianship of exquisite trifles, a rondo of Mozart, Beethoven bagatelle, the Bach-Busoni chaconne, a Schubert-Liszt paid and the Strauss-Godowsky "Bat."

His hearers frankly revelled, however in much Chopin melody, with a magical climax in the unnamed études in A minor, F major, G sharp minor and C major. The third of these, a study in thirds, falling light as snowflakes on the keyboard, was redevalued, and he ended the flashing "Butterfly" and E minor waltz.

CARMEN" SUNG IN RING.

Capacity Crowd Hears Opera in Its Own Milieu.

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 13.—A successful season of grand opera has just ended here, the second in thirteen years. Under the management of Andrew Gualardi, who will be remembered by many patrons of the Metropolitan Opera house as a once popular baritone, a rather pretentious group of performers was brought here for a six weeks' run. Miguel Fleta, the Spanish tenor, opened the list, and with him were other artists more or less known in the United States, such as Miss Alice Milla, Vicente Ballester and Laya Schacht. As was the case when Caruso was in Mexico City two years ago "Carmen" is sung in the bullring to a capacity audience.

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By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Henry Hadley introduced another American novelty on the Philharmonic program at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, giving George W. Chadwick's "Anniversary" overture as first New York hearing. Mr. Chadwick conducted the first performance of the work last June at the Norfolk festival, and the Chicago Orchestra, under Frederick Stock, played it Oct. 7 last.

The work carries no program beyond the statement that it was written to celebrate Mr. Chadwick's twenty-fifth anniversary as director of the New England Conservatory of music. It is constructed on three themes, the most important of which, announced first by the oboe, is based on the pentatonic scale. There is an elaborate development of this and no subsidiary motives, with the brass section chanting a vigorous coda.

The piece is structured, of course, with consummate skill. Mr. Chadwick's oft-proved mastery of instrumental forms is proof of that. Despite the composer's disavowal of any specific program, the conclusion seems inescapable that in writing it he must have had something in mind decidedly beyond the traditional concord of sweet sounds, so obviously objective are the lyrical passages and so dramatically abrupt are some of his changes of tempo and mood.

The general atmosphere is a curious mixture of Indian and Latin. The main theme is decidedly aboriginal in intervals and rhythm, and one or two passages recall the less Japanese elements of "Butterfly." Perhaps the retrospective nature of the piece explains this. The Indian theme may refer to the low state of civilization in New England before the conservatory was founded.

This explanation leaves the Italian atmosphere unaccounted for. However, as the treatment of this section generally melancholy, one concludes that the reference is to the late and lamented Boston Opera Company. Negro melodies are discernible in the overture—doubtless out of deference to the authorities of Harvard University.

The overture was cordially received by a large audience, and Mr. Chadwick, who was present in a box, received his acknowledgment to auditors of orchestra.

Mr. Hadley began the day with a vigorous and excellently proportioned performance of the Chalkovsky fourth symphony. In the third movement, "pizzicato ostinato," he took a lot out of Dr. Karl Muck's book by letting the string section play by itself, with no baton to guide it. And yet well the men played it too, giving a performance of which the Boston Symphony need not have been ashamed.

The rest of the program comprised selections from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" and Saint-Saens's "The Animals' Carnival," with Kurt Schindler and Madeleine Marshall at two pianos.

This was the fourth performance of Saint-Saens piece this season, and

we, for one, are beginning to weary of it—not, as the program notes apprehend, because it "diverts music from its proper sphere" but because a lot of it is not music at all.

The "March of the Lion," the "Aquarium," the "Cuckoo," the "Swan" and the finale have some musical interest as well as humor. But the other movements (and there are fourteen in all) are either burlesque performances of familiar tunes or frank imitations of animal sounds.

Saint-Saens was quite right in insisting that his piece be played only in private. It is "shop talk," much of it, just the thing for a frivolous evening at home, but rather attenuated for Carnegie Hall. It is no disparagement of the Lambs' Gambol to doubt its effectiveness if produced for the regular Thursday night subscribers at the Metropolitan.

Artur Schnabel Soloist

By H. E. Krehbiel

The attitude of the audience toward the music of Beethoven, which made up the entire program of the third of this season's subscription concerts by the Society of the Friends of Music in Town Hall yesterday afternoon, did not indicate that the compositions were outmoded. Critics there are in town who no doubt will think, if they do not say, that its interest was chiefly historical, and others who may say, if they do not think, that its beauty was so unrelieved as to make it monotonous and even cloying.

There were only three numbers—one composed in 1806 (the pianoforte concerto in G, which exceeds in poetic loveliness its successor, which bears the proud title "Emperor" through popular, not Beethoven's, sanction); the cantata "A Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage," a later but not riper composition (date 1815), and Fantasia for pianoforte, orchestra and chorus, composed in 1808. This work was consorted with the concerto at its first performance immediately after its composition in December, 1808.

Fantasia Linked With Symphony

We wonder how many in yesterday's audience detected one device common to both concerto and fantasia, and another common to the choral part of the fantasia and one of the climactic effects in the last of the composer's symphonies—the Ninth, with its vocal finale. Beethoven himself in a letter to his publisher hinted at the relationship between the fantasia and the symphony, and we have often wished that some conductor would hit upon the notion of bringing the two works into close juxtaposition at a concert so that an audience trained to listen intelligently and discriminatingly might observe how a small musical germ could grow and blossom into a thing of tremendous magnitude and puissance in a creative mind like Beethoven's. The likeness between the gracious principal tune, which is varied in the fantasia, and the melody invented to express the sentiments of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" and developed through variations to a tremendous climax of power, is obvious enough; but the likeness does not stop there. It is found also in the superb sustained forte harmonies on the words "Lieb und Krait" in the fantasia, again in the splendidly delineative effect in the cantata on the words "In der ungeheuren Weite" (literally "In all the monstrous expanse of the ocean"), and still again in Schiller's words describing the widespread empyrean above which there dwells a gracious God.

There was still another parallelism in Beethoven's methods brought to notice yesterday. The most original feature of the pianoforte concerto is the dialogue between the orchestra and the solo instruments in the slow movement, the rude, brusque assertive phrases of the unison strings answered by sweet admonitions from the pianoforte, until the accents of the band are attuned to gentleness. "It suggests the familiar saying, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,'" as Mr. Muniston aptly remarked in his program notes. This, too, is found again, though as if in embryo, in the instrumental part of the fantasia, just as in the introduction to the choral part of the D minor symphony, a quotation from the Adagio mollifies the protesting basses after they have almost angrily dismissed the recurring themes of the first and second movements. This is something more than idle comment. It is an illuminative disclosure of the workings of the most profoundly poetic musical mind that the world knows. So there was not only delightful entertainment but education as well in Mr. Bodanzky's scheme for yesterday's concert.

Mr. Artur Schnabel played the solo parts in the concerto and the fantasia—played them with clarity, admirable appreciation of their sentiment, impeccable technical finish and great beauty of tone. The chorus, trained by Mr. Townsend, achieved the best results which have yet been heard at the concerts of the society.

Symphony Gives "Tear Saltan."

In Aeolian Hall the Symphony Society under the vigorous baton of Albert Coates gave the "Tear Saltan" music of Rimsky-Korsakov, played at last Thursday's matinee; Cesar Franck's symphonic variations for piano with orchestra and Beethoven's

fifth symphony. The pianist was Mieczyslaw Muenz, who made a happy debut earlier in the season.

Mr. Muenz's playing of the Franck composition was something to remember with delight. This young artist has a command of touch which few others can rival. He has learned how to make the piano sing, no matter how many technical obstacles are thrown in the path. He has an insatiable appetite for euphony, and the cunning of his art is brought to bear on the production of captivating sounds.

But it must not be supposed that he is a mere creator of pretty tones. He employs his skill in making poetic interpretations of fine compositions, and he exemplified this admirably yesterday afternoon. His reading of the variations was especially successful in its vitality of rhythm and its subtle treatment of melodic curves. It was possible to listen to every phrase with the feeling that it was presented with the delicate finish of a cameo. And above all, Mr. Muenz left the hearer at the end of the composition with a conviction that he had heard its entire content. The audience, which was large in spite of the storm, was most demonstrative in its manifestations of pleasure after the solo.

DURIEUX SOLO PLEASES.

Cello Featured at Sixth Symphony Orchestra Concert.

The sixth "pop" concert of the City Symphony Orchestra was given to a large audience at the Century Theater yesterday afternoon. The soloist was William Durieux, cellist, who played the symphonic variations for cello and orchestra by Leon Boellmann. His tone is lyric and pure, although not of great volume, and his performance of the variations was commendable for sincerity and style. Dirk Foch, conducting the orchestra, offered Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," two Hungarian dances by Brahms and Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite "Scheherazade." The orchestra is rapidly achieving a satisfying unity, and yesterday's performance was ably conducted and well played, although it is to be regretted that the full effect of the brass is occasionally dimmed by the recesses of the Century Theater stage.

Gabrilowitsch Plays at Benefit.

Nissip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, played last evening at the Town Hall in the benefit for the Davos Sanatorium in Switzerland and the fund for the relief of men of letters and scientists of Russia. Also on the program were Anna Meitschik, contralto, and Josef Borissoff, violinist. There was a good sized audience, which applauded vigorously and demanded encores which lengthened the program an hour over the time usually taken by such a concert. The pianist chose compositions by his countrymen which afforded him opportunities to display his technical ability. Mr. Borissoff included in his part of the program three interesting compositions of his own and Mme. Meitschik sang Moussorgsky's "Songs of Death" in Russian as well as some Italian and French selections.

Wagner Program at Opera Concert.

A Wagner program filled the Metropolitan at last night's "opera concert," when five stars sang with the orchestra under Mr. Bambooschek's direction. The "Rienzi" overture, "Tannhäuser" march and Good Friday music from "Parsifal" were among the applauded instrumental numbers. There were also a "Tannhäuser" air sung by Mr. Schuetzendorf, the death song of Isolde by Miss Peralta, Wotan's farewell by Mr. Whitehall, and a duet from "The Valkyrie" for Miss Sundelius and Mr. Taucher, who gave in addition solos from "Lohengrin" and "Meistersinger."

"William Tell"

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

There have been many versions of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." We have a thick volume somewhere in our library which probably contains the entire opera. We do not know because we have never heard the entire opera, and have grave doubts if there lives a man who has. Rossini is himself quoted as asking, "Which act?" when told that a performance was in progress at the Académie.

There have been impresarios who thought that the first two acts would

suffice for an evening, and from a purely musical point of view we are inclined to agree with them. We are of that opinion last night when the second performance in many years took place at the Metropolitan Opera House. There remained much agreeable music and pretty spectacle which would have held our attention, as it used to do several decades ago, if the representatives of the rebellious Swiss cantons had not been so unconscionably long in gathering, exchanging passwords and proclaiming their intention to overthrow the tyrant Gessler, also if Mr. Danise had not brandished his muscular arms so continuously. He had only one-fiftieth as many as Briareus, but he kept them so persistently in motion that he might as well have had the full quota of the fabled giant. And he seemed marvelously eager to show their muscular development. He had his right sleeve rolled up as if he were going to slay a bullock when the curtain went up on the first scene, and it was still rolled up when he accepted the call of the men of Uri and Schwyz and the rest of the patriots to lead them against the invaders. Yet all he had to do with that strong right arm was to pull the trigger of his crossbow and pole the fisherman's skiff up the creek which in the new scenery, painted in Italy, takes the place of the Lake of Lucerne, on the shores of which all of the action of the opera is supposed to take place.

Setting Incongruous

In all of the representations of Rossini's opera which we have seen since a revival forty-one years ago at the Academy of Music there has been a ludicrous element in the stage pictures and action, a singular fact in view of the actual scenes of the historical (or more likely legendary) story. We do not know what William Tell looked like, assuming that he really lived and his story is not the development of an ancient sun myth, as some eminently respectable scholars have told us, but we do know something about the scenery which is the natural setting of the story. We know that the Lake of Lucerne is a lake and not a little brawling stream crossed by a bridge. We know that the Grütli (or Rütli) is a sunny bit of green sward opposite the place memorialized by Tell's chapel, and not a cavern, as it was in the days of Henry Abbey's "Guillaume Tell." (There has never been a "Guillaume Tell" in New York so far as we are aware; only a Tell who was Wilhelm when he sang in German and Guglielmo when he sang in Italian). In the current version the conspiracy of the patriots takes place under overhanging rocks and under gigantic trees. We know, too, that the Swiss rowboat is a thing with high oarlocks, and that the oarsman stands up facing the bow and pushes the oars through the water when propelling it. Long ago, when Mr. Abbey revived the

not one whose topographical features his traveled patrons could recognize. He also had a bit of machinery to represent Tell far out in the lake rowing Leuthold to safety. The diverting feature about the incident was that Tell had snatched an oar from the hands of a fisherman and paddled away from shore, but when seen in the distant perspective he was seated on a thwart rowing Anglo-American fashion with his back to the bow. We never found out when he picked up the additional

oar or how he learned the modern stroke.

The memories of old operagoers are full of incidents which injected irrelevant smiles and snickers into what is supposed to be a lyric tragedy. We recall a Gessler of Mapleson's revival who seemingly had no voice and who only gesticulated wildly while the prompter vainly attempted to make him sing. There were many representatives of the old Knickerbocker families in the audience, which was splendid in numbers and appearance, for great interest was felt in the revival; they tried hard to keep their faces, but the smiles grew audible at last. So they did, though the merriment was blended with pity when the mind of the Matilda of Mr. Abbey's revival at the Metropolitan became a blank after she had sung the opening measures of "Selva opaca," as was related in this paper a few days before the revival which we are enjoying now.

Music Far From Obsolete

Some of our colleagues have written somewhat flippantly though good-naturedly about the opera; but we fancy that their merriment was caused by the antiquated style of the drama rather than by its music. We should be grieved to think that there is no longer appreciation of the wealth of fine, expressive melody which the score contains, or that its splendid ensembles (the performance of which does a world of credit to Mr. Setti) find no answer in the taste of to-day. They are certainly not at one with the audience, for that of last night was generous in applause. Had it had its way the overture (played before the second act) might have been repeated. It is a singular thing, by the way, that overtures familiar to the concert room

should seem to win greater approval when played in the operas to which they belong, provided they are played out of place. Witness the introduction to "Le Roi d'Ys" and the "Leonore No. 3," played before the last act of "Fidelio."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon the annual performance to swell the emergency fund took place. This fund was established to render aid to sick or disabled employees of the house, and it is customary for many of the leading artists of the company to appear at the benefit. In order to give them opportunities, a program of excerpts is arranged. The list yesterday consisted of the second scene of the fourth act of "Il Trovatore," with Mmes. Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Kingston and Picco; the first act of "Carmen" with Mmes. Easton and Mario and Mr. Harold; the second act of "La Traviata," with Miss Bori, Mr. Gigli and Mr. de Luca; and the second act of "Tosca," with Mme. Jeritza, Mr. Chamlee and Mr. Scotti. There was a large audience, and the pecuniary result was the best for several seasons.

In the evening Rossini's "William Tell" was given to an audience as large as the house would hold. The applause of this audience proved that there was still power in the old score to give pleasure. Much of this popular demonstration was due to the manner in which the work was presented. The performance was good, as it was on the occasion of the first representation, but an aggregation of individual merits such as comes from the presence of Miss Ponselle, Mme. Sundelius, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Danise, Mr. Mardones and Mr. Didur in the cast would not suffice if the surroundings and background were out of key.

But much good judgment has been shown in the preparation of the scenery, which is of the good, old fashioned theatrical kind. The stage pictures and choral groupings are stereotyped, but they have to be. The ballet is conceived in the spirit of its music, which is the perfection of the commonplace. All this is right. To paint scenery a la Bakst or create ballets after the manner of Fokine would require a reharmonization of the music by Casella and new orchestration by Respighi. And where would poor "William Tell" be then? All of Rossini's melodies would be as unrecognizable as the air which the composer could not identify when Patti dressed it up in her own vocal jaces.

"William Tell" is nearly a century old, and that it retains enough vitality to evoke even a moderate amount of applause from an audience generously treated to the lush scores of Puccini is something in its favor. All the singers were in good voice and exerted themselves to give full effect to the music last evening. The choruses were well sung and Mr. Papi conducted capably.

Raymond Havens

There were some unusual elements in the program of Raymond Havens's piano recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall, but not in his performance, which was respectable, but not exciting or standing out from the general average. Mr. Havens knew his notes well and his marks of expression fairly well, but did not compass the subtler degrees of shading or produce much expressive coloring.

The first number, Bach's transcription of a D minor concerto generally considered Vivaldi's, while smoothly played, had a rather flat, grammatical sound. Three Respighi "Preludes on Gregorian melodies" followed, two calm ones marked "lento" and another labelled "tempestoso," storm and rain. While no revolutionary, these were hearty. Generally, the melodies in question being fairly well covered, with a generally grayish atmosphere giving

a sense of length and lack of change. Arnold Bak's "Hill Tune" was lighter, agreeably melodious. Mr. Havens then turned to familiar numbers—Bach's sonata, Op. 57; Chopin and Liszt rhapsody. Here, while his technique was usually adequate, there was a certain absence of flavor and sense of heaviness. He had plenty of ardent supporters to demand encores, however.

In the evening Clara Clemens gave her second song recital of the season, a family affair, with Mr. Gabrilowitsch accompanying a program in French, German and English. The general characteristics were much as in Mrs. Clemens's previous recitals. She showed ample command of expression, but far less of voice, though she was in somewhat better voice than in her autumn recital and could produce a tone of considerable purity in soft, sustained passages not calling for vocal effort. She sang Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh" and other softer, lighter numbers, such as Peter Cornelius's "Violet" and "Es Klingt ein Ton," and the Brahms Serenade (this last sung in English) with very agreeable results. But, as before, passages of any degree of loudness brought forth the inevitable sense of strain and harsh, metallic timbre, though the singer strove hard to interpret the various emotions of her numbers. Her program included Haydn and Brahms in English, Schubert and Cornelius in German and fairly modern French numbers. Before the closing Russian songs there were two by Mr. Gabrilowitsch, and here both participants shared a warm reception.

HEMPEL A SOLOIST AT BAGBY MUSICAL

Society Hears Thomas and Friedman Also.

Another of the January series of Bagby musical mornings was held yesterday in the Waldorf-Astoria. The artists were Mme. Frieda Hempel, soprano; John Charles Thomas, barytone, and Ignaz Friedman, piano. The accompanists were Conrad V. Bos and William Janaschek.

Mme. Hempel's numbers included an aria from Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord," with flute accompaniment by Louis P. Fritze and Marshall Lufsky. She also sang some old English and Irish melodies and the waltz "Voce di Primavera," by Strauss. Mr. Thomas sang "Eri Tu," from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera"; "Twickenham Ferry," by Marzials, and Leoncavallo's "Matti-nata." Mr. Friedman's numbers included a group of Chopin, compositions of Schubert-Liszt and one of his own. In addition he played Godowsky's arrangement of the waltz from "Der Fledermaus" of Strauss.

Violinist Makes Bow

Mr. Carmine Fabrizio, a new comer, or at least a stranger, who gave a recital of violin music in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, made the occasion interesting, chiefly by playing a "Concerto Romantico," by Riccardo Zandonai, a composer of whose music New Yorkers have been privileged to hear little beyond his opera, "Conchita," produced ten years ago by the Chicago Opera Company, and a few songs. The player was like many who have been heard here this season; the concerto disclosed itself as worthy of special attention. We would say that it was interesting if it were not that in newspaper language everything is interesting nowadays from a new theory concerning the cosmic laws down to a reviewer's account of his luncheon with an author, or a "movie" actress. It was a work full of ideas well wrought out, and its second movement would probably have been even more impressive if it had not been burdened by an indication of tempo and expression which dragged its length quite across the face of the program. "Molto Adagio, sostenutissimo, con dolore profondo." It required good playing to keep away a feeling of profound sadness, not because it was expressed in the music, but in the title of the movement. Mr. Fabrizio also played a Beethoven sonata with Alfred de Voto and a group of short pieces. He is a player of taste and technical capacity, if not remarkable technical finish.

In the evening Isadora Duncan made her farewell American appearance at Carnegie Hall, accompanied by a symphony orchestra under modest Altschuler. Her program, which suffered several revisions between its announcement and its performance, eventually settled down to the "Waltz-entrance," the entrance of the gods into Valhalla, from "Rheingold," Siegfried's Funeral March, the Prelude and "Liebestodt" from "Tristan," the "Tannhauser," bacchanale, six Brahms waltzes and Schubert's "Marche Militaire." There is no truth, we understand, in the rumor that Miss Duncan contemplates performing the last act of "Die Meistersinger" single-handed.

NEW TENOR JOINS MET.

Lauivolpi, Though Italian, Headed Opera Company at Buenos Aires.

Giacomo Lauivolpi, an Italian lyric tenor, who is here for the first time, arrived to join the forces of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Lauivolpi has just come here from the Colon Theatre, Buenos Aires, where he has been singing leading roles in Italian opera, while his wife, who accompanied him, has been heard in soprano parts. Lauivolpi made his debut in the Constanza Theatre in Rome and has sung in Naples and La Scala, in Milan.

Clara Clemens and Gabrilowitsch

On September 21, 1909, a concert was given in Mark Twain's house at Redding, Conn., for the benefit of the local library fund. The humorist was the manager and this is what he offered:

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist.

David Bispham, vocalist.

Clara Clemens, ditto.

Mark Twain, introducer of the team. He spoke of the great reputation of Bispham and Gabrilowitsch, then added: "My daughter is not as famous as these gentlemen, but she is ever so much better looking."

The engagement of Clara and Ossip was announced on this occasion. Two weeks later they were married and they have lived happily ever since—

Flonzaley Plays

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet in Aeolian Hall last evening was made particularly interesting by the first number on the program, Viteslav Nowak's quartet in G major, opus 22. This Bohemian master, born in 1870, is too little known in New York. A search of the records for twenty years back reveals less than half a dozen productions of his music and of the G major quartet there is no record at all. This is a pity, for it is an admirable composition, which proved worthy last evening to preface the Haydn quartet in B flat, opus 76, No. 4, and the Brahms in A minor, opus 51, No. 2.

It is a three movement sonata, the last combining the fragment of a slow movement with a final allegro. The first is naturally an allegro, quite orthodox in general outline, and the second, marked poco allegro, is the scherzo. The first movement is strikingly beautiful. The themes are captivating in themselves and the development is masterly. Here is a composer who wields the technique of instrumental polyphony with the hand of a magician. Every one of his four instruments sings idiomatically and characteristically. Every one has something particular to say, for there is much engaging counterpoint. Yet all the time the four are cooperating in the publication of a piece of perfectly woven texture. The movement is an excellent example of diversity in unity.

Music Full of Surprises.

The second movement is replete with delightful surprises. It revels in one rhythmic thematic subject which is subjected to changes impossible for the most expert listener to expect. And the middle contrasting passage sings itself out in lovely lyric utterance. The finale is especially national in character. Nowak's biographers in the dictionaries declare that his early music shows the influence of the German romanticists, but that later he became the foremost exponent of nationalism. It can be said without hesitation that he had quite escaped the German domination when he wrote this opus 22. It is Czech and beautifully Czech. One can see the dancers in that last movement, perhaps not in the "Hohe Tatra" as in one of Nowak's orchestral works, but in the public park of Prague.

The Flonzaley Quartet played this composition with all the rich sonority of tone, accuracy of intonation and warmth of style that have made the organization one of the institutions of the world of music. The audience was large and, as usual at these concerts, representative of the best musical culture of New York, and it unquestionably approved the quartet and its performance.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

ELLY NEY.

Elly Ney's piano recital yesterday afternoon had been announced as being only one in New York this season and her admirers, heeding the warning, seized their sole opportunity in sufficient numbers comfortably to fill Carnegie Hall. In its external aspect the event was much like Mme. Ney's recitals of last year—the platform lights extinguished, the artist herself trailing clouds of glory; they were henna-colored yesterday.

Another thing that distinguished Mme. Ney's recitals last year was the relentless classicism of her programs. They contained no name that were not household words, and no music more contemporaneous than the last works of Johannes Brahms. Yesterday's program was equally unbending. It began with Brahms's first sonata, continued with Beethoven's minor sonata opus 111, his six variations in F major and Bach's chromatic fantasy and fugue, and ended with Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasy.

A reviewer is not free from the danger of confusing his prejudice with his critical judgment, and we are frankly prejudiced against any program that contains two sonatas in succession. Having thus made full confession, we can only confess further that we found Mme. Ney's program a bore. The music was of wide fluctuating merits, regardless of the resplendent names it bore, and the program itself was arranged without the slightest apparent consideration for the listener's powers of endurance.

Great music demands much of the hearer, for it asks nothing less than his full, concentrated powers of attention. Even if it be less than great it demands this same close attention if its structure approaches the complexity of the sonata form. Consequently there is a limit to the quantity of such music to which one is capable of listening—really listening—at a given time. It is a question of physical endurance rather than aesthetic appreciation. We found two sonatas, six variations, a fantasy, a fugue, and another fantasy that was virtually a sonata, too much.

Nor does Mme. Ney make the task of listening particularly easy. At the best she puts fine power and breadth into her interpretations, and plays with enthusiasm and manifest understanding of what she is about. But she does not remain consistently at her best. She has a trick of lapsing into long periods of colorless mezzo-forte or mezzopiano—as one who says: "Here is the master's message. It is not for me to translate it for you. Make what you can of it."

This is not piano playing, any more than distorting the notes and bars for the sake of a "reading" is piano playing. There is a mean, wherein the player takes the composer's place, for the moment, and tries as selflessly as may be, to reproduce what the composer heard when he made those black marks on ruled paper. Mme. Ney does this, occasionally, with magnificent results. But not often enough. Shaw once wrote, "If you told your hands and say, 'God's will be done, it will not be done.' The gods of music are no less helpless.

non. It was also announced that her program took her far from the beaten track: Brahms's sonata, Op. 1; Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111 and his six variations, Op. 34; Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue and Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasy."

Gerhardt Sings Lieder

This is the season for colds, from which singers are not immune; and it was announced, at the beginning of Elena Gerhardt's second recital of the season in the evening at Carnegie Hall that she was only just recovering from one; but there was comparatively little evidence of this in her singing of a "popular" program, which meant German lieder by Beethoven, "Adele" and "Die Ehre Gottes," Brahms, Franck and Strauss (the type of song which, after all, Mme. Gerhardt is most at home) and a group of numbers in English.

With the aforesaid cold there was an occasional harshness or tremor, higher and louder notes, some chuddiness, perhaps, and sometimes a sense of effort, but Mme. Gerhardt often seemed to be in freer voice than at her Schubert recital, reaching her best

Brahm numbers, such as "In the Nacht" and "Feldensamkeit," purity of tone and sense of serenity in the former well deserving repetition, and, while "Vergebliches Andenken" required higher notes and a "Schmied" louder ones, with less freedom as a result, Mme. Gerhardt brought out the tenderness of the and the energy of the other. Mme. Gerhardt's English was intelligible, and a quieter manner had happy results in the first performance of Gertrude's "Rain on the Dawn" (another in sustained song), with other Brahms numbers by Bainbridge Crist, William Fox and Erich Wolf. A Strauss group, including such familiar numbers as "Morgen," "Ständchen" and "Cacile," ended a program much applauded and much enjoyed. As usual Conrad V. Bos was the pianist.

Stravinsky's Seasonal Farewell

Old friends well known to the Philharmonic players and their friends are played by that orchestra last night at the Metropolitan Opera House: Stravinsky's Fifth Symphony and Wagner numbers and arrangements. These included the "Meistersinger" prelude, prelude and Shepherd's melody from the third act of "Tristan und Isolde," the march and bell scene of "Parsifal," Wotan's Farewell from "Die Walküre" and the third act scene in "Lohengrin."

With the music and its mode of performance by Mr. Stravinsky and the orchestra both well known, extended comment would be superfluous, except that it was a well liked performance of a very usual standard. At the end of the "Lohengrin" music, there was a long applause for Mr. Stravinsky, who was making his last appearance of the season in this series and for several bows and repeated applause he bowed his baton and repeated the "Lohengrin" music, but, then, the music of Act III of "Lohengrin" was played, short and undoubtedly pleasant.

MAITLAND MUSICALE

Lady Maitland gave a reception and musicale last evening at her home, No. 819 Madison avenue. During the reception Mme. Elsa Stralla, of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, sang. Other artists who appeared were Joseph Holman, cellist, and Jeanette Sherwin, of the Gayety Theatre, who rendered selections from Russian folk tales, which have been adapted from the Russian by Lady Maitland.

Milhaud Essays

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

As the guest of the City Symphony orchestra in the Town Hall yesterday afternoon M. Darius Milhaud was permitted to attempt a bit of propaganda for the French Six and himself, as their representative. The incident was quite the reverse of impressive, and in itself might be dismissed with the remark that the French composer disclosed nothing which entitled him to be taken at all seriously. We do not know that any series or group of artists that set out the purpose of achieving a reform in music in art by attempting to place themselves into prominence by living at their own boot straps ever did. The Russian Five of thirty or forty years ago drew a humorous line across the pages of history, not as a group, but as exemplars of individual genius.

The six to whom M. Milhaud belongs are to be going each his own gallant way. Their historian says the Russian Five did after Balakineff had warned them into life; but Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and their companions are either genius or a high order of talent and each in his manner had nothing to say and said it—said it in music, moreover, which ought to be the language of musical composers. It is all very well for M. Milhaud to say that his music stems from Rameau, Debussy and Debussy, that he holds Latin traditions and that the purpose of himself and the younger composers of France is to preserve the music established in the eighteenth century, and to combat the "harmful" influences of Wagner, Cesar Franck, Rimsky-Korsakov, but that purpose, if laudable, ought to find expression in their music. His words do not seem to win belief or respect. Mr. Foch eliminated Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" from the program yesterday because he had not had time to prepare it. Instead, he played Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," which should have been anathema in a concert designed to exploit Milhaud. Instead the music, written to illustrate episodes in "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," sent all that followed

by the gibbering of a composer through the wireless air. With only one of the explanatory notes which M. Milhaud contributed to the printed program did we find ourselves in agreement, and even it was not comprehensive enough. To his statement that his Ballade for Piano and Orchestra had "no connection with words, pictures or colors" he should have added "nor with the art to which it professed to belong," if that art is an expression of beauty in any form.

But we seem to be preaching a sermon without having announced our text. This is to be found in the program. After the "Scheherazade" had been performed by the orchestra, M. Milhaud appeared to play the piano-forte part of the "Ballade" already mentioned. Then Mr. Foch brought forward two "Gymnopédies," by Erik Satie (whom the six recognize as a prophet and exemplar), set for orchestra by Debussy. Following these mercifully short pieces came a "Pastorale d'Été," by Honegger, the performance of whose "Horace Victorieux" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra provided the greatest trial that our patience has been subjected to this season.

After Debussy's "Fêtes" had been played M. Milhaud took the stand as composer and conductor and gave us an experience with a serenade, which, he said, resembled "in form" the serenades of Mozart. We cannot go into a description of all these pieces. The "Fêtes" was made familiar to us long ago. Whatever else may be thought of it and its two companion pieces, "Nuages" and "Les Sirènes," it must be said that they are marvels of orchestration. That feature in composition which is largely a matter of technique can no longer excite especial wonder. Hans Richter is quoted as having said that it is no longer a virtue to score well, but only a vice to score badly. The pieces of M. Milhaud have nothing to commend themselves even in this regard. The instrumentation is neither apt nor interesting. As for their subject matter their thoughts, they would have been merely platitudinous if harmonized and orchestrated in the fashion of fifty years ago; harmonized and orchestrated as they are, they were simply inane when not ugly. The ballade brought visible merriment to the faces of many of the hearers; if our audiences were not overbred in good manners it would have evoked loud laughter.

Satie's "Gymnopédies" were received with more respect. To a few persons in the audience they were not wholly new. George Copeland used to play them in their original form as piano-forte solos, and one of them figured on a program of the New Symphony Society three seasons ago. They do not signify greatly, but they contain musical ideas, musically expressed, and at the worst may be set down as innocuous. What they are in the light of their titles we do not quite know. An ancient East Indian sect whose ritual commanded them to go naked were known as Gymnosophists. Satie says that his pieces are dances of the ancient Spartans, as his "Gnosiennes" are dances of the ancient Greeks. But Satie, for whom his fellows arranged a festival in the summer of 1920, the literature of which left us in doubt as to whether he was the subject of serious admiration or ridicule, seems to have played the part in his day of a sort of musical Count Joannes, the "crushed tragedian" over whom New York made merry forty years ago.

Like Percy Grainger (and John Alden Carpenter in his "Krazy Kat"), Satie is something of a too laborious humorist in his titles. In his directions to performers he asks them to play his music "on yellow velvet, dry as a cuckoo, light as an egg," "with the edge of the hand," "without noise," "with hands in the pockets" and so on. He has composed "Cold Pieces," "Airs to Make You Run," "Things Seen From Right to Left," "Three Pear-shaped Pieces" and "The Dreamy Fish." Yet Milhaud, who calls himself a follower, does not want music associated with words, pictures or colors. It is a queer world—this musical one in which we are living. The summer pastoral of Honegger's, which we came near forgetting, has a theme which we

like better as it appears in its original shape in Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The concert of the City Symphony Orchestra in Town Hall yesterday afternoon acquired special interest from the debut of Darius Milhaud, the French composer and leader of the much advertised "Group of Six." After Dirk Foch had conducted the orchestra in a very careful, not to say cautious, performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" suite, the revelation of French modernism began. The works presented were M. Milhaud's ballade for piano and orchestra, two "Gymnopédies" by Erik Satie, orchestrated by Debussy; the familiar "Fêtes" of Debussy himself; Honegger's "Pastorale d'Été" and a

serenade in three parts by M. Milhaud, conducted by the composer.

The only members of the "Six" represented in this list were Milhaud and Honegger. Satie is recognized by the group, but not of it. Debussy was one of the group's forerunners. So was Bach. The group stands for Bach, but not for Wagner, Franck or Rimsky-Korsakov. One pictures M. Milhaud writhing in the dressing room as he heard the distant sounds of the "Scheherazade" suite, but rejoicing that they must presently give way to those which he had prepared and which had earned the high honor of receiving audible disapprobation from a Parisian audience. In this at least Milhaud and Wagner were brothers.

Much has been said about the music of the young Gauls and much more will be. But there was nothing in the list of yesterday to excite either wrath or derision. Briefly put, M. Milhaud's ballade had a good deal of what old fashioned music lovers, or rather lovers of old fashioned music, call cacophony, but it also had clearly formed rhythm, transparency of design and richness of orchestration. What it did not have, and surely did not pretend to have, was important ideas.

This chronicler will not presume to tell what a "Gymnopédie" is. M. Satie's two little pieces staggering under this title proved to be charming trifles, graceful, lucid, natural and delicately scored. There was a mere suggestion (let us be a little French at any rate) of harmonic conflict, like a pinch of salt upon an egg. Honegger's pastoral found it easy to be pastoral in the good old way. The doings of the oboe and the bassoon recalled similar doings in nothing less than the sixth symphony of Beethoven and the whole thing was musical, simple and undisturbing. It was also perfectly unimportant.

In the serenade of M. Milhaud one found in the slow movement the most candid publication of the "polytonal" method of these ardent young revolutionists. In one considerable section the composer uses a small group of solo instruments, each singing with fine independence in its chosen key and showing no regard whatever for what the others were singing. There was some harmonization in opposing planes. The resultant music was by no means discomposing. It was rather interesting and in moments amusing—intentionally so; for that was apparent.

The first movement employed an insistent rhythm and hammered it steadily on tympani and double basses. A good old rhythm it was, too, well known in Spain ages before musical reforms were conceived or groups of composers banded together to overcome the pernicious influence of the classics, the German dramatic reformer or the Russian dilettanti. M. Milhaud conducted his composition with energy and the orchestra gave him a good performance. The audience was in a hurry to go home, for the program was long, or doubtless there would have been a more prolonged demonstration.

It is to be hoped that more of this French music will be played. We ought to be allowed to become well acquainted with it. If it is the heaven needed by our daily musical bread we shall thus find it out. If it is only a mannerism perhaps it will at some time become part of the stock in trade of some master big enough to give it something more than the merely decorative value it now seems to possess.

By Deems Taylor

THE CITY SYMPHONY.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

The original plan was to devote the entire program of yesterday's City Symphony concert to French music, old and new, but Fate ruled otherwise. A regretful insert in the Town Hall programs announced that the recent illness of Dirk Foch, the conductor of the orchestra, had made it impossible to prepare Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" in time for the concert. Mr. Foch's indisposition was regrettable, but there were those present yesterday who found it hard to deplore its consequences, particularly as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Schehe-

razade" was rushed in to close the breach.

The event of the day was the first American appearance of Darius Milhaud, perhaps the best known representative of the left-wing exponents of modern French music. He appeared in spirit as composer of two numbers on the program, in person as pianist and conductor, and in print as the author of most of the program notes.

Frankly, we found Rimsky, Debussy and the program notes the most interesting feature of the afternoon. Even in the persuasive presence of Mr. Milhaud himself we were unable to find much that was compelling or even novel in the music he sponsored.

The first of the modern French numbers was a "Ballade" for piano and orchestra by Mr. Milhaud, with the composer at the piano. According to his program note the work, which has no program, is in five sections, played as one movement. We found in it only the usual formulae of musical radicalism—fairly innocuous themes, faithfully doubled in the minor ninth, with results at first excruciating and later tiresome, harmonized with a conscientious avoidance of familiar intervals.

The general rhythm of the piece is that of a fast tango, with some syncopational effects that evidently had their genesis on this side of the Atlantic. The most distinguishable theme, in fact, seemed to be our childhood favorite, "Hello, Ma Baby." The instrumentation, too, bore unmistakable signs of the influence of American jazz, the general effect being that of Paul Whiteman's Band making a terrible mistake. Just before the end the first trumpet played a diatonic scale, first up, then down. It sounded fearfully old-fashioned.

The next two were milder, two of Erik Satie's "Gymnopédies," orchestrated by Debussy. Despite their horrendous title they were harmless enough, two short pieces in slow triple time, pleasantly melodious and nicely scored. They were written in 1897, and their modal harmonies may have sounded revolutionary then, just as Debussy's modal harmonies, twenty years later, sounded revolutionary. Debussy's own "Fêtes" followed, sounding exceptionally vital in its surroundings.

The next number, Arthur Honegger's "Pastorale d'Été," was possibly the best of the new offerings. To be sure it presents the inevitable twittering flutes and clarinets, the introspective oboe and lowing horns of many another pastoral, but it is an unpretentious little work, well written and scored, and weaves its small spell as potently as most of its brothers.

The day ended with another Milhaud work, conducted by the composer. This was a serenade and, according to the program annotator, resembled the serenades of Mozart in form. Maybe it did. In substance it differed. Mozart has gaiety and freshness, and a charm that makes him still a contemporary. This piece sounded old and labored. It began diatonically, lapsed into dissonance, and recurred to the diatonic. But its naivete was less innocent than banal, and its complexities seemed merely confusion.

Perhaps fifty years from now such music will sound limp and beautiful. We venture to doubt it. The concert left us neither soothed nor invigorated, nor even outraged, but merely discouraged. Is this the music of tomorrow? Can this be all—this pretentious sterility?

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Darius Milhaud and His Music.

There was a new and strange interest injected into the concert of the City Symphony Orchestra's series given yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall by the participation in it of Darius Milhaud, the French composer, and the performance of some of his works and works of other modern French musicians. Mr. Milhaud has recently arrived in this country, where he is to spread the gospel of the latest French ideas in musical art. He is a member of the "Group of Six" in Paris, now reduced to five by the secession of one. He appeared yesterday as composer, conductor and pianist. The program included his "Ballade" for piano and orchestra, in which he played the piano part, and his

"Serenade," which he conducted. There was other modern French music on the program: Erik Satie's "Two Gymnopédies," piano pieces orchestrated by an admiring Debussy; Arthur Honegger's "Pastorale d'Été" and the second of Debussy's three "Nocturnes" for orchestra called "Fêtes." The program began with Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," played in a singularly laborious and unspontaneous manner. It took the place of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," which could not be rehearsed owing to Mr. Poch's illness.

Mr. Milhaud's "Ballade" was the most difficult and problematical of all the modern French music presented; or, say, the worst. The piece seems to be permeated by a Spanish dance rhythm; but there is no "program"; no connection with words, pictures or colors. As the composer expressed it in the notes which he contributed about his own and other French music. Some of the unregenerate would have added "or music." There are themes, as Mr. Milhaud points out, and even elaborate development of them. But the themes reach the extreme of insignificance and commonplaceness; and their development is equally unimportant. They are presented through a thick haze of discordant harmony, in which the orchestra is playing in several keys at once. As a guarantee of good faith, there is at the very end a perfectly good diatonic scale, up and down.

Mr. Milhaud played the piano part, which as he pointed out in his note, is not a solo but a voice in the orchestra, zealously; but the piece could not be given any importance whatever by any amount of zeal. His other composition is a "Serenade" in three movements, and, as in his account of the "Ballade," he did not hesitate to bring in the name of Bach, so in writing of this one he suggests Mozart as his model in form. It is considerably more like music than the other.

The first and the last movement begins with real tunes of a lively character; there is a suggestion of a fugato in the first—a very short one—and both are carried on into the same unnecessary ugliness of the discordant harmony resulting from playing in several keys at once. A milder species of this ugliness ends the slow middle movement, which begins with a likeness of the theme for English horn in the "Scene in the Fields" of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," announced for this concert and not played.

Erik Satie's "Two Gymnopédies" (a word whose meaning is not revealed) are unpretentious and straightforward, hardly seeming to contribute much to that marvellous record of "the whole evolution of modern music" which Mr. Milhaud finds in this composer's work. Nor does Arthur Honegger, in his "Pastorale d'Été," show any of the horrible adventure that was heard in his "Horatius Triumphans," recently played by the Boston Orchestra here. It is simple, if not limpid, as Mr. Milhaud calls it, and goes some way to justify its title.

Among these pieces Debussy's impressionistic and pungently colored "Fêtes" seemed like the work of a towering genius.

Mr. Milhaud, whose appearance as conductor and pianist was unpretentious and unassuming, was hospitably welcomed and his music was politely applauded. There was a tendency to leave the hall before the end was reached. It did not seem certain that the number of convinced admirers was large, or that their enthusiasm was contagious; or even that the addition made to the knowledge of a new movement was highly significant.

Margarete Matzenauer's first recital in three years was distinguished last night at Carnegie Hall by two things. First, she managed to remember that for the greater part of her artistic career at least she was a contralto; second, she offered a program which was interesting and diversified though not entirely novel. As a result of the first distinction, she was well within her range, and produced some colorful, finely styled singing. As a contralto she has few peers; as a soprano (a division she has favored of late), she has — well, she is better as a contralto. She proved last night that a good contralto has many advantages over a mediocre (to put it mildly) soprano.

Her program contained only four lieder, a remarkable enough detail when the soloist is of Teutonic training. There was, to be sure, a Russian group, representing Gretchaninov, Arensky, and Tschernianov, but sung in German. But to offset these she sang Coquard's "Plainte d'Ariane" and Debussy's "La Chevelure" in French and two Cuban songs in Spanish, in arrangements by Frank La Forge. A group in English closed the program, which as a whole was done in good voice, and with better results than have been generally obtained this season on the opera boards.

At the Town Hall Minna Kaufman appeared last night in song recital with a program largely devoted to Schubert, Brahms and Strauss lieder with a dash of Swedish melody and an American group on the side. Miss Kaufman proved to have a small voice, slightly blurred at times, and somewhat husky in the middle notes. Perhaps she had a cold; perhaps she

sings that way all the time. At any rate, her tones were not of even clarity all the way through. One's intimate knowledge of Swedish will not justify any remark about her diction in that tongue, but from the Scandinavian coloring to her English, one imagines that it was excellent.

The English group, which closed a very short program, showed her talents to best advantage, since the works composing it were generally of light enough calibre to give her voice a chance. The best of the group was Hegeman's "Do Not Go, My Love."

"Der Rosenkavalier" gave his (or her) silver rose to Marie Sundelius again last night at the Metropolitan. Miss Sundelius, who has been singing the role of Sophie at alternate performances, had charm and youthful appearance, and was particularly arch and fittingly coy in the second act wooing scene. Miss Easton, due perhaps to Dr. Coue's presence in town, perhaps to a new brown wig which replaced the gray one she has worn hitherto, looked at least seventeen years younger than at the previous three performances. Mr. Bender and Miss Jeritza had their now familiar and sharply characterized roles. The nameless singer last night was Mr. Diaz, who delivered his one air with discretion, a fine sense of its relative value in the piece, and—as is the case with all his work, one of the two clearest enunciations in the company. The other is Miss Easton's.

A. C.

LAST night brought the second of the new Soires Musicales given with quite as great a measure

of success, quite as fashionable and even a larger audience, in the grand ball room of the Hotel Biltmore, commencing at the newly planned hour of 9:15.

Cabrilovitch played, as did Hans Kindler, and Helen Stanley sang, G. Cabrilovitch accompanied both Mr. Kindler and Miss Stanley. The atmosphere was that of drawing room music at a private house but on a much larger scale. There was a touch of the musical salon of Paris of the present day that was much appreciated and enjoyed by the large audience that numbered many prominent persons.



HELEN STANLEY

'Negro Rhapsody' by Goldmark Premiered

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Continued from yesterday's late edition)

Last night's concert of the Philharmonic Society (the program of which will be repeated this afternoon) struck us as one of the high lights of the season thus far. We speak with moderation because we have not heard all the concerts either of the Philharmonic Society or the other orchestras and individual artists, and also because we needed such music as Mr. Strinsky gave us to straighten out the tangle in which the concert of the City Symphony Orchestra on Wednesday afternoon left our poor wits. Be that as it may, the orchestra never sounded so delightfully sonorous to us as it did last night nor the performance so full of vitality and cuphony. After the overture to "Euryanthe" had been played and Schumann's pianoforte concerto, with Mr. Josef Hofmann making all our senses flock into our ears by his performance of the solo part, we were willing to permit M. Darius Milhaud and his Six to go on doing their best (or worst) in their effort to advance the art, provided they kept their iconoclastic hands off the scores of Weber, Schumann and the rest of the classics, classic-romanticists, romanticists and neo-romanticists down to Debussy and Tschaiakoffsky, who provided the last two numbers of the program—the "Afternoon of a Faun" and the overture "1812"—despite the musical claptrap of the latter piece. We did not feel in the least bit reactionary or ill disposed toward any modern type of beauty deserving the name in its most liberal construction.

Naturally we listened in an unusually kind mood to the novelty of the evening, which was a "Negro Rhapsody" by a local composer, Mr. Rubin

Goldmark, which was played for the first time in public from the author's manuscript. But a spirit by nature critical and censorious might have been attuned to amiability by the interesting character of the composition, the beauty of its themes, the ingenuity of its workmanship, the splendid manner in which the composer achieved an object which challenged patriotic pride. To us it seems to be quite the best thing of its kind that has yet been accomplished, the most dignified and purely artistic in aim.

The notions of form which Mr. Goldmark had in mind need not be inquired into. It may be that the Hungarian blood which is his inheritance prompted him to do for Afro-American folksong melodies something like Liszt did when in his pianoforte rhapsodies he attempted to turn Magyar tunes to epic use. At any rate, if one wished to do so Mr. Goldmark seemed to have given him the privilege of considering his piece as a succession of Lasso and Friss and again Lasso and Friss, made up of themes drawn from the folk tunes which the negroes of America created in the days of slavery. The tunes were not used in their entirety, but portions of them as thematic material. The themes were submitted to simple exposition, to varied illustration, by augmentation, diminution, variation, contrapuntal combination, by scores of the devices known to trained

and gifted composers, but always with the purpose of publishing beauty in view. Their nature deserves more extended description than we have time or space for now, and shall receive it soon. Now we can only add that the music made a profound impression of delight, and that after Mr. Strinsky had received the grateful plaudits of the audience (superb in numbers) and the composer had bowed his acknowledgments from the conductor's box in the balcony he was called again and again to the stage, where he insisted on sharing his honors with Mr. Strinsky and the band.

By Deems Taylor

There was another American novelty on the program, this time a "Negro Rhapsody," by Rubin Goldmark. Mr. Goldmark began the work in 1919 and finished it last summer, and was present last night to hear it for the first time anywhere.

The rhapsody is based on seven themes, most of them of Negro origin and all of them of Negro character. The authentic airs included four Spirituals, of which the most familiar were "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," and a tune attributed to the Tennessee Negro stevedores. The other two were of the composer's own devising.

A detailed analysis of the musical structure would take almost as long as the piece itself, and would be of doubtful interest. There is plenty of scholarship in the work, but one need not be a scholar to enjoy its contagious tunefulness, flashing orchestral color and skylarking rhythms.

The end seemed a trifle over-extended. The Tennessee tune followed a beautiful and deeply felt working out of one of the Spirituals, which might have been the end of the piece, and the abruptly contrasting mood lasted a little too long.

That, however, is a detail. The work as a whole is enormously effective, and is a distinct contribution to the small list of music that could have been written by an American, and none other. The audience waxed noisy in its appreciation, and Mr. Goldmark had to bow, both from his box and from the platform. Debussy's "Faun" and Tschaiakovsky's "1812" overture concluded the evening.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The program of the Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall last evening comprised the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," Schumann's concerto for piano and orchestra, Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Tschaiakovsky's "1812" overture. The pianist was Josef Hofmann. Mr. Goldmark's composition was heard for the first time in public. It is a rhapsody in which the musician utilizes negro tunes even when some of them are open to the suspicion of being the products of white rather than colored folk. But Mr. Goldmark has declared that he is not interested in their history, but only in their musical quality.

The tunes employed are "Nobody knows de trouble I've seen," "O Peter, go ring dem bells," "Religion is a fortune," "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child," "Oh, when I come to

die" and a song found some years ago by Mr. Goldmark in a magazine article and there said to be one sung by Tennessee negroes while working on a river.

Mr. Goldmark's composition naturally evades serious purpose. Its aim is a picturesque series of melodies with sharply contrasting rhythms and the clearly marked racial character which appeals to Americans. It even runs frankly into the artistic equivalent of jazz when that is suitable, and its alteration of moods of melancholy and excitement is skillful. The climax is reached in a coda of vigorous movement and riotous exuberance. The orchestration shows all of Mr. Goldmark's well known mastery and is replete with color. The audience received the piece with demonstrations of pleasure and the composer rose in his box to acknowledge the long continued plaudits.

The Schumann concerto is always good to hear, and especially so when it is performed by such a master of the keyboard as Mr. Hofmann. He brought to the work last evening his consummate command of touch, of rhythm and of tone color. His reading was contingent but deeply sympathetic, and in the finale particularly compelling. The admirable accompaniment provided by the orchestra under the baton of Mr. Strinsky was an important element in the performance. The Weber overture also was excellently played.

OPERA AT METROPOLITAN.

"Aida" was given as a special matinee for the benefit of the Wayside Day Nursery at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. It was a popular performance, with Miss Elizabeth Reiberg as Aida, Miss Jeanne Gordon as

Amneris and Edmund Burke as the King.

Titta Ruffo appeared as the captive Amourette, singing in place of Adiamo Dlden, who sang in the evening. Mr. Ruffo sang his part well, with vigor and force, and won much applause. In all other respects the performance was a good one. There was an enthusiastic audience and many curtain calls. Mr. Morazzoni conducted.

In the evening "Romeo and Juliette" was given to a crowded house, with Miss Bori and Mr. Gigli in the title roles. The cast was practically the same as in previous performances, with Miss Henriette Walsefeld as the nurse, Giuseppe De Luca as the unfortunate Mercutio, and Leon Rother as Friar Laurence. The principals were in excellent voice, and Miss Bori sang charmingly. It was a smooth performance, excellent in many respects. Mr. Hasseimans conducted.

MISS BORDONI GIVES RECITAL.

Actress Appears Successfully in a New Field.

Miss Irene Bordoni, known as a singer in musical comedy, gave a costume recital of French, Spanish and American songs yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. She had given recitals in Paris, but this was her New York debut in this field. Her program, for the larger part given in French, included popular Parisian songs, Spanish songs by Nieto and Padilla and popular American songs, such as Dariuski's "If You Could Care for Me." It will be seen that the entertainment savored of the café chantant and not of a more conventional song recital.

Taking the affair for what it was much recreative enjoyment was furnished. Miss Bordoni's vocal assets—her voice is a light soprano—are very frail. She is more the interesting douse. She was charmingly attired in gowns by leading Parisian and New York modistes. Her stage bearing was airy and graceful, her facial play and range of gesture admirable and her enunciation clear and effective.

The singer explained in English the French and Spanish numbers before singing them, and she cadenced these little stories with some up to date American slang phrases. Burton Brown at the piano proved a good accompanist and he also played some solos. The audience was very responsive.

Mme. Homer and Daughter's Recital

Mme. Louise Homer, returning from a series of guest appearances with the Chicago Opera Company in "Trova-tore" and "Samson et Dalila," will be heard at Carnegie Hall tomorrow afternoon in a joint recital of songs and duets with her daughter, the soprano, Mrs. Louise Homer Silvers. The two artists are making a concert tour of six weeks, ranging from here to the nearer cities of the Middle West. Mme. Homer tomorrow opens the program with the contralto air from "Orpheus," one of her favorite roles formerly at the Metropolitan.

Lois Palma in Violin Recital.
Lois Palma, a violinist from Chile, a program which he played in the Chamber Music Room of Carnegie Hall last evening displayed a technical knowledge of a high order, although there was variety of neither tone nor tempo. The program included compositions by Handel, Mendelssohn, Bach, Kreisler, Chopin, Hubay, Schubert, Vieuxtemps and Sarasate. The accompaniments were played by Maurice Nadella.

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'Madama Butterfly'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Madama Butterfly" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening with Mme. Florence Easton as the Japanese bride, Edward Johnson as the false and fleeting naval lieutenant and Antonio Scotti as the Consul, Sharpless. This catalogue of facts might suffice, were it not that this is Mme. Easton's first season with *Cio-Cio-San* and Mr. Johnson comes out of retirement infrequently. In the best place, then, there are many kinds of butterflies, some large, some small, some of almost neutral tints and some of gorgeous coloring. So, too, there are many kinds of *Cio-Cio-Sans*, and none of them are just right. No one looks like the little Nigasaki maid, who had only "quindici anni" when she went to be married to the glorious stranger from far across the seas.

All prima donnas have failed to look the part. No amount of cleverness in action and delivery of the lines can give illusion to the first act, for no matter how true it may be that the Eastern woman matures young, she is still a child. When the second act of the opera is reached the need for the illusion of such youth is gone. The woman is a woman, a mother, an anguished soul. The maturity of life has come. The prima donna who can only outline the first act up to the duet can be confident in the second.

Mme. Easton's treatment of the dialogue in the first act is another demonstration of her remarkable grasp of style. She gives every line its value, but never once drops the manner of ingenuousness. She sings the phrases with a fine perception of their purpose and with a quality of tone admirably suited to the expression of their meaning. When the broader lyric passages are reached the beauty of her voice and the finished character of her art are a joy to every musical listener. She indicates the emotions of the second and third acts with intelligence and dramatic skill, if not with tragic passion. In the end, however, it will be her singing that lingers in the mind.

Mr. Johnson is a manly and fervent *Pinkerton*. He was in good voice last night and sang well. As for Mr. Scotti there he is, always the artist, in the picture, impersonating a character with touches deft and subtle, but leaving on the memory a clean cut impression. Miss Perini as *Suzuki* and Mr. Bada as *Goro* added two valuable features to the performance. Mr. Moranzoni conducted and the audience was a "Butterfly" audience—spread eagle size.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Erna Rubinstein's Recital.

Miss Erna Rubinstein, young violinist who was brought over to America by Mr. Mengelberg last year, showed precocious talent of a promising sort at that time; talent that is to be serene, not rare, but that, when it survives into adult life, is the material of which artists are made, great and also less great. She gave a recital last evening in Carnegie Hall, at which she seemed to show that she has not fully mastered the level upon which she disclosed herself last season.

The talent of such young people needs careful conservation and nourishment. It is not put to the most profitable use—the most profitable in the long run, with due consideration of the future—by being kept on the concert stage and exercised continually before the public. All this has become an old story to concert goers with a memory; but it is one whose lessons are not much regarded.

Miss Rubinstein, as she stood upon the platform last evening, seemed young in years. She is near a year older than when she first played in New York, but there was not a year's gain in the skill and maturity with which she played. There were the dash and the aplomb of last year; but there was at least no greater ripeness of understanding or conception; there was a less concern for the finer aspects of style and a falling off in technical correctness; and

there was an apparent indifference to such matters that perplexed and disappointed those who saw in the young woman's first performances the promise of better things.

She played Mendelssohn's concerto with an abundance of dash and assurance; but it was not an interpretation of the work in any true sense. In its technical aspect it showed numerous lapses in intonation and a lack of finish. In Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, whose chief reason for being is brilliancy and exactitude in the execution of its very numerous technical problems, the same deficiencies were exhibited in an even higher degree. She played besides these three arrangements, one by herself, and two pieces by Horbony, her master.

Her performance was one that made the admirers of an undoubted and unusual talent, that evidently still needs careful guidance, hope that it would be so guided and made fruitful in further development, and dissipated, as many of its kind have been.

Miss Augusta Cottlow's Recital.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, whose piano playing is remembered for a good many years in New York, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. Her program was interesting and unconventional and showed her again as a champion and interpreter of Edward MacDowell. There were also the prelude and fugue in C sharp minor from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," (the first book); Beethoven's sonata Op. 111; pieces by Chopin; three bird pieces, Fannie Dillon's "Birds at Dusk," Palmgren's "Bird Song," and Liszt's account of St. Francis preaching to the birds; and finally, Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz.

Miss Cottlow is a conscientious and musical player, though not one of the highest eloquence. The prelude of fugue by Bach were admirably played, with clearness and rhythm. To the height of Beethoven's last sonata she hardly reached. Her interpretation of MacDowell is well known for its enthusiasm and conviction.

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Bauer Plays
Hutcheson Heard in Liszt

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

With Harold Bauer giving a concert at Town Hall and Ernest Hutcheson completing his series of historical recitals at the Aeolian yesterday afternoon, there was no place in the minds of lovers of pianoforte music for the mediocrities that pound out their little messages day after day, week after week, in those places between October and June. Mr. Bauer had been heard before since his return from a European trip, and this was his second recital this season, and in the material as well as the manner of his offering it was characteristic of the artist. Of him we are tempted to say as Pope said of Addison:

"He from the taste obscure reclaims our youth
And sets the passions on the side of truth."

He gave us some Bach at the beginning of his concert, but not organ music reduced to the idiom of the pianoforte nor harpsichord music amplified so that it might speak the speech of the thunderous concert grand. It was the Partita in B-flat transcribed for the modern instrument to retain as much as possible of its original character.

There was left a suggestion of the short, crisp tone of the clavier of two centuries ago (a "scratch with a tone at the end of it," as somebody once described it), but with the rounder, fuller, more luscious voice of the pianoforte, and in the performance a retention of the grace, elegance and clarity which summed up most of what was looked upon as excellence in performance in that day. The effect was delightful and we are perhaps captious when we say that we think it did not have all the variety of charm which it had when the composer himself played it. Not that Bach could have made it more limpid or lucid. That would scarcely be possible. But the harpsichord had mechanical contrivances which gave it a number of effects which are beyond the capacity of the pianoforte, such as the use of different media for plucking the strings, for doubling the unisons and adding octaves. Nevertheless Mr. Bauer's Bach music is more like the original than that which we ordinarily hear when in the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" the pianoforte is made to give out the roar of mighty thunderings and many waters.

Through Schumann's suavely poetic

"ANDREA CHENIER" SUNG.

Giordano's Opera Given for Benefit of the Italian Hospital.

The Italian Giordano's four-act opera of the French Revolution, "Andrea Chenier," revived by Gatti-Casazza two years ago, was sung for the only time

in the current series at the Metropolitan last night for the benefit of the Italian Hospital. There was a large audience of the composer's former compatriots, who aided their local charity by buying special souvenirs and flowers. Fifteen singers were in the cast, headed by Ponselle, Howard, Gigli, Danise and Didur, with Moranzoni conducting.

An "all-Italian" day included a sold-out matinee of the popular double bill, "Cavalleria," with Jeritza and Chamlee, and "Pagliacci," with Rethberg, Edward Johnson and Ruffo.

By Henry T. Finck

More than once it has been pointed out in this column that there was a time when Liszt's colossal sonata for piano was looked on as chiefly a piece for nimble fingers, that gradually it dawned on pianists that it was also a brainy work, and that finally the discovery was made that it was also a happy medium for the display of feeling. Friedheim, Paderewski, Hoffmann, Olga Samaroff, and others have exhibited it in this triple aspect; and that was what, once more, Ernest Hutcheson did on Saturday afternoon at the all-Liszt recital which closed his series of five given under the caption of "The Great Masters of Pianoforte Music."

It is a great sonata; concerning it Wagner wrote to Liszt as being "beyond all conception beautiful, great, lovely; deep and noble; sublime even as thyself." Mr. Hutcheson rose to the sublime climaxes; he brought out the deep feeling in the andante sostenuto; he made the profound and complicated work clear to all and was rewarded by thunders of applause.

His other numbers were the "Sonetto di Petrarca"; the *Funérailles* (which does not show Liszt at his best except in the climax, which is truly orchestral); the concert étude in F minor; the Legend of St. Francis Preaching to the Birds, and the Thirteenth Rhapsody. Mr. Hutcheson's pamphlet describing his series is a valuable document for students. Presumably he would forward it to any one if addressed at Steinway Hall.

Liszt was also on the programme of Harold Bauer's second recital, given on Saturday afternoon at Town Hall. He ended it with the great "Mephisto Waltz," all the charm and diablerie of which he brought out in the most fascinating way. It was preceded by Debussy's "Estampes," and he also played the great Schumann sonata in G minor, César Franck's "Prélude, Fugue, and Variations," two Chopin pieces, and a partita by Bach (in B-flat), transcribed from the harpsichord by Mr. Bauer himself.

Thibaud and Others

One of the Philharmonic concerts which linger in the memory was given in 1905, when Jacques Thibaud played the greatest of the Saint-Saëns violin concertos under Colonne, who was here as visiting conductor. It was a performance full of grace, charm, poetry, exquisite expression. That was nearly two decades ago, but M. Thibaud is still a young man, and plays like one. He gave his second recital yesterday in Carnegie Hall to a delighted audience. The programme might have been improved by the omission of Beethoven's early sonata, opus 12, No. 1, which is rather poor stuff for so great a man; but it was wonderfully played by the French virtuoso and so was Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," which followed it. The programme also included works by Chausson, Weber, Passé, and Saint-Saëns.

At the same hour George Meader of the Metropolitan Opera House gave a recital in Aeolian Hall which once more demonstrated his command of vocal styles and his general musical intelligence.

Leo Schultz had two ovations at yesterday's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall—one when he came on the stage to play the "Variations on a Recoco Theme," the other when he had played it. It was an all-Tchaikovsky programme, including also the "Romeo and Juliet" and the Fifth Symphony, of which Strinsky invariably gives a superb reading. The house was sold out. It will be sold out and more than sold out next Sunday—a Wagner programme and "last appearance" this season of Josef Strinsky.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mme. Homer and Her Daughter Sing.

As they did once before, not so very long ago, Mme. Louise Homer and her daughter, Mrs. Louise Homer Stires, gave a joint song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There was a large audience that pressed upon the two a most friendly greeting and that was demonstrative of the appreciation and admiration whenever opportunity offered, which was frequently. And there was good reason for it. Mme. Homer's voice has not for some time sounded so fresh and vibrant as it did on this occasion, and there seemed

to be an evident improvement in its flexibility and in the finish of her art. It is perhaps no secret, or it is, an ill-kept one, that Mme. Homer spent much of the summer studying with Mme. Sembrich, her neighbor now in the retirement of Lake George. The fact that a singer of the name and fame and the great experience of Mme. Homer should find that there was still something to learn in her art, even at this period in her career, and should take the trouble to learn it, reflects the greatest credit upon her artistic rectitude and ideals and her intelligence.

Mrs. Stires has also advanced in her art since she was heard here. The voice is a light soprano, of a fine and delicate quality, that has gained much in flexibility and certainty, while the singer has mastered something of the matter of style. There were times yesterday when she was not certain of her intonation in her higher tones. But there was much that was beautiful in her performance, a feeling for legato as in the duet "Sull' aria" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and much skill in the execution of the "divisions" or florid passages of the air "Rejoice Greatly" from "The Messiah."

She was heard to advantage in John Carpenter's clever song, "Don't Care"—more so than in Brahms's "Botschaft." She challenged some cherished memories in attempting Johann Strauss's brilliant waltz song, "Viel di Prima-vera," which she sang with a delicate tracery of its melodic line rather than with the impulsive and contagious enthusiasm that belongs to it, yet made it really charming, too. One of her other numbers was her father, Sidney Homer's setting of Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness."

An unfamiliar number was the duet called "The Gipsies," by Gramms. It is arranged from the sixth and fifth "Hungarian Dances" (originally for four hands on the piano) by Mme. Pauline Viardot Garca, to words originally in French by Victor Wilder. As it was made in 1886, during the composer's lifetime, it presumably had his sanction; and is one of very many different arrangements these instrumental pieces have been subjected to. It is cleverly done, though the arranger found it necessary to make some changes in the melody, and was sung with vivacity.

Mme. Homer's singing of "Che Faro," from Gluck's "Orfeo," had well remembered nobility and warmth of expression, and there was spirit in her delivery of Haydn's "Mermaid." The trouble that Mme. Homer has always had in respect of clearness of diction still remains, and it was sometimes difficult to determine even the language in which she was singing. Her presentation of the song, "Printemps qui Commence," from Saint-Saëns's "Saison et Daila," was much enjoyed by the audience, and in response to the applause Mme. Homer added Daila's other air from the same opera, "Mon Cœur S'ouvre a ta Voix," to greater applause.

Mme. Homer also sang two of her husband's settings, "From the Brake the Nightingale" and "Cuddle Doon" in the Scotch manner. A final series of duets was made up of Chausson's "La Nuit" and "Per Vail per Boschi," by Blangini, master of saccharine progressions.

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Meader Sings New

By W. J. HENDERSON.

George Meader, tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. When Mr. Meader is not giving song recitals he is engaged as a second tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House, where his art is exercised to its best advantage in "Cosi fan tutte" and his uncommon skill in character delineation and the delivery of text in such a role as Guillot in "Manon." In days now past this singer was a member of the opera company in Stuttgart, where his recitals of lieder were regarded as important events of the musical season, and it was in the capacity of lieder singer that he made himself known to New York before Mr. Gatti-Casazza perceived a large element of usefulness in his talents.

His program yesterday was well made and contained some new and some interesting songs. Even some of the new ones were interesting, as in the case of Josef Marx's "Selige Nacht," which had to be repeated. Two songs by Emil Mattiesen, a young German composer, did not strike the audience quite so favorably. Max Schillings contributed two numbers "Wie Wundersam" and "Maerchen," the first a good lyric, the second a halting and ineffective one. Presently this town will hear a whole opera by this composer.

The final group on Mr. Meader's program contained "A Song," by Charles Bennett, a very good production indeed. It was redemanded. H. O. Osgood, who is figuring more frequently in recital lists, was represented by his "On Eribeig Island" and "The Little Brown Tree," two melodious songs which ought to become

popular. The first group consisted of two Handel numbers. The second of these was "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted," which is rarely sung with such firm breath control and such correctness of phrasing as Mr. Meader brought to its delivery. The second group was composed of songs by Schubert and Hugo Wolff. The whole recital was an admirable demonstration of the value of well cultivated art.

Mr. Meader has not a rich or sonorous voice. A singer equipped with such an organ and lacking his vocal finesse would fall lamentably; but he is able to chain the attention of a discriminating audience by his skill in vocal technique, his intelligence in its use and his unerring artistic judgment in the application of nuances. He was greatly aided in yesterday's recital by Dr. Karl Riedel, a newcomer, whose accompaniments were most delightful.

Jacques Thibaud, violinist, gave a recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon with Charles Hart at the piano. The program comprised Beethoven's D major sonata, opus 12, No. 1; Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," which seems to be inevitable in Sunday violin music; Chausson's "Poeme," and some briefer numbers. Mr. Thibaud is not in need of commendation to this public. He has long been a familiar visitor and is indeed a well established favorite.

His art is so finished, so dignified and withal so full of subtle elements of expression that an afternoon may always be profitably given to listening to his playing. He was heard yesterday by a large audience in which were many of the local violinists and cellists, who undoubtedly found their hour and a half well spent.

MEMBERS CONDUCT SYMPHONY.

Two Take Turns at 'Pop' Concert in Foch's Absence.

With Dirk Foch still incapacitated by an operation to prevent mastoiditis, the City Symphony's "pop" concert at the Century Theater was conducted yesterday afternoon in turn by two members of the orchestra, Alexis Coroshansky, cellist, and Sepp Morscher, first harpist. Mme. Greta Torpadie, soprano, was the soloist.

The program comprised Weber's "Der Freischütz" overture, led by Mr. Coroshansky; two numbers for horn quartet, namely, Schumann's "Traumerei" and Mendelssohn's "Farewell," in which the four players led themselves; the aria "Ah Fors e Lui" from Verdi's "Traviata," and a Swedish melody, "When I Was Seventeen," sung in Swedish, and Beethoven's fifth symphony. Mr. Morscher led the orchestra in the accompaniments and in the symphony.

Mme. Torpadie, who is seldom if ever heard here with orchestra went out of her sphere somewhat to sing the operatic coloratura number, but in the song she was, indeed, charming. The audience worked hard, but all for naught, to have her give an encore. The playing of the orchestra under the unfamiliar conditions as to leader, was very creditable. The audience was large. At next Sunday's concert a request program will be given.

PHILHARMONIC IN CONCERT.

Cellist Is Assisting Artist in Tchaikovsky Program.

Leo Schulz, first cellist of the Philharmonic Society, was the assisting artist at yesterday's Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall. The program was devoted to Tchaikovsky. Mr. Schulz, who played the variations on a rondo theme for cello and orchestra, was warmly applauded before and after his performance. Perhaps there was a hint of dryness, a certain lack of warmth, in the scherzo passages, but the greater part of the work was characterized by freshness and buoyancy. The more lyric passages were admirably portrayed.

Mr. Strinsky, conducting the orchestra, offered the overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet." This poetic composition with its familiar and tender themes proved a popular choice, and the color and poignant sincerity of the music were well brought out by the orchestra. Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony closed the program.

TWO STYLISTS.

At the recitals that took place yesterday afternoon within a stone's throw of each other there were audiences that contained a plentiful sprinkling of students and professionals, as well as the usual lay listeners. That was because both recitals were given by artists who have much to say, not only through the music, but through the way they deliver it.

The first was Jacques Thibaud, violinist, who played at the Town Hall. Mr. Thibaud's program, while not strikingly unusual, was excellently chosen and superbly played. He began with the Beethoven D major sonata, followed it with Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and concluded with Chausson's "Poeme" and shorter pieces by Weber, Passé and Saint-Saëns.

There is a wonderful competence about Mr. Thibaud's playing. Not in the usual sense of "good enough," but in the sense that he inspires belief in his ability to perform the task at hand. One hears him play the opening bars of a war band settles back with a sigh of relief, secure in the knowledge that the music is in good hands, that the player will not fail either as technician or interpreter.

He played yesterday with a finely tempered, full throated tone that kept its warmth and beauty throughout a wide gamut of color and dynamics, and throughout his program he displayed a comprehension of the music and an authority and breadth in his readings that came as a benefice after the emotional uncertainty and myopic literalness of the average fiddler. He was lucky in having an exceptional aid in Charles Hart, whose piano accompaniments displayed a vitality and understanding far above the average.

The other was George Meader, who sang an unusually well selected program at Aeolian Hall. Mr. Meader is a standing lesson for most singers. His voice is by no means exceptional, either in natural quality or production, but his perfect diction, musicality and grasp of song style make him one of the most interesting recitalists in the country.

His list began with two Handel arias, "Sin Not," from "Saul," and the evergreen "Every Valley," from "The Messiah." The second group offered Schubert and Wolf, three of each. Another German group offered some unusual modern songs by Joseph Marx, Emil Mattison and Max Schillings. Max's "Selige Nacht" was possibly the best, a brooding, deeply-felt lyric of great beauty. Schillings' "Maerehen" was light in texture, but indubitably appealing, and Mr. Meader sang it so charmingly that he had to repeat it.

Mr. Meader's English group deserves a word to itself, for it succeeded in being reasonably popular without falling into banality. It included a lovely bit entitled simply "A Song," by Charles Bennett, and H. O. Osgood's "The Little Brown Bee" and "On Eribe Island." The latter is a strikingly successful ballad, capturing the heart-searching simplicity of folksong without a suspicion of commonplace or cheapness.

ROYALTY AT ROME CONCERT.

Leopold Stokowski Conducts Works of Two Old Italian Masters.

ROME, Jan. 21.—Throngs of music lovers today attended a concert at the Augusteum conducted by Leopold Stokowski. The Princess Mafalda with several ladies-in-waiting, occupied the royal box, while Mayor Cremonesi and several Aldermen represented the municipality. Delegations from the leading music institutions of Rome were present.

The conductor was applauded for his masterful direction of works of two Italian masters of the seventeenth century, Lulli and Vivaldi, and received an ovation for his rendition of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" and the finale of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Mrs. Jullius Kayser Gives Musicales.

Muk de Jari, the Serbian tenor, Mme. Raymonde Delaunols of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the Russian Trio entertained yesterday at a musicale at the home of Mrs. Jullius Kayser, 18 East Seventy-first Street.

Farther uptown at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon, Alexis Coroshansky stepped out of the ranks of the cello players to the platform of the conductor and led his fellow musicians through the measures of "Der Freischütz" Overture, by Weber; "Traumerei," by Schumann, and "Farewell," by Mendelssohn (the last two arranged for horn quartet); while Sepp Morscher, harpist, directed the Symphony C Minor, by Beethoven.

The features, which supposedly were chosen to give a popular character to the concert of the City Symphony Orchestra in the Century Theater yesterday afternoon, were two arrangements for the French horns of the band and two vocal numbers sung by Greta Torpadie. Perhaps the orchestral pieces might also be set down as popular, for they are played so often every season that they have become as household words to every concertgoer. They were the overture to "Der Freischütz" and Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The joyful voices of the horns had already been heard with fine effect in the overture to Weber's opera, which has much to do with German forest life, but they gave much obvious pleasure to the audience in a setting of Schumann's "Traumerei" and Mendelssohn's part-song "The Huntsman's Farewell." French horns are properly and beautifully called forest horns (waldhörner) in German, for the orchestral instrument is a development of the old hunting horn.

Miss Torpadie sang "Ah! fors' e lui" with its cabaletta "Sempre libra," from Verdi's "Traviata," neatly if not brilliantly, but was sadly hampered by a wretched orchestral accompaniment. She displayed nice taste and sympathy in a Swedish folksong, "Fjorton år tron Jag," set down on the program under the English title "When I Was Seventeen," though it tells of the emotions of a maid at fourteen, seventeen and a later period, when the lovers were as indifferent to her as she had previously been to them. It is an exquisite song, first heard at a public concert in New York, we fancy, when Mme. Sembrich included it in her folksong recitals. In the enforced absence of Mr. Foch, Alexis Coroshansky conducted the overture and Sepp Morscher the vocal numbers and the symphony. The horn players got along excellently without direction of any kind.

There were quantity and variety in the operatic fare offered last night by the Metropolitan at its Sunday evening concert, with acts and fragments from various operas. The third act of "Ernani," with Mme. Ponselle and Mr. Mardones as usual, Mr. Danise as Don Carlos and Armand Tokaty as Ernani; the Grail Scene from "Parsifal," bringing Messrs. Schutzendorff and Gustafson as soloists; the "Meistersinger" prologue, Mr. Mardones figuring as the devil in question, and the triumphal scene of "Aida," bringing, among others, Mme. Ponselle and Messrs. Harold and Danise, made up the bulk of the program, while the orchestra had the "1812" overture as its solo number. The performance reached a generally high level, with praise due the chorus for fine spun, carefully shaded singing in the "Parsifal" scene and sustained volume in the last long notes of the "Meistersinger" prologue. Mr. Bamboschek conducted for a sold-out house.

Poor Audience Greets Enesco

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

A few men, true to Mr. Gilbert's preachment that "Duty, duty must be done," who attended the two concerts given in Town Hall yesterday, were not permitted to fare like our Cousin Hamlet on "air, promise crammed." In the afternoon a pianist, in the evening a violinist gave them solid pabulum of the classic kind for a little more than two hours—seventeenth and eighteenth century music. Either one of the chaconnes which Georges Enesco (reclé Enesco) played in the evening would have furnished forth a sufficient archaic feast for the ordinary concert-goer, but Mr. Enesco played the three movements of Leclair's Sonata in G major which preceded the first chaconne and the four which came before the more familiar chaconne of Bach's Partita in D minor before he reached pieces by composers of our day; and when four of these latter came two of them were Couperin's "La Précieuse" and a minuet by Pugnani, whose "nods and becks

and wreathed smiles" had been tracked out with added graces by Fritz Kreisler.

Recording—Not Complaining

We are not complaining because of the fact, but recording it as an incident of the season, which was made doubly interesting by the coincidence. It was interesting, too, to observe the difference between Enesco the composer and Enesco the virtuoso. We have known the Rumanian musician's compositions for a little more than nine years—not as intimately as we ought, perhaps, but sufficiently well to be able to say that we did not expect him to look or play as he did last night. We did not expect to see him bear himself with such quiet dignity, nor to find him leaning so heavily upon such oldtimers as Leclair and Bach. Neither did we expect, while enjoying the technical clarity of his reading of them (overlooking an occasional departure from purity of intonation) to discover that he was inclined to sentimentalize them by indulgence in all but inaudible pianissimos and little by-products of tone which sounded as if produced by conscious tricks upon the fingerboard.

We are not accustomed to think of composers playing with little tone—at least not in their own music. But inasmuch as Mr. Enesco had none of his music on the program it might not be fair to treat him from this point of view. Yet we think we were justified in expecting a further, a more sensuously beautiful and a better balanced tone than we heard. We were a bit aggrieved when an old story of the Paris Conservatory, at which institution Mr. Enesco studied after he had been under the tuition of the elder Helmsberger in Vienna, popped into our head and would not out. One of the professors came to Cherubini one day with a piece of news which ought to have saddened the rigid old contrapuntist.

"Maitre, Bord est mort!" "Petit son, petit son!" replied Cherubini. That was all; yet Bord was the finest hautboist in Paris. So last night the comment kept ringing in our head: "Little tone, little tone."

Nevertheless much enjoyment was to be had from Mr. Enesco's playing.

Audience a Disappointment

It was regrettable that the audience was not more numerous. Curiosity to see and hear a musician who has engrossed a pretty large share of the world's interest during the last decade should have filled the room, at least. A big audience would have made a better exhibition of national (or should we say foreign?) interest in the man than the presentation of a few bouquets and the banners of Rumania and the United States, which took place after the artist had played Sint-Saens's "Havanaise." But though Mr. Enesco showed devotion to his native land during the war, he is, musically, at least, more a cosmopolitan than a nationalist. Born in Rumania but trained in Vienna and Paris, he has for years been a peripatetic virtuoso, and when we first heard his first "Rumanian Rhapsody" we could find no sign in it of the thought, feeling, social or national life of the people from whom he is sprung. As we remarked at the time (it was in October, 1913):

"Its tunes suggest neither place nor time and their treatment nothing more than the reckless ingenuity of a devotee of a latter day technical tendency in orchestration which owes nothing to the elegant French school in which the composer received his training and a little to the best examples of the German and Russian schools. If its theme proved anything at all they prove that Rumanian folksong is in no respect Oriental and does not partake either in matter or spirit of the folksong of the peoples with whom the Rumanians are associated in popular thought. It may be that this is its proud characteristic; that it, as the people fondly and proudly imagine themselves to be, is of Roman descent. If so better specimens than Mr. Enesco has employed in his rhapsody and different treatment than he has given them will have to be brought forward. The rhapsody is a bewildering bit of musical hilarity, an amazing tour de force in orchestration and rhythmic combination, a garish harmonic phantasmagoria—that is all."

Since then we have heard two of the rhapsodies several times, a string octet (which his fellow countryman, Kneise brought forward in 1916), a suite played by the Boston Orchestra here in November, 1919, and a string quartet in E flat played by the Flonzaley in November, 1921. The symphony in E flat, which he conducted at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra last Christmas week, is a recent memory. He is a welcome member among our many foreign visitors and less likely than some of them to work injury to popular taste.

A New Pianist in Recital

Mme. Maria Carreras, a newcomer but far from a novice in her art, gave

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Georges Enesco's Violin Recital.

Mr. Georges Enesco, the Rumanian musician who conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra on its last visit to New York, having shown himself as composer and conductor on that occasion, last evening appeared as a violinist at a recital in the Town Hall. He established himself at once as a master of high rank, displaying qualities of a remarkable sort, and a self-contained individuality singularly engrossing.

Mr. Enesco is as far as possible from being a "virtuoso" in the more undesirable meaning of that term. He is first and last a musician and an interpreter, devoted solely to expounding music and not at all to the display of his technical powers. These are indeed remarkable, but they are employed entirely as a means to an end.

Mr. Enesco's point of view was illustrated in his program. It contained none of his own compositions, which some of his hearers may have regretted. There was a sonata by Loclair, the French composer of the eighteenth century; the partita or suite in D minor, by Bach, the last movement of which, the chaconne, violinists are devoted to playing, leaving the other four movements severely alone. Saint Saens's melancholy and introspective "Hawaianse," two of Kreisler's arrangements, and a "Moto Perpetuo," by Novacek.

Mr. Enesco's playing is notable for its exquisite purity of intonation, especially in double stoppings, of which Loclair's sonata is all compact, as well as Bach's suite in which they also flourish greatly. His certainty in such passages is almost uncanny; and any deviation from the pitch, or any searching for it, most rare.

There are violinists with a more beautiful tone than his. Sententious charm is not its most conspicuous quality, though it has marrow and masculine vigour; and in dynamics Mr. Enesco cultivates a very wide range, being especially fond of an almost whispered pianissimo. There are remarkable freedom and flexibility in his bowing; and a corresponding breadth and finish in his delivery of the phrase, as well as a pregnant rhythm and accent.

There is, undoubtedly, a certain austerity in Mr. Enesco's playing, he is very little concerned with "lascivious pleasantries," or with obvious sentiment. But there is through it all a richly musical feeling, potently expressed. It is, above all, distinguished by a feeling for style, for the appropriate expression, and the means thereto. So it was in Loclair's sonata, a strong and vigorous specimen of the preclassical period, in which he showed a large and generous conception and both delicacy and breadth. Still more were these things shown in the more recent suite by Bach, and long and exacting as it was, a masterly performance, delivered, as was all that Mr. Enesco did, with a remarkable repose and apparent freedom from effort.

In quite another vein was the same exhibition in the modern pieces on his program. Saint Saens's "Hawaianse" was presented in a way to conjure moods rather than as a piece for display. There is not much external brilliancy or allurements in Mr. Enesco's playing. It is sober, self-contained. But it is the expression of a musicianship of the finer grain.

He was well assisted by Sandor Vas, accompanist. After the "Hawaianse" there was a demonstration by his countrymen with a display of the Rumanian flag.

ulities rather than the emotional) he seemed to be inclined to follow the path upon which many of her sex have entered more and more as players of the supposedly sterner sex have exhibited a disposition to abandon it. Mr. Paderewski, after one deplorable outburst, no longer seeks to strain the sonorous resources of the pianoforte, nor does Mr. Hofmann. Messrs. Bauer, Bachaus, Schnabel, Rachmaninoff and Hatcher (to mention a few men who are giving us the best that can be heard in the field of pianoforte music to-day) never did. Perhaps, because they are masculine, they do not think it necessary. Nor is it necessary. There is no music which demands it. Nor is there any use in pitting the strength of the human arms and fingers against the thing of rigid steel which we call the modern concert grand pianoforte, whose frame is capable of resisting a tensile pull of 60,000 pounds.

We do not say that Mme. Novae indulged in anything like this yesterday, but we fear that in certain portions of the "Prelude, Choral and Fugue," by Cesar Franck, and again in the first movement of Beethoven's last Sonata she was obsessed by the idea that the expressiveness of the music depended upon the degree of force with which she could strike the keys. And as an additional agency to the same end she called in the aid of the damper pedal, with results that were disquieting to at least some of her listeners.

In these pieces, and more disastrously still in the second section of Chopin's F major Ballade, which, on the whole, she played with ingratiating tone and beautifully graded dynamics, she effaced the thematic line in her desire to secure power. In this instance the blame did not fall entirely upon the use made of the pedal. Dr. Hans von Bülow (of whose performance of the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 111, we cherish a memory which we hope will never be effaced, as we do one of Paderewski's) once remarked that a female pianist never permitted her left hand to know what her right hand was doing. Miss (or Mme.) Novae yesterday reversed the Biblical injunction touching the giving of alms, or ignored it. Her right hand may not have been ignorant, but it certainly was powerless against the doings of her too potent left.

But here we are pointing out only what we conceive to be the defects of Miss Novae in a few of her numbers and ignoring the beauties which appealed to her many hearers in all. Well, she is an artist who can endure such discussion; it does not belittle her, for if she were less than she is the questions would not be raised; and they belong to the general subject of musical interpretation. The pianoforte does not need Amazons, or Anakim, but players who can make it speak the speech of the composers as they intended it to be spoken.

Besides the pieces mentioned the concert-giver played three compositions by Chopin (one of them an insignificant prelude said to have been discovered in 1918 and as yet unpublished), Blanchet's "Au Jardin du vieux Scail," Albeniz's "El Albaicin" and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

A Local Violinist in Recital

Mr. J. Gegna, a resident violinist though a Russian by birth (as might have been guessed from the character of his audience), played for the edification of his friends and to their manifest pleasure at a recital in Town Hall last night. His brother, Max Gegna, a violoncellist now on tour, has been heard here in public, but we can recall no concert in which he figured as a solo performer. The most admirable feature of his playing last night were the firm, round, full tone which he drew from his instrument and his freedom from all affectation in sentiment as well as bearing. These virtues went far to exterminate an occasional flaw in his fingering.

Like Mr. Enesco in the same room on Monday evening Mr. Gegna treated his audience to a liberal allowance of old-time music—a sonata in G minor by Jean Baptiste Scaille, Viotti's Concerto in A minor, No. 22, and the Bach Chaconne. Of these compositions that of Scaille was practically novel to New Yorkers. Its composer was a member of the court band of Louis XV who had studied in Italy with Vivaldi. It proved to be agreeable music with all the earmarks of its period—that of the early part of the eighteenth century. Having done his duty by the classics Mr. Gegna played pieces by Levenson, Gilman, Mitnitsky, Wieniawski and a transcription by himself presumably of the Russian song "The Red Sarafan." Mr. Harry Kaufman was his accompanist.

pianoforte recital in Town Hall yesterday afternoon. She is an Italian, we believe, trained by Signor Scambati, who has played for a space in South America and Mexico since she left the Eastern Hemisphere. As a player yesterday she exhibited some of the vigorous characteristics of the lamented Teresa Carreno, whose memory is evoked by her name; but there was a finer quality in the style disclosed in Pausis's transcription of Scarlatti's "Pastorale" and some of the Chopin pieces which followed her middle group of two of the empty wanderings to which Liszt attached the name of Petrarch, and a third supposedly inspired by a reading of Dante. Such inspiration, we fancy, might have come from the perusal of any newspaper, a "Prediction du Docteur Percy Grant" or a "Roman de Don Marquis." Nevertheless Mme. Carreras is an artist of a high and dignified type, with splendid technical and intellectual equipment. Before the conventionalities of Liszt and Chopin she gave her hearers something out of the ordinary to think about—a Gigue by Graun and a transcription made for her by M. v. Zadora of an organ concert in D minor attributed to Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. The character of the great Johann Sebastian's oldest and most talented son has made critics skeptical about the authorship of some of the works which have come to us with his name attached. Wilhelm Friedemann, as we have had occasion to learn lately, did not hesitate to attach his name to this organ transcription by his father of an original concerto grosso by Vivaldi.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Georges Enesco, the distinguished Rumanian composer, gave a violin recital last evening in Town Hall. Mr. Enesco is well known in Europe as a solo artist and enjoys the honor of being court violinist to the most beautiful of queens. From his program of last evening one might infer that her adorable majesty is exceptionally partial to the classics and in particular dotes on Bach. But it may be that the chamber concerts in the royal palace of Bucharest are enlivened with a greater proportion of modern efficacies than the audience heard last evening.

Mr. Enesco performed first the G major sonata of Locatelli, with Sandor Vas at the piano. After that he played the whole of Bach's D minor partita, which is unaccompanied. The last movement of the five is, the familiar chaconne, which is generally held to be as much of the composition as any ordinary music lover can assimilate in one evening. Last night's assembly was not ordinary. It was extraordinary. It withstood colds. No one coughed in the whole course of the partita. This as a piece of virtuosity in listening which cannot be permitted to pass without record.

Mr. Enesco has undoubtedly had much praise as a violinist, but not as a wizard of the bow. He is not a great performer. His tone is thin and rough and generally cold, and his bowing is sometimes careless. But his playing of the sonata and the partita proved him to be an ardent music lover and a true student of style. He gave real readings of the works, readings which veiled the workings of a thoroughly usual mind throbbing with affection for the creations of the old masters. A wide range of dynamics, including a pianissimo that would have made Dechman wild with envy, and a splendidly vital rhythm were salient features of his art, an art which despite certain want of finish had both path and breadth.

The other numbers on the list were Saint-Saens's "Hawaianse," Couperin's "Precieuse," transcribed by Kreisler; a moto perpetuo by Novacek and tempo di minueto by Pugnani in a Kreisler version.

By Deems Taylor

THE DAY.

Reprinted from yesterday's title editions.)

The musical find of the day was Maria Carreras, a Spanish pianist who has been playing with great success in South America and Mexico, and who gave her first New York recital yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall. She made a striking appearance on platform, a sturdy, green-clad figure crowned with a mass of steel-gray hair, and she soon proved as striking musically as she was visually. Mme. Carreras has a prodigious technique and a fine command of

Her program kept faithfully to the accepted virtuoso pattern—a Scarlatti "Pastorale," W. F. Bach's organ concerto in D minor, transcribed by Zadora, three Liszt pieces (the 10th and 123d "Sonetti del Petrarca" and the "Fantasia quasi Sonata"), and a concluding group of Chopin that included the A flat ballade and the A minor mazurka.

She played brilliantly throughout, with an unflinching technical command and an authority and breadth of style that placed her definitely as an artist to be taken seriously.

In Aeolian Hall the Norfolk Trio played Smetana's G minor trio and Brahms's in B major. The group, which hails from the Southwest and is composed of two sisters and a brother, displayed an adequate individual technique and played with commendable sincerity and a smoothness of ensemble that evidenced considerable training and experience.

In the evening Georges Enesco, the Roumanian composer, who had appeared recently as guest-conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, made his bow as a violinist at the Town Hall, playing Loclair's G major sonata, the Bach partita, Saint-Saens's "Hawaianse" and some shorter pieces. It was surprising to find nothing of his own upon the program.

In view of the fact that Mr. Enesco is said to have considerable reputation abroad as a virtuoso the recital was rather a shock. For, although he played with an evident and admirable absorption in the music, he displayed nothing in the way of technical equipment that would seem to entitle him to very serious consideration as a performer. His tone was rough and uneven, and he made frequent slips, both in bowing and intonation. He might far better trust to his composing to make his fame secure.

Another trio, and a familiar one, appeared at Aeolian Hall in the evening. This was the New York Trio—Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi and Cornelius Van Vleet—performing for the benefit of the Musicians' Home fund. These admirable artists played Dvorak's F minor trio and the Schubert Opus 99 in B-flat, with their accustomed fluency and excellent musicianship.

The opera was "Rosenkavalier," with a familiar cast, Mr. Bodanzky conducting. One wonders if Strauss's work has ever had three more beautiful voices in the stellar roles than those of Florence Easton, Maria Jeritza and Elizabeth Reithberg. The famous trio in the last act, as these artists sang it last night, was something to remember for a long time—an unforgettable moment of sheer loveliness.

OTHER MUSIC.

Hearing three piano concertos on one program is like attending a performance of a bill of one-act plays. It allows no let-down for the attention and sets the funds for comparison hard to work. However, there is the satisfaction in knowing that one may leave anywhere during the bill with the knowledge that one has heard the main part of the show, whatever it may have been.

Yesterday afternoon Ernest Schelling went to work with the aid and connivance of the New York Symphony and performed at the Town Hall a program consisting of Beethoven's E flat concerto, Chopin's similar work in M minor and Liszt's E flat concerto. It was a noteworthy stunt for fingers, memory and audience.

Rene Pollain, who conducted the orchestra, gave the Beethoven number a typical "strong man's reading," parked here and there with a typical strong man's tenderness. It was soorous, healthy and of considerable breadth. Mr. Schelling played the bloos after his traditional manner, using a technique on the fortissimos which made them resemble the old Shakespearean stage directions of shouts and murmurs from within, and in the lighter cadences sent his notes liquidly pattering and dripping in admirable fashion.

The Chopin work produced some especially commendable work from the orchestra particularly, which was better than the soloist in this, for their lyric strophes were rather finer in calibre than the somewhat shallow effect from the piano. The closing Liszt work was something to listen to absently with an ear mostly for virtuosity.

A. C.

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's title editions.)

Pianists, like woes, do tread upon each other's heels, so fast they follow in our concert rooms. All are not woeful, least of all pianists of the excellence of Guimar Novae, but they come in such quick succession that it is difficult to keep track of them. She who was Miss or Senorita Novae, but is now madame something else in domestic life, had, we believe, been absent from us for nearly two years when she came upon the stage of Aeolian Hall for her first recital this season yesterday afternoon.

She left a gracious memory behind her when she departed in April, 1921, and was welcomed by a large crowd of admirers when she returned. Whether anything better than she had given was expected of her we cannot say. It is difficult for a pianoforte player to stamp a really great and distinctive mark upon her work in these days of widespread excellence; but not so difficult upon her personality. The young Brazilian grew to her present stage of artistic maturity among us, and the charm which she has exerted over the public was as much an emanation from herself, her amiable appearance and modest bearing as from her music. That charm in both its manifestations remains.

Trifle Too Strenuous

As to one impression made by her playing yesterday, glad some as it was generally to her admirers, it may be said that to the critically disposed (by which phrase we mean those who listened to her playing discriminatingly with an exercise of the aesthetic fac-

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ernest Schelling in Piano Concertos.

Ernest Schelling, who has already appeared with the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic Orchestras this season, started yesterday upon a serious and exacting undertaking—the giving of a series of three orchestral concerts in the Town Hall, at each of which he will play three piano concertos. These nine will include the most important of modern works of their kind. The orchestra is the New York Symphony, under the direction of its assistant conductor, René Pollain.

The first program was made up of Beethoven's concerto in E flat, Chopin's in F minor and Liszt's in E flat. Chopin's has been of late years rather neglected by pianists, as has its companion in E minor; a pity, for it is full of loveliness and calls for some of the subtler qualities of the artist.

It would be somewhat less painful if a similar falling away of interest in Liszt's E flat concerto were to be detected, as perhaps it is to be. There would be a comfortable resting place for it by the side of Rubinstein's D minor concerto, which seems to have pretty nearly fulfilled its usefulness.

As for Beethoven's in E flat, it seems as much alone as ever. It has already been heard this season; but Mr. Schelling's performance of it, fittingly placed at the head of his ambitious scheme, was gladly welcomed and made a deep impression. It was full of passion and power, and it was, like those of the other concertos on the list, as brilliant as the acoustics of the hall permitted. The slow movement was played with profound feeling, with an especial richness of tone, and the whole performance was one that disclosed a deep penetration into the work.

It was clearly affection for a masterpiece that moved Mr. Schelling to put Chopin's F minor concerto upon his list, and he played it with an affectionate devotion that illumined the music. The fervor of his delivery of the cantabile melodies—and the second theme of the first movement is one that haunts the memory—was equaled by the iridescent grace bestowed upon the ornamentation, with which Chopin was so prodigal in this concerto. The purity and sweetness of the composition were embodied in a particularly charming performance.

The Cleveland Orchestra.

It is, of course, perfectly true to say that the Cleveland Orchestra was carrying coals to Newcastle in undertaking the journey to New York and giving a concert in Carnegie Hall. There would have been seven orchestral concerts in New York this week without theirs; enough, apparently, to sate the appetite of the city's music lovers. Yet there was a large audience present at the Cleveland concert, some of whom probably had as much interest in Cleveland and a Cleveland institution as in the music they heard.

And this could be said of the visitors: that though they came to the musical centre of the country that hears from seven to twelve orchestral concerts a week, they presented a program that brought forward two substantial orchestral compositions well worth a hearing that none of the local organizations have played for a good while.

These were Rachmaninoff's second symphony in E minor and Charles Martin Loeffler's dramatic poem "La Mort de Tintagiles." As for the third, which completed the program, Strauss's "Don Juan," so much could not be said; it has been served to New York audiences, on a rough estimate, about once a week since the season began.

There has been progress on the part of the Cleveland Orchestra in most of the matters that make for fine orchestral playing. The tone of the orchestra is in every way better and this is especially to be noted in the strings. The brass choir, upon which considerable demands were made last evening, responded to them nobly. The orchestra has also appreciably bettered its ensemble, in precision of attack and release, in the homogeneity of tone. Its playing has not only real brilliancy but also something of mellowness and deeper beauty.

For this, of course, the conductor, Nikolai Sokoloff, is chiefly responsible. He showed excellent qualities in the fulfillment of his office last evening. His reading of Rachmaninoff's symphony was planned with a truly musical understanding—a real reading of the work, in presenting it in its right proportions with its contrasts and climaxes duly adjusted.

The symphony is a fine and individual production, full of a militant energy and vitality; but it is too long and discursive in its development—a fact that forces problems upon the conductor in keeping its interest unflagging. This it may truly be said Mr. Sokoloff did. It was a performance of real power brilliant in tone and coloring and pulsing with rhythmic life. There was much applause which was well deserved.

Young Artists in Concert.

Frederic Baer, baritone, with Sara Fuller, soprano, and Margel Gluck, violinist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. Miss Gluck revealed her technical knowledge of the violin in a sonata of Handel, which she followed with a group of shorter pieces. Miss Fuller was effective in the higher range of her soprano songs, which rung clear and full, but her lower notes were affected by a cold. Schindler's "Serenade di Murela" and Deems Taylor's "The Witch Woman" served to bring out deep, rich tones of Mr. Baer's baritone voice and his interestingly individual manner of singing.

Russian Violinist Heard.

J. Gegia, a Russian violinist formerly of Kiev and Petrograd, who has taught in this country since the war, gave a recital in the Town Hall last night. Besides Bach's chaconne and Wieniawski's brief etude-caprice No. 8, both unaccompanied, he gave with Harry Kaufman a concerto of Viotti and sonata by Senaile, done with a scholar's zeal and sincerity. There were moments of individual display in unfamiliar modern works, one Gerber's "Red Seraphin," arranged by the player himself, little pieces by Levenson and Mitnikski, and an applauded "Berceuse Slave" by Gilman.

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By W. J. HENDERSON.

There was much rejoicing in the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Applause was vociferous. Bravoes rang to the rafters. Men and women stood packed behind the orchestra rail as tightly as the space would allow. Two hundred or more were turned away, unable to gain admission. Was all this because Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci made her first appearance of the season? The chronicler of musical incidents would like to believe it was, but the truth must be told.

The reception accorded to the "diva" (a singer of the Galli-Curci type is always called "diva," while impersonators of *Brünnhilde* never are) was only kindly and assuredly not enthusiastic. She was welcomed with what Gilbert would have called "modified rapture." The audience betrayed no signs of excitement until the duet between Mme. Galli-Curci and Mr. Martinelli came to a triumphant conclusion with a prodigiously powerful and high tenor tone which drowned out the dulcet voice of the soprano and evoked prolonged applause.

The opera, too, had a full share of the honors of the evening, for into the gladsome night came trooping back those lilting sirens of the vocal past—"Quando rapito," "Ardon gli incensi," "Spargi d'amaro pianto" and the immortal sextet. For the opera was Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." It was real good old fashioned opera, no drama per musica, music drama or any of that sort of tall forehead matter, but something with plain tunes for plain people. And, of course, there was the coloratura—runs, roulades, scales, trills, staccati—all the vocal confetti of the lyric carnival season when heroines have made scenes, tenors are despairing lovers, barytones are dark and fearsome villains, and the chorus consists of dramatic critics who stand around behind the actors and make comments on their doings.

"Lucia" is an opera with traditions. It would be agreeable to record that last evening's performance revived the best of them. But unfortunately things did not go quite perfectly. Mme. Galli-Curci seemed to be a little tired and she had trouble with the pitch. The beautiful quality of her voice was just as delightful to hear as ever and her smooth and fluent delivery of her measures was admirable. But it must be confessed that she did not reach her own highest level.

Mr. Martinelli was in full possession of his powerful tones, but seemed unable to temper them to the dynamics of the prima donna, which was unfortunate, since it was her evening. Mr. Danise was the Enrico Ashton and sang his music generally well. Mr. Mardones was an entirely competent representative of Raimondo. Mr. Papi conducted.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Lucia di Lammermoor," opera in four acts and five scenes, by Gaetano Donizetti, book founded on Walter Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," by Salvatore Cammarano. Sung in Italian, Gennaro Papi conducting. First performance of the season.

CAST.

Lucia	Amelita Galli-Curci
Alisa	Grace Anthony
Edgar	Giovanni Martinelli
Ashton	Giuseppe Danise
Raimondo	Jose Mardones
Arturo	Angelo Bada
Normanno	Pietro Audilio

The principal function of a music reviewer, as he is frequently informed—by mail, word of mouth, or telephone—by those whose concerts, recitals and opera performances he happens not to like, is reportorial. "It is, of course," run these messages, "your privilege to criticize adversely

what you hear, and even to couch your remarks thereon in a humorous vein, if you so desire, but it is only good journalism to tell also what happened and how the audience liked it."

What happened last night was that Mme. Galli-Curci made her first appearance of the season with the Metropolitan Opera Company, singing the title role of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Martinelli was Edgardo and Mr. Danise sang Ashton. Mr. Papi conducted.

The audience, so far as this reporter could determine, liked it. In fact, "liked" is hardly the word for what the gentlemen who stood downstairs at the left of the proscenium arch and upstairs at the right of the proscenium arch felt about the performance. They applauded the prima donna, when she first appeared, with such lengthy vehemence that her first minute on the stage was entirely occupied in bowing and blowing kisses of acknowledgment.

They applauded Mr. Martinelli, likewise, with scarcely less vigor, and shouted approval to both principals at the end of every big aria and several smaller ones. It was always possible, too, for a serious linguist to tell whom they meant to approve. If they shouted "brava!" that meant Mme. Galli-Curci; when they caroled "bravo!" that meant Mr. Martinelli; when they ululated "bravi!" that meant both. It is so helpful to know the languages.

The rest of the audience, which was extraordinarily large, considering the weather, was slightly more inhibited in its manifestations of approval (we did not hear a single boxholder shouting), but it did applaud frequently and vigorously, and gave every sign of complete enjoyment.

To drop the reportorial notebook and don the critical mantle—Mme. Galli-Curci sang well, but not as brilliantly as we have heard her. Her lower voice lacked its accustomed warmth, and her high notes wanted resonance. Also, she seemed to be singing a little below the key with distressing persistence. Mr. Martinelli sounded very loud, seldom dropping below a forte and never remotely approaching a piano. The orchestra too seemed unusually loud when it was loud at all.

All in all, we must admit that we thought last night's "Lucia" a noisy and inartistic performance of an opera that only perfection could make interesting. But who are we against so many?

LUCILLA DE VESCOVI SINGS.

Italian Soprano Heard in Songs of Her Countrymen.

Lucilla de Vescovi, an Italian soprano of spare physique and a certain natural, full-throated manner of singing; whose few appearances here have been always of individual quality, sang a program in the Town Hall last evening, the lion's share of which was devoted to songs of her countrymen through the centuries from Monteverde to Respighi. She was heard with interest also in French and Spanish pieces, such as Chausson's "Chanson Perpetuelle" of truly heavenly length, a group from Granados's "La Maja Dolorosa" and a pair by De Falla.

In picturesque stage presence and sombre mood, the singer suggested indeed a spirit of that music of the Renaissance which her songs presented. Leo Leonardi assisted at the piano.

MISS KLUG'S PIANO RECITAL.

Miss Ruth Klug, a pianist of this city who has played here twice in 1920-21 and has since been giving recitals in Germany, gave the first of two recitals yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Previously she gave small evidence of interpretative gifts. As she was then said to be 20 years old, she must be 22 years old now, and of a sufficient maturity to show signs of more development along the serious lines of her art than her performance of yesterday contained. She had little of importance to say in her playing of the B flat minor sonata of Chopin, Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 2 and an intermezzo from Brahms. Her work, too, was marred by a technic sometimes insufficient, by fake notes and sudden and violent accents or sharply contrasted tonal effects.

Miss Klug is evidently in earnest and further study, no doubt, would help to polish her style. Her closing group included several pieces by Chopin.

In his last recital of the season, Mischa Levitski gave another impressive display of his exalted artistry at Carnegie Hall last evening to a large audience that evinced unanimous enthusiasm over the performance. In his playing of the Beethoven Sonata (A major) he surpassed his own high level of virtuosity, and in

some of the shorter pieces unleashed passages of dazzling beauty, majestic tones and incredible dffital celerity. He began with a contemplative and inviting playing of the Organ Prelude and Fugue by Bach-Liszt, and throughout his well-contrasted list, including pieces by Schubert, Liszt, Rubinstein, Schultze-Evler and his own bewitching gavotte, there was not a dull or disappointing moment.

Albert Coates Leads Latter Orchestra and Van Hoogstraten the Former.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Albert Coates conducted Richard Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" at the concert of the Symphony Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Of course, that was not the only thing he conducted, for Glinka's "Russian and Ludmilla" overture, and Tschalkowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" were also on the program. But Glinka's overture is holy simplicity in these days and of Tschalkowsky's symphonic fantasia, the energetic Mr. Stransky has given much in recent years.

But "Til Eulenspiegel" rides into the market place and upsets the comfortable apple cart of convention only once in a while and usually he makes such a rumpus about it that we cannot hear all of the good Dr. Strauss's music. Mr. Coates gave us yesterday afternoon a reading which for perspicuity, delicacy of fancy, transparency of melodic form and exquisite balance of orchestral tone could not be surpassed.

Til in Different Moods.

Mr. Coates did not find Til such a blackguard as some of the conductors do. Nor did he elevate him to the grade of gentleman crook. Sometimes Til is sung to us as a Claude Duval sometimes almost as a beneficent Robin Hood and sometimes as a Jack Sheppard. Mr. Coates made him neither a Galloping Dick nor a Jonathan Wild. His Til was perhaps like the young John Bunyan, whose chief sins, according to Macaulay, were "dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tipcat and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton." Any rate, he had a large vein of human kindness in his roguery, and when Mr. Coates slew him with trom bones he did it gently as became the finish of so loveable a dog. The whole performance respected the demand of musical beauty and the audience evidently enjoyed it greatly.

The soloist of the matinee was Miss Maria Ivogun, the soprano with the elongated scale. This singer has gained much in her manner since she came here. She arrived a rather singularly garbed and unbending young person, who seemed to be overburned with a consciousness of Deutschland. All of which is no one business, except that it laid a stress upon her singing which gave an impression of self-consciousness. No Miss Ivogun seems to be more pleased with her surroundings and to sing with greater freedom and spirit. Perhaps she has learned to love America. She was heard yesterday in Handel's "Sweet Bird" air, with excellent help from Georges Barrere and his glittering flute, and in the air "Marte aller Arten" from Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." She accented to some remarkable heights the latter. She sang both airs in a manner that evoked applause, but there were moments of uncertainty to and infidelity to the pitch.

The Philharmonic Concert.

In the evening in the same hall the Philharmonic Society gave its 173rd concert. The conductor was a guest, Willem Van Hoogstraten, who conducted in this town before last evening and may do so again. At a rate he will direct the repetition of the program at the usual matinee today. The list of compositions presented for the delectation of a large assembly was the fourth symphony of Brahms, the overture to Weber's "Der Freischuetz," Mozart's "Die kleine Nachtmusik" and Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody.

Guest conductors are plenty. They may be had for the asking, for a rope is rapidly denuding itself of genius and talent by reason of its

mentable conditions. Music can not earn their living there, and they are eager to come to these United States, where, as they fondly hope, no political insanity will unseat the arts and sciences. Whether responsive orchestras will be obtained to furnish for all of these visitors is yet unknown. But the air is thrilled with rumors broadcast without wires, even while wires are being cunningly pulled, and no one knows what orchestras will be differently conducted next season.

Mr. Hoogstraten's Conducting.

Whether Mr. Hoogstraten's appearance is to be regarded as a signal that he is to be viewed as baton timber is not a matter of immediate import. He gave a good account of himself last night. For those who require orchestral performances to associate themselves with the art of the moving picture the demonstrative qualities of Mr. Van Hoogstraten's conducting must have been of large value. His energy, his physical activity, and the variety of his poses and gestures doubtless meant much to those who listen with their eyes.

More significant, however, was the musical character of his reading. He did not attempt to translate Brahms into terms of Van Hoogstraten. He succeeded in immersing himself in the spirit of the symphony, and having done that, he proceeded to offer to his audience a performance in which technical excellences such as clarity, balance, and beauty of tone, well placed accentuation and a rhythm always vital were conspicuous. He received hearty applause and he well earned it.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

Mr. Willem van Hoogstraten conducted a concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last night as a guest of the organization. As he added nothing to the orchestra's repertoire, Mr. Strinsky and Mr. Hadley are still with us and Mr. Mengelberg is coming as fast as a steamship can bring him, it is safe to think, though it may be ungracious to say, that the excellent musician from Holland (for that he is) was put forward as a sort of solo attraction, possibly to stimulate the jaded appetites of the Philharmonic patrons, possibly to put his aptitude and capacity as a conductor to a test. The latter case is not as likely as the former, for Mr. van Hoogstraten is not altogether a stranger to our concert platforms, though he may have appeared as such to many who heard last night's concert. He conducted a concert of his very own in the same room last season and one which had for its primary purpose the introduction of his wife, Mme. Elly Ney, into a wider field than that of the pianoforte recital. He also shared the direction of the Stadium concerts with Mr. Hadley last summer.

But we are to be accustomed to this sort of thing. It is one of the by-products of the Great War. Time was when it was thought that two or three conductors would suffice for the symphony concerts of a season in New York—Theodore Thomas and Leopold Damrosch, or Walter Damrosch and Anton Seidl, with an intermittent interruption of Frank van der Stucken. Now that we have more than ten times as many conductors we have almost ten times as many conductors either permanently occupied or hoping to be: Damrosch, Coates, Strinsky, Hadley, Mengelberg, van Hoogstraten, Foch, Milhaud, Enesco, with Bruno Walter and Leo Bleck, Verbruggen and no one knows how many more in the offing. Not the world but America is their oyster which they with their sticks would open.

Mr. van Hoogstraten is an able man in his field. It was, perhaps, impossible for him to extract greater precision or a finer quality of tone from the Philharmonic Society's orchestra than we have heard from it all season, and we are not sure that we cared to hear any experimental readings of such works as Brahms's Symphony in E minor or the overture to "Der Freischütz." As for the latter, indeed, the farther a conductor departs from its beautiful obviousness of text and spirit the smaller is our satisfaction in hearing it. The extremely slow tempo of the introduction is become almost a commonplace with conductors who have derived notions from Wagner, but we should have been glad last night had Mr. van Hoogstraten given a modicum of the time which he bestowed upon the measures before the horns began their hymn to the exquisite clarinet melody which comes after.

So, too, we occasionally wished that he had not so greatly qualified the first allegro of the symphony with the adverbial *non troppo* as to make the pace of the allegro and the andante almost the same. But there was enough variety of tempo in both movements and enough vigor in the jocular movement and some of the variations of the finale to save the work from the listlessness into which it threatened to fall occasionally in the first half. Clarity of intention was obvious throughout, combined with a light-some mood in the exquisite nocturne for strings by Mozart, which separated the overture from the Hungarian Rhapsody in F by Liszt, which

has been played overmuch this season. The conductor and his men were heartily applauded after each number, but with the increase of concerts and attendance upon them these signs of approval have come to mean next to nothing, for they disclose no discrimination.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILHARMONIC.

For its concert last night in Carnegie Hall the Philharmonic Orchestra had William Van Hoogstraten as guest conductor—and will have him again when it repeats the program this afternoon. Mr. Van Hoogstraten, who first attracted attention here last season, when he conducted the Philharmonic in two special concerts, shared the Stadium concerts last summer with Henry Hadley, with great success, and is appearing as guest conductor with several orchestras this winter.

For his program the Dutch conductor chose Brahms's fourth symphony, the overture to "Der Freischütz," Mozart's string serenade, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody—all familiar enough, the Mozart piece possibly excepted, but music of a calibre to test the heart and brains of any conductor.

Be it said at once that Mr. Van Hoogstraten not only passed the test but conducted a concert of exceptional interest and musical worth, demonstrating once more what he had proved in the past—that he is a conductor of talent and distinction. It is a pity that he has not before this found a permanent place in New York's orchestral circles and it will serve us right if some out-of-town orchestra claps him to its bosom while we are still trying to make up our minds as to his merits.

The thing that distinguishes Mr. Van Hoogstraten's conducting, physically and musically, is simplicity, the deceptive simplicity of the man who knows his business. He is not a spectacular leader—indeed, to those whose ideal conductor is something between an aesthetic dancer and a swimming champion he must be a grievous disappointment. His beat is graceful and clear without wasting motion, and he manages to impart an enormous amount of nervous vitality to his men with the utmost economy of means.

This same simplicity is evident in his interpretations. He does not, apparently, go in much for "readings," devoting all his attention to playing the music as the composer wrote it, to making it sound as the composer heard it in his mind. He gets an instrumental balance that is almost perfect, and a degree of tonal gradation that is as subtle and beautiful as it is unobtrusive.

We "held the score on him" last night during the Brahms symphony; and there was not one "forte" in the printed pages that he did not play forte, not one "piano" that did not sound piano, not a retard or acceleration that was not taken exactly as Brahms wrote it.

That sounds like a rigid, pedantic sort of procedure. Not a bit of it. Mr. Van Hoogstraten simply played the music as its composer had directed that it be played. Instead of saying, "this is what my friend Johannes really meant," he got out of Brahms's way. The result was an hour of stirring and beautiful music. And only one who has listened to the efforts of an "interpretative" conductor can know what a relief it was.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten Conducts.

The Philharmonic Society in its recent history has had experiences with many conductors. One more, coming in a brief interim between Mr. Strinsky and

Mr. Menck is not forgetting Mr. Hadley, was added to the list last evening, when Mr. William van Hoogstraten was intrusted with the direction of the orchestra for a single concert. He was a "guest" invited for a short stay.

Mr. van Hoogstraten has been heard as an orchestral conductor before in New York. Last season he conducted a couple of concerts on his own initiative, one to accompany his wife, Mme. Elly Ney, in concerts. In the summer he conducted concerts at the Stadium. He is a Dutchman, of whom three appear as conductors this season, and has had experience with orchestras in his native land and in other parts of Europe, notably in Germany. He was obvious that there was no lack of experience in his work. He has technical skill, authority, familiarity with his scores. He obtained results from the orchestra, on presumably no very long acquaintance with it, and no large number of rehearsals, that were commendable and that gave pleasure to the audience.

The program consisted of Brahms's fourth symphony—one that conductors are generally favoring this season—Weber's "Freischütz" overture, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" for strings, and the first of the orchestral arrangements of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies.

The symphony is one for "effects" to be made with. So in the overture, Mr. Hoogstraten gave a performance of both that had high musical value as well as an abundance of effects. He pursues the melodic line and finds it and sets it forth. He balances and adjusts the several choirs in the orchestra with intelligence and skill. He has a firm sense of rhythm.

In the symphony he took some tempo in the first two movements that seemed over-deliberate; so he did in the slow introduction to the overture—a custom that has taken a firm hold upon most European conductors to the injury of the audience's appreciation of its melody. There was a tendency in the symphony to hold back in tempo of the softer passages with results that verged a little upon the sentimental. And there was a tendency to force the tone in the louder passages beyond the point of beauty in both strings and brass. The temptation to do this in the fiery chaconne is almost irresistible.

But it cannot be expected that a conductor will do all exactly as he desires in a single concert with a strange orchestra, and Mr. Van Hoogstraten accomplished much that was commendable in this appearance. The performance of both symphony and overture was vigorous and finished, and showed the workings of a musical intelligence.

In Mozart's serenade, if the title may be so translated, Mr. Van Hoogstraten's results were unimpeachable. There was the delicate and spirited galantry that characterizes Mozart's inspiration; a true feeling for the style that was delightfully set forth. The strings gave forth a rich, smooth and finely colored tone, and the playing was of great finish.

Mr. van Hoogstraten was applauded with heartiness and warmth, and there was full recognition of his achievements.

The New York Symphony.

At the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Coates, the "guest" conductor, showed his Russian predilection by playing Glinka's overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla," a hearty and melodious piece that was richly voiced by the orchestra, and Tchaikovsky's morbid symphonic fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini." The other orchestral piece was Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," of which the performance was singularly clear and detailed in its sorting out of the themes in their most intricate combinations and most ingenious developments.

The piece has not received quite as much attention this season as it has in some recent seasons, but it still has its fascinations as a marvelous tour de force of ingenuity and inventiveness and technical dexterity. In it Strauss still seems like a master juggler, standing in plain sight before the audience and doing impossible things. The marvel has not yet worn off.

Miss Maria Ivogün was the soloist, the German soprano who appeared here first with the Chicago Opera and who last season exercised a very considerable charm in several concert performances. She sang Handel's air "Sweet Bird," from "L'Allegro, Il Moderato ed il Penseroso," with flute obbligato by George Barrère of the orchestra, and "Marten aller Arten" from Mozart's opera of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

Miss Ivogün's voice is of delightful quality, light and delicate, clear and vibrant, and yet showing at times singular power. It is an extremely high soprano, and her high tones are of real musical value, roundness and beauty; not like an escape of gas, as is sometimes regrettably the case with such voices. She has great skill and facility in the execution of florid passages, such as abound especially in Handel's apostrophe to the nightingale. The voice did not yesterday, however, seem quite so perfectly under control as it did in Miss Ivogün's last appearance here. And, alas, there were times when it was not squarely on the pitch. Her singing, however, gave much pleasure and the contest with the flute in Handel's air was perfectly timed and executed with precision. Mr. Barrère's coloratura was faithfully matched with Miss Ivogün's.

OTHER MUSIC.

Debussy, Ravel, Milhaud, Goossens.

Whithorne! These are names to conjure with in the field of modern music. Those five names, with that of Schumann, made up the program last night at Robert Schmitz's recital in Aeolian Hall. Music hath charms, and most of the novelties in this list appeared to prove also that she hath a fine pair of lungs as well. It was a loud, fast evening.

Milhaud's "Saudades do Brazil" was the chief novelty, with the visiting composer listening from a box. Mr. Schmitz played five movements from the suite, of which "Ipanema" was the loudest and most dissonant. Each of the five, however, was much more whole-toned and unexpected in progression than the others. The general rhythms were Hispanic, the fandango, habanera, seguidilla and so on. One hand appeared to play in one key, the other in some unaltered key. The result was as if one of Bach's most garrulous fugues had slipped a cog and couldn't be stopped.

Goossens's "Nature Poems," represented by two numbers, also had a first hearing. One, the "Bacchanal," a rout of shattered rhythms, fragmentary melodic phrases, slapped all formality in the face, and swinging off into a helter-skelter, was the most applauded of the evening. "Awakening" was mostly Debussy with the backbone of MacDowell very obviously running through it.

Emerson Whithorne's "New York Days and Nights" (composer also in a box) contributed three movements for a last group. "Pell Street" and "The Chimes of St. Patrick" were just what you would expect from the titles. "Times Square" (first time) was a chaotic melange of colliding phrases, giddy figures of a few notes each, with here and there a burlesqued, highly counterpointed popular song bit ("Love Nest" was met here) a sentimental ballad, a gorgeous bibulous tango, popping up from the maelstrom of sound. It's funny, and it's battering in effect.

Mr. Schmitz has made great strides in nuance and technique, since last time. He was as good as his program.

CANTOR GIVES RECITAL.

Cantor Abraham Josef Geblichmann gave an entertainment styled "a recital of operatic and religious music" last night at Town Hall. Lazar Weiner played the piano accompaniments. Mr. Geblichmann, who was an Obercantor for seventeen years in Vienna, has come to this country for a concert tour and he made his first appearance at his recital last night. His rather limited list included airs from "Aida," "Lucia," "Tosca" and "Pagliacci" and a closing group of selections by himself, such as "Adamo," and "Yehi Rozaun Milfenecho." The Hebrew selections were based upon Biblical passages. He disclosed a good tenor voice, but he used it with insufficient artistic skill. His feeling was admirable. He was very warmly applauded.

JERITZA SINGS "THAIS."

Massenet's Opera Repeated at Matinee and 'Cosi Fan Tutte' at Night.

Massenet's startling "Thais" with Maria Jeritza as the repentant courtesan, was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, the acting and singing glories going to Clarence Whitehill, and a packed Jeritza audience again "going wild" over the theatrical entrance and disrobing stunts of the bewitching prima donna. Mr. Hasselmann conducted. In the evening "Cosi Fan Tutte" with the usual cast, was given again, Mr. Bodanzky conducting.

Lauri-Volpi, Tenor

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—'Rigoletto,' an opera in three acts by Verdi sung in Italian.

The Cast.

The Duke.....	Giuseppe Lauri-Volpi (Debut)
Rigoletto.....	Giuseppe De Luca
Gilda.....	Amelia Galli-Curci
Sparafucile.....	Leon Roth
Maddalena.....	Flora Petri
Giovanna.....	Maria Mattioli
Monterona.....	Italo Pizzi
Marullo.....	Millo Pizzi
Borsa.....	Angelo Basso
Ceprano.....	Louis D'Amico
The Countess.....	Muriel Tinn
A Page.....	Emma Bonini

Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet Conducted by Mr. Papi.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

It is announced that a theatrical manager is about to revive "The

Fool's Revenge. a drama made by Tom Taylor from Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse." Edwin Booth (a distinguished predecessor of John Barrymore in the role of Hamlet) used to act the jester with great tragic skill. But he never succeeded in giving the drama the enormous popularity of Verdi's opera, called "Rigoletto." The old work was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time this season, and the building was besieged by an excited army of men and women clamoring for tickets entitling them to the privilege of listening to the opera while standing up.

The interest of an audience at a "Rigoletto" performance centers in *Gilda*, *Rigoletto* and the naughty *Duke*. Last evening the expectations of the assembly were directed toward the last because Giacomo Lauri-Volpi made his debut in the part. It was unofficially said that the newcomer was not well, but was singing because he felt it to be his duty to do so. In the circumstances an accurate report of the new tenor's quality cannot be made.

His voice is one of excellent quality, particularly in the highest tones. He has ringing upper notes and these brought him abundant applause. But last evening his middle voice was often tight and his lower register quite feeble. These difficulties hampered him in the opening scene and robbed his "Questa e quella" of much of its brilliancy, but later, when his throat had relaxed somewhat, his singing improved so much that bright hopes were raised. He will probably prove to be a welcome addition to the company. He is a man of pleasing appearance and a good routine actor.

Mme. Galli-Curci's *Gilda* is so familiar that it requires no description. The role is one that defies histrionism. Mme. Galli-Curci was in better voice last evening than on Wednesday and sang much more admirably, and that is all that can be expected of any *Gilda*. Mr. de Luca in his well established impersonation of *Rigoletto*, Mr. Rothier as the gentlemanlike bravo *Sparafucile* and Miss Perini as the seductive *Maddalena* were the other principals. Mr. Papi conducted.

Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, buoyantly young, of pleasing stage presence and virile voice, bore himself well under difficulties that must defer today any final estimate of his abilities. Ill for five days, he had sought to postpone his debut, but Gatti-Casazza advised otherwise after surveying a line of standees that surrounded the theatre, and the event justified the manager's action. Mr. Lauri-Volpi sang at moments with much labor, at all times with more fervor than freedom, more of style than substance. There were, however, happier intervals when he mastered his ailing throat and nerves and showed more than a hint of his quality. And at the finish of every aria, he was cheered by a host of voices shouting in his own Italian tongue.

The tenor is to be heard twice next week, in "La Boheme" and "La Traviata," when more critical consideration will be due. He at all events broke the ice last night. His voice was clearly heard, his effort in producing it even too clearly, but he took the measure of the great house without disaster and gained a personal tribute of warmth and heartiness the more striking in the quiet, orderly procedure of operatic doings on Broadway.

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, in Unique Program, Score Hit at Aeolian Hall.

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison at Aeolian Hall last evening gave a two-piano concert that proved to be one of the best instrumental musical shows heard in this man's town for many a blue moon. The two enterprising young pianists proved themselves well-deserving of whatever serious critical attention they care to invite (or incur), for they began with a praiseworthy performance of Mozart's D-major Sonata, followed by equally competent playings of the Andante from Brahms's Sonata (opus 34 his), Raff's Gavotte and Musette, and the Weber-Godowsky contrapuntal Paraphrase on "The Invitation to the Dance." Then "the fun began" with the third and final part of the concert, and there was a four-handed display of pianistic romance, comedy, farce, fantasy and foolery that would have tested the dexterity of many a famous wizard of the keyboard. Somehow Rachmaninoff's Barcarolle didn't seem out of place in the midst of this happy-go-lucky two-piano jaunt which concluded with a rather

startling interpretation of Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre." The unique concert also included Arnold's Bax's "The Happy Plain" (Moy Mell), E. R. Hill's "A Jazz Study," Fox Trot by Csella, and Gliere's Popular Dance. The two artists played as though they might "make a go" of anything they tackle, and the audience enjoyed every minute of the performance.

Jan 28 1923

Miss Reinhardt Makes Her Bow In 'Die Walkure'

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

At the fifth performance this season of Wagner's "Die Walkure," which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, a new singer impersonated the character of Sieglinde. Miss Delia Reinhardt effected her debut with the company and, we were told, made her first essay in the part. At the previous performances Madame Jeritza sang it once and Madame Rethberg three times. In these representations, as in that of yesterday, Mr. Taucher was the impersonator of Sigmund, Mr. Whitehill of Wotan, Mr. Bender of Hunding, and Madame Matzenauer of Brunnhilde. Whatever interest of novelty lay in yesterday's performance, therefore, was contributed by the latest recruit in Mr. Gatti's ranks, a comely young woman with a voice of excellent quality and most commendable dramatic instincts. There was a large measure of general excellence in the representation, and the audience was generous in its expression of approval of the newcomer and all of her associates, as well as of the eloquence of the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Bodanzky.

It is in the nature of things that the old order passing away should give place to the new, and it is an agreeable duty properly to appreciate all that is excellent which new singers, new conductors, new stage managers and new scene painters bring into works which have become familiar. But all new things are not excellent because they are new, any more than all old things are excellent because they are old. It is become a foolish and, we think, indefensible affectation to say that Wagner's music and poetry are sufficient unto themselves and are only marred by the scenic investiture of dramas and a few mechanical effects which are difficult, perhaps impossible, of attainment. This might be true if performers and auditors were all equally gifted with a creative imagination vivid enough to supply the elements in the drama which are addressed to the eye. But it is the lack of that mental faculty which is leading the representations of Wagner's dramas farther and farther away from the artistic conceptions of their creator. They are becoming more and more theatrical, in the sense which Wagner was wont to denounce, as they grow older. In his conception of that union of music, poetry, action and scenery which constitute the lyric drama there was a reason for everything and consistency in their amalgamation. That reason and consistency are little respected to-day.

Dramatic Values Lost

Wagner asked his actors to address themselves to each other and not to the audience. Yesterday's singers, like those of last month and last year and of all the period which has elapsed since devoted disciples felt it a duty to perpetuate the original traditions, spoke to the audience oftener than they did to each other. Mr. Taucher, as Sigmund, discerns the sword stuck to its hilt in the tree around which Hunding's dwelling is built. Upon his recovery of the weapon depends his

the tree trunk against the hour of his son's need? We think not. It would have been an undignified act for a god to perform.

But our Sigmunds have been degenerating into sentimental milksofs ever since Albert Niemann created the character for us as well as the first pilgrims to Bayreuth. They must needs sing to the audience. They are tenors, not Volsungs, not demigods, and the conventions of the old opera cling to them. Their emotions will not permit them to emit tones such as those with which sane fancy ought to endow a race of heroic beings. They whine about the persecution to which they have been subjected by their enemies and their deprivations. Their voices wobble. Not only they, but the sinister, rude voiced, uncompromisingly savage Hunding. Even Mr. Bender, of whose voice and art we think highly, must needs split every minim into a dozen or more reiterated notes. In a bygone century Gossec composed a requiem on the death of Mirabeau in a passage of which he

life in the combat to which Hunding has challenged him.

Wagner indicates that he lays his hand upon the hilt and apostrophizes the sword. He gives it a name; calls on it for aid; then, with a mighty wrench draws it from its sheath. The incident is profoundly poetical and has parallels in both Hellenic and Arthurian legend. Thus it was that Ulysses, returned from his long wanderings, bent the bow which had never yielded to any of this wicked suitors of Penelope. Thus young Arthur pulled out the sword which stuck in the marble stone over against the altar and proved himself righteous King of England. Does Mr. Taucher say or do anything which stirs up the imagination like the mere recital of these stories? No! Like others before him, he climbs on the table at the foot of the tree, touches the sword-hilt once, declaims a speech to a theatrical of people and pulls the sword out over his shoulder. Did Wotan climb on the table when he thrust the sword into

made his singers reiterate a tone on each syllable of the words "Quantus tremor es futurus"—thus "Qua-a-a-antus-us-us tre-e-e-mor-or-or," etc. This stuttering he designed to depict the terror inspired by the coming of the Great Judge on the day of judgment. The device seems as ludicrous now as the designedly humorous and satirical "Me-e-e-ck!" with which "goat's trill," as the Germans call it, Wagner enlivens the chorus of tailors in his "Meistersinger." Three centuries ago, when the art of singing was in its infancy, something like this was considered an embellishment in song. An occasional quaver of the voice may lend an emotional effect to song to-day; but practised persistently it is nothing short of a vice, as pernicious as it is common. We heard much too much of it yesterday from Mr. Taucher, Mr. Bender and even Miss Reinhardt, to whom we would gladly extend a sincere welcome.

Setting Shatters Illusion

We know the case is hopeless, but it is well to relieve one's mind after periods of long suffering. We tried to do this some weeks ago with reference to the singular structure of Hunding's hut, and yesterday we were able with a modicum of patience to look upon the massy hewn beams constituting the framework of the house and even the door, and note that the entire back of the structure, except the timbered door, was a flimsy curtain of cloth, which fell to the ground where Wagner indicated that he wanted simply that the door should swing open. "Ha! Wer ging?" asked Sieglinde, in momentary alarm. "Nobody went," should have been Sigmund's answer, "but stark absurdity stepped in!"

In the evening, at popular prices, there was a repetition of Boito's "Mefistofele," which holds its own, with Messrs. Mardones and Didur alternating in the titular role. It was the former's turn last night and his associates were Messdames Alda, Peralta and Perini and Messrs. Gigli, Paltrinieri and Audisio, Sig. Moranzoni conducting.

Katherine Bacon Gives Pleasing Piano Concert

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Katherine Bacon, who was heard at the beginning of the month as one of the players in the concert of the American Music Guild, had the stage to herself yesterday afternoon at her Aeolian Hall piano recital. She began with orthodox classics, performed in an orthodox way, followed by Charles Griffes' sonata in one movement played before at the Guild concert; it fell fresher on the ear this time, when not preceded and followed by works of contemporary vintage and similar character.

Here Miss Bacon was at her best, with a singing touch and an expressive interpretation for both lights and shadows. Elsewhere she was an accomplished, thoroughly competent pianist, but her interpretation of the first group—two Busoni versions of Bach preludes, Mozart and Mendelssohn—was marked by technique rather than by color. Albeniz, Ravel and Liszt ended her program.

Casals and Wife in Recital

Pablo Casals and his wife, Susan

Metcalf Casals, the soprano, shared the Town Hall recital yesterday afternoon, Mr. Casals playing his wife's accompaniments in an eighteenth century group of Gluck, Mozart and Paisiello with a sixteenth century air, and Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle.

Mme. Casals gave some good singing, though not consistently so. Her voice was not very large, but it had a pure, sustained quality of tone effective in quiet songs and softer passages in the Schumann group. Songs calling for greater tone and more excitement, however, produced signs of vocal strain. Her expression was not absent, but of a breathless kind. Mr. Casals seemed at home as an accompanist.

In his own sphere as cellist, Mr.

Casals began with a sonata (D major, Op. 109) by Gabriel Fauré, not particularly interesting, though with some hints of Franck or D'Indy, followed by numbers by Valentini and Beethoven. The qualities and accomplishments of Mr. Casals's performance need no description here, but he seemed at his best toward the end. Edouard Gendron was his accompanist. Both Mr. and Mme. Casals were called on for encores.

Michael Anselmo, an Italian-American violinist heard here last season, gave the only evening recital at Aeolian Hall, with Mozart's E minor Sonata and Goldmark's A minor concerto as his principal numbers. Tone and technique were both satisfactory; the former was smooth, even where fireworks came thickest, and strong besides, while his technique dealt with the same fireworks so as to arouse the audience to break in on the music with applause.

At times the general effect was what might be called a little too sweet, giving a rather sugared effect in a sentimental number such as Ambrosio's Arioso, Op. 56; but, on the whole, it was a well-played program. Numbers by Saint-Saens, Handel and de Sarasate completed the list. There was a good-sized gathering of enthusiasts.

Albert Coates conducted the New York Symphony, his only concert in the Young People's series, yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, taking his program both from past concerts and from the one to be heard this afternoon. From the past came the "Russian and Ludmila" overture, Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" scherzo and Delius's pleasing, melodious short number, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" and the finale of the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Tsar Saltan" suite, substituted for the originally announced "Grandmother Witch" ("Baba-Yaga") of Liadoff.

Sinigaglia's two characteristic Pieces for Strings were the other orchestral

numbers—a far cry from Casella's Malpiero, etc.—while Erna Rubinstein was the soloist in Glazounoff's A minor violin concerto. Its technical difficulties gave her no pause, while there were periods of clear, very agreeable tone; others, however, when it took on a certain clouding in more complicated passages. The young violinist had countless recalls.

On the whole, it was an agreeable, melodious program, tickling the ear and putting no undue strain upon the intellect—generally well played to boot. Mr. Coates, however, did not adopt the Damosch explanatory speeches, letting the music (and the program notes) speak for themselves, while there were many young people, and others not so young, to enjoy the result.

Symphony Concert for the Young.

Erna Rubinstein played Glazounoff's concerto for violin with the New York Symphony Orchestra in the concert for young people at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The large audience applauded vigorously the clean-cut manner in which she brought out the technically involved passages and the rich smoothness of the tones. Albert Coates, who directed the concert, was literally "on his toes" most of the time and he received good response from the orchestra. The larger part of the program was by Russian composers, and there were also selections by Sinigaglia and Delius.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA GAINS.

Ten Per Cent. Increase in Receipts and \$700,000 Less Expenditures.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—Twenty-five thousand more people attended the Chicago Civic Opera during the ten-week season which closed a week ago than ever before. Samuel Insull, President of the company, announced tonight. Gross receipts were 10 per cent. greater than in any past season, and at the same time the expenditures were \$700,000 less than in the 1921-22 season.

The company is now at Boston for two weeks, following which it will visit Washington, Pittsburgh and possibly Cleveland.

Mr. Insull, summing up the first year of the new management—which replaced the old organization which for ten years had had its deficits guaranteed by Harold F. McCormick and Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick—said the company would finish the season well within the resources provided by the box office and the 2,200 guarantors who have promised financial support for five years.

The success of the season does not mean, however, that deficits are to be eliminated, Mr. Insull added.

"Talk of making opera pay," he said, "or of its becoming self-supporting when it is produced on the scale that Chicago wants and that has characterized this season, is ridiculous. There is no hope of that in the immediate future."

Extension of the local season to eleven weeks next year, followed by an eleven-week tour, and other changes by about made will increase receipts by about \$150,000, Mr. Insull estimated.

Twenty-five operas were produced this season, including five performances of "Mefistofele" with Chaliapin as guest artist; a revival of "La Juive" after thirty-three years; a world premier of Theodore Stern's "Snow Bird" and a Chicago premier of "Scheherazade."

London Symphony

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson, "he is tired of life, or there is in London all that life can afford." Which was one reason why Vaughan Williams found in it food for a symphony. Albert Coates, guest conductor of the Symphony Society, introduced this composition to us on December 20, 1920, and he repeated it at the society's concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The platitudinous remark of the great bear of literature is singularly unimpressive when confronted with its subject, and one is tempted to say that Mr. Williams's symphony is like to suffer from a similar arraignment.

But literature, which has the advantage of being more explicit in its communications than music and of addressing itself to more minds, has also failed in its attempts at the embodiment of the mightiest city on the earth. When one gets right down to the bottom of letters one is inclined to believe that, after all, it was not Dickens who read the heart of London in his Little Nell, Mr. Pickwick or Oliver Twist, but rather he who created Arthur Pendennis, the Major and, above all, Col. Newcombe. For only England, and in England only London, could have bred these men, and their three hearts are the heart of the mystery of 2,000 years, the mystery that Vaughan Williams has left behind its veil.

It is a better symphony to hear a second time than a first. For when you first hear it you are disappointed because London sits and shrugs her giant shoulders at the tweedledum and tweedledee of an impotent composer. But when you hear it a second time you think that, after all, that part of London which beats in the honest English bosom of Mr. Williams has a right to publish its own emotions created by peering into the soul of the metropolis and that he has reflected, even though somewhat vaguely, definite moods of the city.

He has not shown disrespect for the Englishman's castle. He has invaded no homes. He has stayed in the streets and translated their movement and life into tone. The common people got most of the love of his muse. You recognize something of the longing of Stanley Ortheris for Tottenham Court road of a Saturday night, a "little stuff" bird shop and a girl he had a fancy for. Perhaps, too, you might catch a glimpse of Ephraim Quixtus with Eustace Huacably in Chelsea or Rogue Riderhood by the dark Thames. One thing is certain. You will think of nothing that is not English. And the symphony will grow upon you. You may never bow before it in adoration of newly discovered greatness, but you will enjoy it as good music painting moods with persuasive eloquence and intrinsic beauty. And you will be glad that Vaughan Williams wrote it.

This symphony was the last number on a program which began with two characteristic pieces for strings by Sinigaglia, charmingly played by the string body of the orchestra. After these followed the violin concerto of Glazounov, performed (not played) by Miss Erna Rubinstein. This youthful violinist appears to acquire greater juvenility every month. Yesterday afternoon she looked about 12 years of age, but performed upon the violin like an aged lady with whom the world had gone hard indeed.

OVATION FOR STRANSKY AT HIS LAST CONCERT

Orchestra and Audience Join in Demonstration.

Enthusiasm of the genuine kind was shown by the large audience at the Philharmonic's concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall when Josef Stransky, in an all Wagner program, led his orchestra for the last time this season before giving over his baton to his associate, Willem Mengelberg. When Mr. Stransky first came on the stage the orchestra arose and joined with the audience in a demonstration.

There was more demonstration during the program, but not until the end did the climax of the afternoon take

place. Many splendid wreaths were carried in from the back of the stage. Standing in the midst of these tokens Mr. Stransky finally made a speech in which he said:

"I got up from my bed to come to this concert, but nothing could have prevented me from coming to-day to tell you all how much I thank you for your great kindness to me. When I come back next autumn I hope to be in better health. To-day I am hampered. I cannot say to you the words that my heart would say."

The applause now continued and Mr. Stransky, as he had done several times before when bowing his thanks, waved his hand to Mr. Mengelberg, who, with Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer and others, was in Adolph Lewisohn's box, No. 3. The wreaths included one from the Philharmonic Orchestra and one from the Philharmonic board of directors.

The program was superbly played. The Wagner numbers were familiar and save "A Faust Overture," which opened the list, comprised excerpts from the master's dramas. Following the "Faust" overture were two impressive numbers, the "March of the Grail Knights" and "Bell Scene," from "Parsifal," and the "Funeral March," from "Goetterdaemmerung." The lively "Meistersinger" prelude now gave contrast.

The second half of the program was filled by Mr. Stransky's arrangement of selections from "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemmerung."

CITY SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Miss Ellen Rumsey, Mezzo-Soprano, Appears as Soloist.

Miss Ellen Rumsey, mezzo-soprano, was the soloist of the eighth "pop" concert of the City Symphony Orchestra at the Century Theater yesterday afternoon. She sang Hayden's "Spirit Song" and Rossini's aria, "Una voce poco ja" from "The Barber of Seville." There are no great depths or a wealth of profound sentiment revealed in Miss Rumsey's voice, but she sang well yesterday and infused into Rossini's familiar aria a good deal of charm and style.

Despite a variety of conductors during recent weeks, the City Symphony Orchestra appears to thrive and prosper. Owing to Mr. Foch's illness Sepp Morscher conducted the first part of the concert, which included the "Dance of the Hour" from "La Gioconda," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite and Miss Rumsey's offerings.

After the intermission the orchestra presented a novelty by playing a symphonic work, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, without a conductor. The venture was surprisingly successful, and Dirk Foch, playing a convalescent role as spectator in the audience, was forced to acknowledge the generous applause at the conclusion of the number. Mr. Morscher returned to the stand to conduct "The Ride of the Valkyries." There is not a great deal of distinction in Mr. Morscher's leadership, but he proved capable and gave a vigorous and spirited reading of the last number.

The concert was opened with two ingratiating pieces for strings alone—"A Rainstorm" (also a pure mood picture) and an "Etude-Caprice," by Sinigaglia, all of whose music heard in New York has given unqualified pleasure. The solo feature was Glazounov's violin concerto in A minor, played by the youthful Erna Rubinstein. Her tone was dry and harsh throughout (it might be described as sandy), but she daunted off the difficult work as if it were child's play and stirred up quite a tempest of enthusiasm.

The program opened with Sinigaglia's "Two Pieces for Strings," the first of which was by far the more successful. It had a very definite, pleasing mood of wistfulness and gentle melancholy, somewhat suggestive in color of the prelude and tenor air in the last act of "Tosca." The second piece, a light scherzo, was flippant rather than joyful, and verged closely upon the banal.

OPERA STARS IN CONCERT.

Myra Hess, Pianist, Among Soloists at the Metropolitan.

Myra Hess and soloists from the opera company appeared with the orchestra at the Metropolitan in its concert last evening. Grieg's piano concerto in A was not a mere means for displaying technical skill in the hands of Miss Hess, as it is for many pianists. Her performance of it was full of musical interest and musical thought; she met the demands for advanced technique with facility, and made each note significant by discriminate tonal shading and accentuation.

Later she played two piano solos. Marie Tiffany sang an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," Renato Zanelli one from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," Raymonde DeLaunois from Charpentier's "Louise" and Edward Johnson from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette." A duet from Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff" was sung by Flor

Perini and Rafaela Di Lauro. The scene from Gounod's "Faust" by Onnes Marlo and Messrs. Johnson and Didur. The orchestra was under the direction of Wilfrid Peltier.

At the Solwyn Theatre in the afternoon Mme. Sigrid Onegin, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, assisted by Hermann Wassermann, pianist, gave a benefit recital for the Children's Tonsil Hospital. She sang French, Swedish and English songs. Mr. Wassermann played numbers by Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Debussy and others.

The Barber of Seville.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, opera buffa in three acts. Book in Italian by Cesare Sterbini, after the French of Beaumarchais's serial romance. Music by Gioacchino Rossini. At the Metropolitan Opera House. The Count of Almaviva..... Mario Chamlee (Dr. Bartolo)..... Pomilio Malatesta (Figaro)..... Titta Ruffo. Basilio..... Vincenzo Scarpellini. Berta..... Marie Matfield. An Official..... Pietro Audisio. Conductor, Gennaro Papi.

By H. E. Krehbiel

Rossini's "Barber of Seville" has sung his "Largo al factotum," flourished his basin and towel and speeded the amorous conspiracy between Count Almaviva and the pert ward of Dr. Bartolo in New York almost if not quite as long as the opera has been in existence—over a century at least. We are not certain, but have an impression that as musically incarnated by Rossini's predecessor, Paisiello he had his fling here. Rosinas and Figaros by the score have skipped about on the local stage ever since the original barber introduced opera in Italian within an easy stone's throw of where we sit writing these words. If there is any opera lover alive in the city to whom Rossini's scintillant comedy is not familiar he must be either a deaf mute or have been too impecunious to buy a gallery seat.

Under the circumstances it ought not to be necessary for a reviewer of last night's performance at the Metropolitan Opera House to do more than record the fact that "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" received its first representation in that theater this season, that Mme. Galli-Curci and Messrs. Chamlee, Titta Ruffo, Malatesta and Didur were the principal artists concerned in it, and that some good singing, much vivacious and humorous acting were heard, seen and heartily enjoyed by the usual numerous and brilliant Monday night audience. But we have frequently been told that such a record of facts does not suffice the reader who has been to the opera. Having spent dollars for the privilege of being present, he adds a couple of cents to his expenditure next day for a newspaper to find out whether or not he enjoyed himself, if so, why and how much, and if not, why not. It makes no difference if the performance is the first in a twelvemonth or the fifth, nor does it signify that the singers are the same that he last heard. So the obedient slave of the insatiable reader must append his comment and also give information touching the songs introduced by the prima donna (she is always that nowadays, even in Italian opera buffa) in the lesson scene in place of the piece which Rossini wrote, lost and was too lazy to replace.

Well, last night Mme. Galli-Curci interpolated the polonaise from Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," and when the audience cried for more sat herself down to the pianoforte and added "Home, Sweet Home" in English. Perhaps some of our readers recall the fact that Adelina Patti used to do the same thing. But Patti, with all her pretty coquettish, sang it better than did the Rosina of last night. We do not place unqualified credence in the story, which we recently gleaned from Mr. William Armstrong's book, that once in New Orleans she sang the ballad with such Orphic power that she arrested the falling beams and girders of the theater's gallery, but she always sang it with greater simplicity and with nicer proportion of phrase, and never, never so far as we know, made so tasteless and commonplace an ending of it. Her instincts were too musical for that. Mme. Galli-Curci's singing of "Je suis Titania" was a

neat piece of vocalization, which might pass muster and win a teacher's praise in a studio, but it would have reflected little light on Filina's character in Thomas's opera.

The opera began sluggishly because of Mr. Papi's tempo in the first scene and Mr. Chamlee's heavy-footed "Ecco ridente," but it grew spirited with Mr. Ruffo's entrance, and what with his singing, Mr. Chamlee's acting as the drunken soldier and the ponderous comicalities of Mr. Didur's impersona-

tion of Don Basilio and Mr. Malatesta's Dr. Bartolo, to say nothing of Mme. Galli-Curci's arch Rosina, the delightful fun was maintained to the end. Of course, there were some grievous departures from correct intonation in every one of Rosina's numbers, but even the admirers of the singers are learning to be tolerant of that. What would you, when many of the composers of to-day make outrages on euphony a principle in art?

Mme. Galli-Curci, who was the representative of the charming Rosina, was in good voice. Her tones had the full measure of their characteristic mellowness, and they flowed smoothly, easily and at times with much brilliancy. She received much applause for her delivery of her opening aria, "Una voce poco fa" and there was a great outburst of enthusiasm after she sang the polonaise from "Mignon" in the lesson scene. It is interesting to note that in this scene Rosina always sings something that was composed long after "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It would be a novel experiment for some Rosina to unearth an aria from some forgotten seventeenth century opera, in the later years of the century, for instance, when operas were full of vocal fireworks.

The Elsa Fischer String Quartet.

The Elsa Fischer String Quartet, which has been heard before in New York, gave its first concert this season in Aeolian Hall last evening. The quartet is made up of four young women in light green, Misses Elsa Fischer, Isabel Ransch, Lucie Neldhardt and Carolyn Neldhardt. They are in earnest and gave a serious program, comprising Glazounoff's quartet in D, Op. 1; Mozart's in C and Cesar Franck's piano quintet. In the last they had the assistance of Heinrich Gebhard of Boston, excellent pianist, whose tastes make him an especially skillful interpreter of French music.

The program presented difficulties of various kinds, many of which could be completely met only by an organization of greater experience and longer practice in playing together than these young women seem to have. They play with excellent musicianship and good judgment. There was spirit in their performance of Glazounoff's quartet. Only in the first movement of this first attempt does the now fluent and fecund Russian composer show himself unmistakably to be a convinced Russian. In this movement there are themes obviously based on Russian folk song elements, and the repetition of insistent short figures almost to the point of monotony. There are some striking movements in the quartet; but as a whole it does not exactly prefigure the lavish success that the composer has gained since its appearance.

Something more of beauty and blending of tones, something more of purity of intonation, something more of a full understanding in ensemble must be gained by Miss Fischer and her associates before they reach a high place in chamber music. But it is pleasant to see a high purpose in play and a serious attempt.

Mengelberg's Baton

By H. E. Krehbiel

There were large and distinguished aggregations of high-class music lovers in Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House last night. At the first place the audience occupied the stage as well as all the chairs on floor, boxes and galleries, and its conduct was so entirely decorous that there was no serious reason for complaint because of its presence—which must always be somewhat obtrusive since distracting. The concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, though it was one of the Philharmonic Society's subscription series, was specifically a "First Mengelberg Concert," as we were informed by a program circulated with the regular house-bill and the regular annotated list. So it appears that hereafter the public is to be asked to differentiate between Stransky concerts, Hadley concerts and Mengelberg concerts and react to personal equations instead of the music.

As for the latter, the first Mengelberg concert offered nothing new. There was Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, Tschalkoffsky's overture-fantasia "Romeo and Juliet," and the popular three instrumental numbers from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." That all these compositions were splendidly played by the band, with some infusion of the eminent visiting conductor's individual conceptions, scarcely calls for the saying. There can be no conventionality or lassitude in any orchestra with Mr. Mengelberg conducting it. If there was a bit of exaggeration, as we were told, at the famous introduction of the theme in E flat, against the tremolo of the strings in A flat and B flat, it was no doubt due to the conductor's desire that the "revolutionary" effect should not pass unnoticed. It

never has, for that matter. At one of its first rehearsals Ries came near getting his ears boxed by Beethoven for exclaiming, "The damned hornist is out of key!" or words to that effect—and when the symphony was first played in Paris, Habeneck (we believe), who afterward won the admiration of Wagner for his interpretation of Beethoven's work, took the liberty of changing the notes to E flat and B flat. However, if we did not know before that there were revolutionary effects in the work, we were taught the fact by Mr. H. L. Menckner, who is quoted in Mr. Gilman's program notes as saying that it was so revolutionary that no one but a bachelor could have written it. We are glad to be referred to literary critics of the type disporting themselves to-day for instruction in music. Were it not for one of them we should be still ignorant of what must be a fact, since he has proclaimed it as part of his artistic creed, that Szymanowski's symphony is the finest thing of its kind produced in we do not remember how many decades. The puzzling thing about that dictum is that the symphony has been played only once in Boston and once in New York, and then only in part—with spacious excisions. Perhaps it was played in all its fullness in Chicago or at the Algonquin Club. We do not know. However, that is neither here nor there nor of any consequence.

Mr. Kreisler's concert might be disposed of by saying that there doesn't seem to be any use of listening to other violinists when he is around. But that would be unkind, and besides it would deprive the reviewer of topics. It is much easier to discourse on topics with which you happen to be in disagreement with somebody else—a performer, even a composer—than on those whose excellence leaves you dumb. Thus, at times a grateful "Yea! Yea!" seems all-sufficient utterance. So it was last night with Mr. Kreisler's playing (with Mr. Lamson) of Beethoven's Sonata and of Bach's Partita in G minor for violin alone. It was sense, mind and soul-filling and made us wish that the subsequent tidbits, "Lotus Land," by Cyril Scott; "Spanish Dance," by Granados; "Farewell to Cuchallan" (the Londonderry air), and "Chanson Arabe" and "Danse Orientals," from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," had been left to others.

by W. J. HENDERSON.

Joseph Stransky having enjoyed his season of triumph and Henry Hadley having had his brief hour in the glare of the stage lights, Willem Mengelberg emerged into the radiance of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening to conduct the Philharmonic Society for the first time this season. He was received with cordiality by the audience and with applause from the orchestra, which rose when he appeared. The distinguished conductor seemed to be happy to find himself once again at the head of the famous old organization, and perhaps also to be in a country somewhat more removed than his own from the neighborhood of perpetual disturbance.

He had chosen as simple list of compositions for his first program—the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Tchaikowsky's overture fantasia, "Roméo and Juliet," and the three familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the minuet, dance of the Sylphs and Hungarian march. It is not on the cards that an experienced conductor should go far wrong with these selections, but negative commendation of that kind is not Mr. Mengelberg's due, especially after such an admirable performance of the E flat symphony.

Mr. Gilman, whose program notes are always stimulating, quoted at some length from the words of H. L. Menckner on the symphony. The composition was naturally not in need of this keen critic's commendation, but perhaps it ought to be congratulated on having incited him to write such eloquent and pointed comment. It is by no means insignificant that a writer of to-day grows almost poetic over the novelty of the ideas in this symphony. And it is a good thing to publish such criticism in program notes, because concertgoers are too ready to take the "Eroica" as an old story.

In Town Hall yesterday afternoon Ernest Schelling continued his series of concerto concerts. His program consisted of the Schumann concerto, Cesar Franck's "Symphonie Variations," the Paderewski concerto and

Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" with orchestration by Busoni. The audience was large and apparently interested and pleased from beginning to end of the generous entertainment.

For habitual concertgoers perhaps the largest pleasure was afforded by the performance of the composition

of the famous Polish pianist. Not that it was the most important work on the list, but because it is less often heard than the great work of Schumann or the variations of the Belgian. Mr. Paderewski's work bears occasional repetition very well. It is admirable despite certain weak spots and an approach to the commonplace near the close of the last movement.

But it contains charming melodic material and this is skillfully handled in its distribution between the piano and the orchestra. Moreover, the piano part is rich in opportunities for the exhibition of the pianist's art, not only in brilliant bravura but also in flowing cantilena. Mr. Schelling, who performed his afternoon's task with honor, was especially happy in this work, which he evidently holds in warm affection and which he played with much beauty of tone and opulence of expression.

Anton Bilotti in Recital.

Anton Bilotti, pianist, whose recent debut marked him as an artist of serious promise, gave a second recital in the Town Hall last evening. A New Yorker throughout boyhood, his Italian heritage is evident, while he has been fortunate in student years spent both here and in Italy. He gave last evening a special prominence to the "Sonata Quasi Fantasia" of Signor Busoni, four neat pieces of his own—"The Brook," two études and a nocturne—and a final "Tarantella" by his master, Martucci. There was deft contrast of poise and power in an opening "Overture" in A minor, of Philip Emmanuel Bach, as well as some Chopin and the "Hunting" and "Spinning" songs—without words—of Mendelssohn.

People's Chorus Concert Crowded.

As large an audience as the Town Hall could hold greeted the People's Chorus of New York in their seventh anniversary concert at Aeolian Hall last evening. The organization, which took a prominent part in many public exercises and benefit concerts during the war, was warmly applauded for the increasingly harmonious blending of voices that it is attaining with the practice of years under Lorenzo Camilleri, who directed the concert last evening from a piano. The program included religious, operatic, classic and popular songs. Cecil Arden of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang a number of solos and there was an address by Mrs. John Henry Hammond in the chorus anniversary.

Ethel Grow, contralto, under the auspices of the Washington Heights Musical Club, gave a benefit performance at the Plaza Hotel last night for the MacDowell Colony Fund. The entire proceeds of the recital are to be given to the fund without reservation, a point that might be noted by those who give benefits, for in many instances by the time "expenses" are paid there is little left for the "cause."

Miss Grow, gracious and charming, received an ovation on her entrance and was compelled to bow again and again to the applause of the large audience assembled for the dual pleasure of hearing the contralto and aiding the fund.

Miss Grow's program contained songs in Italian, French and English. The opening group, in Italian, served to display the singer's really beautiful voice and fine legato. The aria, "Cleopatra's Death," by Henry Holden Huss, is an intensely dramatic work and especially well suited to an emotional quality in Miss Grow's voice, a quality, by the way, more often found in a dramatic soprano than in a contralto. The aria was followed by a group of French songs, which found favor with the audience. The program closed with a group of songs in English. Of these special mention should be made of "There Is No Friend Like an Old Friend," by Jane Cathcart, and "Lazy Song," by Lawson.

People's Chorus Concert.

The seventh anniversary concert of the Peoples' Chorus of New York took place in Aeolian Hall last evening with L. Camilleri conducting and Cecil Arden, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as soloist and Mrs. John Henry Hammond as guest of honor.

The chorus presented numbers by Bach, Mendelssohn, Jungst, Rossini, Wagner and others, and Miss Arden's contributions included "Il va venir," from "La Juive," and songs by Mozart, Robey and Logan.

Mrs. Hammond made a short address in which she enlarged upon the work of the People's Chorus, which has grown to be one of the musical institutions of New York, its development under the intelligent guidance of Mr. Camilleri having brought it to a point of artistic value thoroughly recognized and appreciated by the audience of last evening.

Overture by Dukelski Farrago of Atrocious Noises Labeled Icelandic Passion; Esther Dale Sings Recital

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's two editions)

After the City Symphony Orchestra had demonstrated its ability to play the "Unfinished" symphony of Schubert quite acceptably without a conductor at Carnegie Hall last night, Mr. Foch took the stand unexpectedly (the house bill announcing that the concert would be conducted by Mr. Alexis Coroshansky) and led the band through Borodin's sketch "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and an incongruous thing described as an overture to a drama entitled "Gondla," composed by Vladimir Dukelski. Borodin's ingenious bit of tone painting was, we believe, one of the first examples of modern Russian music heard in America. Theodore Thomas brought it forward at one of his popular concerts in 1886 or 1887, when Tchaikowsky was a new and seldom seen name in New York, though some of his music was known here. Then Russian music was practically summed up in Rubinstein, in whom the world refused to recognize a composer of nationalist tendencies, though he was still a power, and a power for good, in the empire of the Czar. This estimate of his artistic character grieved the soul of Rubinstein, since it set him down as neither fish, flesh nor fowl, or, as he expressed it, neither Jew nor Christian, neither Russian nor German, neither Classicist nor Romanticist; but there was comfort for him, as there was for all music lovers, in the undeniable fact that he was a good musician and great artist. Borodin's sketch was received with interest because of its pleasing themes and its ingenious delineation of a spacious and desolate desert land. The devices employed were obvious, but they stirred the fancy without offending the ear.

The overture inflicted upon the audience last night is the work of a young man who came to America ten months ago. We are unwilling to call him either a composer or compounder of music, if music is to be accepted as an art which can in any way entertain or delight the senses. He says that it was designed to give expression to the love of a prehistoric hunchbacked prince of Iceland whose passion was too passive to suit a prehistoric princess of the Amazonian type. To the extent that the music sounded prehistoric it may be said to fit the play of a Russian poet named Gumileff, who, as we learn, was killed not long ago by the Bolsheviks. We know nothing about him beyond that he belonged to a "group" which is cultivating "primitive realism" (so said the program notes) and that his drama has not yet been performed. His fate recalls the observation made by Dr. Hanslick in his essay on Wagner's "Judaism in Music"

that the author's conceit had grown so great that he was likely to follow in the footsteps of Nebuchadnezzar, and be fated to eat grass and be composed by Verdi. Only Dukelski is far from being the musician that Verdi was even in the days when he composed "Nabucco." The so-called overture is a farrago of atrocious noises—no more, no less. But Mr. Foch played the thing, bowed his compliments to the composer, who sat in a box, and the audience applauded with perfunctory politeness.

In three out of four old English ballads with which Miss Esther Dale began a song recital in Rumford Hall last night we had a convincing demonstration of how beauty of melody and simplicity of sentiment may be extinguished by modern notions of harmonic interpretation in the work of Arnold Bax, Roger Quilter and Eugene Goossens, in their settings respectively of an old English carol (the words of which we could not catch, though Miss Dale has an ample voice and Rumford Hall is a delightful room for the intimacy invited by a recital of songs), of "Barbara Allen," and an old Scottish song with "Behave yourself before folk" as its refrain. As an illustration of how folk songs should be set, though this was not the purpose of Miss Dale, we had Cecil Sharp's arrangement of "The Briary Bush." Here the harmonization and accompaniment were strophic, and the melody permitted to assert its charm. In the other pieces, especially in the setting of the Scotch song, text, tune and harmony did not more consort and keep pace with each other than "The Old Hundredth" and "Green Sleeves"—as one of Shakespeare's Merry Wives observed touching the protestations and conduct of lecherous Jack Falstaff. Quite to our surprise, we found that the harmonization of the Scottish song was of a period of which we wrote last summer in an article on modern tendencies in music. It had been sent to us from England as an awful example, and we then ventured to guess that it was

by Goossens. "Behave yourself before folk" would have pleased last night's audience better than it did had the harmonies been based on a bagpipe drone bass. Miss Dale also sang an old French and an old Belgian song arranged by Deems Taylor, "Les Trois Capitaines," arranged by Frank Bibb, and a number of modern art songs.

Wagner Festival Starts With 'Die Meistersinger.'

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 31.—A rousing reception was accorded the Wagnerian Festival Company from Germany, which gave its first performance in America at the Lyric to-night. Not a seat was obtainable when the doors opened and standing room only could be had. As if inspired by the friendly audience, which included society as well as music lovers, the company sang "Die Meistersinger" very well. Every voice seemed well trained. The performance was artistic in every way. Hearty applause greeted the important arias.

The management was pleased at the result of the opening.

The one adverse criticism dealt with the orchestra, which did not measure up to expectations.

Scenery, which was detained in customs in New York until a bond was given for its return to Germany, arrived in time.

The Friends of Music, at their fourth concert yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, presented as a novelty Sergei Taneyev's concert suite for violin and piano, with Bronislaw Hubermann playing the solos. This work, heard for the first time in America at this concert, might as well have remained on the other side of the water, for in spite of its passionately eulogistic program notes it must frankly be put down as dull and, for the most part, hardly worth while. It came at the end of the program, which may have had something to do with it, and an apparently tired audience seemed to find its devious banalities increasingly tiresome as the daylight faded and 5 o'clock passed. Its thematic treatment was rather obviously complex, repetitious, and its musical ideas shallow enough to be squeezed dry toward the end of whatever charm they may have had at the beginning. The suite is based on three themes, two of which closely resemble one another.

Mr. Hubermann did valiant service coping with the solo parts, the best of which was the gavotte movement helping out the barren material with very laudable dexterity and emotional infection. He also played two Beethoven romances, the second much better done than the first, for at the beginning his tone seemed lustreless and emaciated. However, he later warmed to greater eloquence and lyricism more like his usual production. Mme. Sigrid Onegin, the other guest soloist, accomplished a small wonder with the two Mahler songs, achieving with her lovely voice, perhaps unequalled in quality among contraltos to-day, a fine dramatic effect in the stirring "Sentinel's Night Song" and delivering the "Rhine Legend" with charming lightness and simplicity. Her other numbers, three songs by Berlioz, had delicacy ("Spectre de Rose"), high lyric passion ("Sur les Lagunes") and a haunting wistfulness in "Le Captive." But somehow lately she has learned to force her high notes, and when she did so yesterday they came forth acid and edge. She has plenty of volume even at Carnegie Hall, and those few all were as unnecessary as they were regrettable in an artist of her calibre.

Mr. Lauri-Volpi, the Metropolitan newest acquisition, made his second appearance last night as Rodolfo in "Bohème." His was an impersonation notable for several things. First he sang the role in many places well as it has been sung in many years, notably in the fine restraint and finesse of the conclusion of the "Gelida manina" of Act I. It was a youthful, headlong singing for the most part, with some spectacularly tainted top notes and much synthetic tenderness. But one reminder of the advent of several mannerisms, while they gain the hat-tipping of the staides who noise and lots of it, they will

the approval of those who make
ful and imaginative portrayal the
tion.

In detail Mr. Lauri-Volpi's charac-
terization and singing were marred by
unnecessary head shaking, worrying a
face as a dog worries and shakes a
bone, by excessive gesture to the gal-
lery and by an expansive smile
throughout Mimì's wistful first act.
That smile, maintained, becomes
inanity. The tenor has a beautiful
voice and will make history if he ex-
ercises more care about remaining up
to the pitch in his lower tones and
meets the demands of his part and the
voice above the thunder from the
audience. He merited much applause
last night and received something like
a short of an ovation, in addition to
the appreciation awarded him from
the professional "music lovers" on the
upper right (who were several times
loudly "hushed" by the rest of the
house).

Miss Reinhardt, announced for
Hilma, was indisposed and at the last
minute the reliable Frances Alda
stepped back into what is, perhaps,
her best as well as her most familiar
role. Mario Sundelius was a pretty,
peppery and a very lyric Musetta,
while Messrs. Scotti, Picco and Ro-
thier made up the rest of the Bohemian
quartet. Mr. Pap's orchestra
played too loudly most of the time,
specially when opposed to Miss Sun-
delius, many of whose best effects
were snowed under by the instru-
ments.

A. C.

Winter's Vicissitudes Felt at the Metropolitan When 'La Bohème' Is Sung.

The vicissitudes of a hard winter
made their power felt at the Metro-
politan Opera House last evening. The
opera was "La Bohème," and Mme.
Delia Reinhardt, who recently emerged
as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre," was
to have made her first local adventure
in the field of Italian opera, singing
Mimi. But theatergoers found in
their programs little slips announcing
that Mme. Reinhardt had become a
victim of the all pervasive operatic
evil, "sudden indisposition," and that
her place would be taken by Mme.
Alda. This soprano had sung the sor-
rows of the female Bohemian so often
that no new word could possibly be
found to express the general satisfac-
tion. It should be enough to say that
Alda was in good voice—or at
any rate sang as if she was—and re-
ceived abundant applause.

Giacomo Lauri-Volpi made what is
professionally called his second debut
in the role of Rodolfo. This gentle-
man was suffering from a cold when
he made his first appearance last week
in the Duke in "Rigoletto." He had
not quite recovered from it last eve-
ning, and it might be judicious to say
little about his singing. Undoubtedly
one of the technical peculiarities
which marred his tones last evening
were in the nature of makeshifts,
mainly adopted for the purpose of de-
feating the obstacles raised by the
cold. The slight vocal indisposition
did not prevent him from emitting
some brilliant high tones. It is likely
that when he is at his best he will
be able to sing more fluently and with
greater mellowness in the lower part
of his voice.

The other members of the cast were
old friends. Mme. Sundelius was the
Musetta and demonstrated that she
could be a peppery young woman
when she wished to. Mr. Scotti, who
was in better voice than usual, just
show how he had conquered the
New York climate, was an admirable
Cello. Mr. Picco as Schaunard and
Mr. Rothier as Colline were the other
principal singers. Mr. Moranzoni con-
ducted.

The most important number of the
program was Tanelev's suite, which was
announced as played for the first time
in America, and very likely was, for
apparently little of this Russian's
music has penetrated to this country.
It is a long and elaborate composition,
beginning with a rhapsodic prelude; a
tutti in which a strong new wave is
red into the old bottle of the archaic
dance rhythm; a movement called
"The Story," fancifully suggesting
ends of the Russian countryside told
in a theme with five varia-
tions in interesting and varied forms.
The music strongly flavored with im-
agination, robust and vigorous, and
wing little or nothing of the influ-
ence of the national folksong. Mr.
Herman played it with great power,
conviction, and Mr. Bodanzky gave
an excellent performance of the
fully developed orchestral part.

Virtues and faults were mingled in
the violin-playing of Rosa Polnariow,
who, it was said, came from Germany
and was making her first American ap-
pearance yesterday evening at Town
Hall. Wilhelmj's version of Paganini's
B major concerto, Tartini's G minor
Sonata, dubbed the "Devil's Trill," and
Sarasate's Gypsy Dances were her
major numbers. On the whole, the
virtues predominated.

Her best performance, it seemed,
was towards the end. In the Tartini
number she showed, as some other
violinists, a smooth, agreeably full
tone in calm, sustained passages which
dried up when complications occurred,
which gave a certain heaviness to such
periods. In shorter numbers by
Wieniawski, Schubert and Fritz Kreis-
ler, her tone was apt to have smooth-
ness, warmth and expressive quality;
but a wiry timbre came over it at
times, while the Wilhelmj arrangement
of "Ave Maria" produced some scoop-
ing or sliding.

But the Sarasate dances showed the
violinist at her best. Here there was
dash and assurance, freedom of man-
ner, ability to manage high speed and,
as a rule, to sustain the tone—where-
by the general impression was one of
promise. Miss Polnariow had a good
number of highly enthusiastic hearers
for her performance, accompanied by
Mrs. Alexander Bloch.

MISS DALE'S RECITAL.

Miss Esther Dale, soprano, gave a
song recital last evening in Rumford
Hall. According to her wont she pre-
sented an unconventional and very in-
teresting program. There were charm-
ing old English airs arranged by such
moderns as Bax and Goossens; old
French and Belgian airs arranged by
Deems Taylor and Frank Bibb, and for
the last part of the list American,
French and Russian songs.

Miss Dale's delivery was as a whole
artistic and interesting. She has a good
voice of mezzo quality, and she has
now greatly increased her skill in using
it. Last night she obtained a free tone,
generally smooth, and she infused much
variety of feeling into her numbers.
Her style lacked some lightness of touch
and delicate coloring, but she largely
obviated this lack by the means of her
fine dramatic instincts. She made much
of the old songs in the list and they
were delightfully worth it. Her audi-
ence seemed really to enjoy her recital.

VIOLINIST MAKES DEBUT.

Miss Rosa Polnariow, violinist, gave
her first recital here last night in Town
Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Alex-
ander Bloch at the piano. She played
Wilhelmj's arrangements of Paganini's
D major concerto and Schubert's "Ave
Maria," Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata
and among some shorter pieces Kreis-
ler's "Caprice Viennois."

Miss Polnariow acquitted herself with
much credit. She is genuinely musical
and this quality shows forth strongly
in her methods of interpretation. Her
style is buoyant and full of life and
her interest seems centered only in the
music she is playing. Her tone was
commendable in spite of some scratchy
notes, and she showed a well schooled
technic with brilliant possibilities. She
is a talented young player, and no
doubt will go further in her art.

Milhaud Conducts His Own Works.

Darius Milhaud appeared with Georges
Barrere and the Little Symphony at the
third of the Soires Musicales last eve-
ning at the Plaza, conducting his own
works and others by Poulenc and Erik
Satie. Georges Enesco, the Rumanian
composer and violinist, assisted in solos,
as did E. Robert Schmitz and Greta
Torpadle.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Tann-
hauser," an opera in three acts by Rich-
ard Wagner. Sung in German.

The Cast.

Landgraf Hermann	Paul Bender
Tannhauser	Curt Taucher
Wolfram	Clarence Whitehill
Walther	George Meader
Ritornel	Carl Schlegel
Heinrich	Max Bloch
Reinmar	William Gustafson
Elizabeth	Maria Jeritza
Venus	Margarete Matzenauer
A Young Shepherd	Raymonde Delaunoy
Four Pages	Grace Anthony, Cecil Arden, Charlotte Ryan and Grace Bradley
Conductor	Artur Bodanzky

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wagner's "Tannhauser" was re-
vived at the Metropolitan Opera
House last evening. It had not been
heard there since 1915, when Mme.
Melanie Kurt was the Elizabeth, Mme.
Matzenauer the Venus, Mr. Erlus the
Tannhauser, Mr. Weil the Wolfram
and Mr. Witherspoon the Landgrave
Hermann. It will be noted that of
that interesting cast the revival re-
tained one member after a lapse of
nearly eight years. Mme. Matzenauer,
like Mr. Scotti, is becoming an insti-
tution, and last evening revealed her-

self once again as the classic goddess,
less voluminous in physical propor-
tions, more youthful of eye and smile,
but still a Venus of supraterrrestrial
stature.

The reproduction of the famous old
opera, which so aroused the ire of the
gentlemen of the Paris Jockey Club
in 1861, was attended by a numerous
and interested audience. The manner
in which the work was put upon the
stage was a credit to General Manager
Gatti-Sasazza, who does not hesitate
to expend large sums on the mounting
even of works such as "Cosi fan tutte,"
for which he cherishes no deep affec-
tion. What he thinks of "Tann-
hauser" he may yet tell the world,
but meanwhile he places before his
patrons an admirable production and
a praiseworthy performance.

The larger problems of the pres-
entation may be set aside for the pres-
ent. That there was intent at least
in some measure to observe the deeper
dramatic meanings of the score was
evidence by the restoration of Tann-
hauser's agonized prayer (usually
cut) in the finale of the second act
and to the general seriousness of the
representation.

The bacchanale was sufficiently
riotous, but was not successful in get-
ting far away from the classic of
dancing. In fact, the movements of
the three Graces, quite old fashioned,
were the most convincingly dramatic
part of the scene. The transforma-
tion from the interior of the Venus-
berg to the exterior of the Wartburg
was admirably done. In fact all the
scenery, which had been painted by
Prof. Kautsky of Vienna, was good.

The principals in the performance
besides Mme. Matzenauer were Mme.
Jeritza as Elizabeth, Mr. Taucher as
Tannhauser, Mr. Whitehill as Wolf-
ram, Mr. Bender as the Landgrave,
Mr. Meader as Walther von der

Vogelweide and Mr. Schlegel, Mr.
Bloch and Mr. Gustafson as the other
knightly singers. Mr. Taucher's im-
personation of Tannhauser was with-
out doubt the best thing he has done
here. It had no small measure of
emotional force and in some moments
even of poignancy. It is a pity that
this tenor does not discover that it is
wholly unnecessary to sing fortissimo
all the time. There were other sing-
ers in last night's cast from whom the
tenor might have taken good hints.

Mme. Matzenauer was a very effec-
tive Venus. Her costume was some-
what too much in her way, but she
will probably correct that difficulty be-
fore the next performance. Mme.
Jeritza was a very good Elizabeth.
She sang the music sympathetically
and with beauty of tone except when
her occasional overstressed forte was
in evidence. But her impersonation
of the saintly heroine will probably
find favor. Mr. Whitehill's Wolfram
was admirable and his singing was a
delight. Mr. Bender was a competent
Hermann.

The choruses were generally well
sung. Mr. Bodanzky conducted the
performance. Some of his hearers
may have wished that he had not
dwelt so lovingly on many phrases
toward the close of the first act and
in one or two other places. But the
tendency of the day is to go slow in
opera.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Pierre Monteux, conductor, gave its
third evening concert here in Carnegie
Hall last night with Georges Enesco
as the soloist. The program comprised
Berlioz's overture, "Benvenuto Cellini,"
the Brahms violin concerto, Cesar
Frank's tone poem, "Le Chasseur Mau-
dit," Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole"
and "The Moldau," of Smetana.

The orchestral numbers were all quite
familiar, save one, but they whetted the
musical appetite of the listener anew,
because of their generally excellent
performance under Mr. Monteux's baton.
Frank's poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit"
("The Wild Huntsman"), Mr. Mon-
teux no doubt brought forward as
an offering to the composer's cen-
tenary, which is being celebrated this
season. The effective score had been
heard here twice recently at concerts of
the City Symphony Orchestra. The
poem could easily bear more frequent
hearings. Smetana's "Moldau," singing
of the beauty of the Bohemian river,
brought a singular charm of its own to
the brilliant program.

Much artistic interest had centered in
Mr. Enesco's appearance here with or-
chestra. The distinguished Rumanian
had already been heard within the month
as a conductor, a composer and a violin
recitalist. His performance of Brahms's
concerto made a profound impression.

He had played the work a short time
ago with this orchestra in Boston and
left behind him a similar impression to
the one he now created. Last night his
technical and tonal powers, while not
startling, supported him in a reading
entirely poetic and lofty in style. The
taste and feeling he imparted to his
interpretation can justly be pronounced
as genuinely beautiful.

The slow movement was an exquisite
delight. The novelty of a soloist at one
of these concerts may have lent a two-
fold interest for some persons in the
audience to Mr. Enesco's appearance.
But this is doubtful. He himself seemed
to win the ovation he received.

LENEX STRING QUARTET.

The Lenex String Quartet, a com-
paratively new organization, gave a con-

cert at Aeolian Hall last evening. The
quartet consists of Sandor Harmati, first
violinist; Wolfe Wolfinsohn, second vio-
lin; Nicholas Moldavan, viola, and Em-
mueran Stoecker, cello. There were but
two numbers on the program, Vincent
d'Indy's quartet in E major and Schu-
bert's quartet in G major. The offerings
were well chosen to bring out the accom-
plishments of the quartet, which are not
yet great, but which augur well for
future performances. There are cer-
tain passages which betray the recent
organization of the players, but on the
whole the ensemble was good and Mr.
Harmati played with much charm and
color. Perhaps the most conspicuous
fault was bad intonation which marred
several passages, well performed tech-
nically, but lacking in balance of tone
and distinction. In other respects the
performance was good and apparently
much enjoyed by a large audience.

RICHARD HALE IN SONGS.

Richard Hale, barytone, gave his an-
nual song recital in New York yester-
day afternoon at Aeolian Hall. He has
a large following here, as was shown by
the size and friendliness of his audience.
He offered a tasteful program, although
there was an atmosphere of somberness
in the first three groups. This general
mood was helped by such songs as
Schubert's "Die Forelle" and Debussy's
"Mandoline," which were given as en-
cores. Respighi's song, "La Mamma e
Come il Pane Caldo," the singer re-
peated.

In an air from Mozart's "Figaro" and
in songs by Hugo Wolf and other writ-
ers, Mr. Hale used his rich, powerful
voice generally well, except when he
forced it and made his tone colorless.
His style lacks somewhat in delicate
shading, but he is a singer of fine dra-
matic feeling and intelligence. He did
some very good work in Chausson's "La
Caravane." Several new numbers were
in his last group, including Carlier-
Worrell's "Death Song" and Deems Tay-
lor's "Captain Stratton's Fancy," which
was written for Mr. Hale. Miss Heier
Chase was at the piano.

Enesco as Soloist

A programme of wide variety was
given last evening at Carnegie Hall
by the Boston Symphony Orchestra
with Pierre Monteux conducting, and
Georges Enesco, the Roumanian com-
poser, as soloist. The numbers ranged
from the dramatic "Benvenuto Cellini"
overture or Berlioz, with its thrilling
climax, to Smetana's poetic composi-
tion, "The Moldau," and included be-
sides Cesar Franck's "Le Chasseur Mau-
dit," and Ravel's "Rhapsodie
Espagnole." The concerto was the
Brahms, which was played with ad-
mirable dignity. M. Enesco is a
violinist of real greatness, modest to
the point of self-effacement, and with-
out the slightest trace of affectation.
He was recalled many times at the
conclusion of the concerto, and it was
noticeable that the applause from the
orchestra was unusually vigorous, as it
should have been for so artistic a
performance.

The brass sonorities of Franck's
"Wild Huntsman" were apparently
appreciated, too, and the really deli-
ghtful Spanish rhapsodizing of Ravel
came in for much applause. It was
conducted and played beautifully, in
particular the charming "Prelude à la
Nuit," with its bird song theme, and
its all-pervasive brooding beauty of
tropical night. It requires little imagi-
nation to reconstruct the story Ravel
is trying to tell. Smetana's more con-
ventional poem "The Moldau," brought
a two-hour programme to its con-
clusion.

H. E.

ENESCO GETS OVATION.

Composer Plays Brahms's Classic
With Boston Orchestra.

Georges Enesco, the Rumanian com-
poser, playing Brahms's violin con-
certo with the Boston Symphony Or-
chestra last evening in Carnegie Hall,
received one of those rare, earned ova-
tions whereof "the votes should be

weighed and not counted. The great musicianship of this great man, most modest of the season's guests, has hardly been more finely shown at recent appearances in recital or as conductor with other forces.

Motionless as a statue, denying all personal display, he made of the calm and lofty concerto no mere show piece. Instead, he restored to it, with all its dignity, a certain individuality of rhythm, transforming many a fiddler's phrase in the rhapsodic manner of tempo rubato known to Europe's south-east. It was racy but reverent Brahms playing, and the adagio's contrast midway was one of the notable performances of many years.

Mr. Montoux's, running to two hours, explored the sonorous "The Wild Huntsman" of Cesar Franck with impetuous tumult of trumpet and song. For overture there was Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," and in conclusion Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and the Bohemian Smetana's "The Moldau."

Lamond Is Soloist

By W. J. HENDERSON.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra visits this receptive town it occupies Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon for its two concerts. One result of this is that the Philharmonic Society, which customarily gives a pair of concerts on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon, is obliged to omit the evening entertainment and give an independent matinee. Yesterday afternoon was one of these occasions, and it was made particularly interesting for the subscribers by reason of the second appearance this season of Willem Mengelberg on the conductor's podium.

There was also interest in the playing of the soloist, Frederick Lamond, pianist. This artist has visited these shores several times and has always given thinking music lovers something to think about. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Lamond played the B flat concerto of Brahms, which, like himself, is no stranger to local concert-goers.

The pianist's performance was quite in line with what he has done here before. He is not one of the masters of sensuous allurements, and that is one reason why he chooses Beethoven and Brahms for his concerts. He is an interpreter of much insight. His readings of famous works are marked by a strongly intellectual quality. The secrets of each composition are assiduously sought and the exposition is noteworthy for soundness and clarity.

Yesterday's audience seemed to be highly pleased with Mr. Lamond's treatment of the Brahms composition. Mr. Mengelberg conducted the orchestra in the "Eroica" symphony, which he gave at the Tuesday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House and in the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

RUSSIAN PIANIST'S DEBUT.

Miss Sophie Sanina, a young Russian pianist, made her debut at Aeolian Hall last evening. Her program was enjoyable and included Haydn's sonata in E minor, Schubert's theme and variations in B flat, MacDowell's concert etude, variations by Ignaz Friedman and several numbers of Gluck, Rachmaninoff and Liszt.

Miss Sanina, who studied in Riga and in Warsaw under Prof. Michailowsky, Paderewski's teacher, and who continued her studies in this country, possesses a good deal of talent. She has much to learn, but her present accomplishments are considerable. Her touch is occasionally, heavy without delicacy or distinction, and at times she fails to penetrate deeply into her subject. On the other hand, Miss Sanina's excellent technique is at all times subordinated to an intelligent control. There is a certain broad style and well sustained legato, coupled with plenty of vigor and warmth, which go far to make her playing enjoyable. She deserves to be heard again.

Metropolitan Singer Dies.

Robert Meinhart, for eight seasons a baritone singer with the Metropolitan Opera Company, died late yesterday in St. Mark's Hospital of complications arising from kidney trouble. He was 40 years old and had been in poor health for several months. Mr. Meinhart was a native of Prague. He is survived by a wife and two children, who are at present in Berlin.

FAVORITE OPERAS REPEATED.

"Romeo et Juliette" at Matinee and "Ernani" at Night.

"Romeo et Juliette" with Edward Johnson again replacing Gigli as the Romeo and Lucrezia Bori as Juliette, yesterday gave joy to a crowded matinee audience at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted. In the evening the rejuvenated old "Ernani" was repeated with the same great cast which has brought it new and durable popularity. Rosa Ponselle, Martinelli, Titta Ruffo and Jose Mardones sharing the singing honors of a very smooth performance. Mr. Papi conducted.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Ignaz Friedman's Recital.

A faithful band of admirers made a large audience at Ignaz Friedman's second piano recital, which he gave in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. It manifested deep interest in the occasion and was enthusiastic and liberal in applause. Mr. Friedman's program was made up of Schumann's "Fantasy," Op. 17; Chopin's "Barcarolle," the nocturne Op. 62, No. 1, a valse, two etudes and the polonaise in A flat; a "Ballade," a valse (of Mr. Friedman's own arranging) and the variations on a theme of Paganini's by Brahms.

The qualities that Mr. Friedman has already shown here in his playing dominated this recital. His technique is all-embracing, brilliant and certain, his tone always rich and warm and full of sap, at all ranges of power. Mr. Friedman is fond of the extremes of power, loud and soft; and sometimes overdoes their contrast. At the same time there is sometimes curiously lacking in his playing the support of the bass by a sufficiently firm left hand.

There were many beautiful passages in his performance of Schumann's "Fantasy," great vigor and spirit, sometimes to the point of superfluity. There was also an excess of hesitant rubato, which ill became Schumann's muscular musicianship. Mr. Friedman's conception and interpretation of Chopin seemed more appropriate. The Barcarolle was brilliantly and at the same time poetically played; and there were much grace and charm in his disclosure of the nocturne; and always the glowing beauty of his tone.

GIVES IMPROMPTU RECITAL.

Olga Samaroff Announces Her Piano Pieces to Large Audience.

Olga Samaroff at the Town Hall yesterday, announcing impromptu piano pieces offhand to such as could hear her words in a largely filled hall, played but one entire work from a printed list of ten originally offered for her audience's choice. This was Brahms's F minor sonata, preceded by Beethoven's in F major, not among those listed, while of later "major" works she added in closing Chopin's finale from the sonata in B minor.

It was her purpose to recall in this way the "unforgettable" evenings spent among famous musicians at Seal Harbor, Maine, during the war. Some such intimacy was attained in her shorter pieces, which included Brahms's E flat intermezzo, Chopin's A flat ballade, Debussy's "Cathedral" and an early "Dance," Cyril Scott's "Lotusland" and Paul Juon's "Nalads at the Spring," which was redemanded. The house waited for the Wagner-Hutcheson "Valkyries" Ride, Chopin's F sharp nocturne and Beethoven's march from the "Ruins of Athens."

SINGS FROM 'THE VALKYRIE.'

Clarence Whitehill Appears With Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Clarence Whitehill sang the music of Wotan in the farewell and magic fire scene from "The Valkyrie" yesterday afternoon in the Wagner concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. His voice was not at its best, but the singing was of such excellent quality that he was recalled many times.

The orchestra under the direction of Pierre Monteux played the excerpts from the German operas with vivid contrasts and fine ensemble effects, although many of the passages were played so slowly that they were drab. The audience was the largest which has attended a concert of the Boston organization this season.

Chamlee and Jeritza in 'Cavalleria.'

Mario Chamlee, in place of the indisposed Tokatyan, sang with Jeritza last evening before a packed house that greeted the Metropolitan's most "popular" Saturday night this season. The pair were heard in "Cavalleria," and after them Miss Morgana, Messrs. Johnson and Scott in "Pagliacci." At the matinee Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in "Traviata," with Lauri-Volpi and Danise. The house was twice sold out.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT.

Whitehill Appears as Soloist in All Wagner Program.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its third matinee concert in New York this season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Pierre Monteux, the conductor, offered a program of music by Wagner. The numbers were the overture to "The Flying Dutchman," the preludes to "Lohengrin" and "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan und Isolde," "Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire" from "The Valkyrie," with the Wotan sung by Clarence Whitehill; "Siegfried's Ascent to Bruenhilde's Rock" from "Siegfried" and "Morning Dawn," "Siegfried's Rhein Journey," and "Close" from "Dusk of the Gods."

Many all Wagner programs have been given here this season, and the regularity of their appearance demonstrates their popularity. That such concerts put upon an audience an exceptionally tense and emotional strain there can be no doubt. Yesterday it was Mr. Monteux's turn to give a concert hearing of Wagner and he put his opportunity to good use. His selections were admirably made to give an effective hearing of the composer, although away from their native surroundings of the theater; he made an appropriate choice of a soloist in Mr. Whitehill, from the Metropolitan Opera House, who sings the part of Wotan as if it's manner born, and he put his orchestra through an excellent performance of the orchestral scores. The numerous audience was the largest seen at one of these concerts in some seasons and the enthusiasm waxed high.

SATURDAY'S MUSIC.

Saturday's matinee in the Metropolitan brought Mme. Galli-Curci's first portrayal of "Traviata" this season, and a new and grateful role for the handsome young Mr. Lauri-Volpi. Mme. Galli-Curci, it must be admitted, was not in her best voice, seeming tired and singing with apparent effort. There were times in the "Ah, fors' e lui," for instance, when her breath seemed to fail her, leaving her hardly enough on which to finish her long phrases. On the high sustained notes she flatted frequently, but in this she was in no wise different from Mr. Lauri-Volpi, who sang his off-stage contribution to "Sempere Libera" a full half-tone below the orchestra and at much slower tempo.

His voice is still rather tight, and edged in the upper register, but his stage manner was less affected more faithful to realism, and he made a personable and likable Alfredo. His scene with the elder Germont (sung splendidly by Mr. Danise) was moving and effective in the extreme. Miss Anthony was a lovely Flora, singing her small bit with good style and finish.

In the evening, in the same house a new Nedda was presented in "Pagliacci." Nina Morgana. Miss Morgana has a lovely voice and the added advantages of slimmness, good acting ability and personal beauty. She was dreadfully nervous much of the time, and appeared to underestimate the carrying quality of her voice, so that she forced it at times into some hardly agreeable high notes. With greater ease and the same excellent support from the east she could make this a notable role. Mr. Johnson, who was singing Friday and Sunday, still found voice and energy to give again his sharply defined Canio, while Mr. Scotti, the prince of actors, transformed Tonio from what one is accustomed to see and hear. His superb scene with Nedda brought much laughter from the house and was a gem of genre work. The piece was preceded, as is the wont, by "Cavalleria," with Mr. Chamlee replacing the announced Armand Tokatyan and Miss Jeritza and the familiar cast.

Other events of the day were the Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall in the afternoon, with a Wagnerian program and Clarence Whitehill as soloist, singing "Wotan's Farewell;" and Yosie Fujiwara, the Japanese tenor, who might be called the John McCormack of Japan, who appeared in Aeolian Hall Saturday night with Sei Hara and Masao Takata, two dances. Mr. Fujiwara has done wonders with the thin high Oriental tenor and proved himself an exponent of Occidental music (He sang Italian classics and the "Reve" from Manon.) as well as a true artist in a group of Japanese songs in his native tongue.

Petrouschka' Played Without Choreographic Setting Introduces Buffoonery Into Pleasing Program Grotesquerie Again Evident in Satie Selections and in Discordant 'Pierrot' Suite

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Some naughtinesses, some sins and some crimes against music were perpetrated and committed at two of the concerts given yesterday. The most venial was the performance at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon of the most of Stravinsky's music to "Petrouschka." We are not writing in disparagement of the composition but of the use to which it was put. Thousands of persons in New York have seen the pantomimic ballet to which its ingenious composer fitted it like a glove. To those who were able while listening to it to re-create that action of the choreographic play in their fancy the charm and the humor of the music justified the performance measureably at least; but to the rest of the audience it can have appealed only because of its comicality and grotesquerie. Time and time again it excited frank and unrestrained laughter. The antics of a buffoon would have done the same thing; but we doubt if Mr. Coate would have thought them proper as a feature in a symphonic concert. He would probably have rejected the services of a clown had one offered them as a diversion between such beautiful music as his compilation of pieces from some of Purcell's works and the dance music from Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," but his act in playing burlesque music left us puzzled in mind concerning his artistic sincerity and seriousness. So it must have left others.

Moreover, there is pathos in much of the music which accompanies an illustration of the story of Petrouschka—a pathos which arouses sympathy for the humanized mannikin and is all the more poignant because of its grotesque expression. We do not recall that we laughed at the poor fellow who Nijinsky visualized him for us. The tragic element underlying the burlesque is the finest feature of the composition, but without the action to music, save the swinging Russian tune to which the coachmen and nurse dance, is but a disjointed series of funny sounds, squeaks and squawls, imitations of wheezy hand organ and lurdy-gurdy, grunting snatches of tune from a bassoon, clatterings of xylophone and whirring noises. If we must have music of this kind in a concert room, let us by all means have moving pictures to explain it.

Thus was the delightful impression made by the music of Purcell erased from the minds of the listeners, and thus were they prepared for Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme" for violoncello and orchestra (the same played by Mr. Lucien Schmitt) and the same composer's "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia.

Composers Give Concert

A concert in the evening at the Kluge Theater awakened less confusing reactions. It was given by our local group of Superior Musical Person, the International Composers' Guild. This, too, tempted to laughter, but intentionally. The performers seem to be in deadly earnest, and so, also, doubt, were a great many who listened to them. So, we think, were all composers except one. If Erik Satie

over in Paris, knew that E. Schmitt was playing his "Sports Diversissements" he must have said his tongue in his cheek or guffawed aloud. The pieces, like Darius Milhaud's dances from "Sandances Brazil," were pitifully short, if quite short enough, but they were obviously intended as jokes, while Milhaud's pieces were not, except in the minds of the low-browed seated on the scoffers' bench. Jokes Satie's pieces were supposed to be; as serious composition Mr. Milhaud's were depressing, depressing even to the infant foot of a sonata for two flute, Sarah and G. Roscoe Possell. A piece was written by Charles Koc and was played for the first time in America. Let it be recorded as an event, though it was not so momentous an incident as the first performance of America of Arnold Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." This was accomplished under the direction of Louis G. and the people implicated were Torguade, Leroy Shield (piano), Jacob Mestechkin (violin), D. Schmitt (viola), Robert Lindemann (clarinet), G. Roscoe Possell (triccolo and

George Farns (bass clarinet) and Willem Durieux (violin). The composition is ten years old. It has been performed in Germany and Austria, and as a masterpiece, discussed as one of the most potent utterances of modern music, scoffed and laughed at.

Novelty in Melodrama

It is a melodrama, says Schönberg, and so it is—a melodrama with a difference. In plan it is as old as the hills, in execution so new that enjoyment of it by persons who believe that music is an expression of beauty in art will have to wait until all such persons are dead or chaos be come again. A French poet, Albert Guiraud, wrote a series of poems descriptive of the familiar character of French pantomime, Pierrot, in some singular phases created by the moon. Also of the influence of the moon upon nature and a poet. The light of the moon intoxicates the poet and he drinks up the pale beams. He conceives them as white lilies, with which he wishes to deck the hair of Columbine. Pierrot, who is alternately a clown and a tragic figure (no doubt a symbol, as is Petrouschka, for that matter), sees the moon as a laundress spreading her linen on the dark fields of night, as the Mater Dolorosa, as a lovesick maid, as a scimitar threatening to fall upon his neck, as illuminating a gibbet, as a provocative of nostalgia, as providing the rudder of a lily-boat on which he sails to Bergamo, and much else. The poems, translated into German by Otto Erich Hartleben (Mr. Meltzer provided an English version with which the concerts could be followed) are fanciful and many of them are beautiful lyrics which might well be consorted with beautiful melodies. But Schönberg has written them to be declaimed in a manner which is neither speech nor song, and for them all he has provided what he and his champions consider delineation music. They were obviously intended for a man's voice, though the original interpreter was a woman. The device was tried by Humperdinck when he made a setting of "Königskinder" more than twenty-five years ago. But Humperdinck, while he "pointed" the text of the drama, indicating not only the rhythm but also the intervals, placed an instrumental basis under the drama in Wagner's manner, part of which has survived in the opera which he afterward made for the Metropolitan Opera House. He found that the melodramatic manner was impossible of execution. So it is in Schönberg's setting of the verses about the moonstruck Pierrot. Miss Torpadie struggled bravely with the text and was intelligible for about half of the performance. After that what she declaimed had to be taken on trust even by those familiar with German. Meanwhile the instruments were doing utterly incomprehensible things which could neither arouse the imagination nor warm the emotions. Least of all could, or did, they charm the ear. It was a wearisome and futile experiment which some of the hearers were brave enough to smile at. In Berlin on one occasion Henri Marteau was thrown out of the room because he broke into loud and derisive laughter. Distinguished musicians who are striving to bring on the millennium in which cacophony shall reign were in last night's audience—among them Leopold Stokowski, Alfred Casella, Georges Enesco, Darius Milhaud and Willem Mengelberg.

Arnold Schoenberg's "Moonstruck Pierrot" was the chief event yesterday evening when it was performed for the first time in America by the International Composers' Guild at its concert in the Klaw Theatre. It was part of a program which also included a first hearing for Koechlin's sonata for two flutes, Satie's "Gymnopédie" and a Milhaud number. But these all were dwarfed in interest by the Austrian radical's suite.

"Pierrot Lunaire" consists of twenty-one short poems in a variety of moods, set to music orchestrated for piano, violin, cello, flute and clarinet in different combinations. It is intended to be neither sung nor recited, but given in a manner somewhere between. Yesterday the effect was something like speaking in slightly musical tones, which wandered here and there on the scale, in partial conformity to the natural inflection of the reciting human speech. Too much credit cannot be given to Greta Torpadie, the soloist, for her complete mastery of the difficult and merciless intervals and the color she put into the vocalizing.

It is music that until a new musical memory is bred through generations of deliberate eugenics can never be memorized. But it is music, of a different order, perhaps not absolute enough for the platform without the other additions of costume, lights, settings and so on to help out the mood and illusion—but nevertheless music.

It is a rendering in musical notation of the sounds, say, of ice in a thin tumbler, wind in the trees, the fall of a brook, knives and forks in a brass tray, bagpipes, the patter of rain on a roof, a rusty pump-handle, an ungreased car wheel four blocks away and dry limbs scraping together. One needs Gertrude Stein's style adequately to describe it. But it did produce a definite mood and color, especially in such sections as "The Song of the Gibbet," "Sick Moon" and "Cruel Pierrot," and I had a finale accompanied with major thirds on the violin which was a thing of fine, frail art, stunning in effect. It was real music, but it sent one out of the theatre thinking, "How old-fashioned that Stravinsky was!"

By Henry T. Finck

Arnold Schönberg is one of the most learned of Austrian professors, a musician of profound attainments. Unfortunately for his happiness he also tried to be a creative artist. He wrote among other things a sextet, "Verklärte Nacht," which contained some rather pretty things, buried in bombast and gasbags. As that did not make him famous with the masses he tried to achieve notoriety by being "real naughty," defying musical grammar, placing a thumb against his nose with fingers spread out, and putting out his tongue.

A specimen of this sort of tomfoolery was presented last night at the Klaw Theatre by the International Composers' Guild. It was Schönberg's melodrama "Pierrot Lunaire," an utterly silly thing, which it would be a waste of good printer's ink to describe in detail. Briefly, it consists of twenty-one poems, which are declaimed by a singer "who does not sing nor speak." Greta Torpadie attended to this part of the business very successfully. She certainly did not sing; nor did she speak. For the most part I found it possible to say even what language she was using.

The third poem refers to "the scented, immaculate washstand of Pierrot." The resonant bronze of the basin laughs loud as the splashing of water is heard.

Just like that was the music. The composer employs a piano, a violin, and a viola, and five other instruments: clarinet, flute and piccolo, bass clarinet, violoncello. These take turns in emitting strange noises which seldom have anything to do with music; sounds without coherence or meaning.

If these noises were funny one might tolerate them for five minutes or so. But Schönberg has no sense of humor. He simply protrudes his musical tongue and wiggles his fingers for not much less than an hour. It must have amused him highly to find that there were persons in the musical world who not only took him seriously, but who proclaimed him as the apostle of a new departure in music surpassing all the past. *Sie werden nicht alle*; in other words, there is always a fresh crop of them.

This is taking a good-natured view of the matter. But when I left the Klaw Theatre last night I was mad clear through and I fully intended to denounce this affair as an infernal outrage—asking a busy journalist to waste his time on such fripperies as this Schönberg work, and the equally inane things that preceded it: a "sonata" for two flutes by Charles Koechlin (this was rather funny), six one-minute trifles (leebly funny) by Erik Satie entitled "Sports and Divertissements," and three inane numbers from Milhaud's suite of Brazilian dances. These also may have been intended to be funny. No one, surely, would take them seriously.

A queer little bubble on this planet is this "futurist" gang, judging by the size of the audience last night their number is limited.

Whatever you may think of Arnold Schoenberg, whose "Pierrot Lunaire," thanks to the International Composers' Guild, had its American premiere last night in the Klaw Theatre before an audience made up largely of men and women intensely interested in queer things, there is a vast difference between him and an agglutinator of misshapen banalities like Milhaud, represented also on the evening's programme of novelties together with the fanciful Satie and one Koechlin. It is surprising, indeed, that those who have the honorable ambition to introduce us into recently ex-

plored domains of art, seem to be unable themselves to discriminate between the good, bad and indifferent.

There is no intention here of passing judgment on Schoenberg's series of twenty-one melodramatic tone-pictures to fantastic poems of Albert Giraud translated into German by Otto Erich Hartleben. They offer a somewhat trying problem at first hearing, even to one who may succeed in throwing off all preconceived notions regarding the functions of music, permitting his auscultatory sensibilities and his fancy to be as wax in the composer's hands.

One thing seemed clear, how-

ever, at least to a few listeners last night, namely, that Schoenberg has created something not to be passed over lightly or cast aside with a few glib phrases.

As far as the writer of this is concerned he is unable to decide for himself whether this strange aggregation of instrumental pictures with accompaniment of a voice that is asked to travel half way between song and strongly rhythmed declamation is nothing more than a specimen of artistic decadence or actually gives a glimpse into horizons as yet somewhat clouded.

But this much should be admitted at any rate: That Schoenberg's pictures are not the accidental result of splashing resonant pigments haphazard on canvass. They vary in merit, it is true, and put the conservatively attuned ear to a pretty severe test. But they combine plastic definition and rhythm with color and atmosphere. And the surge of emotional vitality, though it be distorted according to normally healthy conceptions, throbs underneath the tumid surface.

Mme. Greta Torpadie had the

difficult task of "putting over" the excruciatingly difficult "song-speech," and she acquitted herself more than creditably, though her voice seemed somewhat delicate at times

GEORGE REINHERR'S RECITAL.

George Reinherr, tenor, who is familiar to many concertgoers, gave a recital at the National Theater last evening, assisted by Edward Ideler, violinist, and Frank Braun at the piano. Mr. Reinherr's offerings, the majority of which were of a popular character, included an English group by Dobson, Gilbert, Watts and others. Then followed "Der Holzknecht," by Eugen Heile, and songs by Lodewijk Mortelmans, Kallnikoff, Eduard Herrmann and others. Mr. Reinherr sang with good enunciation and much style, although his upper notes, perhaps due to a slight cold, were somewhat nasal in quality. Mr. Ideler played Vieuxtemps's Concerto in D minor and numbers of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chopin and Kreisler. His tone was not big, but he played with feeling and a commendable regard for phrasing and shading, for which he won much applause. Mr. Braun proved an efficient accompanist.

CONCERT AT METROPOLITAN.

Miss Erika Morini, violinist, was the soloist of last night's concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. She played Sarasate's "Carmen Fantasy" with a wealth of brilliance and admirable technique which drew forth much applause. Later she played shorter pieces by Tschalkowsky, Wieniawsky and Zarzky, with Mr. Sendor Vas at the piano. Other soloists of the evening included Miss Mary Mellish, soprano, who sang "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"; Mme. Margarete Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Mme. Marlon Telva, contralto, and Edward Johnson, tenor. The soloists were all in good voice and the offerings included an air from "Andrea Chenier" and Duparc's "L'Invitation au voyage." Mme. Matzenauer sang "Ah mon fils" from "Le Prophète" and "Gerechter Gott" from "Rienzi." The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under the direction of Giuseppe Bamberoschek, played Smetana's overture, "The Bartered Bride," Dvorak's "New World" symphony and two Hungarian dances by Brahms.

Isidor AchronShows

Many and various musicians have come to us out of Russia; and one of the latest is Isidor Achron, who made his American debut in a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. It

was not, strictly speaking, his first appearance, as he had accompanied Mr. Heifetz at his last recital in Joseph Achron's sonata, but it was the first opportunity to find out what manner of artist he was. He proved to be a pianist of undeniable skill, with a finished technique at his fingers' ends and ideas of his own, but faring better from a standpoint of brilliance and finish of execution than one of poetic interpretation.

His program combined the light and melodious with the dramatic and sonorous. Its first half was entirely Russian. The familiar Rachmaninoff preludes in C sharp and G minor, numbers by Borodin, Glazounoff and Glinka, two "Poemes" and two Etudes, E sharp and D sharp minor by Scriabin, then came Chopin and Liszt. On the whole, Mr. Achron was happiest in his lighter numbers. With a firm, but light and crisp touch, a lucid and polished execution in which runs, trills and other similar features flowed with unruffled smoothness, droves of rapid notes fluttering from his fingers, he was thoroughly at home. Louder passages, however, were apt to bring a rather heavy hand. Thus the Chopin A flat major Polonaise was sonorous, but not with the effective thunder and lightning of Ignaz Friedman's performance the day before. Mr. Achron's full force was brought to bear on the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser" overture, but, with all striving, it was hardly possible to imitate an orchestra. But the pianist pleased a good-sized audience, and gave several encores, including a skillful performance of Rameau's "Tambourin," according to Godowsky.

Symphony by Candle Light

The City Symphony Orchestra has been adding various incidental features to its popular concerts at the Century Theater. Eight days ago it was a symphony played without a conductor, and yesterday afternoon's Haydn's "Farewell" symphony, done, supposedly, in the original manner of 1772. After the orchestra, under Mr. Foeh, had finished a lively well played performance of Mozart's overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro" the curtain descended. Then the lights went out and the audience sat in darkness until the curtain rose to disclose the orchestra prepared to play by the light of many candles. In this rather dim light the first three movements were played as usual, then in the last the pace slackened and, to a reiterated theme, musician after musician extinguished his candle, got up and went out, until only conductor

and two or three violinists were left for the last tenuous strains. Then for a minute darkness was complete, the audience seemed to enjoy the jest, played, it was said, by Haydn to convince his patron of the dreariness of life in the provinces, though the symphony itself seemed rather long. The andante especially, had a length and lugubriousness rarely found in Haydn.

The latter half brought back normal conditions, with Bizet's first "Arlesienne" suite and Liszt's "Les Preludes." There was a fair-sized audience for an orchestra in good form.

HOFMANN'S CONCERT DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

Plays 'Mignonettes,' Composed by Himself When Boy.

Josef Hofmann gave the third in his series of four piano recitals yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The audience crowded the auditorium. Mr. Hofmann's program consisted of works by Chopin, Scriabine and himself. The works by himself, which closed the list, were a set of four pieces called "Mignonettes" ("Children's Corner"); the "Suite Antique" in D minor and the C major etude for the left hand alone.

Mr. Hofmann was heard first in Chopin's E flat minor sonata, a composition often played here by him, and one in which his great gifts seek some of their loftiest heights. Yesterday he sang the music, as it were, by means of the most beautiful tones while delighting his hearers. His Scriabine group contained the E flat minor prelude, which he repeated; the prelude in D, the "Dance Languide," likewise repeated, and three etudes, in D sharp minor, A flat and D flat. These numbers Mr. Hofmann played with superb brilliance, and understanding and thereby greatly aroused his audience.

The "Mignonettes" were composed by Mr. Hofmann when he was between 6 and 8 years old (1882-1884) and soon after were played by him in public. Each piece was delightful.

Mr. Hofmann's "Suite Antique" was thoroughly interesting. The left hand etude served him as a tremendous technical tour de force up and down the keyboard, and with no loss felt from the right hand's absence. He was generous with encores.

New Russian Pianist's Debut.

Isador Achron, pianist of renown in Russia, Germany and Rumania, made his debut in America at Town Hall yesterday afternoon and won the instant and almost forfarded approval and applause of his audience. The newcomer is a finely-equipped pianist, of much intensity, imagination and emotional sweep. He is a brother of Joseph Achron, the composer, and thorough musician on his own account. With well known numbers by

evening. It sounded well enough when he let go of it. He is a personable looking young man, and sings with intelligence. An enthusiastic audience composed largely of his countrymen, gave him a warm reception. Aeolian Hall must have sheltered ten thousand such audiences, and if there are any nations that have not been so represented, they should hurry along their musicians. Mr. Fujiwara's Japanese songs were of local interest, simple, apparently sentimental, and better done than some of the rest of the programme. Sei Hara and Masao Takata gave several dances, including two Japanese pantomimes.

By MAX SMITH.

Reprinted from the Philadelphia Record.

BACK at the helm of the Philadelphia Orchestra after his meteoric excursion to Paris and Rome, Leopold Stokowski, handsome wielder of the baton directorial, was greeted cordially by the huge audience that attended the Quakers' sixth concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall.

Not until he had given an overwhelmingly dynamic reading of Brahms's minor symphony—a reading patterned evidently after Nikisch, a somewhat dangerous model to imitate—did the crowd cast aside the shackles of polite moderation and express enthusiasm in terms tumultuous. Then the noise of approval, however, was intended also for his valiant musicians, who at the behest of their leader, stood up in recognition of the applause.

Brahm's First Symphony, as conducted by Stokowski, had been heard here before, in January, 1914; also on March 9, 1920. It is an interpretation of strongly marked contrasts, rhythmically forceful, vigorous, tense, and in the final movement pompous to an extreme. Whether it preserves the true spirit and flavor of Brahms may be questioned. Over-emphasis in the production of music (which may be likened to over-acting on the stage) is one of the symptoms of the day.

There was also much stress and a Himalayan accumulation of ear-filling sonorities in Moussorgsky's interesting "La Nuit sur le mont chauve," as revised by Rimsky-Korsakoff. But Leopold Stokowski showed in Debussy's exquisitely scored transcriptions of Satie's two "Gymnopédies" (so named, as Mr. Gilman tells us, "from the dances performed by naked youths in honor of Apollo, Artemis and Leto," in ancient Sparta) that he can temper his own energy and that of his virtuoso band to music that is "slow, grave, processional in tone, suavely and serenely classical in spirit."

Sibelius's tone-poem, "Finlandia," brought the evening to a close.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

At the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra given in Carnegie Hall last evening its conductor, Leopold Stokowski, reappeared at its head, having returned from his quick trip to Paris and Rome, in which cities he had acted as "guest" conductor after the prevailing fashion. He was warmly greeted and was tumultuously applauded after the principal numbers of the program.

This consisted of Brahms's first symphony; Moussorgsky's orchestral fantasy "A Night on Bald Mountain"; "Two Gymnopédies" by Erik Satie and "Jan Sibelius's symphonic poem "Finlandia." The applause was well deserved for superlatively fine performances. Brahms's symphony was played with an intense and passionate energy in the first and last movements, with persuasive grace in the two middle ones, and throughout with a deeply glowing richness of tone.

There was especial beauty in the solo passages of the allegretto for the first violin and the first oboe, whom Mr. Stokowski caused to rise and bow; and for the horn and flute in the last movement; and in the ensemble passages for trombones in that movement. But an enumeration of all these excellences would pass the whole orchestra in review. Such a performance would give a death blow to the tradition of Brahms's thick and muddy orchestration, if that tradition had not already been laid to rest by orchestras and conductors who can play as Brahms really intended them to play.

Moussorgsky's fantasy, apparently like "Boris Godunoff," to owe something to Rimsky-Korsakoff. It is a noisy and characteristic representation of a witch's Sabbath such as composers have written before and since is day. The most attractive part of it is the end, where

the village church bell, invaluable in musical anecdote, is heard, the spirits disperse and day breaks; for it is the most musical.

Satie's "Gymnopédies" are the ones that were given by the City Symphony Orchestra recently under Darius Milhaud's direction: two piano pieces orchestrated by Debussy. It must be confessed that they sounded a good deal better last evening. They are, as Mr. Gilman describes them, "slow, grave, processional in tone, nor is it difficult to find them "classical" in spirit. And that tone and that spirit do not necessarily suggest a "parody on the dull monotony and sentimentality of conventional "dance rhythms."

We agree with Mr. Gilman that when he wrote these pieces, Satie, the parodist, who labors mightily over his parodies, his eccentricities and his absurdities, was taking a rest. But in his serious moments he is hardly more than comfortably agreeable. Perhaps that is what he intended to be without ulterior aims against the bourgeois.

SCHELLING IN LAST CONCERT.

Plays Paderewski's "Polish Fantasy" at Closing of Series.

Ernest Schelling, pianist, completed his series of concerts at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted, as usual, by the New York Symphony Orchestra, with Rene Pollain conducting. His program included Mozart's A major concerto, the Chopin concerto in E minor and Liszt's concerto in A major. Appropriately enough Mr. Schelling, a pupil and intimate friend of Paderewski, closed the afternoon with the latter's "Polish Fantasy."

Little need be recorded concerning Mr. Schelling's delightful and familiar art. The Mozart concerto revealed a crisp and sparkling fluency like rippling water in the sunlight. It was in excellent contrast to the Chopin concerto with its wealth of color and warm tints. Mr. Schelling possesses the quality of subordinating a consummate finger technique to a fine regard for the poetic basis of his subject. The result yesterday was an audience entirely in sympathy with the player. His offerings were ripe with melody, and they contained charm and sensitiveness to a high degree. In short, Mr. Schelling's recital, assisted by an efficient accompaniment from the orchestra, was a fitting and enjoyable conclusion to the series which he has presented this winter.

City Symphony Program.

The City Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dirk Fock, presented a program at the Educational Alliance last evening on which Schubert, Gounod, Bruch, Salseski and Ponce were represented in their most melodious moments. The popular "Unfinished Symphony," "Ballet Music" from "Faust," "Kol Nidrei," "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "Dance of the Hours" were equally well applauded.

Somewhat earlier in the afternoon Meta Christensen, contralto, was heard at Aeolian Hall in a program beginning with Italian arias, Secchi, Scarlatti and Cherubini, followed by Schubert, Grieg and Max Schillings. Her voice had smoothness, but limited strength, with a corresponding limitation of expression. Higher notes were bravely attempted, but not always accurately reached, while some "scooping" was in evidence. Miss Christensen was more expressive in the following Moussorgsky numbers, bringing out the lugubrious atmosphere of "In My Attic" and "After the Battle." Rhene-Baton, Hageman and Bantock were represented among later numbers. There was a plentiful number of hearers in a cordial mood.

A special performance of "Tosca" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night for the benefit of the British Music School, proceeds going toward support and maintenance of that institution.

Marie Jeritza appeared in the title role supported by Cecil Arden and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Scotti, Picchi, D'Angelo, Malatesta and Paltrinieri, with Moranzoni conducting.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"Advanced" American Music.

There is no reason to believe that the advanced guard of American musicians are a whit behind their colleagues in Europe in the writing of "modern" music. The American Music Guild followed last evening hard upon the footsteps of the International Composers' Guild with a concert in the Town Hall devoted to recent productions of Americans. The program comprised "Triptych" for violin and piano, by Carl Engel; a "Rotrant" for clarinet and piano, by Landon Hartman; three preludes for piano, by Marion Bauer; three fragments from "New York Days and Nights," by Emerson Whithorne, and Professor David Stanley Smith's string quartet in C, Op. 46, by David Stanley Smith.

Prof. Smith's quartet had been recently To the explanation offered of the reason for the disinclination to have

Leag. G. S. at the

heard in New York, played a Prof. Smith's quartet had been recently heard in New York, played, it was last evening, by the Letz quartet. It was by far the "reputable" member of the society gathered in the program, the it is not by any means a deadly reactionary.

The best musical values were off by the "Triptych" of Mr. Carl Engel, chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, and Miss Bauer's three preludes. Mr. Engel, nevertheless adventures far and offers a good many problems. His three pieces are written in a sort of endless melody, but it is melody of significance, however, free the line—and with an elaborately developed background for the piano, richly and often classically harmonized. They were admirably played by Albert Stoessel and Miss Edna Stoesch.

Miss Bauer's three preludes develop widely different moods by frequent and incisive strokes in a strongly pianistic idiom. They were very well played by Mr. E. Robert Schurtz, who repeated the last one.

Sandor Hartman's "Portrait" for clarinet and piano is exceedingly long and rambling, a full length portrait, but ill-defined in drawing, color and expression. The clarinet is given many characteristic passages, but they are musically extremely inexpressive and ugly and efficiently enhanced and strengthened in their ugliness by the violence of the piano part. Mr. Georges Grisey expended his most finished art upon it, and piano part was well played by Mrs. Irene Schwartz Jacobl. Emerson Whithorne's illustrations of New York topography and psychology have been heard before. Two were given by Mr. Schmitz for the first time, "On the Ferry" and "Alycon-convict Village Tragedy." "Pell Street," with its suggestion of Oriental twangings, followed; and Mr. Schmitz added "Times Square" and "St. Patrick's Eve." Mr. Whithorne's music has little to say as music; much as rhythm, and sometimes something as color.

Josef Hollman's 'Cello Recital.

Josef Hollman's, the veteran Dutch cellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, having already appeared once with orchestra this season. Mr. Hollman, who is well over 70 years old, is remembered here by music lovers who go back a quarter of a century or so. Such an artist clusters memories about him. He played yesterday a varied program: a sonata by Handel in G minor; his own concerto, the second, in A minor; Beethoven's variations on "See the Conquering Hero Comes," a suite in E minor by Widor, and some smaller pieces of his own, or of his own arrangement.

Mr. Hollman's tone is maintained unimpaired, a full and sonorous and rich tone. It could not be expected that he should also maintain his technical dexterity equally unimpaired; nor has he entirely done so. The evidences of age are most prominent in his intonation, and in the execution of hurried passages. These were heard chiefly in his concerto. It is a thoroughly worthy composition of the class to which it belongs, the virtuoso concerto, which is never expected to flow with the milk and honey of musical invention and genial originality. But it has a kind of traditional dignity, and so had Mr. Hollman's playing of it.

Philharmonic Concert For Students.

A part of the program that was set on foot when the Philharmonic Society and the National Symphony Orchestra united was the extension of the educational benefits of the institution in concerts at which the lowest scale of prices should be asked, providing music for a different set of people from those that attend the regular concerts of the society.

The first of a series of five of such concerts was given last evening by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall. This series is made possible by the gift of two unnamed donors, in the hope that a large number of music students will profit thereby. It is intended to bring the regular programs within reach of such students at prices from 25 cents to \$1. The difference, in fact, between last night's concert and the one that will be given tonight by the same orchestra, the same conductor and the same soloists, was mainly one of dollars and cents. The program was the same, with the exception of Albeniz's "Spanish Rhapsody," in the orchestrated version of Alfredo Casella. Mr. Casella was the soloist and last night played the piano part in "Indy's" "Symphony on a Mountain's Song." The program began with Berlioz's overture "The Roman Carnival" and closed with Rameau's "Choreographic Poem." "The Waltz" This last interested the hearers keenly and was applauded till Mr. M. J. Berg repeated it.

Educational work of the sort the Philharmonic Society is undertaking in this extra series of concerts is no new thing in New York; but its value when properly carried on, has never been questioned. The difficulty sometimes been to get the right people to come, did not appear last evening that difficulty had been completely solved, but it is not likely to be solved in a greater publicity for such series. A greater publicity for such series would doubtless be one of the ways to spread the benefits offered by the Philharmonic Society and its generous supporters. It also might be suggested that it has never helped work in this sort, either in concerts or in other ways to bring the "educational" idea to the fore, and least of all to use the word "educational" label. Apparently the Philharmonic Society has not, and is wise in doing so.

"Cosi Fan Tutte" Fills Metropolitan

Mozart on Broadway for the third time filled the Metropolitan at last evening's repetition of the little opera buffa, "Cosi Fan Tutte," with its intimacy of theme and scene cleverly staged in miniature in the great house, and its entrancing ensembles sung again by Mmes. Easton, Bori and Peralta, Messrs. Meader, De Luca and Didur, under Mr. Bodanzky's baton. Tonight the company does double duty in a benefit "Tosca" with Jeritza here and a Philadelphia "Rigoletto" with Galli-Curci. A line in last night's bill announced Mme. Rethberg's first Mimi in "Boheme" next Monday night at the Metropolitan, when the German Opera Company also opens its season at the Manhattan in "Die Meistersinger."

MME. CAHIER IN SONGS.

Fine Voice Heard in Program Full of Interest.

Mme. Charles Cahier, mezzo contralto, gave her first song recital here since her return from her long sojourn in Europe last winter yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. Mme. Cahier had sung here this season, as also last, with the Friends of Music, and with the Beethoven Association. Her entertainment was on a far higher level of artistic enjoyment than the average song recitals. Her program was full of interest, her fine voice was in good condition and she interpreted her music with her usual excellence in taste and intelligence. In an air by Scarlatti her style was less at home than in Marchello's more dramatic "Il Mio Bel Foco." The "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" and "Die Trommel Geruchret" from Beethoven's "Egmont" music were admirably sung.

In a Schubert group, the "Erlkoening" was splendidly sung and here half of the praise must go to Walter Golde. Songs by Franz Schrecker, Arthur Perleberg, his "Es war im Mai," which was repeated, and Alfons Blumel won some special interest, and deservedly, from the audience. In her final group Mme. Cahier was a little heavy in songs by Ravel and Debussy, but the former's "Nicolette" she sang twice.

Hadley's lovely song "Enfant si Lu Dors" was warmly received and the composer, who was in the audience, bowed his thanks. His song "The Time of Parting" was also given. Mme. Cahier closed her list with Werner Josten's version of "Sumer Is Icomen In" and Rogers's "The Last Song."

EDWIN HUGHES PLAYS.

Pianist Gives Rarely Heard Works of Liszt in His Program.

Edwin Hughes, the pianist, played to a large audience in Aeolian Hall last night, prefacing his program with rarely heard works of Liszt—the "Canzonetta del Salvatore Rosa," an "Eclogue" and "Funerailles," the last a tribute to Hungary's revolutionists of 1848. Thiney these days before Lent was Schumann's "Carnival," of which the audience of twenty-one numbers suggests contrasts with the three-seven of Schenker's "Pierrot," heard on the previous night. Schumann's "Pierrot, Harlequin and the rest of them, danced the music of a note musical day. Besides some first Chopin, Mr. Hughes gave in one vigorous group Brahms's "Grande Sonate" in B-flat major and "Bachmaninoff's" "Serenade" and "Grande Prelude," while he had to repeat Debussy's "March Humoresque" with a "Lasso ostinato," like the tread of these tiny ants in Capek's "World We Live In."

A Japanese Tenor '923

A novelty even to cosmopolitan New York, was heard at Aeolian Hall Saturday evening, when Yosie Fujiwara, a Japanese tenor, sang a programme that ranged from seventeenth century Borghesi, Handel, and Scarlatti, to Greg and Cecil Scott, and which included several Japanese airs. Mr. Fujiwara has a voice of unusual sweetness, well-placed, and used with feeling and expression. An overabundance for half-tones marred his work somewhat—his full voice was heard only three times during the

Samson et Dalila

The third performance this season of Samson et Dalila, took place at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera, with its brilliant music, splendid scenery and beautiful ballets, served to attract a large audience. The performance was one of distinction. Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Martinelli were heard again in the title roles, and Mr. Whitehill appeared as the High Priest.

Mme. Matzenauer, resplendent in her gorgeous costumes, was, as so often before, very happily placed in the part of Dalila, which is so well suited to her voice and style and physique. Mr. Martinelli's Samson is always praiseworthy for its dignified conception, and he acts and sings the part well. His lament in the prison mill scene is done with admirable feeling.

A feature of the evening was, of course, the duet of Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Martinelli, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix." Mr. Martinelli was the old Hebrew and Louis D'Angelo the Abimelech. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted. The choruses sang well.

MISS WATKINS IS SOLOIST.

Sings at City Symphony's Midweek Concert.

The City Symphony Orchestra, Dirk Foch, conductor, gave its mid-week concert yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. The soloist was Miss Enid Watkins, soprano, who was heard here six years ago in a recital. Since then she has studied at the American School at Fontainebleau and given a recital in Paris. Yesterday she sang the air "De l'Enfant" from Massenet's "Le Cid," the "Dei Vieni non Tardar" air from Mozart's "Figaro," and an excerpt from Saint-Saens's "Etienne Marcel." Her light but pleasing voice she used with considerable skill, and she showed sympathy with the music she interpreted. Her style was lacking in finish, but her singing in general, enhanced by a modest demeanor, was evidently much liked.

The numbers for the orchestra had been given at recent concerts of the society. They were Moussorgsky's "Une Nuit Sur la Monte Chauve," Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia," Glazounov's "Stenka Razin" and Liszt's "Les Preludes." Mr. Foch's orchestra played with excellent spirit and won hearty approval.

Enid Watkins, a soprano from California, who, it was announced, had won a scholarship at the American College of Music at Fontainebleau and had given concerts with success in France, was the soloist. She had also, it appeared, given a recital here in January, 1917, being credited then with a voice of pleasing quality but limited volume. This still seemed to be the case this time, in arias from Massenet's "Le Cid," Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("Deh, vieni non tardar") and Saint-Saens's "Etienne Marcel." Miss Watkins's voice was agreeable, but not used to the best advantage. There was an air of uncertainty, intervals of cloudiness and some difficulty with high notes. On one occasion the voice was hardly audible over the orchestra, but the general impression on the audience seemed very favorable.

Mr. Foch ended the concert with "Les Preludes," a work which is loud and sonorous in Carnegie Hall, and was doubly so in the smaller auditorium, giving a conclusion far from an anti-climax.

American Music Guild

Compared with the Schonberg and other works recently performed by the International Composers' Guild, the music played at the second concert of the American Music Guild yesterday evening at Town Hall might have seemed at times almost conservative. But, compared with anything else, its flavor was distinctly latter-day. Thus Carl Engel's "Triptych," for violin and piano (Albert and Edna Stoessel), had a certain flavor of Franck via Loeffler. It had a certain lyric element in the slow, prolonged first movement, while the next had a tuneful beginning, as of a scherzo, but, then, to untutored ears, the rest was a case of wandering without a visible goal.

It was not quite certain what Sandor Harmati's "Portrait" for clarinet (Georges Grisez) and piano (Mrs. Irene Schwarz Jacobi) was meant to portray—something, probably, of a bizarre nature, to judge by the dissonances though at times it seemed on the verge of consonance or a tune. One could not

tell the exact stage, at a given moment, of Mr. Harmati's portraiture, but the end seemed a long way off.

The next two groups of piano music were in the hands of E. Robert Schmitz. The three preludes by Marion Bauer had the virtue of brevity; rather Debussyesque, with a certain sweep in the first, in F sharp major, and an encore for the third. Then came the two other numbers, so far unheard.

of Whitthorne's "New York Nights and Days." One could see the start, voyage and arrival of the ferry, with the whistles en route, though the crash at the end was not explained. Neither were we told what was the tragedy in Greenwich Village—rather disjointed though there was a certain definite underlying idea. Then came "Pell Street," and, as encores, the other two, "Times Square" and the "Chimes of St. Patrick's."

But the happiest illustration of American music was the last, when the Letz Quartet played David Stanley Smith's Quartet in C, with its Gregorian theme, which it had played at Aeolian Hall two months ago. Here were well-conceived ideas and skill in their use, an agreeable conclusion to a program which was beginning to seem rather long. There were many enthusiasts present.

Better a day (or a night) in Emerson Whitthorne's New York than a cycle in some of the Cathays presented to a large audience last night at the Town Hall when the American Music Guild gave its second concert of this season. For cycles at least two of the new works certainly were, for sluggish interminable monotony. They got the concert off to a bad start, and all that Albert and Edna Stoessel could do by art and taking thought, could not add one whit to Carl Engel's "Triptych" for piano and violin which began the evening. It was thin, aimless in mood and barren of vital musical ideas. It may have been "new," but that was all that could be said of it.

The second on the list, Sandor Harmati's "Portrait," was much like those endless things which, with a little more conventional harmonization, Schumann used to write and call "nocturnes." It began in fugato style with the piano following the clarinet at a distance of one measure, passed into something which was syncopated enough to awaken those who had dozed off during the first twenty minutes (seemingly), but soon lulled them back to restful slumbers with a return to absent minded extemporizing. What it was a portrait of no one knows; perhaps of a lone man shuffling cards for solitaire in a doorway sixteen miles away. As for George Grisez, the soloist—well, the piece took quite a lot of wind, but he had it.

Marion Bauer's three preludes gave heart to the house. One must have been there to catch the relieved note in the applause which followed the first one (F sharp minor), which had a fine thematic pattern and some devilishly clever transitions. The third (D minor) was also heard here for the first time, a perpetual mobile sort of thing, noisy, starchy and reckless with conventional tempo and tinkle phrases. It had to be repeated. Robert Schmitz played these—well, as he is playing everything this year. It is certain that as much of the applause was for him as for these fresh, compelling bits. Then he played three more numbers from Emerson Whitthorne's suite, "New York Days and Nights," repeating "Pell Street," heard here a few weeks ago, and adding "On the Ferry" and "A Greenwich Village Tragedy."

The first of these latter was an effective bit of descriptive music, with his gongs, the turmoil, the rush of waters under the wheels, more bells, and the landing gong again. The second was interesting and kept the attention by its structural variety, but left no idea as to what a tragedy in our village might be. Perhaps it was one of suppressed desires, or of wood alcohol, or maybe a bill for high rent; at any rate, it sounded well, and was applauded by the audience, as a movie hero is, for himself alone. David Stanley Smith's string quartet in one movement (in C) which has been heard here before, closed the bill.

At the Metropolitan, the third performance of "Samson et Dalila" this season was given last night with Mr. Martinelli, Mme. Matzenauer and the rest of the familiar cast. Lilyan Ogden led the ballet. It may be a comment on the previous paragraph to note that when this work was first produced, it was derided by the reviewers as "aimless, unmelodic and monotonous." A. C.

Bruno Walter

Bruno Walter, who will make his first American appearance as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra at the regular subscription concerts in Carnegie Hall, Thursday afternoon and Friday evening, February 15 and 16, and in Aeolian Hall,

Friday afternoon, February 18, was born in Berlin in 1876.

"In Hamburg," writes Mr. Walter, "I made the acquaintance of Gustav Mahler, who was then first conductor under Mahler during this period, together with the concerts that I had heard when at my studies under Hans von Bülow, make up the greatest impressions that I received in the sensible times of my youth."

In 1897 he asked the direction of the Berlin Royal Opera to release him from his contract, because he wished to follow the invitation of Gustav Mahler who engaged him as

first conductor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. He, Walter, remained at the Vienna Opera for seven years, and in 1914 was invited to Munich to succeed Felix Mottl at the Royal Opera. From which position he recently resigned.

Feb 9 1923

THE PHILHARMONIC.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

William Mengelberg spread out a bright shawl for his audience to admire last night at Carnegie Hall. The spirited Philharmonic was on hand to embroider the gay colors, and under the masterful Dutch baton the result was gorgeous. Alfredo Casella had his fine Italian hand in the business, appearing in the double capacity of soloist and composer, for the feature of the program was his rescoring (in many places rewriting) of Albeniz's "Spanish Rhapsody."

This work, which came in the latter part of the bill, was admirably led up to by one of the finest collections of color-music gathered under one date in a long time. The evening began with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," which burst upon the smart audience with a blare and a roar and shot through in musical fireworks to a spectacular coda. It received a gay reading of sparkling brilliance and was played into a spectrum of multi-chrome changes. And it was not a bit gaudy, for all its blare, even after the eighty years which have tarnished some of the prolific Berlioz's work.

The d'Indy symphony for orchestra and piano had Mr. Casella at the latter instrument. Whether he helped much is problematical, for in spite of the program notes the piano part was so submerged last night that there was small opportunity to note much concerning individual technique. Musically the piano and harp lent much to the cool, crystalline quality of the work, especially in the opening movement, which had an ebullience like the song of a mountain spring captured somehow and written down into notes. The folk song running through it was read, in the finale, with amazing sharpness of contrast; it was rugged and virile, now bullying in quality, now tender and gentle.

The Albeniz-Casella suite, in spite of its having a first hearing, seemed like an old friend, with its multiplicity of Spanish rhythms. All the old cadences were there, the aragonese, the malaguena and the rest. Only at the end did it touch something rare and novel, when the malaguena undulated along in the ensemble, accompanied by a thrilling accompaniment on the piano. The result was to add a sharp, aniline color to the whole pattern. It is, as a whole, workmanlike in structure and shipshape in arrangement and full of bold, aggressive scoring. It set feet tapping and heads wagging among staid old regulars. So it's bound to be popular.

At the Metropolitan last night they gave "Faust" for the first time this season, with Frances Alda once again as the Nuremberg heroine and Edward Johnson for the first time as the philosopher who preferred love to wisdom. Mr. Johnson, who is most at home in the French style, sang the role as every one had expected he would sing it, with vigor and fresh color and a fine lyric sense. It was as neat and sharp a piece of work as he has done—excepting always his Don Jose. His acting was up to his usual high standard, although one may not whole-heartedly welcome the innovation in scene one, where he did not make the change to the young blade on the stage, but showed by a change of color in his voice that youth can come back as readily through a potion as through transplanting glands.

Mr. Rothler, singing his superb French, was the Mefistofeles, an impressive though scarcely malignant figure. Ellen Dalossy sang Siebel, acting all over the place, a little figure with a lovely voice, and agree-

ably looking, as did her Siebel. And in closing a sprig of laurel should be handed to Mr. Johnson for his last "Die Posente" and his unified drama scene. A. C.

"The Barber of Seville," given in the afternoon for the Wayside Home for Friendless Girls, brought what was announced as Titta Ruffo's farewell for the season. As usual, he played the Barber with gusto, while Mme. Galluceri, though missing the pitch once or twice, was enjoyable as Rosina. As the Count Mr. Lauri-Volpi seemed thoroughly at his ease, in good voice, with Mr. Dider as Basilio, and Mr. Papi conducting a performance in which the spirit of comedy reigned strong.

Stransky Leaves The Philharmonic

Surprise and disappointment were expressed by many music lovers here to-day over the retirement of Josef Stransky, whose resignation as conductor for the Philharmonic Society of New York was announced last night by Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the board of directors of the society.

No reason was given for the resignation of Mr. Stransky and subscribers to the concerts were at a loss to explain his sudden withdrawal. He had, they pointed out, a large personal following, which has been credited to a great extent with the increase in popularity of the orchestra and the support of its concerts.

Speculation as to why the society allowed Mr. Stransky to leave was equalled only by speculation as to his successor. Several names have been mentioned, the most prominent among them being that of Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, who is already engaged here for half of next season, as he has been for the past two years.

The names of Toscanini and Stokowski were also mentioned, as was that of Van Hoogstraten, though the appointment of the last named was not considered likely. The choice of Stokowski was considered unlikely, in the first place, and his acceptance of the baton, if it was offered, even more so, for it is general knowledge that his new contract with the Philadelphia has four years to run.

Toscanini Is Mentioned

The selection of Toscanini is believed to be improbable for two reasons, first, his eyesight and health probably would not permit him to undertake the strenuous duties as conductor for the Philharmonic, and, second, that he is understood to be engaged for another season in the opera at Milan.

Mr. Stransky came to the Philharmonic from Berlin in 1911 at a salary understood to be \$22,000 a year. He conducted the orchestra in Carnegie Hall two Sundays ago, presumably for the last time this season, but in fact for the last time.

Mischa Levitzki was the New York Symphony concert. Hall yesterday afternoon. Liszt's 15-Mat Concerto for Orchestra. Rimsky-Korsak "Scherzade," and the Preh Friday Spell from "Parsifa" the orchestral program.

Another Violinist

Max Olanoff, a young violinist, gave his second recital at Aeolian Hall last night before a large and appreciative audience. The program opened with three short pieces—a larghetto and a minuet by Handel, besides a Kreisler setting of a prelude and allegro by Pugnani.

The piece de resistance was reserved for the second "group"—fortunately for the latecomers, who had reason to congratulate themselves, for it was the Mendelssohn E minor concerto. It was worthily played by Mr. Olanoff, whose rich, warm tone and fine phrasing revealed anew the beauty of this often heard concerto. The programme closed with a third group of short pieces by Tor Aulin, Haydn, Franklin Ford (a saccharine waltz dedicated to Mr. Olanoff) and Kreisler's La Gitana. There were four encores, and many in the audience wanted more. A. W. M.

A cello and piano recital held at stage at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Arthur Bonucci and Frank Bibb snaring the burdens of a three-sonata program. They opened with Chopin's op. 65, a sterling specimen of the later, restrained Chopin of twilight moods. The work is too seldom heard in these parts. Its unobtrusive though eloquent beauty and depth of feeling do much to counteract the too widespread conception of the tuberculous Pole as a purveyor of sickly sentimentality and feeble glitter. The Brahmsian virility of the first movement, the ironic flashes of the scherzo and the gaiety of the finale came yesterday as a revelation of the more solid powers of what Huneker has called "the greater Chopin."

The performance of Messrs. Bonucci and Bibb was healthy and bracing, cerebral rather than emotional, as was fitting—but it was almost too hard and cold; one expected many more sobs and much more fire from the cello, particularly, than one actually received. Bonucci at times effaced himself so completely that one forgot his existence in the ensemble and was aware only of the marvellous steely quality of Bibb's interpretation of Chopin's arabesques. It was an unusual Chopin, but one to be thankful for.

There followed the "first performance on any stage" of Antonio Veretti's sonata in one movement, one of the most old-fashioned works we have ever heard, an amazing series of echoes of Debussy and Ravel idioms. Nothing grows stale so quickly in music, as in other arts, as the newest fashions—and this is particularly true of our modernists' jugglings with the modal technique. Veretti's sonata was pleasant, one must admit, but it had all been heard before—all its toying with trills, vague tonalities and sonorous consecutive chords. Also, why call it a sonata when it isn't a sonata?

The program closed with a beautiful rendition of Cesar Franck's sonata, during which one breathed again the exquisite perfume of a genuinely delicate inspiration. The audience was not exceedingly large, but when two artists discourse this variety of music in a crowded metropolitan season, full of "sensations," it is done for pleasure rather than for profit and deserves all possible gratitude. E. B.

NOVELTIES AT AEOLIAN HALL

Popular Manuscript Works on Chamber Music Society's List.

Manuscript works of wide popular interest, and of more than usual charm as compared with "modernist" outbursts of late, were contained in the second subscription program of the New Chamber Music Society at Aeolian Hall last night. Besides novelties, there were rare and mellow classics—Beethoven's septet for strings and wind, the less familiar sonata in D, by Loelliet, for two violins and piano. Caplet's unpublished quintet in D, for piano and four wind players, was followed by a group of originals long since admired, the works of an American composer.

These were the late Charles T. Griffes's "Lake at Evening," "Vale of Dreams" and "The Night Wind," which he himself, according to a program note, had formerly transcribed for this society, and which were played on the present occasion by its full strength of eleven members. There was applause both for the music and for those on the stage, who in addition to Miss Beebe included Messrs. Guld, Lichstein, Kovarik, Bunchuk and Fortier, of the various fiddles, and of the wind choir Messrs. Longenus, Bove, Labate, Kohon and Van Praag.

"Tannhauser" Is Repeated.

"Tannhauser" was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening, with Mme. Fortiza for the second time here as Elizabeth. Others were Mme. Matzenauer, Messrs. Taucher, Whitehill and Bender, and Mr. Bodansky conducted.

London Quartet

By H. E. Krehbiel

There were many people who love music for music's sake, though willing to listen to some of the metamorphoses through which it is going, at Aeolian

and Carnegie halls yesterday afternoon.

Apropos of the metamorphoses it may be said that some listeners, while enjoying in a modified sort of rapture Mr. Frank Bridge's setting of the old tune "Cherry Ripe" as played by the London String Quartet as an addition to the program, might have liked better to hear it in the form in which it was created and indulged in curious speculation as to what Charles Edward Horn, who wrote it, would have thought of it in its new dress. They may even have wondered whether or not Horn would have recognized his child. For aught that we know the tune may have been written here or in Boston, for its composer was singer, teacher of singing and music seller in New York for ten years, some eighty years ago, and died as conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, and his song, like its companion "I've Been Roaming," has lived ever since, but its face was not familiar after Mr. Frank Bridge had touched it up with pigments from the modern harmonic palette. Though not easily recognizable, however, it was still an agreeable piece of music and had a kinship, if not with Mozart's quartet in B flat, which began the program, or Beethoven's quartet in C (Op. 59, No. 3, the last of the Rasoumofsky set), at least with Mr. J. R. McEwen's quartet in A, dedicated to the players.

Etchings of Biscay

In this piece we were asked to enter the mood inspired in an English composer by pictures of Biscay—the light-house in the first movement, the sand dunes in the second, and something rather vague in the third. The last was designated "La Racleuse" and was in a lively, humorous spirit. Perhaps it was intended to express a spirit which may be dominant amongst the rakers-up of seaweed or something of that sort, but we do not know. We are simple enough to think that had Mr. McEwen permitted us to hear a bit of rollicking song with "The Bay of Biscay, O," our fancy would have been stirred into livelier activity; but the music offended us as little as Mr. Bridge's "Cherry Ripe," despite the fact that we were denied the enjoyment of old association. The spirit of mutual understanding and purpose which has heretofore rejoiced us in the playing of the gentlemen from London was maintained throughout the concert, although Mr. Arthur Beckwith took the place of the first violinist, Mr. James Levey, who became seriously ill immediately after coming to us this year, much to the disarrangement of the quartet's concert plans. There were still the admirable precision, the homogeneity of tone and the beautifully graduated variety of nuance which have endeared the organization to the numerous clientele which the little concert-company has

won not only in New York but throughout the country.

Mme. Onegin Again Heard

In Carnegie Hall Mme. Sigrid Onegin gave her second song recital, and again her voice and art not only delighted her numerous hearers but caused them to wonder at the beauty and plenitude of the former and the perfection of the latter. The voice is surely without a peer on the operatic or concert stage of America at this time. At the beginning of her recital yesterday, when she sang familiar Italian airs by Marcello, Paisiello and Lotti, we were a bit troubled by her opulent temperament, for we prefer a classic repose, a purity of melodic line in harmony with the artistic spirit of their time, in songs like, "Nel cor piu non mi sento," and "Pur dicesti," rather to an attempt to give dramatic expression to the text; but in the more modern German and French songs she left no inclination to cavil. It was only to sit, listen, enjoy, marvel, and hope that she will never permit her exuberant feeling to get the better of her artistic instincts.

The conviction grows that at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday night New York entertained an angel unawares, in the girlish personality of Queena Mario as Juliette. This young woman grew in beauty, charm and grace as the story unfolded. She had a rarely sympathetic manner, the artless, unsophisticated charm of youth, and a voice that was not only true to pitch, but one that gave at times unusual sensuous pleasure and was full of expression and extremely beautiful. She exhibited some nervousness of manner and delivery in her first solo in the Capulet mansion, but quickly discovered that the audience was disposed to be kind and appreciative, and thereafter sang at ease and unmistakably sure of herself. She was ably supported by Edward Johnson as Romeo, who made a very happy impression, as before.

There were moments in the balcony scene and duet that recalled Geraldine Farrar and Emma Eames at their best, both vocally and pictorially.

The garden of Capulet as now depicted, though beautiful, has an artificial appearance that does not con-

vey the languorous mood of the previous setting shown in this opera at its last production, a few years back. The garden then was like the true Italian gardens, a riot of color with a tropical profusion of flowers and shrubbery that appeared in the soft and hazy radiance of the moon to be little short of fairyland, all of which suffused the lovers with a tender, romantic glamour, and put the audience *en rapport* with the time and place. And no one can gainsay that it is not worth while to put the stage and the house in tune.

There were many unmistakable signs of surprised approval and satisfaction in the audience, for it is not the custom of impresarios to launch forth-while newcomers on a Saturday night. But we are certain from a long experience with Juliettes of all ages, avoirdupois, nationalities and degrees of pulchritude, both on the operatic and dramatic stage, that here is a great "find."

The picture and the chaste, delightful pose of the lovers which was revealed as the curtain rose on Juliette's bedchamber were beautiful, and the action and singing were truly a delight, depicted, with such moving expressiveness, both in voice and action, that the audience was electrified and in many instances tearful. There was an entire absence in both Romeo and Juliette of that sophisticated operatic mannerism to which seasoned opera-goers are accustomed, and in its stead youthful spontaneity and charm. The voices of both grew in beauty as the opera progressed.

Mlle. Mario will become a favorite at the opera house if she is given the opportunity.

She was gown'd in such perfect taste that she seemed truly to be the petted daughter of the wealthy and exclusive house of Capulet.

C. H. D.

In the evening Johanna Gadske got a most cordial welcome from a Carnegie Hall audience which evidently got much pleasure from her singing in a Wagner programme. Most of these hearers doubtless remembered her as one of the principal Metropolitan stars in the golden age of Wagnerian opera—a singer with luscious voice, a genuine dramatic soprano. She has had recent triumphs on the Pacific coast. Her voice on Saturday was still equal to all the demands Wagner makes on the singer. "Tannhauser," "Tristan," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung" were on the programme, and of course she had to sing the Valkyr's thrilling Hoyotoho, which she first introduced in the concert hall. Dirk Foch and the City

Orchestra furnished the orchestral background.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Albert Coates's Farewell.

Mr. Albert Coates made his last appearance this season in New York as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The audience expressed warmly their sentiments toward him, which were plainly sentiments of admiration. He gave prominence once more in his program to the music of the Russians, for which he has so strong a predilection; the symphony was the fourth of Tchaikovsky.

The beginning was made with the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in a performance not quite so finished and delicately expressive as Mozart's music demands; a performance toward which his audience showed a singular apathy. Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" was the other orchestral piece on the program, the playing of which was expressive in its intensity and in the power of its climaxes.

The soloist was Alexander Siloti, the Russian pianist, who showed his devotion to his master, Liszt, by playing his "Dance of Death," paraphrase of the "Die Irae." It takes a good deal of devotion to Liszt to undertake and go through with this piece. The impressive fragment of Gregorian melody upon which it is written has been much used by composers and considerably mauled by many of them; but this is the worst mauling it has had. Liszt subjected it to a process corresponding as nearly as may be to what is now known as "jazzing"; a veritable indignity.

Mr. Siloti played it with all the power and technical brilliancy that it requires and was much applauded and several times recalled therefor. He also showed his devotion to Liszt in playing a group of solo transcriptions of music by Bach for other instruments after Liszt's manner, which he introduced and which involves leaving Bach's own clavier music severely alone. They were organ preludes and the "Siciliano" from one of the flute sonatas.

Miss Elena Gerhardt's Farewell.

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall what was announced as the last recital in her present American visit. The program was devoted entirely to the songs of Hugo Wolf, of which there were nineteen, with some encores. In the vast number that he produced there are many widely contrasting moods, and Miss Gerhardt made a judicious selection of them.

She sang these songs with all the skill she possesses of denoting the spirit and significance of the songs she deals with; also with many of the faults and blunders of technique that have heretofore been noted in her singing. One of the most prominent was a persistent unsteadiness of the voice.

In the numerous recitals that Miss Gerhardt has given in New York this season she has renewed the impression of her remarkable power as an interpreter of German Lieder and also the regret that her equipment does not include a more perfect use of a vocal organ that has so much beauty and so many potencies.

The audience yesterday which was fairly numerous, though it was far from filling the hall, enjoyed the spirit of Miss Gerhardt's singing and either preferred to overlook the blemishes of her singing or was happily unconscious of them. Whichever was the case, it applauded her demonstratively.

MENGBELBERG CONDUCTS.

Philharmonic Repeats the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven.

Wilhelm Mengelberg, with his characteristic enthusiasm, and with the veteran Philharmonic players, repeated at that orchestra's sold-out matinee in Carnegie Hall yesterday the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven and excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." A soloist from the ranks was Cornelius Van Vliet, whose fine cello tone gave uncommon pleasure in a concerto of Saint-Saens.

There was popular discussion, but no official announcement, as to a new leader in association with Mengelberg next year.

Bachaus Plays at Opera Concert.

Wilhelm Bachaus appeared at last evening's Metropolitan concert, playing with the orchestra under Bambooschek the second piano concerto of Saint-Saens, which happened to be also the second solo work of the great Frenchman in one day's music here. Florence Easton sang Weber's "Ocean" air, Mr. Schuetzenberg the "Two Grenadiers" of Schumann, and Mr. Taucher two excerpts from "Siegfried." The orchestra gave both the "Moyan Age" suite of Glazounov and his famous "Bacchanale."

City Symphony Fills the Century.

Every seat of the Century Theatre was filled yesterday afternoon for the request program of the series of popular concerts given by the City Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dirk Foch. Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz" and the Hungarian dances by Brahms, which were the most enjoyed numbers of the program, were played with swinging rhythms in a merry mood. Other selections were by Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff.

"Danube" waltz. The other selections were Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's "Caucasian Sketches," the "Andante Cantabile" for strings of Tchaikovsky, two Hungarian Dances by Brahms and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. An audience of good size gave warm applause.

VIOLINIST AND BASSO HEARD

Leo Portnoff and Edudia Gherman Please in a Joint Recital.

Leo Portnoff played violin selections of his own composition, and Edudia Gherman, basso, sang Russian, German and Italian songs in a joint recital in the Town Hall last evening. The small audience expressed its pleasure by recalling the singer and the violinist many times. Of Mr. Portnoff's works the "Suite Russe" with its spirited melodies and unusual harmonies found the most favor.

The singer displayed a voice of power, flexibility and at time of warm, sympathetic quality, but the performance was marred by occasional hard notes which were caused by too much effort in producing them.

Two weeks ago, also on a Saturday night, in the afternoon "William Tell" was sung to a packed house, with the amateur cast headed by Mr. Martiell (who sang better than he has in his piece hitherto), Miss Ponselle and Mr. Danise. No opera this season seems to have drawn a larger house, and yet, strangely enough, outside of that furnished by the "hired hands" here was little applause. As a drawing card "Tell" is apparently unequalled; as a work to stir enthusiasm it must be written down as a "polite success."

DIE MEISTERSINGER, opera, in three acts, book in German and music by Richard Wagner. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Hans Sachs.....	Friedrich Florschütz
Volt Pogner.....	Alexander
Kunz Vogelgesang.....	Heinz
Eltus Beckmesser.....	Decker
Pritz Kothner.....	Beno
Balthasar Zorn.....	Johannes
Hans Pötz.....	Peter
Hans Schwarz.....	Erik
Valter von Stolzling.....	Robert
David.....	Paul
Eva.....	Maria
Magdalena.....	Jessika
A night watchman.....	Rudolf
Conductor, Leo Elch.	

The operatic company that has come from Germany to give performance in the United States began its season in New York last evening with a performance of Wagner's comedy, "Die Meistersinger," at the Manhattan Opera House. The house has been the scene of many brave operatic ventures in the last seventeen years, some of them stubborn fights against odds. It appears that the present attempt is one of them. The scheme of bringing over from Germany an entire opera company with all its belongings, its scenery, and even its orchestra, was a bold one; so far as the orchestra was concerned, too bold, and that element of the company had to be left behind. Even without it, the undertaking was one that required courage and faith. The trouble that the managers of the enterprise have experienced since their arrival in this country have been many and serious and it has only been by the help of friendly Americans that they have been overcome; that the preliminary engagements in Baltimore and Philadelphia have been fulfilled and the beginning made in New York.

The beginning was one that augurs favorably for the success of the company in New York. If the conditions that prevailed at the Manhattan Opera House last evening can be made to continue, success should be assured. The audience was large, an audience that practically filled the house. It was eagerly enthusiastic in the welcome and in its applause at each fall of the curtain. And, more important still, it had reason for its enthusiasm, for the performance was in many ways excellent and had features that called for admiration, as well as others that would by no means win approbation. One potent cause for the enjoyment last evening was the long time that has intervened since "Die Meistersinger" has been heard in New York. The magic of Wagner's music, therefore, worked a more than usually powerful spell upon the listeners last evening, and they gladly gave themselves up to its influence and were willing to ignore the insufficiencies and weakness that were undeniably a part of the performance.

The company consists in the main of good voices—several exceptionally fine ones—and of actors efficiently trained in the technique of operatic action. So are German singing actors of the good school trained. The conductor, Leo Blech, is a musician of high standing in Germany, a composer of good music and what is now more to the purpose, a conductor of force and authority, well acquainted with Wagner's score and insistent upon the execution of his wishes regarding it. He was obliged to insist a good deal last night so far as the orchestra was concerned. It is a body of mediocre players, and the two weeks in which they have been playing together have not been sufficient to weld them into a good orchestra. A German opera company cannot expect to come to America in the middle of the season and pick up enough good players disengaged to make such an orchestra as is needed for its purposes.

The proceedings upon the stage, however, were of a sort to give a good deal of satisfaction. There was spirit in the performance, confident assurance on the part of the principals; and though the chorus was small, it sang well and presented no mean appearance.

Of the principals it would not be too much to say that none of them was known to fame so far as New York is concerned. Hans Sachs was easily the first among them, as he is expected to be. Mr. Friedrich Plaschke, a noble and powerful voice of sympathetic quality, used with skill in singing. His singing was real singing with real phrasing, which did not prevent him from expressively declaiming his speeches with an admirably clear diction. Mr. Robert Hutt as Walther disclosed a better voice and a better way of singing than most German Tenors have possessed who have recently reached these shores. There might be something to be desired in the chivalrous allurement of his appearance and actions, but he showed skill and no little power in the part. There was an excellent Pogner in Mr. Alexander Kipnis (who would have done better to sing his address in the first act to the mastersingers rather than to the audience). Mr. David had rather a "tight" tenor voice and approached nearer than some of his comrades to the conventional German type. Desider Zador had much character in his delineation of the pedantry and malignity of Beckmesser, and he enacted the part without exaggerating the part or attempting to improve upon Wagner in what he made of it.

The ladies were satisfactory, though not distinguished, either in voice or in action. Meta Seinemeyer appeared as Eva and Jessyka Koettrik as Magdalena.

It could not be said that to the eye the scene presented any reasonably picturesque view of old Nuremberg, or that in the performance there was much, or any, of that atmosphere of the burgher life of the medieval town which it was Wagner's purpose to produce in "Die Meistersinger." The scenery was poor in design, inefficiently constructed and crudely colored.

Furthermore, it was considerably too small for the stage of the Manhattan Opera House and was huddled together in a way that hampered the actors and

acted to the disadvantage of the performance. It was ridiculous, for instance, for Beckmesser to sing his serenade before Pogner's house standing not six feet away from the pair of lovers, and not see them, though there was nothing whatever to interrupt his view. The Church of St. Catharine had shrunk to the dimensions of a chapel, and the meadows before the city wall were limited in area. Wagner counted much upon the picturesque effect of the setting in all his music dramas, and it was this feature of last night's performance that, more than anything else, gave any suggestion of "barnstorming."

The applause at the end of the act brought all the actors before the curtain, as well as Mr. Blech, who, after the first act, seemed considerably worn by his struggles with the orchestra.

The season of this German company is styled upon the bills a "Wagnerian Opera Festival." It is to last three weeks, and works other than Wagnerian music dramas are to be presented. No doubt some of the erudites inevitable in a first appearance in a strange house will be refined in later performances. And though it is impossible to make a

alk purse out of a sow's ear, there is reason to hope that many features of the representations to be given will be even better than they were last evening. It was a favorable beginning, on the whole, for a difficult and arduous undertaking.

The World reviewer is not very old, in experience at any rate, so he can hardly speak with final authority as to the comparative merits of last night's "Meistersinger" as it was given by the new German opera company. He can only say that it was the finest performance of Wagner's masterpiece that he ever saw.

What distinguished it was not the performance of any individual—although many of the cast were excellent—nor the playing of the orchestra, but the point of view of those concerned in the production. For once one heard Wagner performed as Wagner would want to be performed—as drama. Singers, orchestra, yes; but first and foremost, the drama. Every role, every note, was made to serve its part in unfolding the immortal comedy of Nuremberg's beloved cobbler-poet and his youthful proteges.

It would be hard to praise too highly the staging of last night's performance. It was a wonderful handling of mechanical and human material, a synthesis of acting, singing and playing that far transcended any of its components.

Here was no traditional posturing so conventionalized as to lose all meaning. Everything went so smoothly and naturally on the stage that it was hard, sometimes, to realize how skillfully the parts were fitted together. There were small bits of overlapping business that made one scene merge into another with never a hint of jerkiness or premeditation—as when David, strolling in during the opening scene between Eva and Walther, began furtively to lay out the positions of the mastersinger's benches; so that by the time the other apprentices entered it was the lovers, not they, who were the intruders.

But it was not the staging alone that made the performance noteworthy, for many of the singers proved to be excellent artists. First and foremost was Desider Zador, who sang Beckmesser. He presented the character as it has seldom been seen here, not as a clown, but as a real, if disagreeable, person, a crabbed, malicious pedant, dreadfully in earnest and doubly ridiculous because he had no inkling that he was. Mr. Zador has a fine voice and amazingly clear diction, and his performance of such a scene as the serenade was doubly effective through being well sung.

Mr. Plaschke's Sachs was almost equally good, a finely detailed, warmly human portrait. His voice is somewhat worn, but he used it with such skill and variety that its shortcomings became relatively unimportant. Mr. Kipnis as Pogner acted well and revealed an exceptionally good voice. The other mastersingers were well done, so well, in fact, that each was recognizable as an individual.

The Walter of Mr. Hutt was less successful. He has a clear, not unattractive voice, but his acting was too determinedly youthful to be convincing. He gestured too much and too convulsively.

Miss Seinemeyer acted with considerable charm as Eva, and sang as well as a slightly metallic voice would permit. Miss Koettrick's Magdalena was excellent.

Leo Blech's conducting was a revelation. Despite the fact that his orchestra had been hastily assembled from material that was anything but polished, he gave a beautiful and

poetic performance, passionate and tender, drenched in the yearning loveliness of spring and young love. Here is an operatic conductor who can be vigorous and unhurried, dramatic

without being moky, dreamy without being sentimental.

The audience completely filled the house, and although many of its members were obviously determined to be pleased, no one seemed really to expect anything so fine as the performance turned out to be. There was real cheering after the first act, and such applause as one hears only from an audience that has been deeply stirred. The singers, frankly bewildered and delighted by their reception, bowed again and again, but the tumult did not subside until Mr. Blech, pale as a ghost and too excited to smile, had been brought upon the stage with the rest of the company.

One performance does not make a season, but if the German Opera Company can keep this up their visit to New York will be one long to be remembered. DEEMS TAYLOR.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Manhattan Opera House last evening a company of German Wagner interpreters, especially imported from Charlottenburg and other art centers, began what has been assiduously advertised for months past as a Wagnerian Opera Festival. People with courage faced the wintry blasts which swept through the auditorium and got much pleasure from sitting through a performance of "Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg" done in the approved fatherland style.

To have chosen "Die Meistersinger," the most lyric of all Wagner's creations, as the first exhibit of the organization betokened an extraordinary belief in the vocal resources of the company. For ever thirty years it has been "Die Meistersinger" that offered the most insuperable obstacles to German opera houses for the sufficient reasons that the work demands beautiful and sustained lyric song, which is precisely the one thing which the German opera houses could not supply.

Next to "Die Meistersinger" came "Lohengrin." The last performance of that work at Bayreuth which this writer heard some eleven years ago was little better than a travesty. It was misconducted by that brilliantly incompetent bearer of a great name, Siegfried Wagner. With such facts in mind the local reporter of musical doings could settle himself in his seat last evening with calmness, hoping at least that things would be better than any one had reason to expect.

And this was precisely what happened. The performance of "Die Meistersinger," while wanting any features of striking distinction, was decidedly creditable and fairly won the applause of an audience unquestionably of friendly disposition. The scenery was unsuited to the theatre and cramped the action, but the costuming was excellent, the stage management generally good and the spirit of the representation one of fervor and of respect for the intentions of the composer. The conductor, Leo Blech, was admirable, albeit he was handicapped by an orchestra of local union mechanics forced upon him in lieu of the orchestra which he would have brought over. The chorus was small but well drilled.

Of the principals those who won the honors of the evening were Friedrich Plaschke, a wholesome and tolerably musical Hans Sachs, Robert Hutt, a highly energetic young Walther with a

good voice and considerable communicative emotion, and Alexander Kipnis, a sturdy routine Pogner. The David represented by Paul Schwartz was mediocre, and the same must be said of the Beckmesser of Desider Zador, who was exceedingly dry and not at all humorous.

The women, however, exerted the most depressing influence on the performance. Miss Meta Seinemeyer as Eva was vocally unequal to the demands of the score and her impersonation was dull, heavy and unengaging. Miss Jessyka Koettrick was a lugubrious Magdalena. With two such dark flowers refusing to bloom in the romantic atmosphere of Wagner's old Nuremberg there was little chance for the poetry of the opera to find clear and convincing utterance.

The cohesion of the representation

was most commendable. There certainly was an ensemble and if the lyric powers of the company had been more widely distributed the magic of Wagner's music might have exerted its true spell, for the whole presentation was occupied with good intentions.

Mabel Garrison's Song Recital.

Miss Mabel Garrison, who has been gaining the approval of European audiences earlier this season, made her first appearance in New York yesterday afternoon in a song recital in Carnegie Hall. She presented an interesting and wholly unconventional program—an air from Handel's oratorio of "Esther," "O King of Kings," an arietta by Pergolesi, songs in German by Schumann, Brahms and Strauss, a group by Moussorgsky, and a group of English songs. Miss Garrison's voice has its well-remembered purity, lightness and brilliant quality. She sang with taste and musical intelligence, with variety of expression. The air by Handel showed flexibility and certainty in the delivery of the "divisions," and in Mozart's air there were the suavity, the equable tones, the finish of phrasing that so well become his music. If there was not in this and some of her other numbers the full completeness of legato that is one of the finest, though most elusive attributes of the finest vocalism, the lack was not such as to disturb greatly the most exacting listener.

Miss Garrison's selection of songs was interesting and varied, and elicited a charming power of interpretation on the part of the singer. It is a power necessarily limited by the character and quality of the voice, but it is one that gives great pleasure to discriminating lovers of song.

"IL TROVATORE" ON HOLIDAY

Sung for First Time This Season at Matinee—"La Boheme" at Night.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore," a rare Spanish romance set to Italian tunes once deemed of vintage flavor, melodies undying though put away mostly in barrel organs now, was sung for the first time in the current season at the Metropolitan yesterday. A holiday matinee house greeted Peralta and Martinelli as the lovers, Matzenauer as the mother, Danise as the changeling's brother, Count di Luna, and Italo Picchi as the latter's militant camp follower, Ferrando. Mr. Papi conducted the famous old airs, gypsy dances, chanting nuns and soldierly "Anvil Chorus," amid which still lives so mysteriously but melodiously Cammarano's fifteenth century troubador. The performance was along popular lines of this seventy-year-old work in recent seasons.

"La Boheme" was sung last evening for the fifth time to capacity attendance, without, however, the new Mme. Hethberg, who was ill. Those appearing, as often before, were Mmes. Alida and d'Arle, Messrs. Gagli, Scotti, Mardones, d'Angelo, Malatesta and Ananias, with Mr. Papi again conducting.

SINGS WITH CITY SYMPHONY

Paul Bender, New German Basso, Applauded in Concert.

Paul Bender, the new German basso of the Metropolitan, sang as a guest of the City Symphony Orchestra at its well-attended concert in Carnegie Hall last evening. The same program is to be repeated in the Town Hall tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Bender was much applauded last night in Hans Sachs's monologue, "Wahn, Wahn," from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," which some of his newly-arrived countrymen were presenting at the same hour in the Manhattan Opera House. His ample voice and style lent keen musical interest to the earlier recitative, "Ich Habe Genug," and its accompanying air "Schlummer ein, ihr Augen," from the Cantata No. 82 of Bach. Mr. Foch opened the evening with an enjoyable performance of Mozart's symphony in C minor, No. 40 (Koechel edition 550), and after the vocal numbers the concert ended with Smetana's popular overture to "The Bartered Bride."

Juan Manen in Violin Recital.

Juan Manen gave a violin recital, assisted by Giuseppe Bamboschek at the piano, in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. A large audience enjoyed the program, and especially a transcription by the violinist of Sarasate's "Nightingale's Song," which included imitations of bird calls. He also played his own arrangements of works by Paganini and Gluck, as well as compositions by Mana-Zucca, Sarasate, Bach and Mozart. Bach's sonata in G minor served to demonstrate fleetness of fingers and variety of style.

The Beethoven Association heard last night in Aeolian Hall, V. Onegin, Gabriellowitch, Huberman and Salmood as soloists. This so evidently helieves in "star casts"

FRANCES ALDA SINGS MIMI.

Illness of Della Reinhardt Causes Change in Cast of "La Boheme."

Sudden but not serious indisposition prevented Mme. Reinhardt from appearing as Mimi in last evening's performance of "La Boheme" at the Metropolitan, and the indefatigable Frances Alda came to the rescue with a fine performance of the famous role. In the afternoon a special matinee performance of "Il Trovatore" attracted a packed audience to hear Frances Peralta, Margarete Matzenauer, Martinelli, Danise and the others in a spirited singing of the Verdi favorite. Mr. Lapi conducted both matinee and evening performances.

Feb 14 1923

AT THE MANHATTAN.

"Tannhauser," opera in three acts, book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in German. Leo Blech conducting.

THE CAST.

Margrave Hermann.....Alexander Kipnis
Tannhauser.....Adolf Lussmann
Wolfram.....Friedrich Schorr
Walter.....Heinz Bollmann
Heinrich.....Paul Schwarz
Biterolf.....Desider Zador
Ragnar.....Peter Hegar
Elizabeth.....Meta Seinemeyer
Venus.....Else Alsen
Four Pages: Friedel Schwarz, Hede Mez, Elfriede Thon, Emma Baath.
Bacchantes, Pilgrims, Knights, Pages, Ladies

"Tannhauser" is not "Die Meistersinger." It lacks the endearing humanity and cosmic humor of Wagner's great comedy, the smoothness of action, the marvellous stream of endless melody. It is much more of a star opera than the later work, and is consequently pretty hard to make altogether interesting unless the two principal roles are perfectly sung.

They were not perfectly sung last night by a wide margin, so that the German opera company's second performance was far less satisfactory than the first. Mr. Lussmann has a tenor voice of good timbre and power, but his conception of singing and acting seemed naive in the extreme. He pushed his voice cruelly most of the time, directing most of his remarks straight at the audience, and indulged in a series of gestures and postures that had neither dignity nor meaning.

Miss Seinemeyer's Elizabeth was equally disappointing. Her Eva of Monday night had considerable richness and vocal charm, but although she sang well enough last night as far as producing the notes was concerned, her voice meant nothing. It remained the same clear, rather cheerful sound throughout, whether the heroine was greeting her ancestral home or dying of a broken heart. Her dramatic handling of the part indicated nothing beyond the fact that Elizabeth was what is known as a home girl.

Some of the other performances were excellent. Best of all was the Wolfram of Friedrich Schorr, who has a voice of warmth and beauty and who sang the role almost perfectly. His acting was somewhat conventional, but this reviewer would be hard put to it to suggest what else he might have done. Wolfram is too worthy a character to be very interesting.

Mr. Kipnis also sang well. His performance of the Margrave, following his excellent Pagner of the night before, bore eloquent testimony to the unusual range and quality of his voice. The company seems uncommonly blessed with good baritones and basses. Else Alsen looked well as Venus and revealed a mezzosoprano voice of considerable distinction.

The scenery was adequate to screen the walls of the stage from the audience and seemed to be in good condition, but there is not much more to say for it. The chorus did surprisingly well with Wagner's terrific vocal parts, especially in the first act chorus of pilgrims and the first part of the entrance march in act two. Eventually the tessitura proved too much for them and they flatted a bit.

The bacchanale music was played, but the curtain remained lowered through all but the end of the scene—probably because the resources of the company do not provide an adequate ballet. Mr. Blech conducted his second successive performance and more demonstrated his ex-

traordinary ability to get colorful and flexible playing out of unpromising orchestral material. If he can do so much with a poor orchestra, one wonders what he might accomplish with a good one. It would be a valuable experiment as well as a graceful act if some New York orchestra—the Philharmonic, say—would invite Mr. Blech to officiate as guest conductor for one concert.

DEEMS TAYLOR.
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"Tannhauser" by the German Company.

There was a decided drop in the temperature at the Manhattan Opera House last evening, where the German Opera Company opened the season on Monday night. The performance was one of "Tannhauser"; and the audience was much smaller than on the first night, so far as the floor of the house was concerned, filling hardly more than half the seats. It may be that the German opera public has less interest in "Tannhauser" than in "Die Meistersinger"; or that its interest has been satisfied by other performances this season in "another place." Or it may be that the change in the bill for last evening (for which a concert was originally planned) was not announced far enough ahead to effect a larger sale.

The performance of "Tannhauser," which was under the direction of Mr. Leo Blech, showed much the same qualities as that of "Die Meistersinger" on the opening night: numerous excellent voices, a good chorus, inferior scenery and an insufficient appeal to the eye, and an able and efficient conductor laboring for results with a mediocre orchestra.

The work was presented in its older form, the original version. The "Paris" version of the overture and the first scene in the Vennsburg is not for traveling companies. The leading singers were all new except Alexander Kipnis as Hermann, who was the Pogner of the previous evening, and Meta Seinemeyer as Elizabeth, who had appeared as Eva. Adolf Lussmann as Tannhauser presented a handsome and romantic figure and sang with a voice of power that had an especially fine quality in its lower tones but was apt to become hard after the manner of German tenors in the upper ones.

The finest singer in the cast was Friedrich Schorr, who took the part of Wolfram, a singer with a noble and beautiful quality of voice, used with fine intelligence and expressiveness, and with a modulation of its power not always at the command of the German ways at the command of the German singers. Mr. Kipnis's powerful voice and excellent diction gave effectiveness to his representation of the Landgrave. The men, in fact, sang the sextet at the end of the first act, where the hunting party unites in welcoming Tannhauser back to civilized life, with an unusual beauty of tone and ensemble.

Miss Meta Seinemeyer made a better impression as Elizabeth than she did as Eva on the previous evening and sang "Dich, theure Halle" with much the elasticity and fire that it demands. Miss Else Alsen as Venus disclosed a voice apparently no longer in its prime; a voice that was used almost incessantly at its full power.

The chorus of pilgrims was not wholly successful in keeping in tune; the pilgrims all to seldom achieve that. But the chorus of the assembly in the Wartburg delivered an excellent quality of tone, in excellent balance.

The audience let no occasion pass to show its enthusiastic approval of all that went on upon the stage and even in the orchestra. In fact it violated one of the canons which Wagnerian audiences one expected most strictly to observe by applauding from time to time during the progress of the scenes, without heed to the interruption thereby caused.

Goldmark's Interpretation of Gettysburg Address Has Telling Recital; Jacques Thibaud Soloist

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Representing the German Opera Company)
Having, somewhat superabundantly, perhaps, celebrated the memory of Bonaparte by a series of performances of Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony, Mr. Mengelberg, at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House last night, turned his attention to two other men great in history, to whose character composers have attempted to give musical expression. He played Beethoven's overture to Heinrich Joseph von Collin's tragedy "Coriolan" and the piece which Rubin Goldmark, with a modest circumspection that is highly creditable to his wisdom, says was suggested by Lincoln's Gettysburg address—those "271 words of deathless English," as Mr. Gilman described them in his notes which we are fond of reading for purposes of comparison with Pericles's oration, to which it forms a parallel in purpose. Mr. Goldmark's music is unlike Beethoven's in many respects, but in regard to op-

of its elements it is pleasant to contemplate their companionship. Beethoven, we fancy, attempted a characterization of the Roman aristocrat who permitted his pride to shatter him against the rock of implacable fate—a genuinely antique and Hellenic idea.

Mr. Goldmark did not aim at portraiture at all, but drew his musical impulses from the memorable scene

at the dedication of the National Cemetery—the spirit of a warring people, still alive at the time, grief at the mortal sacrifice compelled by that spirit, and the gentle but fine heroism of the statesman who evoked a continuation of that full measure of devotion which should bring to America a new birth of freedom. There were sounds of war, and sounds of wailing, sounds suggesting a prayer for rest for the dead, and a proclamation of the word of consecration with which the oration concludes. For the moods evoked by the historic incident Mr. Goldmark found frequent themes, the principal one being peculiarly pregnant and beautiful. In his expression of them he employed an eloquence that warmed the emotions and imagination of his hearers, and delighted their ears. The performance under Mr. Mengelberg was a telling one, and there was no perfunctoriness about the applause bestowed upon both composer and conductor.

For the rest, Mr. Thibaud played the Spanish Symphony of Lalo, with beautiful tone, fine understanding and technical excellence, and the concert came to an end with the tenth, or perhaps fifteenth, performance this season

of the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

Schmit Gives Cello Recital.

Lucien Schmit, solo cellist, with the New York Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon before an appreciative audience. His program opened with "Sonata" in A major by Boccherini, in which he displayed a fine tone and masterly technique, not quite free from nervousness, but nevertheless he gave an excellent rendering of this work. His second number, Bach's Suite No. 3 in C (for cello alone), would place him in the stellar rank of cellists with his bowing, understanding and beautiful broad tone. A "Concerto" by Lalo, a lengthy work, held his audience's attention throughout. "Three Bagatelles" by Louis Gruenberg, with the composer at the piano, were interesting, perhaps more pianistic than most works for cello. The program concluded with "Piece" by Chausson and "Tarentelle" by Herbert. Vladimir Brenner accompanied with considerable skill.

Bachaus Gives Evening of Chopin.

Wilhelm Bachaus gave a program wholly of Chopin's piano compositions, including the B-minor sonata, at the Town Hall last evening, a small audience making up for size by its evident enjoyment of some fifteen numbers. The same fluency of melody which characterized his earlier recital here and his playing last Sunday with the Metropolitan orchestra brought again its response from his hearers. There was fine delicacy of tonal shading in the lighter works and brilliant technical display in ornaments such as the finale of the sonata, a climax of genuine power.

Plays Piano Work for One Hand.

Sara Sokolsky-Freid gave her annual piano recital in Aeolian Hall last evening before a large audience. Three compositions by Guenther Kleswetter had their first public hearing, the first, for right hand alone, providing as many complexities as one hand could manage—too many, at times—while the other two were in a spirited mood and conventional form. Besides works of Brahms, Ravel, Rozycki and De Falla, she added the arrangement of Bach's "Chaconne" by Busoni.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"Anima Allegre," an opera in three acts by Franco Vittadini. Sung in Italian.

The Cast.

Consuelo.....Lucrezia Bori
Donna Sacramento.....Kathleen Howa
Coralito.....Queenie Ma
Carmen.....Grace Anthon
Frasquita.....Marion Tel
Marquitta.....Myrtle Sch
Pedro.....Giuseppe Lauri
Don Eligio.....Adamo Tokati
Lucio.....Armando Tosi
Tonio.....Angelo Bi
Diego.....Millo Pi
Ramirez.....Rafaelo Di
A Singer.....Paolo Anan
A Gypsy.....Rosa Galli
Incidental Dances by Rosina Galli, Preliminary Dance: Giuseppe Bonfiglio, Florencia Rudolph and Corps de Ballet. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Anima Allegre," opera in three acts, the book by Giuseppe Adami, the music by Franco Vittadini, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this country. The libretto is

founded on a story entitled "Globo Allegre," by the Brothers Quintero. The work was disclosed in the presence of a numerous and attentive audience, which found much to applaud. It served as a vehicle for a new display of the talents and the charms of Miss Lucrezia Bori, which is, perhaps, as good a purpose as an opera of no great intrinsic worth can accomplish. For Miss Bori as a burst of Spanish sunshine illuminating the shadowy recesses of a solemn old ancestral castle is a goodly spectacle upon which men and even women may gaze with pulsating satisfaction.

Just what elusive idea dominated the mind of young Mr. Vittadini when he determined to bestow the precious gifts of his muse on the libretto of Mr. Adami will probably never be known. But one thing was revealed with the disclosure of the work last evening, to wit, that the author of this opera book had risen to hitherto unsuspected heights of insanity. It took something almost like genius to write three acts without a single dramatic idea, and yet that is just what Mr. Adami accomplished.

His story moves placidly, indeed soporifically, through uneventful incidents. No one has an emotion, no one suffers anything worse than a passing inconvenience and the final embrace of the two inevitable lovers is as passionate as the purring of two kittens by the domestic fireside. The tale is of an antiquated and completely conventionalized family living in an atmosphere of smileless decorum until a volatile young niece comes home and brings human life into the midst of a phantom existence.

Character of the Household.

The first act takes place in the castle and establishes the character of the household with its tear faced old donna, its ponipous major domo and the struggles of the serving people against the deadly reign of gloom. The return of the niece, Consuelo, upsets the whole house. In the second act we behold the girl behaving most reprehensibly. She actually goes to a gypsy fair, where she hears Rafaelo Diaz sing a serenade, sees Miss Rosina Gulli dance (which is the most important incident of the scene) and scatters much property money among the rejoicing populace.

The son of the antiquated donna having fallen in love with her follows her to reprove her and take her home, but ends by remaining and having a pretty good time himself. There is a gypsy wedding and Consuelo and Pedro climb into the church tower and ring the bells. In the third act we return to the castle and behold the young woman still outraging its ghostly proprieties with the laughter and the ebullient spirits of youth.

Finally she and Pedro in an entirely polite and self-controlled duet publish their anemic raptures and slowly proceed into each other's arms. Whereupon the ancient donna, who has cherished hopes that her niece and her son would mate, sheds a few more tears into her ancestral lares and folds the two imperturbable lovers to her tranquil bosom.

The music made by Mr. Vittadini naturally does not transcend the emotional emptiness of the story. It is one continuous flow of melodic treacle. It is melodious every minute. But since no one in the play has any strong character, since no one experiences any moving emotion, since there is no conflict of dramatic impulses, there is no opportunity for musical delineation, for characterization, for tragic or even melodramatic utterance.

Melody at Times Delightful.

All that the people in this opera have to do is to look pretty and sing sweetly. Opera goes who complains that too many lyric dramas contain pages of harsh, stringent, nerve-racking music will have their opportunity now to learn how they like a work in

which there is not a single disagreeable note, hardly a dissonant chord, rarely a harsh tone from the orchestra. At times Vittadini's melody is delightful, but since none of it is pleasing the salient points seem to be rare. It is well written for the voices and there is nothing in the score that cannot be sung in a manner gratifying to the singer. The orchestration is admirable. It is rich in texture, replete with variety and

keats in treatment. It is perfectly suited to the story and the action.

There is much spirit in the gypsy scene of the second act. Here at any rate the composer was free to indulge in vivacity of tempo and the piquancy of Spanish rhythms. The songs and dances have liveliness and are touched with national character. It is in this act that Miss Gailli, as already noted, adds the charms of her lovely art to the spectacular elements of a very gorgeous gypsy settlement.

Vittadini is a young man. This is his first opera. To be sure he wrote one before it, but that one was not performed. This young composer will in all probability do something much better than "Anima Allegra" when he has become satisfied that the stage is not a kindergarten. The inspiration of opera music is human passion. To try to create a lyric drama without passions or a battle of impulses deeper than mere stereotyped habits such as those of the ancient donna and her major domo was to court failure. But the composer has the gift of melody and when he exercises it at some future time with a surer understanding of dramatic possibilities he will doubtless give us a real opera.

Opera Admirably Produced.

It goes without saying that the opera has been admirably put on the stage. Mr. Gatti-Gasazza's liberality in providing scenery and costumes was to be expected. But the three sets furnished by Antonio Rovescalli of Milan are unusually appropriate and tasteful. The patio exhibited in the third act is a particularly well designed piece of stage architecture.

The performance was excellent. That it had not a greater power to stir the audience to enthusiasm was not the fault of the singers, but of the dull work in which they were engaged. All that Miss Bori could do as *Consuelo* she certainly did. She was ravishingly beautiful in a series of elaborate and novel costumes. She filled her impersonation with the spirit of youth and happiness. She was truly the "Anima Allegra." She radiated joy and love. The audience undoubtedly adored her. And she sang, too. Singing is a rather important factor in opera even in these days. Miss Bori delivered all her music with much beauty of tone and with a plenitude of feeling.

Mme. Howard made a fine figure of the antiquated donna, and Mr. Didur was picturesquely shocked and pained as the major domo by the conduct of the young people who insisted on being young and romping round a bit. Miss Queena Mario as *Coralito*, companion to *Consuelo*, was on the constant lookout for opportunities to be quite outrageous, but the librettist and composer gave her no chance.

Armand Tokaty as *Lucio* had some opportunities to be humorous, and he proved himself to be a good comedian. Few tenors can fall off a chair as well as he did and afterward sing a serenade off stage with excellent tone. Others in the cast were Rafaelo Diaz as a young gypsy, Italo Mochi as *Ramirez*, an old one; Angelo Bada as *Tonio*, a painter, and Milo Meco as *Diego*, an old family servant. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with most sensitive feeling for the character of the score.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"Anima Allegra" at Metropolitan.

ANIMA ALLEGRA (THE JOYOUS SOUL), lyric comedy in three acts, from a story by the brothers Quintero. Book in Italian by Giuseppe Adami; music by Franco Vittadini. At the Metropolitan Opera.

The Metropolitan Opera House gave a belated last evening to a new opera from Italy, "Anima Allegra," heard for the first time in America. This was in pursuance of the promises of the management made at the beginning of the season. "Anima Allegra" is the first new opera to be given here this season. It is by a man whose name is unknown in New York, Franco Vittadini, a young Italian composer, and it is his second opera. Published three years ago, it has already gained a considerable popularity in Italy, and is now presented at many of the Italian opera houses.

The opera was heard with apparent interest by a large audience and there was much applause at the striking points, a good deal of it delivered by those who had a special and persistent interest in one or another of the artists, much of it by those who were only treated in good performances of creable music. The artists were all called out many times after the curtain

fell, and that was every time that the opera had given pleasure.

"Anima Allegra" unfolds perhaps the simplest, most harmless and least exciting story that has ever been put into an opera. Really nothing of a dramatic sort happens from beginning to end; and it has also the advantage, rare among operas, of saying or implying nothing whatever that could bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most modest.

The libretto has been made by Giuseppe Adami from a Spanish tale by the brothers Quintero. It explains at considerable length and with copious illustration that life is dull in the Marchioness Sacramento's old-fashioned provincial house in Alhinar del Reina, Spain. Thus, Tonio, a person of whom nothing is heard after the first few pages of the opera, is painting the portrait of the stuffy old majordomo, Don Eligio, with the intervention of a certain amount of criticism; Lucio, a spoiled youngster, comes in, making a noise which irritates Donna Sacramento, and is corrected; family prayers are held, while Lucio misbehaves, and is again corrected. Pedro, the son of the house, who finds life in Granada more agreeable than at Alhinar, arrives, is greeted and discusses his debts, and is likewise corrected—all this to establish the fact that life is dull in the Sacramento household; which it does.

Now a carriage rumbles up and discharges *Consuelo*, an extremely lively young niece, and her maid, *Coralito*, also lively, with abundant luggage, for an unexpected visit. Greetings and family talk. Bedtime comes, and all go off to bed. But the sound of a serenade is heard outside the window, and *Consuelo* steals down in the moonlight to get it. Being disappointed to find it is only by the unimportant *Ab*, and not Pedro, as she had hoped, she goes back to bed. Decidedly, life is a little dull at the Sacramento mansion.

There is a gypsy encampment close by, and in the next act *Consuelo* breaks all Spanish conventions by seeking diversion there with *Coralito* and *Lucio*, and finding it in ample measure. In the midst of the uproarious proceedings Pedro arrives, sent by his mother to administer correction and to bring his cousin back and straighten out the proprieties. But he needs little persuasion to remain and join the festivities.

In the next act Donna Sacramento is discussing the enormity of the incident with her majordomo, and the larger question of the overturning of the household by the lively niece. They are interrupted by the return from Granada of Pedro, who cannot resist his cousin's attraction. *Consuelo* appears. There is conversation. Then she has them all help her in putting in place numerous pots of flowers she has ordered. Don Eligio complains of her mess, but the aunt's heart is softened by *Consuelo*, who then proceeds to win over the majordomo, too; and what more natural than that Pedro and *Consuelo* should find that they love each other? They do, and the curtain falls. The net result of three acts is that life, which was dull, has been brightened at the Sacramento mansion.

Nobody need look for any arrière-pensée in *Anima Allegra*, any philosophy of life, or even any general theory of emotion or underhand lead of any kind. Gayety is its theme, and its lesson is that life perceptibly brightens if you are visited by a sufficiently lively niece.

And hence it follows that Mr. Vittadini had no need to search deeply into the arcana of music to find means for illustration and interpreting his libretto. What he needed in no small measure he found was lightness, gayety, sparkle, mellifluousness and brilliancy, with some degree of characterization of his different personages, which to a less extent he has also found.

The music of the opera is fresh, free and spontaneous. There is melody, generally sweet and not generally of a very distinguished kind. The composer makes considerable use of the short-breathed "conversational" style, in which so many of the latter day Italian operas are written, brief and disject musical phrases, whose connection is made and whose point is made and heightened by the underlying orchestral current. But he has also found frequent occasion for lyrical expansion for the voices, moments in which a more shapely melodic contour is given to the music.

It must be confessed that in melodic invention Mr. Vittadini does not show a strongly original prompting. He leans upon others, but most strongly upon Puccini. But it is something, even under such circumstances, to be a melodist in these days and to write real melody for the voice instead of confining them to declamation and ejaculation.

In the scene of the gypsy encampment in the second act Mr. Vittadini found his greatest opportunity for local color and the musical expression of Spain. He has made little or no attempt at these things in the two acts that pass in the country house. But here he joins the crowded ranks of composers who, not being Spaniards, have undertaken to show the Spaniards what music can do in the way of being Spanish. Here he bursts into the greatest brilliancy of orchestra chorus and dances. There are crashing choruses of gypsies, flower girls, cooks, spectators, all sorts of people in a crowd. A pity that there were no opportunities for bull-fighters. There are several swirling Spanish dances of a familiar outline, danced with tremendous bravura.

There is no more interesting incident among them, and none more characteristic, than the song of a young gypsy accompanying himself on a lute-like instrument—a song of intense expression and energy, showing the strong Oriental strain in the Spanish gypsy music, especially in the long vocal flourishes.

In all these things the composer is adept at obtaining the exciting effects aimed at, and in piling up all possible means to secure them.

The waltz song heard when *Consuelo* arrives in the first act is a passage full of delicate color—the effect of the bells when the young people finish their adventures with the gypsies by climbing into the belfry and setting the chimera going, and the amorous duet at the close, pretty but not cutting very deeply into the subject, are among the other passages that linger in the memory.

In his treatment of the orchestra, Mr. Vittadini has learned many of the modern secrets of glitter and dazzle and seldom forgets any of them. He writes for the orchestra with dexterity and

skill, brilliantly and often with a shimmering and flashing brightness. It is this color that he seeks and that is precisely the one to set off to the best advantage the light and rapid course of his nirthful and flowing music.

In short, it may be said that in "Anima Allegra" Mr. Vittadini has been successful in producing what he aimed for. His aim was not high, but it is something to be successfully gay.

Everything is done for the opera in the production at the Metropolitan Opera House, to make it shine. Miss Lucrezia Bori is delightful as *Consuelo*; fascinating in appearance, in her vivacity and contagious gayety, garbed in the most gorgeous gowns. She sings to music with élan and sparkle. So does Miss Queena Mario, who is the scarcely less vivacious maid *Coralito* and who represents her with much skill. The Pedro is Mr. Lauri Volpi, the new Italian tenor. His voice is powerful, and he is apt to emphasize its power, not to the advantage of its quality or the finer expressiveness of his singing. It is also apt to take on the "white" color unpleasant except to a very special taste in Italian voices, and a hard metallic quality.

Armand Tokaty made a sufficiently spoiled youngster of *Lucio*; he sang the serenade in the first act excellently. Mr. Didur put the touch of caricature doubtless intended upon the figure of the absurd major domo, Don Eligio. Rafaelo Diaz has only a moment's work to do in singing the wild gypsy song in the second act, but he accomplishes a difficult task well. The gypsy dances in that act were thrillingly carried out by Miss Gailli, Miss Rudolph and Mr. Bonfiglio. The chorus distinguished itself in this act.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted the performance in a way to make it scintillate. The decorations of the three scenes are well designed, the first showing a spacious room with a gallery of the old house; the second the square in the town filled with gypsies with the bell tower adjacent; the third, the "Patio." The costumes, especially those of the gypsy crowd, are dazzling in their brilliancy.

By Deems Taylor

AT THE MANHATTAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Lohengrin," romantic opera in three acts, book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in German, Eduard Moerike conducting.

THE CAST.

King Henry.....Ernest Lehmann
Lohengrin.....Jacques Urlus
Elsa.....Elsa Wuchler
Frederick Telramund.....Theodor Latterman
Ortrud.....Maria Lorenz-Hoelischer
The King's Herald.....Benno Ziegler
Four Pages: Friedel Schwartz, Hede Mox, Elfriede Thon, Emmit Bassths.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Urlus again after his long absence from New York. His voice sounded much the same as when he sang at the Metropolitan—a robust tenor, somewhat throaty in its middle notes, but powerful and clear in its upper register. He sang the role, really sang it, with deep expressiveness, exceptional phrasing and a fine sense of the lyric possibilities of Wagner's vocal writings. His acting, too, had grace and dignity, so that all in all he gave the best performance of Lohengrin that has been seen here since the war.

The rest of the German opera company's production was on a somewhat lower level of accomplishment. It was a good average performance, competently staged and sung; a performance to hear with considerable pleasure but not to write much about.

Miss Wuchler's voice seemed hardly up to the requirements of the role of Elsa, for it lacked power and warmth, but she acted with an obvious sincerity that made her not a little appealing. Mmc. Lorenz-Hoelischer brought a forceful presence and an excellent voice to the part of Ortrud, and Mr. Latterman, though handicapped by a lack of power and sonority in his voice, played Telramund with authority and considerable effectiveness.

The costumes were colorful. The scenery was neither very good nor very well lighted. The chorus sang throatily but vigorously, and had been well directed. Mr. Moerike conducted and proved that Mr. Blech is not the only good conductor the company can boast. His brasses disgraced themselves once or twice, but that was hardly his fault, and he more than

made up in two acts.

made up for the labour quality of his or better material by the energy and dramatic eloquence of his conducting.

Reimers Sings to Large Audience.

Paul Reimers had a large audience for his recital of tenor songs in the Town Hall last evening. Frank Bibb, who played the accompaniments, was bidden by the singer to join him in acknowledging the applause. The piano parts of the Hugo Wolf numbers were played with unusual musical taste, and the singer displayed a voice of expressive capabilities and clear fullness of tone. A number of encores were demanded following the groups of songs, which were in German, English and French.

Cantor Josef Rosenblatt Sings.

Josef Rosenblatt gave a concert of tenor airs and ritual songs, assisted by Abraham Konevsky, violin, at Carnegie Hall last evening, before a smaller audience than has often before heard the famous Cantor in that auditorium. Mendelssohn's concerto and Zimbalist's "Hebrew Melody" were among the solos of the Russian violinist, a newcomer here. Mr. Rosenblatt sang several of his own arrangements of Hebrew texts, with others of Brounoff and Golub.

B. Walter Greeted Cordially in Debut

It is getting to be that no orchestral season is complete without a guest conductor or two to spice with variety the frequent repetitions of familiar works. Yesterday saw the New York debut of another of the procession of those who have come to us from across the Atlantic, in the person of Mr. Bruno Walter, who succeeds Mr. Coates in the direction of the New York Symphony Orchestra until Mr. Damrosch resumes the baton early in March.

Mr. Walter is a native of Berlin and has had wide experience as a conductor in European cities, including eleven years at the Imperial Opera in Vienna and several years in the Royal Opera in Munich. With so much operatic experience it might be expected that he would throw a large infusion of dramatic feeling into his interpretations, but so far as could be judged from yesterday's performance at Carnegie Hall, his tendency is rather toward the development of fineness and clarity, to the elaboration of detail rather than the broader effects that stir the emotions. His choice of program was conservative in respect to composers, but was not made from their most often played works. There were three numbers—the Beethoven "Leonore" Overture, No. 2, instead of the more familiar No. 3; Mozart's Symphony in D, and the Brahms First Symphony, recently given a stirring performance in the same hall by the visitors from Philadelphia.

Throughout he succeeded in keeping his orchestral fabric transparent and a good balance among its choirs. The Mozart was given a straightforward, delicately accented performance. The Brahms did not drag, but lacked something of its inherent grandeur. A large audience listened with close attention, giving the newcomer a cordial welcome and many recalls. The program will be repeated to-night.

AT THE MANHATTAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Das Rheingold," prologue to "Der Ring des Nibelungen," action in four scenes, book and music by Richard Wagner. Sung in German, Eduard Moerike conducting.

THE CAST.

Wotan.....Friedrich Plassche
Donner.....Benno Ziegler
Froh.....Helmz Bollmann
Loge.....Paul Schwarz
Alberich.....Gustav Schuetzenhoff
Mime.....Edwin Steier
Fasolt.....Alexander Klopis
Fricka.....Ernest Lehmann
Freia.....Emma Easeth
Erda.....Heda Mox
Woglinde.....Editha Fiescher
Wellgunde.....Meta Selmeier
Flosshilde.....Juselka Kostick

It seemed like sheer foolhardiness for the German Opera Company to announce a complete "Ring" cycle, for Wagner's four-part trilogy has broken the hearts of many a stage carpenter and electrician before this, and there seemed no reason to believe that these wandering minstrels from Berlin, encamped in the drafty vastnesses of Oscar Hammerstein's old house, would meet with anything but disaster in their attempt to stage it. Yet despite an occasional whiff of makeshift that floated out from backstage, despite an obviously big orchestra, and despite a stage cr

that rolled and thumped audibly every time a scene had to be shifted—even so, yesterday afternoon's "Rheingold" had astonishing power and illusion.

The feat was accomplished by imagination, good direction, competent singing and fine conducting. The Rhine scene was handled by keeping the stage almost dark and allowing the Rhine Maidens to flit about among the rocks instead of swinging precariously on ropes. In the second scene Valhalla was represented by a lofty white castle projected in lights against the blue sky, surrounded by floating masses of clouds, likewise projected. The effect was impressive, and if the sky had not been in a draft would have been perfect. The rainbow, too, was formed by light, and being thus a real rainbow, was rather more convincing than the usual beaver board variety.

The cast was excellent. Nearly all the singers were good, and several were distinguished. Mr. Plöschke's Wotan lacked some of the Godlike breadth with which Clarence Whitehill manages to invest the role, but it was dignified and moving, and was beautifully sung. Mr. Schwarz gave a graceful and clearly drawn impersonation of Loge, he leaned toward Puck rather than Iago, but although one might quarrel with his conception there was no denying the logic of his portrait.

Desider Zador was to have sung Alberich, but was indisposed, and there might not have been any "Rheingold" yesterday afternoon had not the Metropolitan Opera Company generously sent over Gustav Schützendorf as a substitute. He gave a performance of impressive power and authority, and sang the part uncommonly well. If "Das Rheingold" is not being performed on 40th Street, it is not for want of a good Alberich.

Mr. Steir's Mime too was excellent. Miss Baseth made a Fricka that was good to look upon and to hear, and Mme. Metzger's Erda, though unscen, had beauty of tone and dignity of utterance.

"Die Fledermaus," comic opera in three acts by Johann Strauss. Sung in German, Otto Schwarz conducting.

We used to wonder how the gods managed to pass the long winter evenings after they had crossed the rainbow bridge into Valhalla; but we had no idea of the real state of affairs. Apparently they proceeded to organize a Valhalla Mask and Wig Association. For when we went back to the Manhattan last night we found the afternoon's Froeh Loge, Donner, Woglinde and Fricka having an uproarious time in Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus."

They did very well, too, for gods, although their vehicle seemed, in spots, a bit old fashioned. A good deal of time was consumed by characters who put their more important thoughts in the form of asides to the audience, and too much of the comedy was extorted from a bottle of Schnapps and a pig's head that Woglinde brought into the parlor for some reason or other. Froh and Donner had a neat dance in the first act, although their efforts in this direction were rather eclipsed by a very human being yclept Hannelore Ziegler, who danced the Radetzky March in the ballroom scene.

Johann Strauss's music, however, still bubbles and froths as if it had been bottled only last year, and Mr. Schwarz's orchestra played it delightfully. The audience was the largest since Monday night and had a glorious time. Judging from the volume of applause, the rest of the gods must have been in the balcony.

"Das Rheingold" in the afternoon and "Die Fledermaus" in the evening these were yesterday's progressive steps in the Wagnerian Opera Festival with which Germany has undertaken to extend American appreciation of German musical culture. Both works are familiar enough in New York, but their juxtaposition was a bit odd and would have been even more singular before the advent of Mr. Conried, who once made a festival performance out of Johann Strauss's delightful operetta by announcing it for his annual benefit and persuading, or compelling, the principal people of his grand opera company to participate in the performance to the extent of sitting about on the stage or joining in its most bewitching waltz. However, the more

resolute the Germans become in their determination not to pay the financial obligations to the world which they incurred by their acts in the great war (they will never be able to pay their debt to humanity), the more necessary it seems for the American people to put money in the pockets of the managers of the Deutsches Opernhaus in Charlottenburg and the Staatsoper in Berlin and incidentally of the company of singers recruited in various towns and cities of Germany.

Metropolitan to Rescue

Despite this recruiting Messrs. Hartmann and Blech had to call on the Metropolitan Opera House for help in yesterday's performance of the prelude to the Nibelung tetralogy. The program announced that Mr. Desider Zador was indisposed and that through the courtesy of the management of the Metropolitan Opera House Mr. Schützendorf would kindly sing the part of Alberich; which Mr. Schützendorf did to the entire satisfaction of the audience and, we hope, of the management of the Wagnerian Festival, for his was a thoroughly admirable impersonation, though the dwarf overtopped the god Wotan in stature.

There were features in the representation which may be reserved (profitably, we think), for discussion hereafter. The drama was not given as a continuous act with the scenic transformations prescribed by the author, but in three acts, the curtain falling after the Rhine scene, and again after the scene in Nibelheim. When "Das Rheingold" had an evening performance in the season 1916-17 (the last season in which it figured in the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House) it was divided into two acts for the comfort of the regular patrons of the establishment; but when it had a representation in the special afternoon serial production of the tragedy to which it is the prologue it was given without interruption. In that performance there were singers like Margaret Ober, Margaret Matzenauer, Kathleen Howard, Hermann Weil, Johannes Sembach, Paul Althaus, Carl Braun, Albert Reiss and Otto Goritz. Our purpose in recalling these names is not to institute comparisons with yesterday's performers, but only to show that the latter were put to their trumps if they hoped to open seals which have hitherto kept hidden artistic mysteries of the Wagnerian book.

Sing Parts Bravely

They sang and played their parts bravely and well, especially Ottilie Metzger (Erda), Emma Baseth (Fricka), Friedrich Plöschke (Wotan), Paul

Schwarz (Loge) and Edwin Steir (Mime). The singing of the three Rhine daughters, Editha Fleischer, Meta Seinemeyer and Jessika Koetrick, was wholly commendable in the first scene (if a bit strenuous) and quite the opposite in the last, where the orchestra could not lend its aid in keeping their voices on pitch. The work of most individual excellence, however, was that of Edward Mörcke, the conductor.

"Die Fledermaus" Enjoyable

The step from "Rheingold" to "Die Fledermaus" might, perhaps, be called one from the sublime to the ridiculous, but the sparkling comic opera had a hearty, enjoyable performance. Its effervescent tunes tickled the ear and remained in the memory; while the humor was broad enough to give those who did not understand German a chance to laugh—and there was much to laugh at, especially the performance of Heinz Bollmann as Gabriel von Eisenstein. He was a really effective comedian, acting with gusto and singing with a light voice, but one that could handle the light music.

It was not a performance to cast much light on individual voices. No particular heights were reached, but the various numbers were sung with a liveliness suited to the music. Marcella Roesler, as Rosalinde, had a certain chance for vocal display in the Czardas song of the second act, done fairly well. Editha Fleischer was an effective soubrette, while Emma Baseth made a duly effeminate Prince Orloffsky.

As the prison director Rudolph Bauer opened the last act with a drunken scene that would have served well on the screen, while the performances of Messrs. Schwarz, Ziegler and Hegar, as Alfred, Dr. Falke and Dr. Blind, were thoroughly in the general comic spirit. As before, scenery and costumes were far from elaborate, but the ballroom scene was prolonged by an interpolated dance by Hannelore Ziegler, to the "Radetzky March" of Johann Strauss père—this warmly received. Strauss's ingratiating tunes, happily, called for nothing beyond the powers of the orchestra, conducted this time by Otto Schwarz, or the singers, and the more elaborate choruses fared well. While the performance was marked by vigorous rather than delicate handling, it was enjoyable and relished by a good-sized audience.

Van Hoogstraten

Willem Van Hoogstraten has been engaged as conductor of the Philharmonic Society for the first part of the season of 1923-24, replacing Josef

Stransky who resigned February 6, according to an announcement last night by Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Mackay also announced that the society had renewed its contract with Willem Mengelberg, who will conduct the Philharmonic during the second half of the season as at present.

Mr. Van Hoogstraten came here with his wife, Elly Ney, the pianist, in the fall of 1921, and made his first appearance as conductor when he directed the Philharmonic on January 16, 1922, at a concert in which Mme. Ney was the soloist. His conducting attracted favorable comment; but his first extended appearance before the New York musical public came last summer when he directed the Philharmonic in the second half of the six-week concert season at the Lewisohn Stadium. It was a period of ambitious programs and increasing audiences; 15,000 people pushing their way into the stadium at the last concert of the series on August 16. His only appearance here this season was last month when he conducted the regular Philharmonic concerts on January 25 and 26. Like Mengelberg Mr. Van Hoogstraten is a Dutchman and is considered a sound, well-trained, competent conductor.

The arrangement of different conductors for the first and last halves of the season was made last season, the first season of the amalgamation with the former National Symphony Orchestra. This is Mr. Mengelberg's third winter here. He was one of the conductors of the National Symphony in 1921.

No reason for the resignation of Mr. Stransky has been made public.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"Tristan and Isolde."

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE, opera in three acts; words and music by Richard Wagner. At the Manhattan Opera House. Tristan, Jacques Frlus. Isolde, Eva von der Osten. Kurwenal, Theodore Lattermann. Brangäne, Ottilie Metzger. A Steersman, Johannes Scheurich. Melot, Bruno Ziegler. A Shepherd, Paul Schwarz. Conductor, Edouard Mörcke.

The German Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House, in their "Wagner Festival," ventured last evening into some of the deepest Wagnerian water with a performance of "Tristan and Isolde," a music drama that must be one of the severest tests of a German opera company in carrying on a Wagner festival.

It was a test from which the visitors emerged with perhaps more success than any other they have attempted since they began. There were inevitably certain insufficiencies. The eye, as has been the case in the previous performances of the company, was less well served than Wagner demanded in the matter of scenic setting. But the spirit of the work was captured; some of the principals gave interpretations of fine quality, and, most of all, the conductor, Edward Mörcke, showed himself to be a master, a dominating and inspiring force, who obtained from the orchestra results that were, under the circumstances, remarkable. He kept the performance moving with impassioned and dramatic fervor and filled the orchestral part with a multitude of details of poetical value and, so far as was possible, with the material at his command, of color and significant phrasing and accent.

The Isolde, Mme. Eva von der Osten, possesses a voice of much power. Sometimes of a certain roughness, but used with no little skill in expressive nuance; with no little skill in expressive nuance; not exactly an "Isolde" voice, being rather too dark in color for that, and with deep and rich lower tones; a voice of a pronounced "mezzo" character, yet capable of reaching all but the highest tones of the part with ease, and even then without discomfort to herself and her listeners. Mme. von der Osten disclosed marked power as a lyric actress, and her interpretation of the restless and her interpretation of the changing moods and passions that sweep through the first act was remarkable, after the first few moments in which she had hardly found herself. She sang with adamant power, and yet with an abundant modulation of that power when it was needed.

Mme. Ottilie Metzger may be remembered by some as a guest for a brief visit in some of the New York concert halls ten years or so ago. She was last evening the Brangäne, and in this music showed a voice of deep and rich quality, and a sufficient skill as an actress. Much less effort of memory is needed to recall the Tristan of the performance, Jacques Frlus, who, for a number of years fulfilled the same function at the Metropolitan Opera House before the withdrawal there of German opera. The size and acoustics of the Manhattan Opera House did a notable service to his voice, which sounded better in quality and in "focus" than it has sounded in times past. And Mr. Frlus's impersonation of Tristan has more dramatic truth, more imagination than some Tristans.

Theodore Lattermann, as Kurwenal, gave a performance of merit, and so did Alexander Kipnis as King Marke. The audience was large, but not to the point of entirely filling the house, and there was much enthusiastic applause.

"Andrea Chenier" Sun Again.

Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," heard but once as an Italian benefit, was repeated at the Metropolitan last evening before the usual overflowing house. The French revolutionary story engaged Miss Ponselle, Messrs. Martinelli, Lianise, Didur and others, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

"Flying Dutchman"

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from the New York Times)

The representations at the Wagnerian Opera Festival yesterday were devoted to a repetition of "Die Meistersinger" in the afternoon and a first performance of "Der Fliegende Holländer" in the evening. The afternoon comedy saw a numerous audience and a disappointing change in the cast, Mr. Schorr, who had made the deepest impression of all the men singers upon the judicious, being replaced in the character of Hans Sachs by Mr. Lattermann. The tragedy in the evening brought together the smallest gathering of the week, barring that which attended "Tannhäuser," and a change in the cast which was quite the opposite of disappointing. Miss Metzger taking the role of Miss Koetrick, as Mary, and lifting it to the highest plane musically and dramatically reached by anybody concerned in the representation, despite its comparative insignificance.

For the Senta of Elsa Alsen little more need be said than that it was sincere in purpose, but alternately strident, strenuous and laboriously sentimental in utterance. Robert Ilutt as Erik, Johannes Scheurich as the steersman and Ernst Lehmann as Daland were neither better nor worse than dozens of men who have sung the parts within the forty-six years which have elapsed since Clara Louise Kellogg and her company introduced it here in English and Mme. Pappenheim in German. As for Mr. Plöschke's Dutchman, we are quite willing to have it submerged in memories of that of the German Theodor Reichmann and that of the Frenchman Lassalle, the latter of whom sang it (in Italian) for the first time in his life at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1892, when the opera, along with "Fidelio" and "Die Meistersinger," was presented by Mr. Abbey as a propitiatory offering to the public that had outgrown some of its old tastes during the seven years of the memorable German regime.

There was a gratifying charm in the simple and natural costumes, poses and actions of the women's chorus in the second act, but nearly every absurdity of the stage management of the first act which has caused derision heretofore (from 1877 down to 1908, when the opera was last given at the Metropolitan) had a companion of one sort or another last night. The Dutchman's ship did not come into harbor under such bewildering seamanship as we have often seen; it did not come into harbor at all, but remained offshore, though headed for the rocks with all its square sails belled out in what was evidently a driving wind. How the Dutchman landed we do not know, but he came alone and brought with him none of the treasures whose enumeration tempted the cupidity of Daland. It was an effective phantom ship, now spectrally lighted up, and anon almost obscured by driving mists and clouds, like those which made the Castle of Wodan and his einherlar play hide and seek and finally refuse a certain call in "Das Rheingold" last Thursday.

For the sake of these light effects the foreground was kept dark during the entire first act, and the figures of the Dutchman and Daland were only a trifle more distinct than those of the Rhine Daughters, who scarcely were at any time more than the "shadow of a shade."

As for their features, they did not become visible until Messrs. Plöschke and Scheurich came into the light of the stage lamps to acknowledge the applause which their singing had evoked. Mr. Eugen Gottlieb conducted the performance.

'LA FORZADEL DESTINO' SUNDAY

Verdi Piece Recalls Caruso Silver Jubilee Season in 1918.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," a enduring revival of Caruso's silver jubilee season in 1918, was last night's addition to the current list at the Metropolitan, the third in a week with a story from Spain. Here was no joyous sound of gossamer sound as in "Anima Allegria," but something nearer to the previous Monday's "Trovatore" in its grand old style of mounting melody and climatic ensembles.

Voices of volume fell easily into the golden frame of these airs of Verdi, as off in "La Forza's" case with contrast of gypsy dances. Mr. Salazar joined Mr. De Luca in the duet of en battuto her. Miss Peralta, replace Miss Ponselle as heroine, Miss Gordon as the gypsy, Mardones as the priest in other roles were Ananias, Paltrinieri, Malatesta, Reschiglian, and d'Angelo. Miss Galli danced and Mr. Papin conducted.

Jeriza in "Thais" at the Metropolitan matinee sang for the sixth time with Harold and Whitehall. A large audience heard the only French work among seventeen operas sung in New York in a week, Mr. Hasselmans leading deftly the transparent score of Massenet.

Bruno Walter Ends Brief Regime Here As Guest Conductor

The interregnum during which foreign conductors relieved Mr. Walter Damrosch of the labor of conducting concerts of the Symphony Orchestra came to an end yesterday afternoon when Mr. Bruno Walter concluded his brief collaboration. As his reception had been marked by appreciative interest, so was his farewell. He was a less demonstrative individual than others who have come, gone, or are still with us, but made as deep an impression as any of them—perhaps a deeper impression than some because he kept the attention of his audiences fixed upon the music rather than upon himself. He did not strive for sensationalism either in his programs or his interpretations, now did he find it necessary to convey the meaning of the music which he performed by pose and gesture. Yesterday he invoked the "horns of elfland, faintly blowing" in Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the tripping of fairies and the braying of Bully Bottom, with continent motions of baton and hand and let the music fall into ears and imaginations without extraneous help or hindrance. He didn't try to act the music. There were a few venial slips in the playing of the orchestra, but the filmy delicacy of the fairy music was brought out with ravishing effect.

Before the music of the wonderful lad of seventeen Mr. Walter introduced Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade, omitting two of its three minuets (thus reducing its nine movements to seven), and after it Schumann's joyous Symphony in B flat. The end of the concert, saving the hail and farewell which a delighted audience extended to the conductor, was made with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," of which our conductors, local and visiting, seem to think New York audiences cannot get enough, either in number of performances or brazen sonority. Mr. Walter did not throw all sense of proportion to the winds in the swelling conclusion, as some of his colleagues have done, but even he caused us to speculate as to how long it will be before it will seem advisable to dispense with strings and woodwinds and turn our concerts entirely to brass bands. Perhaps the age of din is hurrying toward us, but we felt no longing for its arrival while listening to the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn.

H. E. K.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Bruno Walter, guest conductor of the New York Symphony Society, directed his first Aeolian Hall concert yesterday afternoon. The audience which assembled to hear the entertainment quite filled the hall and was very demonstrative. The program was one well adapted to the hall, and Mr. Walter showed throughout the afternoon that he had taken the acoustics into account.

The list consisted of Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade, Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, Schumann's first symphony and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," which was enjoying a busy season. The Mozart serenade was admirably performed, considering the large needs of the work in details. It is not just the sort of thing that can be thrown upon the stage with one perfunctory rehearsal. It seeks for an infinite variety of subtle shading in order to bring out the delicate traceries of its melodic lines. It would be idle to say that every requirement was met yesterday afternoon. But the performance as a whole was so correct in style, so clear in outlines and so neatly presented in matters of phrase and dynamics that it aroused the audience to real enthusiasm.

The manner of Mr. Walter in conducting this number was remarkable for its repose and continence. The music lover who observed him in this and in no other composition would be likely to believe that he was the least picturesque conductor this public had ever seen, and that there could be nothing in his methods to excite the

Bruno Walter Conducts Again.

Bruno Walter, the distinguished German conductor, who directed a pair of the New York Symphony Orchestra's concerts last week, appeared again to conduct that orchestra for the last time yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. He deepened on this occasion the interest that his work aroused last week. His program for this concert was still less than that of last week a "guest" conductor's program, chosen for the purpose of making easy orchestral effects and displaying "strong points." No conductor whose mind was turned in that direction would, it may be supposed, choose a symphony of Schumann's, as he chose the first in B flat, called the "Spring" symphony. Nor would he choose the long and, to many modern ears, far from exciting Haffner serenade of Mozart. These, with Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," made up his list.

As was remarked at his previous appearances here, Mr. Walter's conducting is entirely for the orchestra and not at all for the public. His methods are not sensational or even picturesque. But it is evident that he is one with authority, with knowledge of orchestral technique and well acquainted with symphonic literature, even though much of his reputation has been won as a dramatic conductor.

Mr. Walter presented a beautiful performance of a symphony by Mozart last week. The Haffner "Serenade" that he played yesterday is more than a symphony in its extent, with its seven movements, even then two of its three minuets being omitted. This was likewise a beautiful performance, exquisitely finished in detail and of such beauty of color and vitality of spirit as to rejoice the listener's soul and to let no uneasy feeling of length or superfluity intrude itself. It was the realization of the essential Mozart and was so felt by the audience, which was emphatic in its applause.

The playing of Mendelssohn's overture had a similar finish and brilliancy, together with a high-spirited animation. In Schumann's symphony Mr. Walter did what could be done to hide the poverty of the instrumentation, which is more and more lamentably exposed at every performance; and because of it, more doubtless than from any other reason, the performances are becoming really rare at the present time. Would it help this symphony if somebody of skill and judgment, and as much reverence as may be, should take it in hand and reorchestrate it, as Frederick Stock of the Chicago Orchestra has reorchestrated the master's "Rhenish" symphony? Would such a procedure, such a transfusion of blood, prolong its life? Has Mr. Stock's injection done anything for the Rhenish symphony? We should like to know, and to have an opportunity to judge.

At all events, Mr. Walter played this "Spring" symphony with the buoyant spirit and the elastic rhythm that are of its essence, with splendid vigor and with an evident sharing of its romantic warmth of feeling. And in the "Meistersinger" overture he gave what was no more nor less than the spirit of the music without search for anything unknown or unsuspected. It was fine, sonorous, clear and convincing. Mr. Walter was much rewarded by applause for this as well as for the other numbers of the program.

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Thank heaven, we are not an orchestral conductor! As the audience was filing out of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, after what had seemed to us one of the most interesting Philharmonic concerts of the season, we overheard an indignant-looking citizen, with "old subscriber" written all over him, remark, "Well, if it hadn't been for the Chalkovsky there wouldn't have been a thing worth hearing!"

Which explains much. The usual Philharmonic program may not reflect Mr. Mengelberg's own predilections at all. As a rule, the Philharmonic list patterns pretty closely after the old bridal formula: "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue"—that is, a Beethoven symphony, a fresh bit of Kapellmeistermusik, American or European, a set of Reger variations on somebody else's theme, and the funeral march from "Goetterdaemmerung."

Yesterday, though, Mr. Mengelberg changed all that. He played nothing that was new, to be sure; but what he did play was so well chosen and arranged that the list was as arresting as a whole deskful of novelties. It was a fine piece of program making.

He began with Beethoven's Coriolanus overture, which he gave a glowing and nobly proportioned performance. In the routine order of things he should have followed this with a symphony. Instead, he offered Rubin Goldmark's "Requiem," suggested by Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

The war, of course, had been after a second hearing. The solemn trumpet calls at the beginning, the plangent theme for strings that ushered in the second section, the major theme of the third, the always authoritative and frequently powerful handling of the orchestra throughout—these are notable details of a work that, despite a certain weakening of grasp toward the close, has dignity and impressiveness. It is not so great as Lincoln's speech, for it has not the epic simplicity of those unforgettable words; but it is not unworthy of them. Mr. Goldmark was present and bowed his acknowledgments of applause that evidence a genuine response to his music.

There was no soloist, his or her place being taken by Chalkovsky's serenade for string orchestra. Chalkovsky wrote it the same year, 1880, that he wrote the "1812" overture, and he confided to his patroness, Nadeida von Meek, that he thought the overture had "no great artistic value," and the serenade had—an opinion with which one is inclined to agree; for the serenade, for all its lack of pretensions, is worth three of the noisy and perfunctory "1812."

It begins with a sonatina that makes Mascagni's famous intermezzo sound suspiciously reminiscent, continues

with an adorable little waltz that is a triumph of string writing, goes in to an elegy that contains the germ of the 5-4 movement of the "Fatic-tique," and ends with a rollicking folk dance. M. Mengelberg's men played it brilliantly, to the enormous satisfaction of the audience.

Last came Ravel's cryptic and choreographic poem, "La Valse," with its ironic combination of Johann Strauss and Dante's Inferno. Mr. Mengelberg conducted it luzzlingly, investing the waltz tunes with a Viennese allure that even Victor Herbert might envy.

City Symphony Program Earns Merited Applause

Mozart and Saint-Saens Among Composers Represented at Popular Concert

Mozart's G minor symphony and the Saint Saens A minor violoncello concerto were the principal numbers offered by the City Symphony Orchestra at its usual Sunday afternoon "popular" concert yesterday at the Century Theater. The symphony had been played twice by the orchestra during the past week, and now was played much as on those occasions, without any particular outstanding merits or flagrant defects. There seemed, however, an undue heaviness in the andante and one or two sour horn notes in the third movement. Mr. Foch did his best to play the symphony through without pauses, but late-comers finally succeeded in reaching their seats during the third movement.

Gdal Salesski, one of the orchestra's cellists, was the soloist in the Saint Saens concerto, which had been played by Cornelius Van Vliet and the Philharmonic a week before. His volume of tone seem restricted at first, but

warmed and broadened later on, though there was some drouth in athletic passages. For the second part of the concert there were Liadoff's Russian folk tunes, short pieces of varying length and mood—and here for a mosquito melody, which proved realistic in its melodious buzzing, even to the final slap. Glazounoff's "Stenka Razin" and the Mendelssohn Wedding March were the other numbers heard by a very fair-sized audience.

Interest of that large number which has to see as well as to hear. But with the entrance of the Mendelssohn overture there was a perfectly natural change in Mr. Walters' manner. He found in the romantic character of the Mendelssohn work and in its larger spread of orchestral tints material for a reading that evoked ways and means more like those of some familiar figures of the baton. But at the best Mr. Walter is not a conductor who relies on pictorial effects. He is a direct, magnetic and authoritative leader of musicians, and he conveys his commands to them in the shortest and simplest manner. His reading of the Mendelssohn overture was, of course, in accord with the traditions, but it laid inspiring emphasis on the ebullient passages which fill those pages not allotted entirely to the delicate fairy music.

In reading the Schumann symphony Mr. Walter advanced still further into the rich land of romanticism. Here, indeed, he let loose the full power and

richness of his orchestra and pronounced out the brilliant brass proclamation of the opening so that it assumed a noble and grandiose aspect. Throughout the symphony he showed himself to be a passionate lover of Schumann and an adequate interpreter of his message. The composition was heard with manifest delight.

MUSIC AT NEWSPAPER CLUB.

Third of a Series of Sunday Afternoon Concerts Is Held.

The third of a series of Sunday afternoon concerts was held yesterday at the Newspaper Club, in the Bush Building, West Forty-first Street. Miss Ann Robinson, well-known soprano; Miss Lynne Rothman, concert pianist, and Thorpe Bates, noted English baritone, appeared on the program.

Miss Robinson sang three groups of songs, including "Bachelors," "Chere Nuit," "A Birthday," "Rose Enslaves the Nightingale" and "Slumber Song." She was assisted at the piano by Mme. Charlier and Chovaller de Lancellotti, former impresario of the Royal Opera House, Malta. Miss Rothman played three numbers—Chopin's Barcarole, Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodic and Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor. Mr. Bates, assisted at the piano by Mme. Clara Novelle Davies, sang the Pagliacci Prologue and other numbers.

Morini Encores Modern Airs.

Erika Morini, whose maturing talent as violinist again interested a matinee audience at the Town Hall yesterday, paused between classics for a group of those rhythmic melodies of Eastern Europe, if not her native Southeast, in which her public frankly preferred to hear her, as it showed by demanding two encores. She played with Sandor Vas for her season's farewell the concerto of Mozart in A major, Tartini's "Devil's Trill" and Paganini's G-string variations, adding on later recall Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Sings Old South's Melodies.

Edna Thomas reappeared before a large audience at the Belmont Theatre last evening, singing unusual types of songs, particularly the negro spirituals. In which the audience took special interest, and of which it demanded both repetitions and additions to her list. There was sympathy and charm in the interpretation of "Jesus Walked" and "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," and of French Creole songs such as "Toucoultou" and "Al Suzette." Walter Golde played the accompaniments.

Corigliano Returns in Recital.

John Corigliano gave a violin recital in Carnegie Hall last evening, assisted by David Sapro at the piano. The program included compositions by Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Sgambati, Sarasate and Kramer, as well as arrangements by Kreisler of works by Tartini, Cartier and Rimsky-Korsakow, and a transcription of Tchaikovsky's "Danse Orientale" by Auer. Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, heard twice in one day, was played by Mr. Corigliano with musical taste and with technical ease in difficult passages. The audience made evident its enjoyment of the program.

Yesterday was another busy day for the music lover. To begin with, there

was Eva Gautier, who is an excellent artist, and noted for her clever handling of the modern French song, appearing in a recital of just such numbers at the Greenwich Village Theatre. On the program were representative works by Debussy, Ravel, Milhaud, Schoenberg and others. And then in

Grand Opera Stars in Concert.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening another fine congregation was rewarded with the appearance of an unusually large and important list of singers from the cosmopolitan east, and although there was no guest soloist, the operatic scenes and arias given, as usual, in oratorio style, won great approval from the audience. The balcony scene from "Romeo et Juliette," with Queena Mario, Henriette Wakchfeld, Armand Tokatyan and Paolo Ananian, captivated the house, and the temple scene from "Samson et Dalila," with Matzenauer, Taucher and Burke, enhanced the operatic importance of the concert. Laura Robertson, Charlotte Ryan, Myrtle Schaaf, Orville Harrold, Milla Pisco, Adamo Didur and the golden-voiced Jose Mardones, also contributed generously to the success of the evening.

The entire chorus and orchestra of the Metropolitan, Giuseppe Bamboschek conducting, completed the full measure of one of the best Sunday night opera concerts of the season.

Estelle Laiken Sings.

Estelle Laiken, assisted by Lazar Elkind, cellist, sang a list of charming songs at Town Hall in the evening. Her program included Mozart and Beethoven arias, numbers by Grieg, Brahms, Benberg, Weckerlin and other solos, and Nevin's "One Spring Morning," finely sung with cello obbligato. Mr. Elkind played well in numbers by Saint-Saens, Bach, Glazounow and Brahms.

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Galli-Curci Sings

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's thoroughly Italianized version of Sir Walter Scott's tale of Scotland, was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. It was a gala performance in a certain sense because the cast was one of those which enthusiasts are fond of describing as "all star." Indeed, the Metropolitan could not produce a cast of more brilliant character. There were Mme. Galli-Curci as the unfortunate Lucia, who was propelled into marriage with a man of no importance to her and who therefore eliminated him with a dagger as soon as he became her husband; Beniamino Gigli as Edgar of Ravenswood, the chosen lover who erroneously went away from there and neglected to return till just in time to sing in the famous sextet; Giuseppe de Luca as Henry Ashton, the hard hearted brother who would not let his sister marry the man of her choice, and Leon Rothier as Raimond, who told all the hard luck stories in a deep bass voice.

There was also Angelo Bada as Arthur, the unfortunate young man who was married to Miss Lucy only to have a knife thrust between his ribs when he was looking for nuptial bliss. The whole performance moved with smoothness and assurance under the rigid baton of Gennaro Papi, who conducted. Mme. Galli-Curci was in good voice and sang all the music of Lucia with her accustomed fluency and her general air of contentment. To violent emotions she is inimical. However, there is no need of them in Donizetti's opera. The heroine goes made in a very decorous manner.

Mr. Gigli, too, was in a good voice and the beauty of his singing was evidently a source of great enjoyment to the large audience. Mr. de Luca is always excellent as Ashton, and last evening he was quite up to his usual standard. On the whole it was a very pleasant evening at the Metropolitan.

Miss Browne's Recital.

Miss Mary Browne, mezzo-soprano, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The signer, who was not known to local music lovers, had artistic ambitions of the highest order and the courage to try to gratify them. This was clearly proved by the nature of her program, which called not only for a vocal equipment of high order, but also for interpretative ability of the first rank. Programs of this kind are abundant. Few singers prepare programs which are in themselves confessions of weakness.

Miss Browne had some reasons for hoping that she might achieve a perceptible amount of success with her

recital. Her voice proved to be one of agreeable quality, but hardly powerful or resonant enough to convey its message to all parts of Aeolian Hall. The lowest tones, too, were decidedly deficient in resonance and were very unsteady. The singer also showed a want of breath control, though this may have been due to nervousness. But it interfered with her phrasing and made it impossible for her to put force or impressiveness into such lines as "Du bist die Hexe Lorelei" in "Waldesgesprach."

On the other hand there was no mistaking the sincerity of the singer's methods nor her taste. She seemed to treat every song with understanding and with a feeling for its musical quality. The accompaniments were well played by Carl Deis.

CONCERT IN ASTOR HOME.

Benefit for MacDowell Foundation in New Hampshire.

There was a concert yesterday in the ball room of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor's house at 840 Fifth avenue for the benefit of the MacDowell Artist Colony, founded at Peterboro, N. H., for workers in the seven arts.

The artists included Edward Johnson, tenor, of the Metropolitan, through the courtesy of Mr. Gatti Casazza, Mlle Zelina de Maclot, dramatic soprano and Max Pollnik, violinist, who substituted for Miss Ruth Deyo, pianist, who was ill. The accompanists were Rex Tillson and Ellmer Zoller.

Mlle de Maclot sang an aria from Verdi's "Il Trovatore." MacDowell's "Wild Rose," also songs by Cimara, Gabriel Grovéley, Jean Binet, Cyril Scott and J. Padilla, and with Mr. Johnson the duo from the first act of Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Johnson sang the recitative and aria from the first act of Giordani's "Andra, Chenier." MacDowell's "The Swan Bent Low to the Lily," also songs by Alexander Russell and Roger Quilter. Mr. Pollnik who was educated by the MacDowell Foundation, played concert.

GANNA WALSKA IN CONCERT.

Opens Tour at Elmira and Will Continue It in the West.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 19. — Mme. Ganna Walska, wife of Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, appeared for the first time upon the American concert stage here tonight, and for the first time since her marriage to the Chicago manufacturer, Walska is opening a tour which takes her on Wednesday to Detroit an dlater across the Continent to sing in several coast cities, thence back to Chicago.

The Polish beauty, freed from the threat of an injunction sought by Mme. Mellus of New York, Ganna's songbird rival, was in happy mood and sang a difficult program. The injunction would have deprived Walska of her manager, Jules Dalber, who, however, was with her. The legal proceedings have been discontinued.

Mme. Walska appeared in historic Park Church. She was gorgeously attired and wore in addition to other jewels, a rope of pearls, the gift of Mr. McCormick.

Mme. Walska stated that pressure of business prevents her husband being with her until she goes farther West in her tour. She plans to sing in Chicago on her return from the West coast, and proceeds from concerts are to be devoted, she said, to the promotion of grand opera and concert singing in Paris, in the theatre she recently purchased.

MANHATTAN THROGGED FOR 'MEISTERSINGER'

Without warning save for such explanations as followed the Manhattan's first "broadcasting" of an opera here two nights previously, the former Hammerstein Theatre in Thirty-fourth Street was besieged by opera-goers all day yesterday and its lobbies were the scene of a wild but friendly "riot" last night when the Wagnerian Opera Festival began its second week with a packed house for "Die Meistersinger." At first the management was at a loss to account for the crowd, some hundreds of whom had to be turned away for lack of either seats or standing room.

Then it was suggested that the wide public interest had resulted from Saturday's experiment, when a performance of "The Flying Dutchman" had been sent by radio over a city and suburban population of millions, from the Westinghouse plant at Newark, N. J., the music having been conveyed to that place on a single wire secretly installed in the Manhattan stage by the Postal Telegraph Company. Influential members of the Metropolitan directorate had likewise heard it and there were those who said the result might change the policy of the older Broadway house, which hitherto had barred the broadcasting of opera by radio.

"Die Meistersinger" was sung for the third time at Manhattan. Mr. Lattermann as Sachs and Miss Roessler as Eva reappearing, as they had at Saturday's matinee, while other singers were those who had opened the German series last week. Eugen Gottlieb conducted. Leo Blech will lead the first "Walkure," starting at 7 tonight.

CITY TEACHERS HEAR FOCH.

1,000 Among Crowded House That Greets City Symphony.

A thousand New York school teachers were among the audience that filled all of Carnegie Hall last evening at a concert of the City Symphony Orchestra, which is repeating its program also at the Town Hall today. Bruckner's "Romantic" symphony was to have been played on both occasions, but an official note said the orchestral parts had not come from Europe in time for these representations of a composer whom the Wagnerians once made their champion against Brahms.

Mr. Foch's interest in the more rarely heard Bruckner may gain his work its hearing later. In its place the Dutch conductor gave last night the fourth symphony of Schumann, which follows in numbered order the "Rhenish," of

late years rescored by Fred Stock, but which in actual composition came at once after Schumann's "Spring" symphony, played here Sunday by Bruno Walter.

"Schumann week" thus took on proportions both unexpected and unexampled in recent concert rivalry, that has searched forgotten classics to gain fresh variety. Bronislaw Huberman was a much applauded soloist in Beethoven's violin concert, and Mr. Foch added Sibelius's "Valse Triste," Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile" and Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

New York Trio Warmly Greeted.

The New York Trio gave a concert in Aeolian Hall last evening before an audience of good size, which responded warmly to the two compositions played. Beethoven's trio in B flat gave each of the members of the organization abundant material to demonstrate individual accomplishments as musicians as well as a smoothness of ensemble playing which evidenced much practise together. Schumann's trio in D minor was interpreted with well-chosen highlights and effective unison. Clarence Adler, pianist; Scipione Guidi, violin, and Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist, were the players of the group.

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'Walkure' Sung

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's editions.)

Three characters, noble in conception, adequate in expression, sincere, admirable, convincing, compelling, helped to make memorable the greater part of the representation of "Die Walkure" at the Manhattan Opera House last night. They were the embodiments of Fricka by Otilie Metzger, Sieglinde by Elsa von der Osten and Volan by Friedrich Schorr. It would be agreeable, and no doubt in consonance with the judgment of a large portion of the audience, to include also the Sigmund of Jacques Urlus, the Brunnhilde of Elsa Alsen and the Hunding of Ernst Lehmann, but against each of these a fundamental weakness can be urged which prevented them from reaching that heroic plane upon which their companions moved.

It is nothing to the disadvantage of Mr. Urlus that his was a familiar impersonation, which, if it seemed to gain in value because of surrounding circumstances, did so chiefly in the minds of those who are disposed to credit peculiar virtues to things which are recently come out of Germany. Its drawback was that which has been detrimental to the majority of singers in the rôle who have appeared in New York during the last generation. Tenors, as a rule, are sentimentalists in song and conventional as actors. An old stage manager once remarked to us that in the place of torment to which he would be consigned after death his punishment would consist in being doomed to try to make tenors act. Something more than physical stature, something more, too, than a voice vibrant and powerful, there must be in his detachment, his voicing something at least a little suggestive of the superman. He may not have the gleaming eye characteristic of the race, which once looked out from under Nicomachus's shaggy eyebrows, but his pathos must be that of one of a godlike race, not that of a weakling, shaken by fear or under the domination of a more ennobling passion. A Sigmund must not wobble.

Neither may a Hunding. It is strange that we have never yet seen an artist in the character who could conceive that many attributes ought to, or at least might, be assigned to him. Sinister he must be and gloomy—Wagner has amply cared for that—but he may still be steady and straightforward of utterance. If he followed the custom of the period (or one which endured down to historic times) in taking a woman to wife against her will, he at least observed the sacred obligation of hospitality toward his unwelcome guest for the space of a night, and he was but exercising his privilege and enforcing the prerogative of Fricka when he attempted to kill the enemy of his race or tribe or clan or gens next morning.

At any rate there is no reason why his deep voice should always tremble like a reed shaken by the wind.

What Brunnhilde's voice and style should be have been illustrated many times in the past better than they were last night, though there was much that was excellent in purpose and effort in Miss Alsen's impersonation. Those who exemplified Wagner's art in manner so admirable that their collaboration made the evening notable were the three artists whom we named at the outset. There were some notably good features, also, in Mr. Blech's

with an elegant, but it is improving in precision, quality of tone and responsiveness from day to day.

Of the greater intelligence in the management of the stage which we have supposed we were justified in expecting we saw nothing more than the cloud effects which are reiterated so often that they threaten to become a blemish. Cloud pictures do not react themselves in nature, and we could dispense with some of them, especially when they do nothing toward reflecting the character of the scene. Scenery is not the prevailing mood of the second act of the drama. If it is absurd that the side of Hunding's hut should come down like a rug from a wash line at the Metropolitan Opera House, it is none the less so to see the side of a timbered house disappear as if by magic at a Wagnerian Festival in the Manhattan Opera House in order to give Siegmund a poetic simile for his love song. Why something less absurd should not be made out of the combat between Siegmund and Hunding than is habitually done is, a Lord Dunsyre used to say, "one of those things no fellow can ever find."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Wagner's "Die Walkure."

DIE WALKURE, music drama in three acts, by Richard Wagner.

CAST:

Sigmund Jacques Urlus
Hunding Ernst Lehmann
Wotan Friedrich Schorr
Sieglinde Elsa von der Osten
Brunnhilde Elsa Alsen
Fricka Otilie Metzger
Gerhilde Lotte Appel
Orlinda Erna Ohlsen
Waltraute Jessyka Koetrick
Schwertleite Emma Basch
Helmwige Editha Fleischer
Siegfrune Hede Mox
Grimgerde Dorothy Hoff
Ross welse Martha Lichteifeld
Conductor,	Leo Blech.

The German Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House last evening presented for the first time Wagner's music drama "Die Walkure." There was a large audience present that applauded enthusiastically at each fall of the curtain. "Die Walkure" is the most familiar as it is one of the most popular of the trilogy of the "Ring of the Nibelung," and was the first of those music dramas to be heard in New York nearly half a century ago, as it was the first to be restored to the stage in New York after the end of the war.

The performance last evening was one of the better ones of the German company. It made no revelation to New York, either in its general atmosphere, in its scenic effects, in the singing and acting of the several characters or in the playing of the orchestra. Those who have followed the performances of this company have learned not to expect much in the last named feature of them. Mr. Blech, who conducted last evening, had apparently put something of the fear of God into his players, and obtained results from them that were in general better than some that have been heard hitherto in this series; yet there were minor catastrophes from time to time. Mr. Blech once more showed his power and authority as a conductor, his entire familiarity with the score and his ability to carry on a performance of dramatic movement and varied shades of expression, sometimes under difficulties.

The chief singers were of a high degree of competence. Mme. Von der Osten as Sieglinde showed again a voice that has sometimes a certain roughness and evidences of wear, but at the same time great power and one that lent itself to dramatic utterance with unusual effect. Her dramatic skill and intelligence were a potent element in the first two acts of the drama.

Mme. Elsa Alsen seemed better cast as Brunnhilde than she has in some of the other parts in which she has appeared here. She sang the Valkyrie's cry without distressful effort; her announcement to Siegfried of his impending death was effectively delivered; and there was at least a suggestion of the aerial splendor of Motan's daughter in her presence.

Mr. Urlus as Sigmund presented a performance that some will remember. His singing was intelligent in its modulations of power and in its phrasing especially in the more lyric passages and the voice had not a little richness and quality, except upon certain vowel sounds, which invariably tightened it to a disagreeable throatiness. Mr. Urlus' acting was notably effective at most of the crucial points.

So was that of Mr. Schorr, who has previously shown both voice and dramatic skill. He gave a fine representation of Siegfried in distress, foreseeing the end. One of the best impersonations was that of Fricka by Mme. Otilie Metzger, a thankless part in general, but given distinction by both her acting and her admirable singing.

The mounting of the piece was more a revelation to New York than the performance. The abode of Hunding had the familiar barbaric architecture the door swung open, properly when "Kerncr ging, doch einer kam," with out a fall of the whole side of the house. But the sword in the tree trunk was illuminated by a shot of light from the wings, instead of by the flickering fire on the hearth, in a manner too well known. The rocky mountain too was well enough depicted, and there was an endless panorama of spectacular successful clouds. There was little mystery connected with Siegmund's fight and the apparition of the god in its climax.

Alfredo Casella, the Italian pianist and futurist composer, appeared for the first time this season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall as a pianist, keeping Casella the composer in the background. However, widely he departs from accepted principles of beauty in his compositions, he adheres to them strictly in his piano playing. He is a pianist of great charm and fine instinct. His technique is delightfully clear and finished, his tone delicately colored and his tonal and dynamic effects accurately calculated and balanced.

His program itself had something of this fine quality. Haydn's theme and variations, two pieces by Scarlatti—wonderful to relate, they were edited neither by Tausig nor Von Bulow, but apparently chosen by Casella—and Mozart's sonata in A with the Turkish march seem specially grateful to Mr. Casella's style and he played them with a delightful grace, brilliancy and crispness, especially the scintillating pieces by Scarlatti, the first one with its delicate suggestions of horns from elfland.

Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Choral and Fugue" received an interpretation that was full of life and spirit, if not of rich color and heavy fragrance; and one that was beautifully articulated in the fugue. Mr. Casella played two pieces of the "Modernistic" tendency: "The Cypress Grove" by Castelnuovo-Tedesco, in which something was made of apparently unpromising elements, and Stravinsky's "Piano Rag Music," not very clever and inferior to the American commercial product; Ravel's tartly harmonized "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" and Debussy's "Prelude Sarabande and Toccata."

Ethel Leginska Plays.

Ethel Leginska, pianist, played to a large and responsive audience in Carnegie Hall last evening. Her program included a group by Beethoven, Chopin and Bach, which she played with good technique and some individuality of interpretation, and four pieces of her own, including the "Cradle Song," which was well received. She also included added works of Ravel, Lord Berners, Goossens and Liszt.

Paderewski to Receive Degree.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 20.—The degree of doctor of laws will be conferred on Ignace Jan Paderewski, musician and statesman, by the University of Southern California here Thursday, in connection with exercises in observance of Washington's Birthday.

Philharmonic Plays

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society gave the second of its series of "educational" concerts last evening in Carnegie Hall. The title "educational" is perhaps not happily chosen, since it can hardly be expected that people who are not interested in good music will be persuaded to listen to it merely because it is offered to them at low prices. The fact is that much good music can be heard inexpensively in the various concert plans now before the public, not to mention the attractive programs presented very well by the orchestras at the leading picture houses.

What seems more to the point is that these Philharmonic concerts provide special opportunities to students and teachers, who can hear programs of the same kind as the subscription audiences enjoy and at a much lower cost. These special concerts are in every respect, except the presence of distinguished soloists, the same as those given on Thursday evenings and Friday afternoons. They are made possible by the existence of a subsidy to pay the necessary expenses, which are greatly lessened by the generosity of the eminent conductor, William Mengelberg, in giving his services without a fee.

The program was that which will be repeated at the subscription concert of to-morrow afternoon, and might have been regarded as a public rehearsal of the old fashioned kind. It was a delightful program, embracing not only the novelty to be given this evening and to-morrow, namely, Schreker's chamber symphony, but also important music by Schumann, Tschalkowsky and Berlioz.

Schreker's chamber symphony was composed for the jubilee of the staff of the Vienna Academy in December, 1916. It is written for "seven wind instruments, eleven strings, harp, celesta, harmonium, piano, tympani and percussion." But as at present constituted the work demands an even more formidable array of instrumental forces. The entire body of Philharmonic strings was used last evening.

The "Kammersymphonie" is in one movement, though of course with the customary succession of contrasting sections. There is a slow introduction followed by a rather strenuous allegro. There is also an adagio, and this is

succeeded by a scherzo. The subject of the adagio furnishes the material with which the work is brought to a close.

The best portions of the work are those which develop in and from the adagio, not because the composer here finds any large or fecund idea, but because here his instrumental forces

have opportunity for extended melodic phraseology with rich sonority. The other parts of the composition give the impression of spasmodic effort. The phrases are broken and disjointed, the instrumental voicing often unhappy and the whole utterance ejaculatory. Once again a composer who assuredly has a talent misses fire because he palpably labors to grasp an originality which does not come of its own accord. The work was well played and Mr. Mengelberg, as usual, showed intimate knowledge of the content of the music before him.

HOLLMANN-BILOTTI PROGRAM.

Play Sonata by Saint-Saens Heard First Time Here.

Joseph Hollmann, cellist, and Anton Bilotti, pianist, gave a joint sonata recital at the Town Hall Tuesday evening. The program contained an item of especial interest, a sonata (No. 2, op. 123), by Camille Saint-Saens, performed in America for the first time. This work was played in France a great many times from manuscript by Mr. Hollmann and the venerable composer for the benefit of wounded French soldiers. Mr. Hollmann, after hearing Mr. Bilotti, selected this young artist to play the piano part.

The sonata is in one of Saint-Saens's happiest moods. The composition fairly bubbles with capricious melodies of somewhat varying interest, and the lyric themes are decorated and embellished with a wealth of variations. A good deal of the melodic outline is borne by the piano. The sonata is in four movements, maestoso, largamente, scherzo con variations, romanza and allegro.

Mr. Hollmann gave a careful and illuminating reading of the new offering, playing with clarity and vigor. Mr. Bilotti's art again revealed a sparkling touch with a sensitive regard for the musical qualities of his subject. The program was one admirably adapted to his consummate finger technique and true musicianship. The two artists also played the Mendelssohn sonata in D major, and the sonata in D major by Anton Rubinstein. The recital was one which displayed a great deal of sympathy and accord between the two artists and the results were naturally enjoyable.

Rival Tannhausers

Any one anxious to hear "Tannhäuser" had ample opportunity to gratify his desire last night. It was the third "Tannhäuser" of the season at the Metropolitan, while the German singers of the Wagnerian Festival were giving their second performance of the same work at the Manhattan. There were, however, quite enough lovers of the opera to go around, as both houses had full-sized audiences.

There were various differences between "Tannhäuser" in the presumably "echt deutsch" rendering at the Manhattan and the somewhat more elaborate performance further north. The Metropolitan, as before, used the Paris version of 1861, with its overture sliding into the prolonged Bacchanale, while Mr. Blech, following the older version, brought his overture to its familiar close (with much applause). Then, after a few paces by a few nymphs, Tannhäuser began his plea to leave the Venusberg forthwith. So, while the Manhattan performance began some eight minutes sooner, Tannhäuser emerged before the Wartburg some twenty minutes before his Metropolitan counterpart. The difference of time was lessened in the next act, Mr. Blech leading a finger contest of song. The total length of the two performances was about the same, perhaps a little longer at the Metropolitan.

For smoothness of ensemble and quality of performance by orchestra and chorus, the palm was the Metropolitan's. Venus had a vaster grotto at the Metropolitan, with a somewhat mysterious, purplish haze. The two Wartburg scenes were much alike. The Metropolitan had a steeper hill, higher eminences on either side, and an extra hill in the rear, but, as before, changed the scene to some extent, especially the trees in the last act. These seemed of quite a different species. Nor should the Metropolitan's horses and barking dogs of the first act be forgotten, while the two Halls of Song were largely similar. The Metropolitan had its usual cast, with Mme. Jeritza an appealing Elizabeth, both in appearance and in voice; Mr. Taucher in fair voice as Tannhäuser, Mr. Bender smooth-voiced and dignified as the Landgrave,

Mme. Mitzenauer as Venus, while Mr. Whitehill—Wolfman, though his voice was under a certain strain, sang "Evening Star" expressively and was an attractive character.

There have been better performances than this by the German company. This was much as the first one, with Adolph Lussmann again a Tannhäuser of some vocal strength, but less smoothness. Meta Schenmeyer as Elizabeth, with a voice often pure and attractive, though not consistently so, while Mmo. Lorenz-Iloelischer was in rather uneven voice as Venus. Mr. Kipnis was an effective Landgrave, with deep, strong tones, while Benno Ziegler did well as Wolfman. Mr. Schorr's absence was to be regretted. Mr. Blech did his best with the orchestra, while the Metropolitan baton was in the hands of Mr. Rodanzky.

Philharmonic Again

The literature of orchestral music would seem to be extremely limited, to judge by the programs of the Philharmonic Society at recent concerts. Last night the instrumental tidbits from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" had their fifth performance since the advent of Mr. Mengelberg this season (counting one in Brooklyn) and this afternoon they will be repeated again.

Within a period of ten days or so the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven was played four times. Schumann's overture to "Manfred," which was played at an "educational" concert on Wednesday evening, was repeated last night, and so was Schreker's "Chamber Symphony."

These repetitions are easily justifiable; the first because of its profound and introspective beauty and the fact that it has never been permitted to become hackneyed; the second, because the composition is new and of a character not to be appreciated from a single hearing.

Of many new products from the so-called "progressists" of to-day it is easily the one which challenges the most respect for its contents, its structure, its arresting mood and its beautiful orchestration. It is novel but unique in that unlike the novelities which have come to us of late from Germany, France, Italy and even Great Britain it gives no offence to the ear while it does invite, even compel, attention for its thorough musicianship. If we could do so without disrespect or irreverence we should say of it as Beethoven said of the priestly benediction which he once begged of Abbe Stadler-Helfft's "Nix, schad's nix!" (If 'twill do no good, 'twill do no harm.) With all its complexities of orchestration and intertwined themes, it is clear and logical in structure.

It won a large measure of interest and gave a large measure of enjoyment to serious-minded cognoscenti last night and made us speculate whether it would not give a larger measure if played by the twenty-three instruments which the composer prescribed for it and in a smaller room.

Erna Rubinstein played Viouxtemps's violin concerto in D minor (which she will repeat on Sunday afternoon) in a large style (and perhaps at times too vigorous a manner) and garnered a big guerdon of applause after the fine slow movement. H. E. K.

Werrenrath and Graveure

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two barytones gave song recitals yesterday afternoon. In Carnegie Hall Reinald Werrenrath celebrated the birthday of Washington by singing to a large audience. At the same hour Louis Graveure, whose personal interest in the first President of these United States might fairly be regarded as indirect, held the attention of a goodly assemblage in Aeolian Hall. Both singers undoubtedly pleased their hearers. There could be no question about that, but it is the sort of thing that musical performers desire much to see recorded in the public prints.

An essay of considerable proportions could be written on the fact that at this day among the voices of men the barytone claims the foremost place as a musical instrument to be used in the interpretation of text. In the "golden age of bel canto" this voice was much neglected. The world prostrated itself at the feet of abnormal creatures called male sopranos, tall and often fat gentlemen who warbled with the voices of over-

grown church choir boys, and who enjoyed the ecstatic admiration of lady and the petulant detestation of lord.

But that was in a period when the interpretation of text played but a small part in the pompous, pretentious and utterly artificial lyric drama. The modern song was not yet born and the recital was yet beyond conception. When Mozart wrote "Das Veilchen" and paved the way for Schubert, vocal art was forced into the modern path. Mozart himself gave the world the first great barytone role in opera—Don Giovanni. And so, in the slow but certain process of time, the world arrived at a new conception of singing, one which substituted for the bell-ringer's beauties of the golden age the expression of human passions throughout their tremendous range. And the world has learned that the male voice which possesses the widest powers of expression is not the ringing tenor nor the profound bass, but the medium and commonest voice among men, the barytone.

That is one reason why Mr. Werrenrath and Mr. Graveure are in the forefront of recital artists. Each has a beautiful barytone voice, each has a subtle, elegant, finished and richly colored delivery, each has imagination, each has communicative power, each has command of the pronunciation of text. Mr. Werrenrath's program yesterday was liberal. It began with a bit of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and continued with a group of German lieder. There was a group of Irish and Scotch lyrics and then three numbers by Deems Taylor. The final group was made of four Kipling settings, Edward German's "Rolling Down to Rio," Oley Speaks's "Road to Mandalay," Arthur Whiting's "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and Walter Damrosch's "Danny Deever."

Mr. Graveure's list was quite differently planned, for it began with modern lieder by Schoenberg, Jarnach, Pataky, Pfitzner and Strauss. Then came what the singer designated American folk songs, which meant early California Spanish, some Creole numbers from Louisiana and a negro spiritual. Some French songs and a miscellaneous group completed a program which was admirable. But this has to be said every time Mr. Graveure gives a recital. As a program maker he has earned real distinction. His audience seemed yesterday to be hungry for more.

By Deems Taylor

LOUIS GRAVEURE.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

One felt a vague sense of—well, not loss, exactly—absence, perhaps, at Louis Graveure's song recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Something was missing, and after long pondering we realized what it was: Mr. Graveure had dared to make up a New York song recital program without including a single aria from the seventeenth or eighteenth century. It was quite the most revolutionary departure of the season—and one of the most refreshing.

He presented a list that was interesting throughout in material as well as arrangement, beginning with a group of modern German songs by Schoenberg, Jarnach, Pataky, Pfitzner and Strauss. The Schoenberg offering, "Dank," was evidently a very early work for it was well made, entirely harmless, and, it must be confessed, not particularly distinguished song such as any young composer might write who knew his Brahms and Hugo Wolf.

The Pfitzner song, "Die Stille Stadt," a lovely bit of quiet mood painting, was the best of the group, and Mr. Graveure sang it beautifully. He is at his best in mezza voce singing, which he does with consummate artistry and in which his voice loses all trace of the slight metallic tinge that sometimes shows in his fuller tones. He rather overdid the effect yesterday afternoon, however, for three mezza voce songs in a row lowered the vitality of his audience to a point from which Strauss's "O Süsser Mai" was barely able to lift it safely.

His second group, American folk-songs, included an early Spanish-Californian serenade arranged by Gertrude Ross, a new Negro spiritual, "Stay in de Field, O Warrior!" by Humphrey Mitchell, and three fascinating ballads from Louisiana, arranged by Nina Monroe and Kurt Schindler. Mr. Graveure sang the spiritual with fine zeal and tonal beauty, although his Negro dialect would have admitted him to the Harvard freshman dormitory without suspicion.

In the Louisiana songs, however, which were French rather than Negro in mood, he was delightful, particularly so in the fetching "Marianne's Loves" and a tiny lullaby concerning crocodiles' songs and other delights of infancy.

The remainder of his program comprised a French group by Debussy, Saint-Saëns, Ravel and Chausson and five songs in English that ranged from Easthope Martin's "Casey's Concertina" to Moussorgsky's "Hopak." After them the deluge of encores demanded by an appreciative audience. Arpad Sandor, a pianist new to New York, played his accompaniments with exceptional style and clarity.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

It was interesting to go back to the Metropolitan "Tannhaeuser" last night after seeing the work done by the German company at the Manhattan. Neither is the world's perfect production, but the Metropolitan version is by far the better one.

It is better because it fills the eye better, and has a singing actress of extraordinary beauty and magnetism to make the role of Elizabeth significant. And "Tannhaeuser" needs all the help it can get. Despite the famous tunes in the score—to say nothing of the bacchanale—it seems the least vital of Wagner's dramas. It is a curious jumble of good old-fashioned Meyerbeerian arias and choruses, interspersed with vocal narratives and dialogues that foreshadow "The Ring" and "Tristan." One hears the germ of the leitmotif system—but only the germ. The motives are not developed sufficiently to give the score much coherence. What there is is furnished by the frankly tuneful elements.

What makes "Tannhaeuser" important at the Metropolitan is primarily the wonderful Elizabeth of Maria Jeritza. In some ways it is one of her finest achievements, for she creates it out of such difficult material. She is confronted with a role about as exciting as Agnes in "David Copperfield"—the good girl who suffers in comparative silence—and by the virtue of beautiful and subtle acting, coupled with her heaven-sent gift of suggesting reality, makes of it a creature of passionate innocence, charm and overwhelming pathos.

Most Elizabeths one sees are too naive and too nun-like to make Tannhaeuser's love for them credible. Jeritza's is a woman, young, beautiful, and human; a woman unawakened, perhaps, but waiting eagerly, if only half consciously, for the lover whose touch shall kindle her to flame. When she stands shielding the cowering minstrel in Hall of Song, facing the angry and horrified knights, her "I loved him" has the pride and divine shame of a woman who has stripped her soul bare for love's sake.

Vocally, Mme. Jeritza is at her best in the part. She sang the sustained phrases of "Dich, Teure Halle" last night with a beauty and steadiness of tone that belied her reputed inability to sing legato successfully.

Mr. Taucher's Tannhaeuser is much the same as Mr. Lussmann's at the Manhattan—a conventional performance that is neither impressive nor very bad. Mr. Taucher made more of the role last night than he has made of Siegmund or Tristan, although his upper voice still lacked the power the role calls for. He struck some exceedingly effective poses, but spoiled them by jerky and ill-planned gestures.

Mr. Bender made the lay Herrmann surprisingly effective, and Mr. Whitehill, though he seemed vocally mis-cast, made Wolfram much more of a vital and arresting figure than he usually appears. Mr. Bodanzky conducted well.

'RHEINGOLD' SUNG AGAIN.

American Orchestra Plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" on Holiday.

With "The Star-Spangled Banner" for a holiday prelude, Wagner's "Rheingold," itself a prelude in turn to today's "Walkure," was sung a second time at the Manhattan's special matinee yesterday. The audience was large, the entire standing space crowded, while all present stood up at the first notes of the national air. The visiting German company's American orchestra has come in for hard words more than once in the two weeks, thus far, and the men evidently enjoyed their moment in the limelight and applause in honor of Washington's Birthday.

Friedrich Schorr of the German baritone, was a new Wotan in the two-hour dramatic prelude to "The Ring of the Nibelung." His voice has been much praised; it was fairly magnificent in this rich score, and its thrill was not to be explained merely by the Manhattan's magical acoustics. The modest Paul Schwarz shone again among the Norse gods as the flame-darting Loge.

Desider Zador, whose illness nearly canceled "Rheingold" last week, made his appearance as the dwarf, Alberich. It was his rôle, sung by Gustav Schuetzendorf, that had saved the show the other day through the courtesy of the Metropolitan. Mme. Metzger, this time made visible as Erda, was again among the goddesses, and Mr. Moerike conducted.

Last night "Lohengrin" was repeated, a "last time" unless the proposed fourth week shall be added to the series in March. Among the singers, Mmes. Roscler and Alsen, Messrs. Hutt and Kipnis were changes from a previous cast, as was the conductor, Mr. Gottlieb.

ITALIAN OPERAS ON HOLIDAY

'Aida,' 'Cavalleria' and 'Pagliacci' Sung at the Metropolitan.

Italy's three top favorites, a matinee "Aida" and an evening double bill of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" filled the Metropolitan to its limit yesterday, half the day and half the night, to the tune of a possible \$25,000, double capacity. In Verdi's opera appeared the Misses Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Martinelli, Danise, Rothler and Edmund Burke, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The evening brought Ponselle, Perini, Anthony, Lauri-Volpi and Picco in Mascagni's melodrama, led by Moranzoni again. Mr. Scotti sang the prologue to Leoncavallo's final thriller, with Rethberg and Salazar as its tragic protagonists and Papi at the baton.

The Metropolitan also is giving matinees in daily profusion, this afternoon's event being the season's farewell of Galli-Curci, so far as opera is concerned, and the incidental addition to her repertory of a popular rôle, Mimi, in Puccini's "La Bohème." Today's performance is a benefit for the Fifth Avenue Hospital, and a star cast includes also Chainee, De Luca and Mardones among the Bohemians.

Alfred Cortot's Composite Recital.

Alfred Cortot, the French pianist, gave a composite recital last evening at Aeolian Hall, playing or listening by turns in solo numbers, and accompanying his own solo "records" in works for two pianos or for piano with an orchestra represented by the second instrument. Here was another of those glimpses into America's "music of the future," multiplied by mechanical means, in which of late the public interest has followed that of the keen musicians themselves. Mr. Cortot's seven selections, included a Chopin polonaise, Liszt's "Campanella," Franck's larger "Symphonic Variations" and Saint-Saëns's two-piano variations on a theme of Beethoven.

Frances Nash offered a colorful

plano program, played in a fresh spontaneous way, yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Miss Nash has a way of touching up her material so that she seems to have stumbled on a novelty even if she is playing only Cesar Franck's prelude and chorale, already heard many times this season. Her performance of it had more joy than is usually read into this melodic work; she gave it a sublimated reading and left a grateful impression on the listening ears.

Later she played three Debussy numbers, rather more deft in execution than the Franck, especially the "Minstrels," which was keenly worked out and imbued with considerable sparkle. An Albeniz morsel, "El Alcaicín," a thing of sharply defined

contrasts, boiled and surged under her able fingers and brought enthusiastic applause. Miss Nash has the intelligence to construct a good program; she would have the talent and technique to make charming even a poor one.

GALLI-CURCI'S FAREWELL.

Singer Long Applauded at End of 'Bohème'—Bori in 'Anima Allegra.'

Mme. Galli-Curci's farewell in "Bohème" and Miss Bori's second appearance in the new "Anima Allegra" supplied the post-holiday doublet at the Metropolitan yesterday in the opera season's most crowded week. The matinee, a benefit for the Fifth Avenue Hospital, had one change of cast. Mr. Harold singing Rodolfo in place of Chamlee, who was ill.

Galli-Curci as Mimi added to her list on "Broadway" a light and charming part which she had sung once in the Chicago company's visits at the Lexington. At the close of the little opera the house stood long applauding her, the singer and audience waving hands and calling "Goodby."

Bori as the "happy heart" of an old Spanish home in Villadil's opera sang to another full house last evening. The cast was that of last week's premiere, and the performance again one of high spirits and humor. It was a coincidence, indeed, that brought two such gossamer lyric dramas to the same stage in one day.

Helen Teschner Tas, Violinist, Plays

Helen Teschner Tas played violin compositions by Mozart, Tartini, Bach, Saminsky, Whithorne, Pilzer, Grasse and Wieniawski last evening in Aeolian Hall. An audience of good size recalled her after each appearance. She played the frequently heard "Devil's Trill" sonata by Tartini, producing an even, warm tone through the difficult passages. Michael Rauchenstein played the accompaniments in a skillful manner and especially distinguished himself in the Mozart sonata in F major.

By Henry T. Finck

"If Richard, let it be Wagner; if Strauss, let it be Johann," used to be the slogan in Germany of those who did not like Richard Strauss. It was yesterday's slogan at the Manhattan Opera House, where Richard Wagner's "Walküre" was sung in the afternoon and Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus" in the evening.

It was the second festival performance of the "Walküre" and, under the inspiring baton of Leo Blech, it went even better than the first, thus arousing pleasant anticipations of good things to come next week when "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" will be added to the list. There was a new Wotan, Friedrich Plaschke, who seems to have the Bayreuth traditions as part of his excellent make-up; and the management further revealed its resources by having a second competent Brünnhilde in Mme. Lorentz-Hollaender and a second Fricka, Jessyka Koettrick, who has been admired in other rôles, too. Otherwise the cast was as before, and the audience again had occasion to admire the genuine "outing" atmosphere of this exhilarating opera, which will be heard again next Tuesday evening for the last time.

In the evening the merry "Fledermaus" again enchanted a large audience with its champagne-like music and amused everybody with its champagne-inspired jokes, which would make oven Anderson and Volstead laugh.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Fritz Kreisler's Recital.

Carnegie Hall was sold out a month in advance and even its stage was crowded yesterday for the third appearance there of Fritz Kreisler. He was enthusiastically greeted and applauded after each number, but he refused to play encores until he had finished the program. Then, though some of the lights were turned off after four added pieces, his hearers refused to leave their seats until he had played once more.

It was an afternoon of musical delight such as can be furnished only by a musician of the technical perfection, plastic tonal beauty and musical imagination such as this violinist possesses. One of the most interesting pieces upon the program was the "Intermezzo" from the violin concerto of Ernest Schelling, which is dedicated to Mr. Kreisler. The concerto was played here in its entirety a few years ago, but has not been heard since. Such a piece necessarily loses something by being given with a piano accompaniment; and this is especially true of the work of Mr. Schelling, who has a remarkable flair for brilliant and picturesque orchestral

writing. It is a pity that the concerto should not be heard here with the orchestral accompaniment.

The Intermezzo is a singularly beautiful movement, full of fancy and of an original melodic turn and written with great effectiveness for the instrument; not as a pianist might write for the violin. And it is needless to say that it was played by Mr. Kreisler in a way that realized its full value. Handel's sonata in D major opened the program and was followed by Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia" and shorter pieces of Saint-Saëns and Kreisler. The violinist's "Serenade du Polichinelle" had to be repeated before the audience would let him proceed. Carl Lamson's accompaniments were of their usual excellence.

Miss Novae's Chopin Recital.

Mme. Gulmar Novae had at her second recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon as large an audience as the hall would hold, an audience that found her playing absorbingly interesting. Her program was devoted entirely to the music of Chopin, music which she plays with especial charm, with something of the magical touch that summons from the music its essential spirit. The beauty and delicate color of her tone, singing quality of her melodic line, the accent, the quality of her "rubato"—perhaps a little overdone at certain points yesterday, dwelt on to the retardation of the rhythmic flow—gave her interpretation of Chopin a singular value.

Her program included the Fantasia in F minor, the Sonata in B flat minor, with the Funeral March, and a group of four preludes—three études, the Impromptu in F sharp, a mazurka and the Scherzo in C sharp.

An interesting recital, though not one of entire perfection, was Gulmar Novae's second of the season, given yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, with a program devoted entirely to Chopin. The F minor Fantasia, Op. 48, and the Sonata, Op. 35, were the principal numbers, with various Preludes and Etudes, a Mazurka and Impromptu, and the C sharp minor Scherzo to follow. It was a recital of contradictions; the Brazilian pianist played with color, copious feeling and fiery temperament; but at times it seemed overweighed. There were periods of thoroughly brilliant technique and other not without wrong notes. The first movement of the sonata had a vigorous, emotional performance; there was a certain heaviness in the middle part of the scherzo, but there was eloquence in the latter part of the funeral march, and furious speed in the finale. There was good playing and less good in the preludes, but some marked with exceptional delicacy and charm, while the closing C sharp minor Scherzo had another emotional, vigorous performance. There was a large audience to demand and receive encores.

Program Well Proportioned

The City Symphony Orchestra under Dirk Foch's leadership was heard last night at Carnegie Hall in a program nicely proportioned for freshness of melody and brilliant and animated subjects. For an opening number the imaginative charm of Weber's Overture to "Oberon" was effectively emphasized. Then the Schumann Concerto for piano in A Minor was offered, with Mme. Germaine Schnitzer as the soloist. She played with spirited and fine understanding, her skilled performance making the most of the expressive melodies and the rich harmonies in this concerto. The orchestra contributed pleasant moments in this, particularly the wood winds and certain smooth cello phrases. This seemed to touch the peak of the hearers' appreciation. The final number, Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64, was also heartily received by the large audience.

Students Give Concert

There was plenty of variety in the tenth annual students' concert of the Institute of Musical Art yesterday evening at Aeolian Hall, orchestral, instrumental and vocal. The orchestra under the baton of Frank Damrosch had plenty to do with Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." It did not play always with professional smoothness, but gave a vigorous, sonorous and generally creditable performance. It also offered Liszt's A flat major piano concerto, well played by Jenny Seldman, and part of the Lalo violoncello concerto, with Milton Prinz as soloist. The chorus of the institute was heard with the orchestra in Othello's "Abend auf Golgotha." Other soloists were Murella Cianci in the Rossini aria, "Una voce poco fa," and Jeanette Glass in Napravnik's Russian Fantasia for piano. The whole was warmly received by a capacity audience of friends and relatives.

Meanwhile a largely Spanish audience filled Town Hall to cheer a program of many kinds of music by their compatriots—dancing, guitar playing and singing by Asterio Fernandez, tenor; Felipe Muniz, baritone; Pilar Arcos and Conchita Piquer.

Save a sufficient reading with the orchestra responding admirably to every demand. The result was that a familiar and oft played symphony revealed fresh tints and heightened poignancy. The house was packed.

MISS EWELL IS "POP" SOLOIST.

Miss Lois Ewell, soprano, formerly of the Century Opera Company, was the soloist at the City Symphony's "pop" concert at the Century Theater yesterday afternoon. Miss Ewell sang Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and the aria "Vissi d'arte" from "La Tosca." Miss Ewell's voice lacked certain dramatic depths, but she sang with good intonation and much style. Both her offerings were marked by close attention to phrasing and her lyric passages contained a good deal of emotional charm. Dirk Foch, conducting the orchestra, repeated the overture to "Oberon" from a recent concert and offered Cesar Franck's symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," the ballet music from Gounod's "Faust" and Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman." The orchestra's performance was not wholly satisfactory, but it was a marked improvement over some recent concerts. The overture to "Oberon" showed the result of careful rehearsing. The strings displayed a fine quality of tone.

Mischa Elman's concert last night at the Hippodrome gave to a fairly large audience a program of dignified and interesting violin music. There was but little evidence of the inspired playing which characterized some of this artist's earlier recitals, nor did he play to an enraptured audience, the hoped for result which comes when matchless melodies are played by a virtuoso. It was, however, good violin music excellently played, with moments of nobility and none of the commonplace. His listeners warmed toward the end when a miscellaneous group of short, highly colored numbers were played. These included a charming minuet by Boccherini, arranged by Vogrich; Hungarian Dance, No. 21, by Brahms, arranged by Joachim, and the artist's own arrangement of Amani's "Orientale."

The program opened with Nardini's "Sonata in D major" and Saint-Saëns's B minor concerto. Excellent accompaniments were played by Josef Bonime.

Philharmonic

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Continued from yesterday's late editions)

As matters have been going of late there is generally only one item deserving critical attention at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. Within the last twenty-six days, including yesterday, the society has given eleven concerts in New York (counting in the Borough of Brooklyn). That is a large number, so large a number, indeed, that it must be considered along with the fact that in these eleven concerts only sixteen purely orchestral compositions have been played. It is in accordance with the policy of several decades (ever since what used to be called public rehearsals were introduced) each program has one repetition in its entirety. At the Sunday concerts schemes of a more or less popular character have been aimed at. So also at the Saturday night concerts and the brief series of so-called educational concerts. For each series, obviously, it is supposed that there is a distinct class of subscribers as well as general patrons. This it is, no doubt, which has brought it to pass that since January 31, when Mr. Menckelberg conducted for the first time this season Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, has been performed four times, the three popular instrumental excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" six times, Ravel's "La Valse" four times (it is set down for a fifth performance to-morrow evening at the Metropolitan Opera House), Schumann's overture to "Manfred" three times, the overture "Carnaval Romain" three times and Schreker's "Chamber Symphony" three times.

Numbers All Familiar

Two numbers in yesterday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall had their first performance in public within the period specified. One of them, an overture entitled "As You Like It," by Herman Hans Wetzler, was played at one of the private concerts given for the edification of the society's members week before last; the other was Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, already heard at three Philharmonic concerts before Mr. Mengelberg's last coming, at four concerts of the City Symphony Orchestra, one concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Mr. E. Enesco and one concert of the American Orchestral Society. The solo feature of the concert was Viex-tempus's violin concerto in D minor,

played by Erna Rubenstein, who had played it on Thursday last. These facts are cited not as matter of complaint—it is no concern of a newspaper reviewer how often or how seldom a composition is performed—but simply as a matter of history, and to explain how difficult it is for one who would be something else than a mere recorder of incidents to find anything interesting to say about three-fourths of the orchestra concerts which are offering to the public.

It is equally difficult to set down anything either edifying or entertaining about Mr. Wetzler's overture. Mr. Wetzler, now a conductor at the Municipal Opera in Cologne, was a resident of New York for a decade or so before he took up a residence in Germany about nineteen years ago. Within the period of his local activity we cannot recall that he made any large attempt in the field of composition. We remember that a song, "The Fairie Queen," was sung at one of his recitals by the late Mr. Bispham, and we remember also that he was a zealous musician who tried hard to establish himself here as a conductor of orchestral concerts, reaching the climax of that endeavor at the Richard Strauss Festival of 1904. His overture seemed extremely platitudinous, with nothing in its contents to suggest Shakespeare's comedy, unless it was the first section, which a benevolent imagination might associate with the forest of Arden and its denizens. The succeeding section, though seasoned with the musical effect of glissandos on the xylophone, left us in the dark touching its purpose, nor could we find anything in it in the way of invention of theme, development or orchestration to justify its inclusion in a Philharmonic program.

Rising in Russian Program

As an interpreter of Russian songs by pose, gesture, facial expression and diction Mr. Vladimir Rosing interested an audience at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. His manner was that of a Chaliapin with a tenor voice, trained to dramatic expression, rather than to charm, in the sense that that element is supposed to enter lyricism. His manner was imbued with what was no doubt racial characteristics, which made rather sad work of songs in all other genres. Schumann would have been put to it to recognize his "Two Grenadiers," which has been dreadfully maltreated by the Russian adapter, and Durante would have stood in amazement had he heard such sounds as were supposed to give utterance to his "Danza Fanciulla."

Still he tore nothing so completely to tatters as Mr. Emile Rousseau did "Ridi Pagliaccio" at his first appearance among the singers at the Sunday night concert in the Metropolitan Opera House. Where Caruso was wont to pour out tears by the bucketfuls Mr. Rousseau called for real tubs. The other singers were Rosa Ponselle, Grace Anthony, Cecil Arden, Orville Harold and Jose Mardones. The outside attraction was Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch, who played Tchaikovsky's pianoforte concerto in B flat minor and a group of short solos.

Six Metropolitan Stars

The Sunday night opera concert at the Metropolitan offered Benno Moiseiwitsch, pianist, as the guest artist. Rose Ponselle, Mario Chamlee, Grace Anthony, Cecil Arden, Jose Mardones and Emile Rousseau of the Gatti cast were the singers, and the entire Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, conducted most ably by Paul Eisler, was in great form. A notable and most enjoyable feature of the program was the lovely "Carnaval Suite" by Paul Tietjens, an orchestral work of the first importance by the gifted young American composer, which has become a favorite program number with many of the foremost symphonic conductors of this country.

The vocal high spots of the Metropolitan concert were Miss Ponselle's singing of "Tu che la vaita," from "Don Carlos," and Mr. Chamlee's gorgeous intonation of "Recondita armonia," from "Tosca." Jose Mardones sang Verdi's "O tu Palermo," from "I Vespri Siciliani," in his usual style and power, and there were moments of splendid song by Grace Anthony, Cecil Arden, Emile Rousseau and the others. Mr. Moiseiwitsch gave a scholarly playing to Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto for piano with orchestra, and the audience liked him even better in piano solo by Schubert-Liszt, Chopin and Liszt.

Feb 27 1923

By Deems Taylor

AT THE MANHATTAN.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Siegfried," music drama in three acts, book and music by Richard Wagner. Part III of the "Der Ring des Nibelungen" cycle. Sung in German. "Eduard Moerike conducting."

THE CAST.

Siegfried Adolph Lussmann
Mime Paul Schwarz
The Wanderer (Wotan) Theodor Lattermann
Aberich Peter Hegar

Erda Otilie Metzger
Bruennhilde Eva von der Osten
The Bird Editha Fleischer

It is not easy to give a great, or even a very good, performance of "Siegfried," for at least five of its eight characters must be played by artists of exceptional ability. But it did seem as if the German opera company had gone a bit out of its way to make sure that yesterday afternoon's performance would be mediocre. Whoever arranges the playing schedule for the company had conceived the bright idea of beginning the evening "Ring" cycle yesterday, so that the best singers in the organization had to be saved for last night's "Rheingold," while "Siegfried," far more difficult, had to be turned over, in the main, to the second-string members.

Mr. Lussmann sang the notes steadily and with fair correctness, but succeeded otherwise merely in giving an impersonation of a well nourished tenor giving an absent-minded performance of a role with which he was unfamiliar. His Siegfried lacked vigor and buoyancy and spontaneity and grace. His gestures, instead of seeming to inspire the music—as they do in any good performance—were generally accompanied by a start of recollection, and came half a beat too late.

Mr. Lattermann was no better historically and much worse vocally. His conception of impersonating the Wanderer seemed to be to stand stock still and yell—a plan that had the virtue of simplicity but was not otherwise impressive, particularly as he was below the pitch most of the afternoon.

Mr. Hegar's Alberich was fair and Mr. Schwarz's Mime was excellent in the first act. In the forest scene, however, he spoiled his impersonation by playing almost exclusively to the audience and the prompter. Mme. Von der Osten's Bruennhilde was a good, routine accomplishment as far as concerned her acting, but her voice sounded tired.

The best performances were given by Otilie Metzger, who sang Erda with good tone and impressive breadth of style, and by Mr. Moerike, who, after a sluggish first act, conducted the latter half of the drama with fine vigor and orchestral sonority.

The production was in the Wagnerian tradition—that is, the scenery and lights were handled in accordance with the stage technique of 1870. The second and third act sets were impressive only until the lights went up. However, the avill fell apart with gratifying promptness in the forge scene—which was something.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The afternoon performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at the Manhattan Opera House advanced as far yesterday as "Siegfried," the evening cycle being two laps behind, or just starting with "Das Rheingold." The immortal drama of the world's youth, the ebullient scherzo of the tetralogy, was presented for the first time at the matinee and was undoubtedly enjoyed by a fair sized audience. It was a performance filled to the brim with honorable intentions, but there was always something missing and that element was the throbbing spirit of the spring time of life and the dawn of love.

Indeed in most of the second act the representation seemed to be "sickled over with the pale cast of thought," and it was not till the revelations of the "vogel als prophet" (piquantly out of tune) that there seemed to come for a moment something into the atmosphere that carried with it a thrill of expectation. But that was to be credited rather to Wagner and his incomparable climax than to the interpretation. There is passionate need of enthusiasm throughout "Siegfried," and not even the swapping of tiresome conundrums by Mime and the Wanderer, the mumblings of the sleepy Fafner lying on his hoard nor the futile interrogation of Erda by the helpless father of the Walhalla brood can suppress it.

Perhaps the secret of the heaviness of yesterday's performance, which was

generally correct and in some particulars excellent, was due to the somewhat sluggish impersonation of

the young Volsung by Adolph Lussmann. His voice proved to be well suited to the music and he sang some portions of it with beauty of tone and good phrasing. But not even in the riotous moments of the forging of the sword did he rise above the level of a commendably workmanlike delivery and action.

There was an admirable Mime in Paul Schwartz. This artist sang the music and pronounced the text with much skill and his publication of the character of the crafty but short sighted Nibelung was most praiseworthy. It cannot be said that it merited the Alberich of Peter Hegar, bore any family resemblance to his brother. Theodor Lattermann emitted all the remarks of the Wanderer in stentorian tones, very few of which wandered in the direction of the key.

Mme. Eva von der Osten and Mme. Otilie Metzger were admirable as Bruennhilde and Erda, but Miss Editha Fleischer was surely not just the kind of a Forest Bird that Wagner had in mind. Eduard Moerike conducted, and to him must go a large share of the honors of the afternoon. He at least did all that he could to keep the performance moving with some life and color.

The mounting of the work was of the type which the performances of the company have made familiar. There was nothing important about it, nothing of distinction. It was merely the kind of scenic garb one would expect to find accompanying the travel of a peripatetic Wagner theatre. There was some judgment shown in the management of the lighting effects. But on the whole the predictions as to what these visitors would show us about staging were apparently a trifle overdrawn.

'Die Tote Stadt' Also II Final Hearing of the Winter at Metropolitan.

Erich Korngold's opera "Die Tote Stadt" had its final performance the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Mme. Marjorie Jeritz made her last appearance in the regular series of performances, though she will be heard and seen in the Alexandrian siren in Massenet's "Thais" to-morrow afternoon, when special matinee will be given. Immediately after this Mme. Jeritz will on a concert tour and gratify the curiosity of other cities. When she turns from the tour she will journey back to Vienna.

It was evident that the large audience which assembled was much interested in the impersonation which introduced the now popular singer to the local public. As Marietta, dream wife of the bereaved Paul, she first disclosed her vivacity and theatrical gifts, and in this role she has always had the advantage of vying no comparisons. These were undoubtedly in her favor, since the character fits her gifts and her methods perfectly. She was in excellent voice and spirits last evening and was fully up to the standard she established when she came here.

The other members of the cast were those who have been familiar in the opera. Miss Marion Telva sang usually well as Brigitta, the housekeeper. Orville Harold once more achieved the difficult task of singing the merciless music of Paul, and Gustave Schuetzendorf acquitted himself with credit in the two roles of Frank and Fritz, the Pierrot. Mr. Delaunoy, Miss Anthony, Messrs. Agnini, Meader and Bada were also in the list, and Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"Siegfried" at the Manhattan

SIEGFRIED. Music Drama in Three Acts. German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Manhattan Opera House. Cast: Siegfried Adolph Lussmann
Mime Paul Schwarz
The Wanderer Theodor Lattermann
Aberich Peter Hegar
Fafner Editha Fleischer
Erda Otilie Metzger
Bruennhilde Eva von der Osten
The Bird Editha Fleischer
Conductor: Eduard Moerike

The German Opera Company at the Manhattan Opera House repeated Wagner's "Siegfried" for the first time yesterday afternoon, the beginning of the third week of their engagement.

By H. E. Krehbiel

with song with his mouth shut—so
as w. could see. We had none of
the beautiful cloud panoramas which
interested us in the first performance
"Die Walküre," though the final
one calls for at least something more
picturesque than what was offered. The
clouds, indeed, seem to have over-
taken themselves, in the first repre-
sentation of "Die Walküre," for at the
second performance they were station-
ary until Siegmund and Hunding began
their battle calls. Then they, too, got
into action, but despite the panoply of
lightning in which Wotan appeared
their fleecy tops remained illumined
by the silver with the bright rays of the
moon. Such scenic anachronisms would
be intolerable, of course, in representa-
tions at the Metropolitan Opera House,
but clouds and singers may do what
they please and it will work for artis-
tic righteousness at an imported Wag-
ner Festival made in Germany.

Clara Micelli, soprano, assisted by
Menotti Frascona, tenor, sang a fine
program of operatic solos and duets in
the Aeolian Hall in the evening. Their se-
lections were from the works of Giordano,
Puccini, Bizet, Verdi, Anelli and other
illustrations Italian composers. Achil-
Anelli was at the piano.

Granger's "Anchor Song," with R. T. Halliley as soloist, and other numbers by Nicode, Duparc and Dvorak, besides more numbers and encores for Mr. Sallier ended a rather long program. The choir's strength in loudest moments and delicacy in pianissimos and the prevailing unity, spirit and clearness of enunciation in the singing showed the Winnipeg Choir as a first-class choral organization and reflected much credit on Conductor Ross.

Grace Marks Early Sulte

The new piece by Mr. Schilling entitled "A Victory Ball" is an effort to give musical expression in the manner of the eager young men of to-day to a poem by Alfred Noyes. There is war music, much trumpeting and drumming, fragments of dance music conceived in the spirit of Ravel's "La Valse," a noisy paraphrase of the "d church" sequence "Dies Ira" (which, alas, has done much service of late), and heard as through the distorting lens of a modern cabaret, and finally the trumpets' farewell to the dead troops sounded off sane and a mournful end. All interesting in the sense of the word which suffices to characterize many of the compositions of to-day. Applause called Mr. Schilling to the stage and he received two huge laurel wreaths.

Up to 5 o'clock last night, at Carnegie Hall, the eighteenth century had everything its own way, with results that were always tonic and eventually inspiring. Mr. Stokowski began with Lulli, playing fine delectable bits from

aco-Italian master's operas are, and continued with Vivaldi's *Concerto grosso*. An orchestra of good strings to play these pieces well and last night the Philadelphia Orchestra's strings played them gloriously, particularly in the allegro of the Vivaldi work, where the violins were pure molten gold.

For the third number Mr. Stokowski repeated his own orchestration of the Bach C minor passacaglia, which first played here a year ago. It is a magnificent arrangement, bringing out all the sonority and rich coloring of the modern orchestra without sacrificing—on the contrary, enhancing—the bold design and massive strength of his great music.

The war is beginning to reap its harvest of musical commentary. We have already had Ravel's "La Valse," alleged to be descriptive of post-bellum Vienna, and last night Mr. Stokowski presented a new work conceived in somewhat similar lines. Ernest Schelling's tone poem, "A Victory Ball." It was written last year and had its only other performances thus far, last week in Philadelphia.

Mr. Schelling bases his music on Alfred Noyes's much-read poem about the dead soldiers looking on at a victory celebration, and has chosen to interpret the text in terms of what the program notes call "a bacchanal traversed by a vision." An extended first part, largely written in dance rhythms, is interrupted by a ghostly military march; the dance music resumes, and is finally drowned out by a coda suggestive of bagpipes. The piece ends with "taps," played by an off-stage trumpet.

It must be conceded that Mr. Schelling has carried out his program with considerable success. His themes lack sharply-cut individuality, but they have appropriateness and the scoring is picturesque and sonorous. But one is inclined to quarrel with his conception. It seemed a little obvious, and more than a little superficial, to interpret Noyes's bitter lines so literally. "Taps" seemed hardly the thing to use for a poem that ends:

God, how the dead men grin by the wall,
Watching the fun of the Victory Ball!

It may have been meant ironically of course, but literary irony is a rather hopeless thing to try to put into terms of musical sound.

The audience received the new work cordially and brought Mr. Schelling out to bow his acknowledgments and receive two Gargantuan wreaths. After the ball was over Benno Moisevitch gave a brilliant conclusion to the evening with Cherepnin's tuneful piano concerto.

Erwin Nyiregyhazi, Beryl Rubinstein

Piano recitals were the rule yesterday at Aeolian Hall, but of differing type. Beryl Rubinstein gave his second one of the season in the afternoon, while the temperamental Hungarian, Erwin Nyiregyhazi, was heard in the evening. Both had appreciative audiences of respectable size.

Smoothness and finish were the principal traits of Mr. Rubinstein's playing with the Liszt transcription of Bach's G minor Fantasia and Fugue and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Op. 53, as the principal numbers. The first, well and fluently played from the technical standpoint, had stretches of but pale coloring, while the sonata also brought out technical brilliance with due attention to expression and the rise and fall of sound; a performance to respect, but hardly to excite. Still, the playing of the Bach fugue merited praise for the clearness and free flow of its runs. Mr. Rubinstein produced his richest coloring in his second Brahms number, the E flat Rhapsody, followed by Chopin numbers and the Weber Perpetuum Mobile. Then came less known numbers—the "Retour des Muletiers," by Severac, vaguely suggesting Ippolitoff-Ivanoff; two waltzes and a "Guitarre," by Mr. Rubinstein, melodious and smoothly moving pieces, with a Liszt Etude to close.

As to the performances, Mr. Nyiregyhazi's playing laid emphasis on the high lights, while its technical qualities suffered some variation. The opening Liszt Fantasia and Fugue had a tendering not particularly careful, but with good passages of remarkable force. Mozart's C minor Fantasia and Brahms' B minor Rhapsody followed, but Mr. Nyiregyhazi seemed cramped in the next number, Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Erlkönig," where he attacked the piano with all the force in a fierce, vivid expression of the rush of the music. Lighter

messages were well played in the Liszt Valse-Improvisation, while the Second Hungarian Rhapsody gave another chance for a booming bass. Two Scriabin numbers, a Grieg Nocturne and Grainger's arrangement of Tchaikowsky's Waltz of Flowers ended a performance of considerable contrasted coloring that stirred its hearer.

By MAX SMITH.

THE Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Harmonic Orchestras, both under the same management, were in active competition last night, the former playing in Carnegie Hall with Leopold Stokowski at the baton, the latter with Willem Mengelberg in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The programmes had nothing in common, however, though each offered something new to the public. And Pan Stokowski shared honors with the keyboard virtuoso, Moisevitch, who exhibited his persuasions in Tscherepnin's concerto for piano and orchestra, whereas Mengelberg divided laurels only with his men.

Besides the Russian concerto the Quaker City leader submitted Ernest Schelling's latest effort, entitled "A Victory Ball," inspired by Alfred Noyes's poem by the same name and dedicated "To the Memory of an American Soldier." Produced for the first time anywhere last week in Philadelphia, this work had not been heard here before.

Also Mr. Stokowsky presented Vivaldi's much discussed Concerto Grosso in D minor, and this time at least Mr. Gilman's programme notes properly credited the excellent orchestral arrangement to Sam Franko, whose score and parts Mr. Stokowsky employed in Paris and Rome.

Furthermore he brought forward again Felix Motel's Suite from Lully's operas and his own ponderous, somewhat theatrical, and in the end deafening orchestration of Bach's famous D minor "Passacaglia," a transcription, incidentally, which it would be interesting to compare with Heinrich Esser's orchestral setting published more than fifty years ago by the firm of Schott.

The Tscherepnin Concerto, like so many prize-winning compositions, brought no revelation of genius, though it was heard to far better advantage than when given at a concert of the Symphony Society two or three years ago. It is a nice work, however, and served to disclose the pianist's bravura technique, his skill in the digital elaboration of detail, his vigor and his elan.

Perhaps Mr. Stokowsky had a particular reason for placing the Schelling score in juxtaposition with the concerto. Certainly the clever Helvetian-American out-Russlanded Tscherepnin. At the outset, at any rate, one might have thought Mr. Schelling was trying to celebrate a Bolshevik victory. Certainly there was here a lusciously cacophonous interlocking of reminiscences from Stravinsky and Moussorgsky. Then came, however, a welcome Fascist suggestion of De Sabata's "Juocutus," and finally an overwhelming accumulation of

instrumental buzzing, rumbling and blaring.

Verily, Mr. Riesenfeld can hardly afford to overlook this thrilling Bacchanale of sound with its final echo of "taps!"

Mr. Lowrey's program comprised a Mozart "Fantasia" (C minor), Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 51), a Chopin group and numbers by Debussy, Griffes and Norkreis. His work as a concert player is well known locally and his audience last night was most appreciative.

Leo Blech's masterful conducting, together with Elsa Olsen's inspiring Bruennhilde, Jacques Ullus's heroic Siegmund, Eva von der Osten's touching portrayal of Sieglinde, Ottilie Metzger's sterling Fricka and Plasmcke's admirable embodiment of Wotan combined to make last night's performance of "Walkure" in the Manhattan one not soon to be forgotten.

The novelty on Mr. Mengelberg's programme was Rabaud's "Eclogue," or "Vigilant Poem for Orchestra," inspired by the lines familiar to every college student, "Tityre, to patulae recubans sub legmine fagi," and prettily scored for small orchestra. No revelation here either. But a very charming composition that reflects the pastoral mood of the picture in terms tried and true (the oboe, of course, is not missing), yet none the less agreeable.

March 1923

Mme. Jeritza as 'Th Makes Final Appearance Benefit—'Andre Che

By W. J. HENDERSON.

For the benefit of the Navy Club Mme. Marie Jeritza sang the name part in Massenet's "Thais" and made her last appearance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. There was an audience which crowded the house and which at the end of the performance bestowed long continued and vigorous applause on the Austrian prima donna, who will now go on an extended concert tour and at the end of it return to Vienna.

In the evening Umberto Giordano's four act opera, "Andre Chenier," was given. Expectations in regard to this work have been fulfilled. It has held its place in the repertory of the house not only by virtue of its own agreeable music and dramatic story, but because it furnishes some of the principal singers with favorable opportunities for the exhibition of their gifts. This remains one of the chief aims of opera. Composers with lofty artistic ideals may write works in which the musical publication of human passions is the object and some opera houses may earnestly endeavor to make the ensemble the real star of every performance, but the public persists in playing favorites and celebrated singers continue to be the idols of its adoration.

When "Andre Chenier" was first given at the Metropolitan it was learned by opera goers that it contained excellent roles for Miss Claudio Muzio, Mr. Gigli and Mr. Danise, not to mention some secondary singers. Miss Muzio is no longer a member of the company, but in this work her place is filled to the apparent pleasure of the public by Miss Rosa Ponselle, who again sang the role of *Madeline* last evening. Miss Ponselle finds the music generally suited to her voice, which was in good condition last evening.

Mr. Gigli is admirable as the poet of the revolution. He was in good voice last night and his singing evoked much applause. As *Charles Gerard* Mr. Danise is always at his highest level of dramatic fervor. He seems to realize this part more keenly than some others and throws himself into every scene with an intensity which makes itself felt by the audience.

Others who add much to the significance of the opera are Mme. Howard as the *Countess de Coigny*, Miss Ellen Dalossy as *Bersi*, Adamo Didur as *Mathieu* and Angelo Bada the spy. Mr. Moranzoni conducted last evening with his usual skill.

Evelyn Levin Soloist

Familiar numbers for the most part composed the City Symphony program at Town Hall yesterday afternoon. The original list had been somewhat different, with two new American orchestral works, but it was announced that the parts for one of them had failed to arrive from the Pacific Coast, and Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony was substituted as the second half of the program. From the original list Weber's "Oberon" overture and the two usual Brahms Hungarian Dances remained, with Wieniawski's Second Violin Concerto, played by Evelyn Levin, the young violinist who had made a successful debut at Carnegie Hall last December.

Miss Levin's performance was variable. The concerto is a grateful one for the soloist, and, as a rule, to its hearers, with slow, lyric passages to display quality of tone and expressive power and fast ones to show off technical brilliance. Contrary to the usual story, Miss Levin's tone seemed better in the faster passages. For some

reason it was made clear that the tone and carrying power, though usually smooth, which produced a certain heaviness and inexpressiveness in her earlier movements. In the Final "Alla Zingara" there was a vital, powerful speed and fire combined with technical proficiency in its rapid measures.

Nothing unusual was disclosed in the Weber and Brahms numbers, while the Tchaikowsky Symphony had a quality frequently found in City Symphony performances, not particularly smooth, but not without coloring.

CLAIRE DUX RETURNS.

Claire Dux, heard here in concerts with Richard Strauss and a season ago with the Chicago Opera at the Manhattan, returned to the same theatre last evening as guest with the visiting Berlin artists, singing the soprano role of Eva in Wagner's "Meistersinger." It was the fourth performance of the grandiose "comic opera" that has been most frequently sung among the German company's ten productions on Hammerstein's old stage. Mr. Schorr for the second time was a much applauded Hans Sachs, while others were Miss Koettlik, Messrs. Hutt, Paul Schwarz, Zador and Lehmann, and Mr. Blech at the baton.

March 2 1923

"Mona Lisa"

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Somebody—we think it was the much maligned, but nevertheless admirable Hanslick of Vienna—once remarked that while the operas of German composers were either gold or bronze, those of the Frenchmen of his day were uniformly silver. Of course, he was referring only to the best men of the two nations, and was writing when the production of an interesting opera was not such a rarity either in Paris or Vienna as it is to-day. Our experiences of late with new German opera incline us to think that it would be in the highest degree complimentary to compare them with bronze. They seem to be of a heavier and less slightly material—lead, for instance. When the intelligence came that the new opera to be produced by the German contingent of the Metropolitan forces was "Mona Lisa," by Max Schillings, we were told that it was the finest operatic product of the Germany of recent years. If it is that then the performance of the work at the Metropolitan Opera House last night compels an expression of the belief that operatic Germany is gone barren indeed.

Weak in Comparison

For ten or twelve years we have faced disappointment with each Italian novelty (except "L'Amore dei tre Re"), but there has not been one Italian composer in all that time who has not exhibited a greater and more natural flair for operatic composition than seems to be possessed by any contemporary German, with the possible exception of Richard Strauss, of whose works since "Der Rosenkavalier" we are not in a position to speak, and Erich Korngold, whose eclectic talent seems potent enough to justify the characterization of French music by the Viennese critic. Yet, in some respects, though not in a musical one, "Mona Lisa" reminded us of "Die tote Stadt." Again we had the real drama set between a prologue and epilogue, like a "throw back" in a picture play. In Korngold's opera the drama is supposed to be the visualization and auscultation of a man's dream; in "Mona Lisa" of a monk's tale. The purpose of the extraneous scenes in the former opera was to disclose how a man who had become the prey of melancholy might be called back to the joys of living; in the latter to explain the enigmatic smile on the face of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, and, incidentally, we fancy, to justify the preaching of a monk that wantonness is habitual with the young wives of old men, and to find what seems to him proof of the accusation in the conduct of the woman to whom he relates the romance of Mona Lisa's life.

The men and women of to-day in the prologue become the representatives of conjugal December and May in the drama, with the youthful narrator as a possible victim of the wiles which he denounces in the prologue.

The action of the opera has been told in this paper at greater length than is necessary. It may be summed up thus: The aged husband of Mona Lisa, tormented by the fact that her face in the portrait wears a smile which he cannot evoke, discovers it in a passionate attachment to an earlier and more youthful lover. He employs wicked wiles to catch the lovers in each other's arms, then locks the lover in a chamber in which he meets death by suffocation, and after gloating over his jealous revenge for which he has a greater stomach than Othello throws the key, as he thinks, into the River Arno. But it falls into a boat instead and reaches the hands of his distraught and faithless wife. She, maddened by the death of her lover, persuades him

to enter the chamber, locks the door on him and the tragedy comes to what- ever end thereafter that the listening spectator may choose to imagine, though the dubious moral is pointed in the epilogue when the youthful female tourist, who is supposed to have heard the story, utters an ejaculation of pity and in departing from the scene drops white irises, such as Mona Lisa had carried into the play, at the feet of the young monk who had related the tale.

The book of the play has elements of strength and even of beauty. It is, moreover, ingeniously constructed for

operatic purposes. Beatrice Dovsky, who wrote it, evidently wanted music to heighten its effect and went about it in an efficient, albeit conventional manner. She offered opportunities to the composer to mix cheer with horror. There are scenes of carnival merriment, blended with serious of austere morality (Savonarola's preachments resound amid sounds of revelry). A song in praise of Venus is set against a pious canticle. There is a supposedly merry song to give a background to the agonizing of Mona Lisa when she realizes the fate that has overtaken her lover. There is a song of Rosemary, while Mona Lisa lies unconscious on the morrow after her husband's dreadful act of vengeance. There are other moments which call imperatively for music appealing to the ear and imagination. But for all these things Schillings has found no tones. The dialogue mounds along drearily, aridly over an instrumental part which becomes illustrative at the climactic moments only by dint of splashes of harmonic and orchestral color. No doubt there is a use of typical phrases, but they characterize nothing and do not enforce themselves upon the mind. Of the sensuous charm of pure melody, invited by the libretto, the composer seems to have been oblivious. Dramatic illustration is confined to orchestral and vocal strenuousness.

The opera was chosen to introduce Barbara Kemp, a new dramatic singer who has identified herself with the character of Mona Lisa in Germany. She took the part of Leonardo's picture in all things save the enigmatic smile, for whose appearance at one moment the spectators in the vast theater had to take the asseveration of Mr. Bohnen, a newcomer among Mr. Gatti's forces, who enacted the part of the jealous husband in the tragedy and the aged tourist with a young wife in the prologue and epilogue. For the rest, except in the thrilling scenes of the discovery of her perfidy and the achievement of her revenge, she wore the immobile mask which, with the pictorially recorded smile, had aroused his suspicion. Mme. Kemp disclosed fine histrionic talent in the climactic moments, but compelled no great admiration for the quality of her voice or her vocal skill. She declaimed violently with the tremulant stop pulled out and the knob thrown away—as an organist might describe her singing. Mr. Bohnen sang in an effective barytone, with much dramatic virility and command of emotional color, was picturesque in pose and movement and carried off the honors in the first act, as Mme. Kemp did after the second. It was a Thursday night audience and therefore susceptible to the appeal of German opera—more susceptible, we fancy, than any future audience will be except that of a Saturday night. The scenic demands of the opera are not great, but were met in a manner to gratify the eye, as the equally modest demands of the other characters in the drama were met by other singers, who may be identified in the following programmatic record of the evening:

Thursday evening, March 1, at 8:15 o'clock, first performance in America—"Mona Lisa," opera in two acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. The libretto by Beatrice Dovsky (in German); music by Max Schillings.

Characters appearing in the prologue and epilogue:

A tourist.....Michael Bohnen (debut)
His young wife.....Barbara Kemp (debut)
A young monk.....Curt Taucher
Characters appearing in the other scenes:
Francesco.....Michael Bohnen
Mona Lisa.....Barbara Kemp
Giovanni.....Curt Taucher
Sandro.....William Guatafson
Pietro.....Carl Schlegel
Arrigo.....George Meader
Alessio.....Max Bloch
Masolino.....Louis d'Angelo
Ginevra.....Frances Peralta
Dianora.....Ellen Delossy
Piccarda.....Marion Telva
Citizens of Florence, nuns of Santa Trinita, carnival procession of Venus, monks of St. Marco, servants
Conductor.....Arthur Bodanzky
Stage director.....Samuel Thewman
Chorus master.....Giulio Satti
Technical director.....Edward Siedle
Stage manager.....Armando Agnini
Scenic production by Professor Hans Kautsky, Vienna

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Mona Lisa," opera in two acts, with prologue and epilogue, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the first time in this country. The book is by Beatrice Dovsky and the music by Max Schillings, a German composer who enjoys high esteem in his own country. The

performance of last evening served to make known also two new members of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company—Mme. Barbara Kemp, soprano (wife of the composer), who impersonated the woman immortalized by the brush of Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Bohnen, barytone, who represented the lady's husband.

There would be no difficulty in dismissing this lyric drama in a few lines. It is a work which discloses a thrilling melodrama set to quite insignificant music. In it the play indeed is the thing and it seems almost a pity to outline the tragic story, which ought to be permitted to make its own poignant revelations to every operagoer.

It is the old story of the triangle, of course, but retold with moving intensity. The prologue shows us two tourists viewing an old palace under the guidance of a lay brother. There is a hint that all is not well between this wife and her husband. The brother tells the tragic legend of the palace, and then it is enacted for us. Mona Lisa loved and was loved, but was separated from her beloved and wed to Francesco, to whom she never has shown the famous smile, but has always been ice.

Francesco adores her and also loves pearls, of which he has a remarkable collection, kept in a closet narrow and close, where a man could not live an hour if shut in. Comes an emissary to buy a jewel, and lo! he turns out to be the lover from whom Lisa was separated. Instead of leaving the palace when retiring time arrives he risks all for a word with the lady.

The Scene of the Cabinet.

The husband sees them in passionate embrace, and having made sure that there is no way out for the lover, enters the apartment. The lover hides behind the curtain covering the cabinet, which, of course, had been opened to show the jewels. When the husband throws back that curtain no one is visible, and he realizes that the man has hidden in the cabinet, which he promptly closes and locks. Then he forces the crazed Lisa to receive his caresses, while the lover vainly calls for help.

Francesco throws the key out of the window overlooking the Arno, but it falls into a boat and is recovered. When Francesco learns that Lisa has the key he believes that she has rescued her lover. She asks for certain jewels to wear. He opens the cabinet and she pushes him in beside her lover's body and locks the door. The epilogue presents again the lay brother in the act of completing his tale. The woman leaves flowers and money for masses for the unfortunate wife, and the lay brother suspects her of being a second Lisa.

This is a bare outline of a play replete with incident and character. There are several personages beside those mentioned and many actions heightening the significance of the chief tragedy. It is, in short, one of the best opera books that have come before this public in years. It is for the purposes of a musical drama as effective as "L'Amore del Tre Re," although it does not attain the fine literary character of Sem Benelli's work. But of its heart searching agonies and its atmosphere of terror there can be no question. If the opera succeeds the honors will belong to the librettist. It is a pity that such a book fell into the hands of a mere musical mechanic.

Mr. Schillings found some moments of lyric expression in the choruses off stage and in the settings of the tastefully introduced songs of Lorenzo de Medici and Jacopo Sanazzaro. In utilizing such poems the librettist showed literary knowledge and taste. But for the most part the music impresses the hearer as impeding the movement of the drama.

Splendid Dramatic Scene.

This will—or should—impress itself most forcibly on the observer in the splendid dramatic scene between Francesco and Lisa when Giovanni is locked in the cabinet. The intensity of this scene was due last evening to the acting of the two principals, Michael Bohnen as Francesco and Mme. Kemp as Lisa. The music, which was perforce, declamatory, lacked the incisiveness of character and the passionate expression demanded by the scene. In the whole first act the best music was not that depicting the horror of this situation, but that in which Francesco chanted

his love over the sleeping jewels, for here the composer found whatever lyric inspiration his poor muse furnished and made a song pulsing, though inadequately, an emotion.

On the other hand there is much of power and moving force in the opera because the dramatic material is so excellent and the action gives even the casual hearer a comprehensible view of what is going on. The growing dread and culminating terror of the first act and the sudden shocking horror of the second cannot be obliterated by music manufactured after the pattern of the German conductor school. In delivering to last night's audience the full measure of the drama's intensity Mme. Kemp and Mr. Bohnen were highly successful.

It is inessential to discuss in detail the singing of either artist, for this is not a singing opera, and both were under the nervous strain of debuts before a strange public and in an untried work. But both realized the characters allotted to them. There was a genuine note of tragedy in the impersonation of Mr. Bohnen, picturesque, direct, full of significance and having a spell for the eye. Mme. Kemp was remarkably successful in her makeup after the portrait by Messer Leonardo, and her acting was admirably paired with that of Mr. Bohnen. These two new members of the company will prove valuable acquisitions. There seems to be no reason to doubt that.

Miss Peralta deserves special mention for her impersonation of Ginevra, the courtesan, who is merely a foil to Lisa. Mr. Taucher was quite equal to the demands of Giovanni and put genuine fervor into the impotent duet with the heroine. The other members of the cast were all praiseworthy. The opera was admirably presented in every respect. The scenery and costumes were very splendid and thoroughly appropriate. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with skill.

Of Schillings's music there is not much to say. His score seems to be the product of a keen, highly trained and essentially sterile mind. He has numerous themes, which he develops with considerable skill in accordance with a rather sketchy leitmotif system; but the themes themselves siff of the laboratory. They are so obviously synthetic that they produce little descriptive or emotional effect.

The composer is least successful where the action calls for a lyric mood. Over half of the first act is taken up with a long scene of bustle and carnival frivolity that serves no purpose except to supply local color. If it were accompanied by the sort of "music of the scene" that Bizet, or Montemezzi, or even Puccini, could write, it might be charming, but Schillings, with his stiff-kneed romps, his "ballatas" that are tedious enough to be authentic, and his dowager-like love themes, succeeds only in making the first fifty minutes of "Mona Lisa" a nuisance and a bore.

When the action begins to tighten and the big scenes arrive, he is much better. Even here, his music is fundamentally meaningless, but he is at least clever enough to supply the sounds and rhythm of excitement and keep otherwise out of the drama's way. The vocal parts throughout are

Max Schillings ranks in Germany among the most prominent composers; he is now 55 years old. Not much of his music has ever been heard in New York. The prologue and "Der Pfeifertag" and a symphonic prologue, "Oedipus the King," have been played in years past by the Philharmonic Society. David Bispham used to recite his "melodrama" verses spoken to musical accompaniment—"Das Hexenlied." Perhaps a few more of his pieces may have been done by other musical agencies. But it must be said that none of them have left any enduring mark.

"Mona Lisa" is not a new work. It was first produced in 1915, and has made no little success in Germany. Of course the heroine is none other than the original of the famous portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, that, as "La Gioconda," has for many years been mystically Louvre in Paris and restored to that gallery not long ago; the portrait whose baffling smile has intrigued generations of its admirers.

Beatrice Dovsky, the author of the libretto, has imagined a gruesome tale about this lady and her life and experiences in Florence. She is presented in the opera as nearly like the famous portrait in appearance and expression as theatrical skill in make-up and in facial expression could mould her; and no small part of Mme. Barbara Kemp's success has been in achieving this remarkable resemblance.

But the composer, Max Schillings, has done it full justice in his music. It is difficult to give it any higher place than skillful "Kaelelled terror-silk," as the Germans call it, the best side of a professional who has learned his business thoroughly. It has in several places dramatic quality and true expressive power, but it bears no traces more of careful calculation and the use of well approved means than a genuine and individual inspiration. This indeed seems frequently to lag. The music is lacking in intensity, in real expressiveness. There is much in it that is simply dull and the second act is musically naught.

The composer followed a post-Wagnerian style in his declamation for the singers and the general impression of the music, its harmonic sense, is such as to be attributable to the influence of Wagner, with the modification of Strauss. It is at least without the intention of the newer bold and harmonies of this latter day. Though the orchestra is frequently thematic, it shows not much strong invention or much spontaneity in this direction. Much seems the product of thought, of labor. At the decisive moments of the drama it has little to say. At the crisis of the second act, for instance, when Mona Lisa disposes of her husband, the orchestra's brief emphasis is made by some emphatic turn upon the xylophone and this is far from impressive. Its contribution in the emotional passages is not distinguished.

The orchestration is that of a competent practitioner. It, too, is generally lacking in real distinction or force; though it is not infrequently loud, which is a different matter. The singers are confined to an incessant stream of not much of real significance musically; and in the "strong" scenes they are made to be more rhetorical and explosive than expressive.

The chief interest in the production was the notable interpretation of Mme. Barbara Kemp as Mona Lisa, and in almost the same measure, of Michael Bohnen as Giocondo, the husband. Both artists are ranked among the finer of the contemporary exponents of the lyric drama in Germany; both showed unusual power in this opera. Both have the skill of dramatic singing, the potent expression of passion and emotion, and both showed remarkable endurance in exceedingly exacting parts.

The remarkable resemblance with which Mme. Kemp is made to represent the lady of Da Vinci's portrait is the most obvious feature of the portrayal; and not only physically, but spiritually. She denotes the character thus represented with repose of manner and with an intensity and poignancy that the equally notable. Her plasticity of pose, her gesture, her subtlety of facial expression that is a summons to pity, all are focussed skillfully upon the portrayal. She showed qualities, in fact, that make her a lyric actress of unusual power and resource. She is a singer of parts, with a voice perhaps not of the most beautiful quality, but possessing emotional and dramatic expression and capable of power. But it will need a further experience in works of a more specifically musical quality to determine what the true value of the voice is.

By Henry T. Finck

Walter Pater found in Mona Lisa's smile "the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the Middle Ages, the return of the pagan world, and the sins of the Borgias."

Some smile that! Is it a wonder that the whole world was upset when, in 1911, a thief carried off from the Paris Louvre No. 1611, doubly starred in Baedeker, who refers to the picture in these words: "Leonardo da Vinci. Portrait of Mona (Madonna) Lisa, wife of the painter's friend Fr. del Giocondo of Florence and hence known as 'La Gioconda.' Leonardo worked four years on this painting and left it unfinished." Yet Francis I paid 4,000 gold florins for it, and it is said that the British Government once offered a million pounds sterling for it. And when the stolen picture was found in Florence the New York Times had these headlines:

FLORENTINES IN RIOT OVER MONA LISA

CROWD OF 30,000 SWEETS POLICE ASIDE IN MAD RUSH TO SEE STOLEN PAINTING

And when after an absence of two years and four months the famous picture was brought back all official Paris turned out to welcome its return.

Volumes have been written to explain the smile that won't come off Mona Lisa's face. George Moore suggested sarcastically that she was laughing at all the silly things that had been said about her. It is known that Leonardo delighted in the "haunting enigmatic charm" of that smile. Moreover, it is said that he "caused music to be played during the sittings that the rapt expression might not fade from off her countenance."

New York String Quartet Novelty.

The New York String Quartet offered a crescendo of musical novelty in the third and last of its well attended chamber concerts at Aeolian Hall last evening. Messrs. Cadek, Siskovsky, Schwab and Vazka were heard in Beethoven's C-minor quartet, Op. 18, No. 4, and for the first time here in a graceful "Sonatina" for strings by Pierre Menu, a French composer killed in the war at the age of 23. Mme. Eddy Ney assisted

Mr. Walter Dan rosech returned to face the New York Symphony Orchestra as its conductor yesterday afternoon, after several weeks' absence. There was a large audience in Carnegie Hall to welcome him warmly; and the members of the orchestra, animated by those springs that work so promptly in all well-trained orchestras of the present day, rose to greet him.

There were new things on the program, and unfamiliar tunes. There was a symphony by Mozart in C, not the great one known as "Jupiter," but an earlier one, a boy's work, for it dates from Mozart's nineteenth year. It was played for the first time at these concerts. It is very charming in its spontaneity, its melodiousness and its clearness and grace. The attention that has been paid to little-known works of Mozart has had some delightful results, and this may be included among them.

The new composition was a symphony in the poem entitled "Il Beato Regno," by Vincenzo Tommasini, "The Blessed Reign," by Vincenzo Tommasini, one of the young Italian composers, though not one of the youngest, who are turning their attention to symphonic music. "The Blessed Reign" follows no program. The composer has suggested the choring selves and trumpeting angels of Fra Angelico as the starting point of his inspiration. He has made his work almost wholly from Gregorian plain chants, not strictly reproduced, and treated with the freedom with which other themes are habitually treated, rhythmically as well as harmonically. It is written for a large orchestra with the addition of piano and bells, and there are many ingenious tonal colorings produced, some of which are singularly apt as an expression of the substance of the music. There are many learned ingenuities in the writing, and there is much that gave pleasure. It seemed, however, that there were undoubted lengths in the work, and a certain monotony that perhaps is almost inevitable from the use of themes drawn wholly from the plain song. There was no little applause for the new composition.

The soloist was Mr. Rachmaninoff, whose appearances this season with orchestra have been few, and who played his second piano concerto. He played it with the same detachment, the same absorption in its spirit as he has before, lucidly, powerfully, making it seem a long and poignant utterance of beauty as he views it. There is a great deal of piano playing in this concerto, and very little respite for the pianist. Mr. Rachmaninoff's performance is one that raises the music to its highest power. He was enthusiastically received and much applauded.

heard. The program was delightful and contained much novelty. It consisted of Berlioz's "Carnival Roman" overture, Mozart's symphony in C (B and H. No. 28), Tommasini's symphonic poem, "Il Beato Regno," which was new here, and the second piano concerto of Sergei Rachmaninoff with the composer as the solo player. The score of the Mozart Symphony had been brought from Munich to Mr. Damrosch by Bruno Walter, recent guest conductor of the society, who declared it to be a novelty here.

The program notes styled the work as a symphony in miniature. It was written when the composer was only eighteen years old, but in design, contours and with Mozartian melodies, the score could probably not be approached in originality, freshness and charm by any of the present day writers of even venerable age.

The Tommasini poem, "The Blessed Reign," was inspired by old Italian painters of the Beato Angelico school and a love for the Gregorian chant. Under these influences the young Italian composer has set down his impressions with skill, many instrumental devices, including those of a piano, and much brilliant orchestral color.

The work is easily understood, and, as a whole, gives artistic pleasure. The orchestra played the poem admirably. Mr. Bachmannoff, making his first appearance here this season with orchestra, imparted full measure of his splendid musicianship to his playing in his own score. At the close he received an ovation from orchestra and auditors, which included a superb floral piece of pink roses and pussy-willows far outreaching him in height. The society will repeat the program to-night in the same hall.

The "Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz preceded the short symphony, which was followed by the modern Italian novelty, "Il Beato Regno," by Vincenzo Tommasini, a composer considered of the younger Italian school, born in Rome in 1880. Mr. La Prade's notes find him "in the direct line of succession from Debussy," and there were suggestions of Debussy in the composition, with a dash of Vincent d'Indy. "Il Beato Regno" was inspired according to its composer, by the heavenly visions of early Italian painters with their celestial orchestras, and employs themes from the Gregorian, attempting to combine that atmosphere

with modern methods of treatment. In doing this Tommasini appeared on the whole successful. There was a certain unearthly atmosphere, an archaic flavor brought out, especially in his handling of the strings, though there were reminders of twentieth century composition. The main themes were often in evidence, with one seeming to dominate the work, though at times they were plunged in the instrumental depths. But there was no mistaking the first theme at the end, besprinkled with bells. In general the work was a successful blending of mediæval with modern, though perhaps the contemplation of the composer's picture was slightly too long.

The sounds of piano and orchestra mingled again in the evening at the Philharmonic concert, where Olga Samaroff was the soloist in the Grieg A Minor Concerto—vigorous in loud passages and pleasing in smoothly rounded arabesques, while there was delicacy in softer periods, perhaps too much for the very sonorous orchestral accompaniment. Russian numbers began and ended the concert, which opened with Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," already heard from the City Symphony and Philadelphia Orchestra, but under Mr. Mengelberg the witches danced with notable animation.

The other Russian offering was Glazounoff's Fourth Symphony in, it was noted, a first Philharmonic performance. Glazounoff seems popular this season with two other symphonies played by the Symphony Society. This one, according to Mr. Gilman, found the composer "hesitating about his road," and showed signs of Borodin and Liszt. But it conjured up Tschaikowsky, especially in the first movement, and, in general, sounded much like other Glazounoff. It was melodious and well sugared, with purple passages in the finale. Sugar was plentifully used, but there was no salt and pepper. It fared well in the hands of Mr. Mengelberg and his musicians.

"Siegfried" repeated. Wagner's "Siegfried" was repeated in the second "Ring" cycle before a large audience at the Manhattan last evening. Mme. Lorenz-Hollischer as Brunnhilde replacing Miss Von der Osten, who was ill, while Plaschke was a new Wanderer and Steir a new Mime. Others were those heard at last Monday's matinee, including Messrs. Lussmann, Hegar and Schubert, Mmes. Metzger and Fleischer, again under Mr. Moerike's baton. Both the matinee and evening cycles are ending today and tomorrow with Die Gotterdammerung. A change in next week's farewells after a prosperous month of the Berlin singers here, will present a final "Tristan" one week from tonight, "Tannhauser" as an added Saturday matinee, March 10, and that evening four from "Die Walkure," "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman" and "Master-singer."

"Goetterdaemmerung" by the Germans.
DIE GOETTERDAEMMERUNG, music
drama in German, in a prelude and three
acts. Words and music by Richard Wagner.
At the Manhattan Opera House.
CAST.

Siegfried	CAST.	Jacques Urlus
Günther		Rudolph Poibaer
Hagen		Alexander Klpner
Brunnhilde	Maria	Lorentz-Hoellischer
Gutrune		Elsa Wuhler
Waltraute		Ottile Jorgens
Alberich		Desider Zador
Woglande		Editha Fleischer
Weglinge		Lotte Baldamus
Flosshilde		Emma Baseth
First Norn		Jessyka Koestrich
Second Norn		Emma Baseth
Third Norn		Marcella Roessler

CONDUCTOR: EDUARD MOERIKE.

The German Opera Company now holding forth at the Manhattan Opera House finished its first series of "The Ring of the Nibelung" yesterday afternoon with a performance of "Götterdämmerung." Here it got into the deepest of all Wagnerian waters: the work is one which makes the most exacting demands upon all who are concerned in it. The performance, however, was one that appeared to give pleasure to the large audience that was present, though it was not a "model" one in many respects.

The last time "Götterdämmerung" was given in New York was on Washington's Birthday, 1917, when it came, as it did yesterday, as the completion of a cyclical performance of the "Nibelung" trilogy. Yesterday's performance began with the scene of the three Norns, the opening scene of the drama, marked by Wagner as its prelude. How long it is since this scene has been played in a New York performance it would take some little research to determine; probably it was in the season when the "Ring" dramas were given without "cuts"; and that is now a good many years ago.

The scene has generally been cut in New York performances because it is not indispensable to the dramatic progress of the work, and it can be sacrificed to reduce the inordinant length of "Götterdämmerung"; also because it offers some difficulties in performance as Wagner directed. On the other hand, there is regret for the loss—as many

passages of beauty in Wagnerian music-dramas which must be sacrificed on account of their length are regretted because of the great impressiveness of the music.

Not music was the Xorn seane left in, but also the scene of Waltraute's visit to Brünnhilde, sometimes cut out to compensate for the retention of the other. There were, necessarily, other exelusions made in the score, though none long ones. But even so, the performance lasted longer than many music-lovers can find themselves receptive to music. Though announced to begin at one o'clock, it did not begin till more than half an hour later, and there was evidently no intention of making an earlier start. And this is also, assuredly, another respect in which it was not a "model" performance.

There was, however, on the whole, in the performance not a little of the impressiveness, of the ominous presage of impending disaster that fills the work. The scenic picturing was not strikingly beautiful or fine, but it was adequate, and in the woodland scene of Siegfried's death in the last act more than adequate. "Götterdämmerung" gave the orchestra more than it could successfully cope with, and there were passages of untunefulness, especially among the brass instruments, and of actual failure to play what the score directs. This, naturally, had deleterious effects upon that part of the performance. Mr. Moerike conducted and kept the whole, as far as possible, upon the right track with ability. — *Register* was the

Mme. Lorentz-Höllischer was the first to speak. She had appeared the previous night before in Brünnhilde in the same role and had given an excellent performance of "Siegfried."

She then made a most uncharitable demand that she should appear again within twenty-four hours in "Götterdämmerung"; it was a result of the company has to do, and of the small margin it has left for cases of illness.

But Mme. Lorentz-Höllischer has a voice that can stand almost anything. Such brazen trumpet tones are not often to be heard from the female throat, nor are they of a quality that compasses much beauty. No orchestra could drown those tones. Yet the singer could also, and did, sing in piano, with effect. But she was a complete mistress of her part in the score and made a really creditable presentation of Brünnhilde's woe and the majesty of her last

The Siegfried was Mr. Urlus, as he was in the performance six years ago. A spirited detourment of the character, with some at least, of its heroic suggestion and his singing had some fine qualities. Rudolph Hofbauer, made Gunther a considerably more sensitive and interesting personage than he often is made to be. There have been more rugged and less refined Hagens than Mr. Kipnis, hence more in keeping with what he is and does, but his was a more manly and especially good in voice.

The third Norn interfered somewhat with the tunefulness of the assemblage. Their scene with the manipulation of the skein of fate is not easy to present effectively: they appeared to solve the difficulty by doing little or nothing that could be discerned. Nor were the Rhine maidens always precisely in tune when they sang to Siegfried and to each other.

At the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon the curse of the Nibelung was fulfilled. The ring that was to give its possessor the "power of the world" proved to be as weak as a blade of grass. The end which *Alberich* prepared, or thought he prepared, arrived. The impregnable castle of Walhalla was destroyed by the fire ascending from *Siegfried's* funeral pile. *Loge*, having returned to his original shape, consumed the futile gods whose ruin he wrought long before when he sang the glories of gold and the splendor of rule.

The first presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" by the Wagnerian singers reached its conclusion with a performance of "Goetterdaemmerung." The work had not been heard recently and certain portions restored yesterday had been absent from the local stage since the reign of Heinrich Conried. The restoration of the Norns scene was a questionable benefit. The scene is in no way connected with the development of the story as a whole or "Goetterdaemmerung" in particular. It has usually been omitted here, and the drama begun with the entrance of *Siegfried* and *Brunnhilde*.

The scene between *Alberich* and *Hagen* has often been omitted, and to most music lovers the elision is agreeable. But there is something like a logical reason for its retention. The presentation of the imposing tragedy yesterday afternoon was commendable for its sincerity and the general balance of the ensemble. The forthstanding impersonations were those of Alexander Klpnis as *Hagen* and Mine. Otilie Metzger as *Waltraute*. These two measured up to the standards of Wagner festivals in Munich or Bayreuth. Indeed there has not been so subtle, sinister and commanding a *Hagen* in this town since Edouard de Reszke. Mme. Metzger sang the narrative of the pleading *Valkyr* to her sister with genuine eloquence and with a lofty musical style.

The *Brünnhilde* was Mme. Henriette Poellischer, who showed that she had enjoyed long and honorable service in the role. There was much for fullness in her singing and occasional traces of emotional warmth, but her impersonation was marked by strength and endurance and determination rather than by finer qualities of art. Jacques Erlus was the *Siegfried*. Here again the voice of experience was heard. But of all that mystery which suggests the lines, "Forget that I remember and dream that I forget," there was only the vaguest suggestion. The true contribution of the hero to the poignant tragedy of the second act was lacking.

Others in the cast were Mme. Elsa Wuhler as *Gutrune*, Desider Zador as *Alberich* and Rudolph Hofbauer as *Gunther*. The Norns were Mmes. Bassth, Koettrick and Rossler. The Rhine maidens were Mmes. Bassth, Fiescher and Paldamus. Eduard Moerlecko conducted and again commanded admiration for his ability in securing good results from unpromis-

ing material. The orchestra was conspicuously unhappy in the score, the brass being in the front rank of offense. But Mr. Moerike succeeded in giving the performance as a whole a good dramatic effect. The chorus of men in the second act sang with brilliancy in tone and manner.

The Metropolitan last evening brought forward its latest new star, indeed, so far as may now be foreseen, the last of those on whom Mr. Gatti-Casazza relied to give elements of novelty and variety to the closing third of New York's six-months-long opera season. It was Mme. Bourskaya who appeared in the name rôle in "Carmen," sung only thrice during the earlier weeks by Mme. Easton. Many were turned away from a sold-out house in which, more than ever, a motley of nations was represented. There were not a few Japanese, for Bourskaya had sung in their country on the five years' journey across Asia and the Pacific, and there were Russians most of all, for the woman star of the touring Russian company's two years in these States had become to her own countrymen second only to their popular idol, Chaliapin.

In a Bourskaya, in her first singing phrase at a toss of her hat on last night's stage, dispelled all doubt as to her voice "filling" the Metropolitan spaces. It was a true Carmen voice, its lowest effortless note carrying far, its quality seductive, darkly colored, in itself emotional rather than "expressing" emotion. Hers was a wild, untamed gypsy, sometimes overacting, even, and again dancing, as Merimée wrote of his heroine "swaying at the hips." By mischance, Carmen's shawl caught on Marinelli's epaulet, and the tenor seemed powerless to release it, an incident unimportant to the public, but unnerving to the artist, as it proved, for her voice became choked in the ensuing "Habanera," that she had sung in none knows how many theatres around the world. It came back to her control in the tavern gayeties, while later its full est power was revealed in the reading of tragic fate the cards, which she did most dramatically, crouched and crumpling on the floor.

The audience which had welcomed the first entrance with an interruption of applause, called Bourskaya out with her companions several times after the first act, then twice alone, and there were recalls after all the three later acts. Mme. Nina Morgana, who has been heard on one occasion before, saw Micela with much simple charm of manner and voice. Martinelli and Mar dones headed the men of the cast, with Picchi and Reschiglian, while the Misse Anthony and Wakefield, Messrs. d'Angelo and Paltinieri were the extra quartet, and Galli and Bongiglio led the dances. The performance was admirably supported by the entire company under Mr. Hasselmann's authoritative direction.

John McCullough, the actor, was credited with saying "Hamlet is the one part in which any good actor can make a hit if he'll let the metaplay alone and attend to the stage business." Something quite similar he said of *Carmen* were it not that operagoing public has built it up into an R. U. R. of practically unattainable type. Every *Carmen* is good *Carmen*; but none is ideal. Rambling remarks might be made of last evening's performance of the opera at the Metropolitan Opera house and the debut of Mme. Ina

This new member of the
proved to be one of the good
but, of course, not identical

It is an early composition, written when the composer was 21 years of age, though it was later revised. In it he already "orientalizes," of which he did so much as he went on. But he did not reach his stride, apparently, thematic invention and especially in orchestration. There are effective passages in "Antar," but their effect is not sustained; and the listener to only the movements of this suite begins to

for some of the gorgeousness as we saw in the sweep of the orchestra of "Scheherazade."

Nor is Ernst Toch's new symphonic poem one to stir or to move deeply. Toch is a musician, self-taught, but the winner of many prizes, now resident in Mannheim, as a teacher of theory and composition. This piece is dedicated to Dr. Frank Damrosch. It is intended to portray a sleeper awakened by persistent knocking and who, listening to the sounds of the night, becomes aware of all kinds of visions; they join in a spectral dance and the sleeper sleeps again. Again the knocking is heard, and the spirits of the night fly out into darkness.

The program note declared and Mr. Damrosch, in a sort of explanation he made after the performance, reiterated, that the idiom of this tone poem is of the most modern. The program note and even Mr. Damrosch are not quite up to date, for still more modern idioms are to be heard in these days. But Mr. Toch's, many will think, is modern enough. He has been influenced somewhat by Strauss, still more by Liszt, what by Strauss, still more by Liszt, his piece is sufficiently well made; and a special attention was directed to a fugato toward the end of the work. But its material is not very attractive or stimulating, and Mr. Toch has not been stimulated by it to high flights of imagination.

Mr. Damrosch, after he had played it, spoke of it to the audience and gave as his reason for playing it the necessity he felt of letting his auditors hear all the newest developments of the art. But it was not the newness of Mr. Toch's piece nor its "idiom" which Mr. Damrosch observed was different from that on which his listeners, young as well as old, had been brought up, as stood in the way of its acceptance so much as its lack of strongly musical ideas and, in general, of something to say with them. It might be said, and the statement could be supported by statistics, that there are many "new" compositions, newer and more significant than Mr. Toch's, that have not been presented to the audiences of the New York Symphony Society. Not that they would like many of them; they undoubtedly would not. But they represent "the newest development of the art."

Miss Myra Hess, the English pianist, was the soloist, and played Mozart's concerto in D minor; one of his deeper and more serious instrumental works, indelibly marked by the stamp of his genius. It was most delightfully played with the spirit, the sweetness, the sincerity and the purity of style that are of the essence of the music; and the audience appreciated it and manifested its pleasure by warm applause.

The program was ended with Arthur de Greef's setting of two old Flemish folksongs.

By H. E. Krehbiel

If we had set out early with the solemn intention to hear all these concerts fragmentarily we should have been arrested, as we were at Aeolian Hall, by a novelty on the program of the Symphony Orchestra. It was not the "Fantastic Music of the Night," by Ernst Toch, which would have given us so long a pause that it disturbed our projected perambulations, but the verbal commentary which Mr. Walter Damrosch added to it. We do not know why. Much more unseemly things have been perpetrated at the Symphony concerts and gone into the silences without either explanation or apology. There is nothing so petty or aesthetically and audaciously painful played or sung nowadays but somebody feels it a duty to do a bit of perfunctory handclapping; and within the sounds of the "Fantastic Music of the Night" not any discoverable preachment as to their aims seemed to us new. The name of the composer was, but if he bears an evangel to the world we shall probably get acquainted with it.

Damrosch Explains

Meanwhile we might have been spared Mr. Damrosch's explanation that it was different from other music with which we are familiar, that it abounded in dissonances, which, however, were "logical" (why not also physiological, psychological, moral, equilateral, rectangular or elliptic), and that it was his duty as our ("your," said he to the audience) conductor to give it a hearing. Music, he added in conclusion, is "motion as well as emotion." So it is in a physical sense, for it is the product of vibrations, which are motion. There was motion in the piece, even progress from a beginning to an end, although to accommodate the composer and his imaginative scheme (which was that of fantastic, ghostly nocturnal visitors who pounded on the door of a sleeper with a big drum, awaken him, dance a spectral dance and pound again on the big drum to say farewell) the music after its caperings went out of the hole by which it had entered; but we could not even contrive to guess at the emotions which the composer intended to evoke. Those were to be sought for in the hearer, not in the composer, or the commentator, except, perhaps, inferentially. Fancy, yes; emotion, no.

Sympathy Oozes Away

We were not at all inclined to quarrel with the composer, and indeed, were disposed to listen with interest to some of his thematic and structural devices and admire their ingenuity and aural effects, but after being informed by Mr. Damrosch that every conductor felt it a duty to perform it as an evidence of progress, and by the annotator of the

program that the presence of a fugato in it indicated that it was "firmly imbedded in the classic school," the kindly interest which we had felt in it oozed away in spite of an honest attempt to keep a firm grip on our objectives.

We hope that good nature did not desert us utterly, for that quality, though frequently strained, was never so necessary to a reviewer of musical doings as it is to-day. Heavens! We can scarcely remember a novice in composition (though Toch doesn't seem to be a novice) who when he didn't know what else to do with his principal theme didn't start out to "fugue it" for a while. He didn't always succeed in going very far, but he at least made an

attempt—as a guaranty of his scholarship, at least.

However, yesterday's audience had an opportunity to express unmixed delight when Mme. Myra Hess played Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor with delicious clarity and grace and was seconded by Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra with the delightful accompaniment which the composition and the player deserved. So all that preceded it was forgiven, if it could not be forgotten—even Mr. Damrosch's omission of the last movement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony. The story which the composer of the symphony affected to relate was, of course, left suspended in midair, but that was of little consequence. Mr. Damrosch told his audience that the third movement made a more satisfactory conclusion. Perhaps it did. It left us thinking not of the supreme delight of power, but of the dances of dervishes and fakirs in some Oriental festival.

Toch was born in Vienna in 1887, is a self-taught musician and has won various important prizes. His poem, "Fantastic Music of the Night," is dedicated to Dr. Frank Damrosch. Its program tells of a sleeper awakened by a continued knocking. Sounds of the night change into active visions, now gentle, now grotesque, later seen in a spectral dance.

The poem is scored for a full modern orchestra. In portraying his ideas Toch works on bold and fearless lines. With a melodic basis he invites the aid of most modern dissonance. There are moments of noise and dryness, but as a whole the music has power and stimulates attention. Following a fine performance of the poem by his orchestra, Mr. Damrosch in some remarks stated that it was his duty as a conductor to give his hearers the new as well as the old.

companion. He also, of course, offered a novelty, which proved no better and no worse than the host that have preceded it. It was an imaginative but empty piece called "Fantastic Music of the Night," by a young Viennese named Ernst Toch. There are some euphonious episodes in it; the rest is dissonance. Walter Damrosch made a feeble apology for these; said they were "logical, at any rate." As a matter of fact they were entirely uncalled for—dragged in by the hair. The piece is dedicated to Dr. Frank Damrosch. A witty lady suggested that this gentleman accepted the dedication because Toch is self-taught and his piece serves to show how much better he could have done had he been taught at the Institute of Musical Art.

By Deems Taylor

THE N. Y. SYMPHONY.

If there were any expert Freudians in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon they must have had an interesting time with Ernst Toch's "Fantastic Visions of the Night," which Walter Damrosch conducted for its first American performance. The piece deals, as one might suspect from the title, with a nightmare, but it would not be the subject that would interest the Freudians most.

What would have intrigued them, particularly would have been the motives that impelled the composer to incorporate a fugue in the fabric of his work—a fugue that was correct enough, but that managed to sound totally irrelevant to the rest of the musical structure.

Perhaps the program notes furnish the clue. They announce that Mr. Toch is an "exclusively self-taught musician," which would account, perhaps, for a slight inferiority complex in regard to classical forms, that would cause him to feel that he had to prove his erudition by planting a fugue where no fugue should grow—just as the self-made business man generally begins his speeches with a misquotation from Shakespeare.

Mr. Damrosch made a brief speech after the piece was over, pointing out that it was of "the new school of music; a school that we must reckon

with." It hardly seemed as horrendous as all that—it was Haydn, after Cassella and Schoenberg. To us it seemed too long for its subject matter, and a little wanting in imagination. It had several good ideas, and displayed some remarkably ingenious scoring, but it failed to maintain throughout the fantastic mood promised in the title, and its themes suffered a bit from overdevelopment. Of Mr. Toch's technical command there is no question. He needs, not a teacher, but an editor.

After the night music came the dawn—Myra Hess giving a lovely, crystalline performance of Mozart's D minor concerto. She played it as if she had just composed it, giving her hearers the sense of happy discovery that a true artist should give, in the presence of great music.

The program began with Rimsky's "Antar" suite (Mr. Damrosch played the John L. Summer version, with the "Sweetness of Love" section left out) and gave a brilliant account of itself in the tricky rhythms and passage work of the Toch work. De Greef's orchestral transcription of two old Flemish folksongs ended the day.

Mr. Toch is self-taught, and so well taught that he has won all sorts of prizes and at the age of thirty-six holds the position of Professor of Harmony and Theory of Music at Mannheim. With all due respect for Mr. Damrosch's critical judgment, however, as expressed after the performance—perhaps to relieve hard-pressed scribes of onerous responsibilities—it is difficult to discover anything new or revolutionary in this work. In fact, one encountered many familiar friends on the nocturnal journey: Richard Strauss, for instance, Richard Wagner, too, and the Liszt of the "Faust" symphony in the fugal theme. But the process of shaking hands with such a genial company was wholly pleasant; and when the concluding reveille dispelled the beloved spirits of the great, invoked so delectably by Mr. Toch, one felt almost sorry that the revels had ended.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Josef Hofmann indulged yesterday at Carnegie Hall in "L'Après-Midi d'un Poète." He held in rapt attention with a Chopin program one of the largest audiences seen at a piano recital in years. Many were turned away. There was no more room, though perhaps 200 might have been seated on the stage, which held only the concert grand piano and its master. One composer programs are not uncommon and since Pachelmann is coming back Chopin recitals will be in style again. But whatever fashion may decree, such a recital as that of yesterday afternoon will never be fashionable. Why? Because the pattern is too difficult to follow.

Mr. Hofmann's program consisted of the "Fantasy Polonaise," mazurka in F sharp minor, barcarolle, the twenty-four preludes (the "eagle's feathers," as Schumann called them), the F minor fantasia, valse in A flat and A flat polonaise. But the pianist was in most gracious mood. He smiled at his rapacious audience and added two or three encores after each group ("Butterfly" after eagle's feathers, for example), and many more at the end of the list.

It was one of his happiest afternoons, albeit he began to play as one in a reverie. The fantasy polonaise was a dream, a day dream, something like a vision of old Poland, touched with the spirit of Rey of Naglowa, whose pious soul soared aloft daily in pale flames. But there was thunder enough in the military polonaise which burst forth later. Meanwhile the exquisite qualities of Mr. Hofmann's art must have enraptured all his hearers, especially those whose senses have not been beaten into musical unconsciousness by the incessant din of virtuosity. Rhythm lies at the basis of every page that Hofmann plays, while his instrumental song is so opulent in tone that the piano under his hands is perpetually creating the illusion of sustained song.

When he needs staccato for his purpose it is there and when he elects to make crystalline runs he ripples

like a brook in the sunlight. But it is superfluous to descant on the playing of Josef Hofmann. For the tired recorder of musical doings, exasperated by daily listening to unmusical doings, exciting audiences merely because they are fast or loud or both, a recital by Hofmann is two hours of physical rest and spiritual peace.

Composers' Guild Concert.

All music lovers should be compelled to go to the concerts of the International Composers' Guild (Incorporated). There was another last night in the Klaw Theater, and again an opportunity was offered to learn what the most advanced thought is producing in the tone art. For example, there was a performance of the second quartet of Bela Bartok, who is among the post futurists a ninth runder, entitled to put a triple "tau" after his name. Jacob Mestechkin Elfrida Boos, Samuel Stillman and Glal Saleski played this work amazingly. Their achievement was almost greater than the composition itself, for they accomplished feats in intonation that would have staggered the Flonzaleys.

It is not possible to discuss this music in the cold gray dawn of the morning after. These modern composers have soarings after the unsearchable and divings after the unfathomable, and when they have them they have them bad. Recorders of musical doings should have time to sleep upon the billows of their oceanic thoughts and, waking to calm contemplation, pass days in silence and meditation and prayer before feebly endeavoring to tell of the wonders they have heard.

Therefore, let there be first a catalogue, a solemn record of things done. In addition to the quartet there were three songs, "In the German manner," by that mad wag, Lord Berners (quite delightfully witty burlesques, by the way), an overwhelming one movement sonata for piano and harp by Carlos Salzedo, a nocturne and a new sonata by Leo Ornstein (played by himself in person), a fantasia by Louis Gruenberg (who was out of his class because he had been a prize winner), Alexander Steinert's "Lady of Clouds" (what would Grandpapa Steinert have said?), "Toys" by Carl Ruggles (written for his children); what strange children composers do have!; songs by Emerson Whithorne, and "Hyperprism," by Edgar Varèse, for flute, clarinet, two trumpets, three horns and two trombones, to say nothing of percussion.

The songs were all sung by Miss Lucy Gates, who sang much better than when last heard here. The Bartok quartet ought to be heard again. Despite the fact that the composer sometimes betrays the pernicious influence of Brahms and sometimes so far forgets himself as to white tonic triads and diatonic scale successions, he shows much originality and remarkable skill in instrumental treatment.

PRIMA DONNA-CHAMBERMAID

TO SING AGAIN IN GRAND OPERA.

Asta Mober, the Swedish prima donna discovered working as a chambermaid at the Waldorf-Astoria, is again to appear in grand opera. She will undertake the role of Azucena in "Il Trovatore" as guest artist of the American Students' Opera and Ballet Company, under the direction of John Ardizoni, at Town Hall March 21.

Where one Sunday night opera concert formerly bloomed there now are two: the German company at the Manhattan bringing forth its singers in civilian dress for a "Richard Wagner concert," with songs and orchestral numbers from "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger," under Mr. Moerike's baton, with plenty to hear what was, on the whole, very creditable singing.

Had Auspicious Opening

It had an auspicious opening when Friederich Schorr sang the "Evening Star" ode from "Tannhäuser," giving Wolfgram's lines in deep, full and smooth tones. Elsa Wuehler, following with "Dich, teure Halle," had a softer tone than some of her colleagues, but a certain tendency to tremolo, while Robert Hutt, in the Grail Narrative of "Lohengrin," distinguished himself by remarkably clear diction—understandable even by those with only little German. The chorus, instead of sitting in rising tiers of seats in the rear, trooped on before the orchestra for the Bridal Chorus.

There were three Wagner songs for Otilie Metzger, who showed richness of tone with some signs of recent hard work; while Elsa Alsen sang the "Liebestod" of "Tristan" and Friederich Plaskhe, Sachs's lines with the chorus in the opening of the last scene of "Die Meistersinger." The audience gave

everybody both manual and vocal ap-
peared.

At the Metropolitan there was no shortage of hearers for a concert of the usual type, with Toscha Seidel as the assisting soloist in the Saint-Saens B minor violin concerto (played more than once of late) and piano-accompanied numbers by De Sarasate and Joseph Achron. Among the Metropolitan singers Rosa Ponselle sang three eighteenth century Italian airs by Pergolesi, Martini and Paisiello, with the well-proportioned orchestral accompaniment of Felix Mottl; while there was an aria from "The Magic Flute" and "The Two Grenadiers" from Mr. Rothier; arias from "Der Freischütz" and "Tosca" for Ellen Dalossy and Mr. Chamlee, and various orchestral numbers for the musicians under Mr. Bamboschek.

Last night at the Greenwich Theater Ratan Devi sang a program of old Irish, English and Scotch folksongs, negro spirituals and two groups of Indian songs. This singer is a European woman, gifted with a rich mezzo-contra-voice and using it diversely to express the Indian melodies in a manner almost weird, but altogether pleasant to Western ears. The program was distinctive, not only for unusual and previously unsung folksongs but also because of the manner in which this charming woman presented it.

Sung With Splendid Feeling

The first group was distinctive for its original selections: An Irish famine song, an East Coast of England song, "My Johnny Was a Shoemaker," "Cuckoo"; another Irish song, "I Know Where I'm Going," and a rollicking gypsy melody, "Raggle, Taggle Gypsies, Oh!" Scotch songs and well known "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Lil' David, Play on Yo' Harp," composed the second group, all sung with splendid feeling for their meaning.

The Eastern atmosphere of the Indian songs was heightened by a setting of tall candles and Bonarese brass vases filled with yellow flowers at either side of the stage. The same yellow and bronze colors were carried out in the singer's costume and in the tamboura, a four-stringed native instrument on which she accompanied her singing.

The songs, or Ragas as sung by the Indians, express a mood, a time, an emotion or a season. She sang them in the tongue for which they are intended, beginning with a song of praise to the Creator, then a midnight song and one of separation, followed by one of which both tune and words signify parting. Throughout these numbers the sound of the four strings, repeated monotonously, made a background against which the singer projected another theme in a crooning song.

Without Accompaniment.

The last group, sung without any accompaniment, consisted of Kashmiri songs, but quite unlike the Amy Woodford Finden Kashmiri songs familiar to English ears. Cradle songs and Persian folk melodies were included in

them, and unlike anything else heard during the evening.

The audience was a large one, and seemed to favor especially Mr. Salzedo's filmy impressions and Mr. Ornstein's skillful musicianship.

Ukrainian National Chorus Sings.

The Ukrainian National Chorus gave their last concert of the season at the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon before an audience of good size. The operatic sopranos, Oda Slobodskaja and Nina Kosetz, who have assisted on the long tour, each sang groups of solos, for which the audience demanded encores. The chorus singing was as colorful as the brilliant costumes the singers wore, and of the usual broadness and richness of quality. After each of the encores encores were sung and the encores in turn had to be repeated. One Mexican song, an exotic number much different from their own native material, being sung three times before the audience was willing to let the Russian singers leave the stage. Upon their return from South America, where they will pass the Summer, Max Rabinoff, their manager, has promised they will include American folk songs in the local programs.

Tenor Sings With City Symphony.

Martin Richardson, tenor, was the soloist with the City Symphony Orchestra in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. The large audience cordially greeted him and recalled him several times for his singing of "Le Reve" from Massenet's "Manon," and "Qu'est-ce O' Quella" from Verdi's "Rigoletto." Jascha Fishberg, violinist, and Samuel Stillman were warmly applauded for their playing of short pieces by Halvorsen, Mozart and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff. Dirk Foch chose the overture to Rossini's "William Tell" to open the program, and closed with Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

"POP" CONCERT AT CENTURY.

There was a varied program at the City Symphony's "pop" concert in the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon. Martin Richardson, tenor, sang "Le Reve" from Massenet's "Manon" and the ballad, "Qu'est-ce O' Quella" from "Rigoletto." Mr. Richardson sang with confidence and good enunciation, but his voice was somewhat lacking in lyric freshness and power. Jascha Fishberg, concertmaster of the orchestra, and Samuel Stillman, a viola player in the orchestra, played a duet by Halvorsen. Dirk Foch, conducting the orchestra, offered the overture to "William Tell," Mozart's "Turkish March" and Tchaikovsky's symphony No. 5 in B minor. In place of Schubert's "Moment Musical" the orchestra played an excerpt from the "Caucasian Sketches," by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff. Mr. Foch's musicians gave a good account of themselves yesterday. There was a refined tone and a commendable ensemble achieved by both string and wind instruments. Mr. Foch wielded his baton with judicious restraint and happy results.

While Carnegie Hall had been hot and crowded in the afternoon it was equally crowded and perhaps still hotter in the evening, when the Jewish Ministers Cantors' Association of America gave a concert for the benefit of their relief fund, with a large audience of their co-religionists to make the benefit substantial. It was a generous program, with Cantor Rosenblatt singing his "Uvnochar Omar" with the chorus of the association, followed by improvisations of his own. Cantor Heiman was another soloist with chorus. Improvisations also were furnished by Cantor Z. Kvarin, and both set numbers and improvising by Cantors Roitman and Herschman, all of these mainly in the familiar liturgical style. The choral numbers were mostly by Zavel Zilberts. Encores were frequent, the enthusiasm of the audience matching the length of the concert.

Ratan Devi

Sunday night the Greenwich Village Theatre was comfortably filled by those who came to hear Ratan Devi in her programme of English, Scotch, and Hindu folk songs. The concert was unusual, especially the latter half, which quite created East India then and there—hot darkness, moghra flowers, lamentation, and passion.

Miss Devi in her English songs accompanied herself on the piano, and she has certainly learned how to sing with resonance and power although seated, which is rather difficult, as all singers know. The ballads were of practically the same type, and she sang them well, but one felt that she was saving herself—that she would let go in something else, and she did.

Of the songs in English perhaps the favorite was "I Know Who I Love, but the Dear Knows Who I'll Marry." Her enunciation is excellent and the refrains in mezzo voce very lovely. Some one had requested "Lil' David, Play On Your Harp," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and these she sang in a way which pleased every one. It is our private opinion that the latter of these is about as well known now as "The Rosary," and we are sorry.

The latter half of the programme was fascinating. Seated on the floor, in rich Indian costume, with the tall, inlaid tambura as her companion, not

merely an accompaniment, but a listener to the land she loved. First came an invocation; then songs from the classic music of the country; then folk songs of the Kashmiri.

Miss Devi made a brief explanation and translation before each one. They are long, made of repetitions and with strange intervals and cadences. The time is strongly marked and the melodies are beautiful. The audience was spellbound, though a little uncertain; each face was a study.

We wished for only one thing—that the singer had not been so utterly aloof from her audience. While she sang, or spoke of the songs, the door to her personality was open, and we felt that we were not unwelcome guests; but with the last note the door was closed, and her face, which had been tragic or gay or tender with her music, became as unresponsive as a mask. H. M.

Shaun O'Farrell, assisted by Misses Milo Mloradovich and Josephine Chaka, and with Mme. Page Kne at the piano, offered a most diversified program at Town Hall in the evening.

In the evening the main event was the concert of the International Composers' Guild, perhaps the liveliest organization in American music these days, when several compositions were given their first local hearing. The list included Bartok's "Quartet No. 2," conventional enough in rhythm, but harmonically dissonant. Occasionally there would be a piercing hint of melody from the first violin, but it died in infancy from lack of recognition by the other instruments. Rather more gratifying was Carlos Salzedo's sonata for harp and piano, which shone by contrast.

They did things with that like putting paper in between the harp strings and nailing down the sustaining pedal of the piano. The result was enthusiastically applauded.

Leo Ornstein came next with his "Nocturne," generally ear-splitting, though thematically more rational than its predecessors. It sounded like a night on a special bus running along under the Third Avenue "L" line.

Lucy Gates sang a group of modern songs by Louis Gruenberg, Alexander Steinert (who produced perhaps the best one), Carl Ruggles and Emerson Whithorne. Withorne's "Tears" deserves special note; it was well-conceived and well-sung by the heroic Miss Gates, who gave her excellent tone to it graciously. Edgar Varese's "Hyperprism," which closed the program, was scored for seven brass and two wood instruments. To increase the noise eleven outsiders were enlisted and lined up, armed with various percussion instruments. What followed could be inadequately described as pandemonium. Every sound, animal, vegetable and mineral was there. At the end, it was applauded thunderously.

Feb 6 1923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Franco Vittadini's three act opera, "Anima Allegra," revealed its amiable charms to the Monday subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was large and most of the standing room was occupied. How long the opera will continue to exert its gentle spell upon the public is, of course, something that not even an expert impresario like Mr. Gatti-Casazza can foretell. It seems probable that the life of anything so sweet and fragile will not be long. Opera-goers usually find their greatest interest in absorbing tales of human passion or in vivacious comedies like "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," equipped with sparkling music such as that which flowed so spontaneously from the pen of Rossini.

"Anima Allegra" is all goodness, and no stormy feelings break the sunny flow of its action. The second act continues to give audiences the greatest amount of pleasure. In this act the composer has been happy. He has treated the Spanish rhythms with great skill and immense spirit. The songs are full of life, the dances opulent in color and the entire act pulsates with the joy of living. In this act Miss Rosina Galli contributes to the performance some of her most delightful art. Of course advanced thinkers call her dancing old fashioned, but in this scene nothing else would be quite appropriate. Miss Galli receives effective aid from Miss Florence Rudolph and Giuseppe Bonfiglio.

The cast was the same last evening

as at previous performances. Miss Bori repeated her bewitching impersonation of *Consuelo* of the joyous soul, and sang the music admirably. In the lyric pages she shared the honors once more with Mr. Lauri-Volpi as *Pedro*. Mr. Tokatyian as the amusing *Lucio*, Mr. Didur as the pompous *Don Eligio*, Miss Mario as the sprightly *Corallito* and Mme. Howard as the stately *Donna Sacramento* were again excellent, and Mr. Moranzoni's conducting brought out all the beauties of the score.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Sylvia Lent's Recital.

Miss Sylvia Lent is a young Washington girl who has studied the violin both with Franz Kneisel and with Leopold Auer. She gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, which a large and interested audience crowded to hear. The hall was, in fact, astonishingly full—a tour de force on somebody's part, considering that Miss Lent's name is not yet one to conjure an audience with. It may be June time before it is. She has undoubtedly talent for the violin, and has assimilated good teaching in an admirable manner. It can hardly be said that as yet she is much beyond the pupillary stage in her art. She did not display much individuality in her performance yesterday, though she did display a good musical feeling, a correct ear and the power of producing a fine tone in various degrees of power, and a correct and fluent use of the bow.

Her program included Professor Auer's arrangement of Vivaldi's "Chaconne," in which Miss Lent showed some excellent double stopping, in tune and a broad and beautiful tone; Max Bruch's Scottish Fantasy, in which she was not quite so inerring in technique, and to capture the spirit of which she has some way yet to go; two of Mr. Kreisler's charming arrangements; two pieces of Cecil Burleigh; Sarasate's "Habañera," Wilhelmj's arrangement of a nocturne by Chopin and Nieuxtemp's polonaise in A.

Miss Lent has made a most encouraging beginning and holds out promise of an artistic future, a deeper insight into the more intangible musical values, and the growth of an individuality of her own, which she does not at present exhibit in her public playing.

Field Service Fellowship Benefit

An audience of good size attended the benefit for the American Field Service fellowships in Carnegie Hall last evening and a substantial amount was added to the memorial fund for sending American students to French universities. A septuor by Saint-Saens was played by Zinlot, Schmitz and others, and it was followed by two sketches "based on Indian themes" by the late C. T. Griffes, played by the Franco-American String Quartet. An encore was required of Leon Rothier, the Metropolitan basso, for his singing of Saint-Saens's "Le Pas d'armes du Roi Jean." An arrangement of Casella's "Pupazzetti" for two pianos was played by the composer and E. Robert Schmitz. They also played "Fox Trot," a new work of this writer, which, outside of a peculiar rhythmic accentuation, bears no resemblance to the Broadway variety. The Salzedo Harp Trio was warmly applauded for its offerings, as was Eva Gauthier.

Warner Hawkins Applauded.

Warner Mason Hawkins, an accomplished musician of this city, gave a public recital at Aeolian Hall last evening, including his own setting for piano of the G-major organ prelude and fugue by Bach, of which the player's program note said he believed no previous arrangement had been made. Besides well matured interpretations of Scarlatti, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, Mr. Hawkins gave free rein also to the moderns. Grieg's "Ballade" on a Norwegian air brought an encore, and the audience applauded Debussy's "Bells Through the Leaves," some "new" harmonies of a "Garden of Soul Sympathy" by Cyril Scott and oddly familiar rhythms of "Ragamuffin" by John Ireland.

"Lohengrin" Broadcasted by Radio.

The Manhattan's fourth and final week of popular Wagnerian festival by the Berlin opera singers, who are moving next Monday to the Lexington, was marked by a large attendance at the repetition of "Lohengrin" last evening, and by a far more vast audience all unseen. It was the fourth of the German operas to be sent broadcast by radio during the month, the previous ones having been "Flying Dutchman," "Die Walkure" and "Meistersinger." Elsie Wuchler sang her namesake role as Elsa last night, in place of Miss von Osten, ill for some days past. With her were Mme. Hoellischer, Messrs. Hutt, Lattersmuis and Lehmann, and Mr. Moerike conducted.

The American Field Service is establishing a series of fellowships, one for every American who died on ambulance duty during the war, to maintain American students at the French universities, and supplement-

ing its campaign to raise funds for the cause gave a benefit concert in Carnegie Hall last night that enlisted the efforts of seventeen French and American artists.

The program opened brassily with Saint-Saens's septuor for trumpet, string quintet and piano, played by George Mager, the French-American Quartet (Messrs. Tinlot, Johnson, Sharrow, and Kefer), M. Tlvin, and Robert Schmitz. The quartet continued with Charles Elfriss's two "Indian" sketches, and Leon Rother sang "Le Pas D'Armes du Roi Jean."

Alfredo Casella and Mr. Schmitz played Casella's "Pupazzetti" and fox-trot for two pianos, the Salzedo harp trio (Marie Miller, Carlos Salzedo, Elise Sorelle) played Bach's sixth French suite, and Eva Gautier sang songs by Griffes, Watts and Crist.

Then came more ensemble music—Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro," played by the quartet, Mr. Salzedo, Georges Grisez and George Posselt—and, to conclude, Mr. Casella and Mr. Schmitz played a two-piano version of Chabrier's "Espana."

The day was otherwise well filled but otherwise rather uneventful. Two young violinists made debuts—Silvia Lent, at Aeolian Hall, in the afternoon, who played Vltali, Bruch, Couperin, Cecil Burrell and Vieuxtemps, and Isidor Greenberg, at the Town Hall, in the evening, offering the Vivaldi concerto, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" and several shorter pieces. Both players had commendable technique and played pleasurably if not sensationally. Miss Lent's tone is rather small, but clear and pure. Mr. Greenberg's is more robust but suffered once in a while from defective intonation.

mkh 7 1923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The American Music Guild.

For the third time this season the American Music Guild championed the cause of American music in a concert thereto devoted. The audience was not large, but manifested much interest in several of the offerings. There were compositions for violin, voice and for two pianos.

John Powell's sonata for violin and piano in one movement was the first number and the one that showed the most value. He played it with Albert Stoessel. The several sections of the sonata form one connected whole, and in them the thematic substance reappears. There is thematic subsided; and it is treated with skill, with imagination. Mr. Powell has made fascinating use of some negro tunes, or tunes based on their characteristics. He finds it difficult to let go at the end; and the work is unduly prolonged. It would be stronger and it would say more, by saying less. The two players gave an admirable performance.

Leo Ornstein's Op. 89 for two pianos, played by the composer and Mme. Ethel Leginska, was the last, and is one of the last words in desultory dissonance. Between them came four songs by Alexander Steinhert to words by Amy Lowell and three by Clifford Vaughan to words by Ruth Harwood, sung by Miss Eva Gauthier, admirably, with excellent diction and a firm grasp on difficult styles. There seemed to be more lyric gift, which after all is what makes songs, in Vaughan's productions. Miss Gauthier was much applauded and for an encore sang a song which she said she greatly admired, by Lois Mills, a young woman of Portland, Me., but it was difficult to follow Miss Gauthier all the way in her opinion of it.

Samuel Gardner played five of his own compositions for violin and piano; three preludes; a piece called "Slovak," though its characteristics are almost wholly Hungarian; and one called "From the Canebrake," in which negro melodic and rhythmic traits are cleverly imitated. He, too, was much applauded.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Flonzaleys are above the weather. The audience that waded, sladdled, or skated to Aeolian Hall last

night to hear their farewell concert of the season was just as large as if snow and sleet had never been heard of. Its expectations were presumably high; and whatever their altitude, the first number—the Beethoven F major quartet, Op. 18, No. 1—probably met them. If comment upon their playing of this be brief, it is simply because their performance, in style, tonal beauty and musical understanding, was as nearly perfect as one is likely to hear.

Their second offering was the Chaikovsky D major quartet, Op. 11, more illuminatingly, the quartet whose second movement is the notorious "Andante Cantabile." They played the movement beautifully, too, in a muted whisper that lent it new magic, taking the second part fast enough to keep its sentimental leanings down to an endurable minimum.

The rest of the work is so seldom heard that one had almost forgotten its existence—nor, after last night's hearing, is there any thinkable reason for disturbing its slumbers. The andante cantabile, obvious as its utterance may be, contains two musical ideas, which is just two more than the other three movements possess among them. When they are not trivial they are dull; frequently they are both.

The evening closed with a novelty, Rosario Scalero's "La Ploggi Nel Pincto" (Rain in the Pine Woods) for string quartet and soprano. It is a setting of some lines by D'Annunzio, whose beauty and deep feeling not even a rather gawky English prose translation could entirely obscure. The mood of the poem is epitomized by the first stanza, which reads in English: "Be silent! At the edge of the forest I hear no longer the speech of mankind, but a new language that the rain and the leaves murmur from afar."

One can imagine what Debussy or Respighi might have done with this material. What Mr. Scalero has done, in one hearer's opinion, is to fail utterly to comprehend the poet's intentions. For no reason, apparently, other than that the poem is addressed to a woman, he has elected to write a setting couched in the idiom of an operatic love scene, keeping the four stringed instruments busy in a hopeless attempt to sound like the more impassioned utterances of an amorous orchestra.

The music has atmosphere, but that useful medium is laid on with a trowel, leaving no vestige of the dreamy loveliness of D'Annunzio's lines. Thus mis-set, one stanza might have been innocuous; but there were four, and the effect was almost unbearably repetitious.

The quartet played with conscientious skill, but with little of their wonted variety and delicacy. Helen Stanley sang in excellent tune, but with rather monotonous tone quality. However, as she had to contend with a vocal part that hovered endlessly between aria and recitative, covering nearly two octaves in the process, she deserves a good deal of credit for accomplishing as much as she did.

Anton Bilotti played the Grieg concerto with the City Symphony at the Town Hall in the afternoon. The young pianist seemed nervous, for while he showed occasional flashes of brilliance his playing lacked decision as a whole, and his tendency to take sudden and unheralded bursts of speed often threw the orchestra out of step. Even so, the accompaniment was hardly as flexible as it might have been.

The purely orchestral part of the program included Schubert's unfinished symphony, Debussy's "Faun" (that interesting young person is chasing his nymphs three times this week) and Frederick Jacobi's symphonic prelude, "The Eve of St. Agnes." The last-named work, while not a novelty, is unfamiliar, its only other previous New York performance having been given, so the record says, on April 29, 1921, by the National Symphony Orchestra under Arthur Bodanzky.

The work follows Keats's poem with sufficient faithfulness to make its various divisions easily recognizable. To us, the passage depicting the chill of the night seemed most completely successful. It is founded on a phrase for muted brass and string tremolos and gives a really graphic sound picture of the freezing desolation of a bitter wintry night. The revelry section and the love music were well conceived

and deftly handled, but lacked the individuality of expression that Mr. Jacobi displayed in the opening. As a whole, the work is well built and excellently scored, reaching a climax that, although rather Straussian in its sonority, is none the less effective.

The audience seemed decidedly impressed and applauded with enthusiasm. The composer, who was in an upstairs box, finally rose and bowed, and though he was, unhappily, out of sight of most of his downstairs hearers, they acclaimed him none the less vigorously.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

The third concert in the Flonzaley Quartet's subscription series took place last evening in Aeolian Hall, where a large audience listened and applauded. The program was made up of Beethoven's quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1; Tschalkowsky's in D, Op. 11, and a new composition by Rosario Scalero, an Italian composer now resident in New York, whose music has before this been heard here.

The last is a quartet with voice, in manuscript and was written for the Flonzaley Quartet and Mme. Helen Stanley, soprano, who sang the part for voice. This is set to Italian verse by Gabriele d'Annunzio, being taken from "Alcione," the third book of his "Laudi."

Mr. Scalero has attempted to make his composition something other than a lyric with accompaniment of a string quartet; but he has hardly succeeded throughout. As accompaniments go nowadays, this seems to do hardly more than is expected of an accompaniment, perhaps unusually rich and free in certain passages; but the voice is predominant and the strings, while they naturally have much thematic work, serve to give the color, the atmosphere, the suggestion of a mood that is now the function of an accompaniment. It is of no great consequence, the matter of chief interest being the quality of the music, the impression of the whole, except that a note upon the program states that this is the first instance of a work of large dimensions in which the voice is "considered as an integral part of the harmonic ensemble and is treated accordingly."

The same authority declares that the poem is a marvel of human sensitivity and "considered by profound critics to be a great and enduring work of genius." Probably there is needed a profound knowledge of Italian to be sure of it. At all events, Mr. Scalero has written for it music of atmospheric quality with an undercurrent of romantic melancholy, music not of the greatest distinction or originality of substance, but well made in a technical sense, effectively devised for the string, the work of an accomplished musician.

Needless to say, it was played with the utmost finish, delicacy and characteristic expression by the Flonzaley Quartet. Mme. Stanley sang the vocal part with real skill, with a voice of beautiful quality, especially in the higher ranges, and with musical feeling. Yet it could hardly be said that her performance gave a complete embodiment of the mood depicted by the poet and the composer, nor that her Italian diction was quite impeccable.

The four players gave a performance of the quartets by Beethoven and Tschalkowsky, but was lovely and iridescent in tone, delicate to nuance, polished and refined to the highest point; and in the Beethoven, indeed, it seemed almost as if the lily were painted and the gold gilded. Tschalkowsky's quartet is not often played in these days, though the slow movement has long had its great popularity and repeated it last evening.

PIANIST PLAYS IN ONE KEY.

Bach's C Sharp Minor Program Cheered at Town Hall.

Like tinted eaching of old masters in a delicate monotone was last evening's novel "recital in C sharp minor," by William Bachaus, which the pianist said he had hoped "would interest musicians," and which a paying audience that filled most of the Town Hall heard and cheered at its close. Rachmaninoff's most famous prelude began it; Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Schumann's "Symphonic Studies," six Chopin pieces and Liszt's twelfth rhapsody ran all in the one key or related modulations.

Monotone was not monotony, nor was the evening's music an ear test, but rather an enjoyment heightened as in seeing a prism divide rays of light. Of six encores, Schubert's C sharp minor "Musical Moments" followed the classics. Later came Liszt's D flat concert study—same "key," different signature, then Chopin's A flat study, and Strauss's "Blue Danube," both shouted for by floor and gallery, and one of Brahms, with the Chopin "Revolutionary," before they let the player go.

FRITZ REINER SIGNS.

Will Direct the Cincinnati Orchestra for the Next Four Years.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, March 6.—Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for the last year, has signed a contract and will direct

the orchestra for the next four years, the Cincinnati Orchestra, announced today.

Arthur Judson, Manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic has been engaged as Advisory Manager of the Cincinnati Orchestra Association. J. W. Darby, of Cincinnati will succeed A. F. T. who resigned as manager of the orchestra.

There was one unfamiliar number in a group of very familiar ones at the City Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon at Town Hall, "St. Agnes's Eve," by Frederick Jacobi, which had been postponed last week. It was not the first performance of the Californian's tone-poem, which had its first New York hearing at the end of the last season of the National Symphony Orchestra in April, 1921. It had proved interesting then and so proved this time. It was faithful to its subject. There were open fifths to express the opening wintry atmosphere of Keats, music of increasing liveliness for the revelry (with a certain hint, it seemed, of Strauss and "Don Juan"), amorous music, whipped up to a climax for the elopement, and the wintry fifths to close. Its moods were more apparent than its themes, but on the whole it seemed an agreeable, well constructed work.

There was applause from hearers and players for Mr. Jacobi.

Emma Hoyt in Recital

The song recital given by Emma Paten Hoyt at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon was as like any one of a score of song recitals which have been heard this season as one pea in a pod is like its fellows. The singer disclosed that she had studied vocalization and even song interpretation, but neither special charm of voice, nor of manner. There was enough grace in her sustained singing of Loewe's "Canzonetta" (from a few distinguishable words it was evidently a German song) to invite a repetition, but her effort to interpret Bach's "Patron, das mach der Wind" (in English) was amateurish in the extreme. With so much music of real pith and moment making in New York at the present time, there is no need for further comment.

Ten-Year-Old Girl in Recital.

Carnegie Hall's shortest recital, by perhaps the season's youngest player, was the matinee yesterday of Ruth Pierce Posselt, a little girl of 10 years, who was announced as 8 years old. She is one of seven children of musical parents, who wished to gain interest here for the child's ripper education as a violinist. The reason is not a new one for presenting a "child prodigy." A chief charm of the small newcomer was that she is still childlike, playing without airs or affectation of precocity. Her instruction by father and sister—another sister aiding at the piano—and by Emanuel Ondrick of Boston, had provided five pieces to play—Vltali's chaconne, Wieniawski's concerto and his fantasy on Russian themes, a Spanish dance of Sarasate and Sam Fanko's arrangement from the "Coc d'Or." The audience included many children.

Joseph Schwarz at Manhattan.

Joseph Schwarz, the Russian baritone heard with the Chicago stars two years ago at the Manhattan, returned to that stage last evening as a guest in the Berlin company's third performance of "Tannhauser." With Mr. Blech at the baton, Mmes. Alsen and Seinemeyer as the rival Venus and Elizabeth, Mr. Lussmann again as hero and Mr. Klipnits as the Landgrave, it was a presentation of much of the best that the visiting company has been able to offer in a month's activities here. A crowded house applauded the "all-star" event and gave emphatic greeting to Mr. Schwarz, whose rôle of Wolfram was distinguished for much lyric beauty of voice and grace of bearing.

Eight-Year-Old Ruth Posselt Plays Well.

Ruth Pierce Posselt, an eight-year-old violinist, made her first public appearance in New York at Carnegie Hall yesterday. Little Miss Posselt, who was born in Medford, Mass., has studied the violin since she was 3, receiving her instruction in the family circle and later obtaining a scholarship at the Ondrick School in Boston. Miss Posselt will give a public recital in Boston and then she returns to her studies.

Yesterday she played Vltali's Chaconne, the concerto in D minor by Wieniawski, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Hymn to the Sun," Sarasate's "Spanish Dance" in op. 21, No. 1, and a fantasia on Russian themes by Wieniawski. This little girl revealed some praiseworthy talents. Her performance naturally displayed a few deficiencies in intonation and rhythm.

Her technique is well developed, but is not flawless. These were qualities to have been expected, but they were far overbalanced by a confidence in her powers which enabled her to play with a good deal of style. Her tone was

...the quality of her voice and the depth of expression which she brought to her playing. Her double stopping was excellent. In short she is a young player of considerable attainments and much promise. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Gladys Posselt, and she gave several encores.

By MAX SMITH.

A TINY girl in a fluffy pink dress stood on the platform of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Even the undersized fiddle tucked under her chin looked enormous, and the bow, specially made for her, was almost too long for the reach of her arm. But how she played, this child of ten! How her little fingers danced over the strings! And with what assurance, with what poise, she made the instrument sing in sustained cantilena or carol in florid melody! The writer of this does not look with favor on the exploitation of youthful prodigies, though he is fully aware that parents at times have no other way of providing for the education of their offspring.

But in all his experience he cannot recall an instance of early development that to him seemed so remarkable as the case of Ruth Pierce Posselt of Medford, Mass. Remarkable not so much because of the technical skill this infant disclosed, as because of the God-given musicianship that characterized her playing and the warm, pulsating life, the heart-throb, that vitalized her tone.

With eyes closed you might have supposed you were listening to a grown-up woman, yes, more than that, indeed, a man accomplished in the mechanics of his art. With eyes open it was only the diminutive performer that gave the impression of something phenomenal.

For not only in her bearing and demeanor, but in the actual results she achieved, Ruth disclosed no affectations, no mannerisms, no evidences of self-conscious precocity.

Here, apparently, was a little American girl of the familiar bobbed-hair type, as healthy and normal as the average girl of her age. Yet this youngster made music that seemed to spring from the soul, spontaneous, impulsive.

With another sister, Gladys, at the piano—and an excellent accompanist she proved to be—little Ruth played Vitali's "Chaconne," Wieniawski's D minor Concerto, Sam Franko's arrangement of the "Hymn to the Sun" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," Sarasate's Spanish Dance No. 21, Wieniawski's Fantasia on Russian Themes and then a group of supplementary contributions in response to insistent demands from the throng that rushed down to the platform.

And after it was all over and friends crowded into the green room, she turned up an eager baby face towards her proud sister and teacher and said: "Oh, Margery, aren't we going to stay in New York for a little fun?"

Though it was Tuesday there was opera at both houses, the Metropolitan offering a benefit performance of "La Boheme" (its second Tuesday night benefit this season) for the Italian War Orphans, with Mme. Alda in her familiar role of Mimì and Mr. Gigli as Rodolfo. Mr. Scotti was Marcello, Mme. Sundellus Musetta, with Messrs. Mardones and Pisco among those in other parts in the performance under Mr. Papp.

By Deems Taylor

SOME AMERICANS.
(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

There was everything from jazz (mild) to polytony (chronic) at the American Music Guild's third concert in the Town Hall last night. Five American composers were represented by a total of fourteen works, with seven artists to interpret them and a large and somewhat factional audience to applaud them.

John Powell, Alexander Steinert, Clifford Vaughan, Samuel Gardner

...all checked this problem in spirit and in person, presiding over the piano part of his violin sonata, with Albert Stoessel playing the violin. The work, which is in one movement, has five divisions, which as played give the effect of five short movements separated by piano interludes.

The middle three, which were apparently founded on Negro melodies, made excellent hearing. They had great melodic charm, to begin with, and their composer had elaborated his material with a sympathy and restraint that kept his music simple and direct in its appeal. The other two sections were less happy in result. The first suffered from some elaborate passage work that was more difficult than effective, and the last developed some rather pedestrian ideas a bit more than they were worth.

Mr. Steinert contributed four "Lacquer Prints," set to poems by Amy Lowell, and Mr. Vaughan offered three songs with lyrics by Ruth Harwood. Eva Gautier did all that intelligent singing and perfect diction could do for them, abetted by some stunning accompaniments by Frederick Persson; but the residue of musical interest was very small. The songs all suffered from a common malady—apocrypha, aggravated by voice parts that seemed to have been constructed on the single plan of giving the singer whatever notes were left over from the accompaniment. The result of this expedient was that Mr. Persson had a glorious time while Miss Gautier—musically speaking—starved to death.

The best song of the evening was written by a young composer who was not on the program at all, a nineteen-year-old girl named Lois Mills. Miss Gautier sang her "With You" (poem by Conrad Aiken) as an encore to the group, explaining that it was her first effort at composition. Miss Mills may have a future. Her song is not particularly important, but it had a graceful vocal line and a refreshing definiteness of mood.

Samuel Gardner played five of his violin compositions, short, unpretentious pieces of a frankly melodious type that made an instant hit with his audience. His "Prelude No. 9" seemed the best, a muted bit with a wavering chromatic melody that would have pleased Rimsky-Korsakoff. "From the Canebroke" was jazz with a sentimental interlude. It had a fetching rhythm, meant nothing, and was vociferously encored.

At the end, Leo Ornstein and Ethel Leginska played Ornstein's sonata for two pianos, Op. 89. We heard them play it last winter, one night in Aeolian Hall, and now as then, we cannot escape an uneasy suspicion that it means something. It would be impossible to imagine two people producing more ear-splitting dissonances, short of sitting on the keyboards, than Ornstein and Leginska got out of parts of this work last night. But for all that, it seems to have a wild logic of its own.

"Fear" is as near as we can get to describing the emotion that it seemed to be striving to communicate. Most so-called "ultra-modern" music bores us. This does not. It annoyed us frightfully, in spots, but it kept us listening. If this be tonic-deafness, make the most of it.

VOCALISTS called it a day yesterday when a good-sized matinee audience welcomed Emma Patten Hoyt at Aeolian Hall and Collin O'More gave his third public recital in Carnegie at night.

Miss Hoyt is a skilled soprano, whose assurance is reinforced by

capability. She sang old songs in French with understanding of mood and style. Modern selections by Russian, French, German and American composers formed the other groups on her programme.

Mr. O'More repeated the favorable impression made at his former appearances. His Irish folk songs proved naive and charming; his other contributions by English, German and French composers were polished and artistic, while his diction was at all times crystal clear.

He shared the programme with Emille Rose Knox, who played violin selections by Lalo, Tartini-Kreisler, Chopin-Auer and Sarasate.

Mme. Sabanieva, Soprano at the Metropolitan and

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Massenet's "Manon" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The audience was of fair size and seemed to be entirely satisfied with the performance. This may be read as the reader chooses, either as supreme laudation of the manner in which Massenet's score was interpreted or a poorly disguised and perhaps impertinent sniff at the taste of the audience. There has been much discussion of public taste of late, in spite of the warning issued by the ancients "de gustibus non est disputandum." Therefore let that pass. The incident of last evening's performance was the appearance of Mme. Thalla Sabanieva as Manon.

This young soprano lately made her debut in "Madama Butterfly," and last night was heard for the second time. It seems that she was born in Athens

and studied vocal art in Petrograd. She sang in Russia, but grim war chased her southward, and in the course of time she entered the "sanctum sanctorum" of opera, Milan, where Mr. Gatti-Casazza heard her and promptly engaged her for the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mme. Sabanieva will without doubt be a familiar picture on the Metropolitan stage. She is pleasing to the eye, knows the routine of the stage and performs stage business with grace and composure, if not with compelling illusion. She has her moments of abandon and even of pathos as she had in Cio-Cio-San's death scene, and in the expression of tender pathos. Her voice is not large, nor is it one of rich dramatic color, but it is pleasing and proved to be quite well suited to the music of Massenet's opera.

Undoubtedly the soprano was nervous, for especially in the first scene she sang flat quite frequently, but vivaciously gave variety to her wanderings by sometimes singing sharp. But this seemed to arouse much enthusiasm.

Mario Chamlee was the Chevalier des Grieux. His interpretation of the role is so familiar that it calls for no comment. Mr. de Luca was once more the Lescaut. Mr. Rothier repeated his dignified version of the elder des Grieux and Milo Picco enacted De Bretigny, the gentleman who stole Manon from her first lover. Mr. Hasselmans conducted and gave the proper movement to the opera.

There have been French, German, Spanish, American, Scotch and Italian Manons heard down the various years in these environs. Last night at the Metropolitan Prevost's wayward heroine was a Greek, Thalla Sabanieva. To the eye she is the perfect Manon, slight, charming, in face and figure embodying the frail, fickle flirt which Abbe and Massenet intended her to be.

To the ear last night, however, she left rather more to be desired, for too often she wandered from pitch, and at times her small voice was lost in the complex texture of sound rising from Mr. Hasselmans's band. But she suffered from nervousness, since this was her first appearance before a regular subscription house, and with time may iron out these frailties. The des Grieux was Mr. Chamlee, singing excellently, and pointed off in contrast to Mr. de Luca's robust and crass Lescaut.

At the Manhattan "Der Fliegende Hollander" drove his ghostly galleon once again across the foggy sea, to the musical satisfaction of a packed house. Mes. Selmyer and Koeltrick and Mrs. R. Rollmann and Plaeschke sang the principal roles. In the afternoon "Meistersinger" was given again with Miss Fleischer, the chief replacement among the principals, singing Eva.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon Josephine Houston appeared in song recital with one of the most interesting of recently heard programs. It was unfortunate that she was not as good as her list of songs. Miss Houston has a light, chatty way of singing, which seems comfortably at home in vergerettes, or Italian pastorals, but attempting to carry off the

Some young chap called "C. Nome" is not so happy. Her diction in French and Italian was commendable, but her vocal support was often inadequate for the data and phrase of some of her more exacting material. The house was graciously responsive.

Josephine Houston Heats In Aeolian Hall Recital

Josephine Houston, giving a song recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, fared better at the end than at the beginning, but neither produced exceptional singing. Miss Houston had a light soprano with a rather uncertain tone and restricted volume in the earlier numbers, hardly able to keep pace with the assisting flute in Bishop's "Lo, Here, the Gentle Lark." Some of these limitations were overcome later. There were notes of clear and agreeable quality by the time that the third group, Brahms, Loewe, Fox and a new "Wood Song" by August King-Smith, was reached after another flute obbligato in "Caro Nomo." Even then, however, there were some husky notes among the clear ones, and while the singer had a certain sprightliness of manner, her voice did not seem one for the David aria, "Charmant Olseau."

JERITZA GIVES CONCERT.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 7.—Mme. Jeritza gave the first concert of her tour last night in the Lyric. The house was crowded and 400 chairs were placed on the stage. The singer added nine encores to her program of English, French, Italian and German arias and songs.

BRAHMS CLUB CONCERT.

The Brahms Club, Leo Brann conductor, gave a concert at the Waldorf-Astoria Tuesday night. Sleged Philip, baritone, was the soloist. The programme included works of Schubert, Brahms, Grieg, Vidal, yrl Scott and Victor Harris, given by the club, and songs by Franz, schaikowsky and Korngold, presented by Mr. Phillip.

An "educational" concert by the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall last evening also proved to be a "popular" concert with the fine audience which greeted the veteran orchestra and its newly installed conductor, and that unusual combination of entertainment with edification turned out to be the musical feature of an unimportant day in the concert halls. The Philharmonic was ably assisted by the New York Trio, Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi and Cornelius Van Vliet, in a famous playing of Beethoven's triple concerto for piano, violin and cello. It was an all-Beethoven program, beautifully delivered, and including the overture to "Coriolanus" and the Symphony "Eroica."

NELSON COFFIN DIES; WAS FINE MUSICIAN

Conductor of Mendelssohn Glee Club Found Dead of Natural Causes.

Nelson Coffin of Keene, N. H., conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York and well known in the musical world, was found dead in his bathroom at the Hotel Commodore yesterday. A physician said death was due to natural causes. He had been dead for some time, apparently. Coffin had a dinner engagement with a friend Tuesday night which he failed to keep. The friend called at the hotel yesterday to see what was the cause of Coffin's failure to keep the appointment, and found him dead on the floor of the bathroom.

Coffin came to this city last Monday to conduct a rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. He was the concert director of this club, which has its headquarters in the Chemist Club Building, and also conductor of the Pittsburgh Festival, the Worcester Festival, and other musical events. Coffin, who was about 50 years old, is survived by his wife, Josephine, three children and a brother, Eugene. The brother was notified, and is on his way to this city to arrange for the funeral.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

IN DARKEST MAHLER. Any orthodox musical review ought to contain a reasonably full recital

of the facts of a performance as well as an appraisal of its merits. Accordingly, let us first set down some assorted facts concerning what happened at Carnegie Hall last night.

Fact No. 1. Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, thinks that Gustav Mahler was a great composer.

Fact No. 2. He played Mahler's third symphony five consecutive times last year.

Fact No. 3. He had the Philharmonic play Mahler's seventh symphony in Carnegie Hall last night, and will repeat it this afternoon.

Facts No. 4 to No. 7. The symphony had never been heard in New York before. It was first performed in Prague, by the Vienna Philharmonic, under the composer's direction, in 1908. It is written in five movements and lasts one hour and thirty minutes. It is scored for strings, three flutes, piccolo, three oboes, English horn, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, tenor saxhorn in B flat (it sounds rather like a trombone with adenoids), three trumpets, three trombones, bass tuba, four kettle drums, bass drum, side drum, cymbals, triangle, gong, glockenspiel, bells, tambourine, harp, mandolin, guitar, and cowbells.

Fact No. 8. The only other number on the program was Beethoven's triple concerto for piano, violin, and cello, with orchestra, played by the New York Trio (Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi, and Cornelius Van Vliet).

The reviewer's estimate of the work and its performance should follow the facts. This will not take long. Merely because Mahler wrote a symphony one and one-half hours long, scoring it for a mammoth orchestra, and had it played last night in a large hall by a first-class orchestra under a first-class conductor—granted these facts, we still fail to see why we should devote much precious space to saying that we found the work to be emphatically the most stupid piece of music that we ever heard.

We could find no single musical idea in the whole affair that possessed a vestige of significance or vitality—with the possible exception of the theme of the "Merry Widow" waltz, which the composer writes into the last movement and develops with the utmost solemnity. We found most of the themes not only incredibly banal, but vulgar; we found their development long-winded and inept, and we found the scoring scrappy, muddy and ineffective.

The performance by the orchestra was beyond praise. The players showed evidence of devoted and skillful rehearsing by Mr. Mengelberg, the horns in particular giving a wonderful exhibition of perfect playing. The other brass players, who probably had more hard work to do than they would have encountered in the whole score of "Die Meistersinger," deserve the highest praise for what they accomplished.

We forgot two facts. They are:

Fact No. 9. There was a large audience, which recalled Mr. Mengelberg three times.

Fact No. 10. There are six more Mahler symphonies that have not yet been heard in New York.

OTHER MUSIC.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

"Lohengrin," at the Metropolitan Opera House, opera in three acts, sung in German; book and music by Richard Wagner, first performance of the season.

THE CAST.

King Henry.....Michael Bohnen
Lohengrin.....Orville Harrold
Elsa of Brabant.....Barbara Kemp
Telramund.....Clarence Whitehill
Ortrud.....Julia Claussen
The Herald.....Gustav Schustzendorf
Four Pages.....Charlotte Ryan
 Laura Robertson
 Myrtle Schaaf
 Grace Bradley

"Lohengrin," revived last year for Miss Jeritza, came back into the repertoire last night without her. The Elsa was Barbara Kemp, and there were other details slightly approaching novelty in the casting in the appearance of Orville Harrold, Michael Bohnen and Julia Claussen. Miss Kemp's Elsa could hardly be said to be epochal. True, she was beautiful enough to encourage any Knight to be her champion, and she sang the role trenchantly, with her traditional carrying power and zeal. But she was too dynamic, she lacked the original coolness and innocence of a true Elsa. In the first

act, after the tournament, her headlong flinging of herself into Lohengrin's arms had certainly a lack of pathetic inhibition. Elsa must have taken up Freud.

Mr. Harrold was a Lohengrin for the ear but not for the eye, singing with almost Italianate warmth and lyric fervor, while Mr. Bohnen was a King Henry to rank with the best ever heard at this house. He sang magnificently, and acted every minute he was on the stage, singing or not. Miss Claussen's Ortrud has been heard here before, and this occasion showed no revision of her interpretation, either upward or downward.

Many bays and laurels ought to go to Mr. Bodanzky for sending his men through the score generally at a jubilant, virile pace, far removed from the dour and sodden reading too often given to Wagnerian drama in the last few seasons. Apparently the influence of the Wagnerian visitors across town with their spirited readings of their material is beginning to be felt.

Yesterday afternoon the New York Symphony began the last fortnight of its season, with a concert at Carnegie Hall. Sigrid Onegin was the soloist, singing three Beethoven songs in glorious fashion, and an air from Mozart's "Titus" less happily. In this her attacks were uncertain, and she betrayed in more than one instance that her voice is not one which readily submits to the regimen of a Mozart score. The rasp of her last recital was gone, fortunately.

Onegin With Damrosch

Yesterday afternoon once more Sigrid Onegin proved herself a past mistress of her art. She sang at the New York Symphony's concert at Carnegie Hall and greatly pleased the large audience. She was heard in a Mozart aria from "Titus" and in three Beethoven songs, accompanied admirably on the piano by Mr. Damrosch. Her singing was especially thrilling in the last song, "Die Ehre Gottes," which suits the splendid volume of her voice to perfection. And what gorgeous contralto tones are hers, never heavy, but velvety and dark and rich. In the Mozart aria it was a delight to hear her *Missa di voce* not a vocal trick, but a legitimately beautiful musical effect, and one that proves her perfect control of the vocal organs.

Mr. Damrosch and the orchestra performed Schubert's glorious symphony in C, Debussy's "L'après midi d'un faune" and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1. Mr. Barrère's flute sounded specially luscious in the Debussy work, and the rest of the woodwind choir also distinguished themselves. A. H. C. F.

"Die Walküre" Again

Under the enthusiastic direction of Leo Blech the Wagner Festival Company at the Manhattan Opera House repeated, last night, its splendid performance of "Die Walküre." There was a large audience and the applause and recalls were extraordinary. Schorr was again the Wotan; Lussmann, Siegmund; Lorenz-Hoellischer, Brünnhilde; Von der Osten, Sieglinde; Metzger, Fricka—a star cast.

By Henry T. Finck

The Germans keenly feel their lack of great contemporary composers. That is one reason—there are others—why Richard Strauss has been over-boomed these last two decades. It is the main reason why two composers whom they practically ignored during their lifetime, Bruckner and Mahler, are now being featured and festivalized.

When Willem Mengelberg, the musical giant from Amsterdam, came over here he had just been having a Mahler festival in Holland and he intended to have one in New York. But although Mahler had been one of our Philharmonic conductors for two seasons, and one of the best we have ever had, he found little sympathy with such a project, and it was dropped. Gradually, however, the nine symphonies of Mahler are being produced separately, and last night was the premiere of the seventh, which, it seems, had been befriended over here so far by only one conductor, Frederick Stock of Chicago.

The first thing that strikes one about the seventh symphony is that it is too long. Like many misguided composers of the past Mahler had an idea that big—it lasts an hour. The seventh is big—it lasts an hour and twenty-five minutes—but it is not great. It would be great if Mahler had omitted the first movement, which

alone lasts twenty-two minutes, as well as the third and the fifth, leaving only the second and the fourth. These include much that is interesting and charming. They will perhaps be played in programmes of the future as "Two Orchestral Nocturnes" by Gustav Mahler. They were eagerly applauded by the audience, which was cold to the first and third parts. There was much applause also at the close of the symphony, but most of that was probably intended for Mengelberg and his players, who gave a truly virtuosic performance of the difficult work.

The first movement is infested by what Lawrence Gilman in his programme notes (which, as is so often the case, were more interesting than the music) calls "the stark theme for three trombones in unison." This stark theme is flung about in shuttles and battledore style with damnable iteration until one thinks the composer has gone stark mad. The same impression is made by the third movement, which is called by the composer "shadowlike" and "flowing." It sounded dreadfully rasping and incoherent. "Sounds like intoxicated music," my neighbor whispered, as I was writing the word "drunk" on my programme. This movement takes the place of a scherzo, and maybe Mahler intended the drunken antics of the music to be funny. If so, he missed it. There is no humor in his music, as there is in Stravinsky's; this adorable futurist has shown that cacophony can be made very funny indeed. The last movement of the Seventh is again needlessly dissonant and noisy. Bells are introduced, but how much less effectively than by Tchaikovsky, whom Mahler despised.

Now for the pleasant task of praising the two Nocturnes. Mahler himself called the second and fourth movements *Nachstücke*. The fourth has the character of a serenade. With some boldness the composer introduces into it the sounds of guitar and mandolin (lucky for him that Hanslick did not live to hear them!); but at the last moment his courage seems to have failed, for these instruments speak so timidly that one can hardly hear them.

The audience liked the smoothly flowing rhythm of this movement and its lovely details in melody and tone coloring. But what it applauded most cordially and sincerely was the second movement, which I for my part would like to hear again and again. To do so I might even brave the horrors and the boredom of movements I, III, and V.

There is no official descriptive programme to this symphony. But Stefan, Mahler's biographer, supplies a paragraph which may be quoted to show how this work appears to an enthusiast:

"The mood [he writes] is given in the first bars of the introduction. The unity, the momentum, and intensification of this movement are rare, even with Mahler. First, night-music: sacred birds cry out in their sleep. A scherzo: 'shadow-like'; trio, somewhat lighter. Wild and mad to the end. Another intermezzo, second night-music, with guitar and mandolin, like a serenade; free variations. And then the finale, like an early morning walk when the sun is rising over the mountain snow; a symbol for those who have had the experience. "Like distant mountain peaks, just before the first light of the sun strikes them, the summits of this music are great and near; with the most splendid lines, folds, abysses, and great contrapuntal intersections between one and the other. The morning bells of the valley are already awake. As if intoxicated, it presses ever onward and upward. Recollections out of the night are borne up into the brightness. Pinnacles gradually grow purple, and morning light transforms the weird aspects."

The Mahler work was followed last night by Beethoven's opus 56, a triple concerto for piano, violin, and cello, played by the New York Trio (Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi, and Cornelius Van Vliet) with orchestra.

New Singers in "Lohengrin"

In "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan last night the Elsa was Barbara Kemp, a lady who comes from the upper Rhineland, not many hours distant from the old-time Duchy of Brabant; which fact was an interesting thought in connection with her Elsa, the much-abused Brabantian. She sang the music very charmingly, the chamber scene being particularly well done by her and Mr. Harrold, who was in his best form.

Mme. Kemp was more demonstrative than other Elsas in some of the episodes, giving evidence of much gratitude and an intense infatuation for the Silver Knight, but never falling to the ground like Jeritza; and we thought she gave the impersonation rather more of an intelligent rendering. She was true to the apparently Teuton ideals in the number and variety of white swathings she wore in Act I, which, however, too effectually

concealed her gorgeous red-gold hair. The King Henry of Michael Bohnen was regally distinctive. His robe bearing and his fine voice added much to the enjoyment of the opera. Mr. Whitehill and Miss Claussen, as Telramund and Ortrud, did not seem to be in their usual good form.

The house was full and appreciative of this most popular and melodious opera. Mr. Bodanzky conducted with considerable zeal. C. H. D.

Josef Hofmann to Give Schumann Recital

Some time ago an appeal was sent out in behalf of the two surviving daughters of Robert Schumann, one eighty-two, the other seventy-two years of age. English friends cared for it at that time, so that their home in Switzerland was not sold over their heads; but they are in want of food and clothing, and to raise a fund to provide these, a large committee composed of the principal members of the great musicians' club known as the Bohemians has been founded.

Josef Hofmann has come to their help with an offer to give a recital, without fee, so that the proceeds may go into a fund established by the Bohemians. The recital will take place on Friday evening, April 6, in Aeolian Hall on the eve of Mr. Hofmann's departure for Europe. So it will be his last recital for this season.

Naturally enough, as it announces, the committee feels that a great many more persons will wish to contribute to the fund than can be accommodated at the recital, and has suggested that contributions be sent to the Schumann fund in care of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, which is the legal custodian of the Musicians' Foundation administered by the Bohemians, and of which Franz Kneisel is the president. It is planned to raise a fund large enough so that the yearly income will be sufficient to provide a comfortable living for the two sisters during their lifetime, and after their death the income shall continue to be used to help deserving musicians who are sick or in want.

The concert will be under the management of the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

'Romeo and Juliette,' 'Pagliacci' the Offerings

By W. J. HENDERSON.

At the Metropolitan Opera House "Romeo at Juliette," with Mr. Gigli and Miss Bori as the ill-fated lovers, was given in the afternoon at a special benefit performance. In the evening the entertainment consisted of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The repetition of the popular pair was furnished with fresh interest by the simple and familiar process of giving new casts. In Mascagni's one act thriller Mme. Jeritza had appeared several times as Santuzza and her impersonation of the character had aroused a certain amount of enthusiasm. Last evening the representative of the betrayed Sicilian girl was Miss Rosa Ponselle, who was heartily applauded.

Associated with her was Mr. Lauri-Volpi as the wicked Turiddu. This tenor has gained considerable favor with the public and last night's performance probably added to it. His voice, like Miss Ponselle's, proved to be well suited to the music. The soprano and tenor both threw themselves vigorously into their roles and made their passionate scenes go with much intensity. Miss Flora Perini's brief appearance as Lola extenuated the base action of Turiddu in deserting Santuzza, while Milo Picco sang and acted like the sort of man who would seek revenge on a popular tenor.

In "Pagliacci" there was a very charming little Nedda in the person of Miss Queena Mario as Nedda. In this case again the soprano had much which suited her voice and style, especially the song in the first act and the duet with Silvio. Mr. Salazar was the Canto and received much applause for his solo closing the first act. Mr. Danise as Tonio repeated an impersonation which has already made place for itself on the line and Metropolitan portraits.

Large Audience Hears "Tristan."
Leading singers of the Wagnerian opera festival, on the eve of closing today their month at the Manhattan and moving to the Lexington for some weeks more, were greeted by a large audience at the third and last "Tristan" in the Manhattan series last evening. Miss Alsen, a soprano Isolda, shared with (Plus as hero, and with Mme. Metzger as Brangäne, the hearty applause for Wagner's great love scene. Kipnis as King Mark and Lattermann as Kurwenal reappeared and Moerike conducted.

March 11, 1923
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Miss Myra Hess's Recital.
Miss Myra Hess, the English pianist, who is now passing her second season in America and who has played several times here with orchestra, gave her second recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and delighted an audience of discrimination with her performance of an interesting program. Miss Hess's playing is deeply musical; she has a delicately brilliant technique that serves her with the fewest lapses; and she approaches everything that she does with a delightful spirit of freshness and with a gusto that is infectious.

Her rendering of Brahms's sonata in F minor, with which she began, laid its emphasis on the poetical exaltation of the music; and was concerned with this rather than with emphasizing the grandeur and weight of the first and last movements. In the latter the contrapuntal involutions into which it is carried were made with singular skill and clarity to disengage the poetical idea of which they are the expression.

Schumann's "Papillons" she played in what is assuredly the right spirit, with something of the freedom and verve and varied woods of an Improvisation, with now an eager buoyancy, now a lingering poetic sweetness, and throughout with simplicity and directness of expression. There were shorter pieces of a more "modern" taste: "The Dew Fairy" by Frank Bridge, in which the Englishman has possessed himself of the idiom, and something more, of Debussy; of perhaps of Ravel; John Ireland's "Ragamuffin," in which another Englishman uses musical speech of a racy tang, more nearly his own, in a piece of the frankest insouciance and joviality; Granados's "La Maja et le Rosagnol," from his "Goyescas," played with exquisite limpidity and warmth of tone; and Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" in which he undertakes to be more Spanish than the Spaniard. Ireland's piece found great sympathy from the audience and was repeated.

Miss Hess closed with a group of three mazurkas by Chopin and his G minor Ballade.

'Tannhaeuser' and 'Rheingold' Sung
"Tannhaeuser" and "Rheingold" were sung at the Manhattan yesterday afternoon and night, by way of the Wagnerian artists' leave taking at this theatre, whence they move Monday to the Lexington. Mmes. Seinemeyer and Hoellischer, Messrs. Lussmann, Schorr and Lehmann sang at the matinee, led by Leo Blech. In the "Ring's" dramatic prelude at night appeared Plaszke, Schwarz, Zador, Mmes. Bassth, Kipnis and Metzger, under Moerike's baton. There was a demonstration, not of farewell, but "au revoir."

"Mona Lisa" and "Trovatore" Sung.
"Mona Lisa" for the second time interested a Metropolitan audience at yesterday's sold-out matinee. The cast was that of the recent premiere of Schillings's picturesque opera, headed by Mme. Kemp, Messrs. Taucher and Bohnen, and Mr. Bodanzky conducted. Last evening "Trovatore" was repeated in the popular series, with Mmes. Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Kingston, Danise and Martino, under Mr. Papi's direction.

Benno Moiseiwitsch Plays Again.
Benno Moiseiwitsch gave a second recital yesterday in Carnegie Hall, a matinee of charming trifles of the piano lightly and charmingly played, among which the Brahms-Handel variations emerged like a mountain peak of solitary grandeur, as at the close did the Wagner-Liszt "Liebestod." Chopin's "F-minor ballade" and six preludes were applauded, after semi-novelities by Gossens, Medtner and Palmgren. In the audience were many foreign pianists, resting from their tours now in New York.

Mme. Myra Hess And Moiseiwitsch

If it were to chance (and it is not at all impossible) that fifty people who play the pianoforte, or think they can, were to play the same list of pieces at what are called recitals in our local music rooms there would be no doubt fifty audiences to read the newspapers next day to learn what the critics had to say of them. Their estimate of the value of the criticism would be measured, of course, by the degree of personal interest felt by the

audiences in the players. Other criterion there could be none, for there are not fifty pianists in the world who could attract audiences to our rooms by the power of their music alone. The peripatetic recorder of musical affairs in New York tells in season of many more than fifty recitals of the kind and writes something about them all. To disseminate understanding of the art? No. For the extent of his task blocks that. He generalizes more than nine times out of ten. The pianoforte is an obedient and subservient instrument. It is generally in tune, and if you strike the proper key the resultant tone is what the composer prescribed. Tempi are indicated but may be varied; though if excessively somebody who also plays the

piece may raise a protest—more or less vehemently as he has paid or not paid for his seat. But as the vast majority do not pay the vast majority has only one sort of criticism, which is that of approval. A few musicians content themselves within the limit of their personal interest in the performer, with talk among themselves of tone, technic phrasing and—perhaps—conception.

What, then, is the reviewer, who is outside this personal influence, to do when the ten or a dozen virtuosos, of whose excellence he has long been convinced, give recitals? The conventional numbers of the program and their proper readings are to him as household words. Shall he count the number of notes in one of the variations of the last of Beethoven's sonatas, as a Russian once did, and record the number that were missed? That is a matter of no consequence. We have heard no pianist comparable with Rubinstein, and yet Rubinstein used to say that he dropped more notes under the pianoforte than he played. Moreover he played arrangements of orchestral pieces which may be said to be foreign to pianoforte literature in a manner that has dissatisfied us with many performances at symphony concerts, and never provoked us to raise a protest. So when the best of the pianists of to-day give recitals we can only go away contented, flinging to the winds all thoughts of technique and interpretation, happy only in the memory of good music well played. So yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Moiseiwitsch played at Carnegie Hall and Mme. Myra Hess in Aeolian. Their programs had been announced, their merits had long been recognized, they played like artists and for the knowing there is nothing more to say.

H. E. K.

'Anima Allegra'

By H. E. Krehbiel

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)
To make a quick beginning to a task which ought not be either long or laborious — Mr. Gatti last night presented the first of the new operas which he promised the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera Company. It was an Italian opera, entitled "Anima Allegra," the book by Giuseppe Adami, the music by Franco Vittadini. We plead ignorance of any previous work by the collaborators, but that fact leaves us without a feeling of humiliation. And the information which we have come through the publicity agent of the opera company and was printed in this paper last Sunday. It was not profoundly edifying. Without wishing to speak in unnecessary disparagement of the opera we might say that it is probably as good as any one of a dozen or score which Italy, still fecund in operatic production, has brought forward within the last twelvemonth. A care-free critic of a waggish disposition might describe it as Pollyanna, Puccini and a Pump. But this, though fairly comprehensive, would not be quite fair.

Bori a Spanish Sunbeam
In the play, which is strung on quite the slenderest thread that has come under our observation in a long time, Lucrezia Bori (called Consuelo) romps through three acts with gay Spanish raiment — making everybody happy. She sets the heart of a gay young cousin in a flutter in the first act and brings gayety into the house of her widowed aunt, the Marchioness Sacramento (Kathleen Howard), whose pious and old-fashioned notions of propriety, encouraged by her major domo (Don Eligio, otherwise Adamo Didur), have made it the sanctuary of the black bat gloom. That is the sum of the business of Act I. She becomes merry with a crowd of already merry gypsies, scatters her own money and that of her cousin, plays godmother to two young gypsies, at whose marriage ceremony she presides, joins in the exhilarating cries of "Ole!" and "Anda!" with which Spaniards in real life as well as on the stage encourage the dancers of the Malagueñas and Pañaderos, and sets the village — ringing as they

do in "the land of the sun" — to a melodic tune. It is a recurrent in "Tosca" Puccini's hanging birds and her own gloom, and the curtain closes with a gloomy marchioness reconciled to the new order of things and two weddings in prospect.

Thersfore Pollyanna. The music is rather less than Puccini, because the water from the pump is more saccharine. It might be said that there were draughts also from Mascagni and Leoncavallo, indicated in the graceful serenade which ends the first act and whose melody, strengthened and enriched, recurs at the end.

Orchestra Score Tuneful

The dialogue throughout floats on a more or less tuneful flood of orchestral music, in the style set or followed by the three composers mentioned. In it there are occasional touches of dramatic characterization, and in the dances and gypsy song a nicely effective employment of Moorish color which saves its second act from the monotony which burdens a considerable part of the first and third acts. The stage pictures are all well composed and brilliant.

Like other operas which have not come out of latter-day Italy, the chorus is employed only for the sake of the spectacle. The people wear pretty clothes and rush about offering to sell things—cakes and flowers, sweetmeats and so on, as they have done in similar scenes for generations. They cry "Eviva!" and crowd around the showman to learn what is to be seen in his tent. In short, they do all the things that choruses do in fair scenes and popular gatherings in old operas. But they do it in a spirited and extremely charming manner in "Anima Allegra," thanks to the fine clothes which Mr. Gatti has given them to wear, the colorful music which Signor Vittadini has written for them, the excellent drill and direction of Mr. Setti, chorusmaster, Mr. von Wymetal, stage director, and Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

All of Mr. Gatti's birds have fine feathers in the new work, and all of them who signify have something more. Miss Bori was joyousness in song and action, Miss Galli the perfection of grace, and Mr. Lauri-Volpi won real guerdons by fine acting and particularly fine singing. To him the rôle of Pedro seemed to be nothing new, and he moved in it with remarkable freedom and splendid effectiveness. Mr. Tokatyan wrote his name distinctly in the books of the judicious and so did Mr. Didur. Miss Howard relieved her part as much as an experienced singer could be expected to do from its conventionality. Miss Mario and the rest would no doubt have evoked a large measure of approbation had they been given an opportunity to do so by librettist and composer. But they were among the submerged half dozen whose names appear in the following record:

Wednesday Evening, February 14, at 8:15 o'clock. First time in the United States.
ANIMA ALLEGRA
(The Joyous Soul)
Lyric comedy in three acts founded on "Genio Alegre," by Fratelli Quintero. Italian version by Giuseppe Adami. Music by Franco Vittadini.
Consuelo Lucrezia Bori
Donna Sacramento Kathleen Howard
Cornelio Queena Mario
Carmen Grace Anthony
Frasquita Marion Telva
Marquita Myrtle Schaefer
Pedro Giacomo Lauri-Volpi
Don Eligio Adamo Didur
Luislo Armando Tokatyan
Diego Angelo Bada
Ramirez Milla Picco
A singer Italo Picchi
A gypsy Rafael Diaz
Gyroses, Andalusians, servants, children, incidental dances by Rosina Galli, premiere danseuse, Giuseppe Bonfiglio and Florence Rudolph.
Conductor Roberto Moranzoni
Stage director Wilhelm von Wymetal
Chorus master Giulio Setti
Technical director Edward Sledge
Stage manager Armando Agnini

'Das Rheingold'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Das Rheingold" was given by the German company at the Manhattan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The performance had a general sincerity of purpose which compensated in a considerable measure for defects apparently unavoidable. The Manhattan stage was not designed for the presentation of such work as "Das Rheingold," and the music drama itself offers formidable mechanical and musical difficulties under the most favorable conditions.

The work had to be presented yesterday in two acts and the curtain had to be lowered between each pair of scenes. This arrangement robbed the drama of its continuity of effect and placed upon the orchestral pages connecting the successive scenes a burden heavier than they could bear. The lighting of the drama might easily furnish matter for discussion were that worth while. "Das Rheingold" does not disclose much of its action in brilliant illumination, but it does not seem to be really necessary that so much of it should be performed in darkness.

The daughters of the Rhine were mere ghosts in a pale blue light in the first scene, and their movements, when at all visible, looked more like walking than swimming. Alberich could not be seen at all till he ascended into the glare of the ruddy gold. The man that dwelt in the Rhine valley was the most ponderous within the memory of living Wotans. It took a mighty swat from the hammer of Donner in the last scene to drive them away. Fricka looked as if she might be a comely goddess by daylight, but one never saw her that way. But it is useless to discuss the pictorial features and stage management of this Wagnerian festival. Wagner was never meant to "go on the road," and even Angelo Neumann had his troubles.

The performance musically and histrionically was mediocre. The orchestra, which has immensely important duties in this work, played in more different keys than Wagner ever conceived and at times achieved an astonishing cacophony. With the exception of Miss Emma Bassth as Fricka, Mme. Ottilie Metzger as Erda and Friedrich Plaszke as Wotan the singers of the company were not equal to their tasks. Desider Zador, who was to have sung Alberich, was ill, and his place was well filled by Gustave Schutzendorf, lent for the occasion by Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan.

"Rheingold" without a striking figure as *Lore* is much handicapped. Paul Schwartz, who impersonated the shifty god yesterday, was wanting in individuality and in vocal finesse. In a city which cherishes memories of Heinrich Vogel and Ernest van Dyck he cut a rather sorry figure. The giants were acceptable. They were Alexander Kipnis and Ernest Lehmann, and the Rhine daughters, who could not be seen, were heard with

mild pleasure. They were Mmes. Editha Fleischer, Meta Seinemeyer and Jessika Koetrick. It is to be hoped that the spelling of Miss Koetrick's name will finally settle itself, so that she may go down in history without losing her identity. Eduard Moerike conducted as well as could be expected under the circumstances. "Rheingold" is a tremendous undertaking, and the organization deserves credit for making so good an attempt at it.

MAKES DEBUT HERE AS GUEST CONDUCTOR

Bruno Walter Directs New York Symphony Concert.

Bruno Walter, recently of the Royal Opera in Munich, made his first American appearance as guest conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra at the society's regular subscription concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. His program consisted of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 2, which is seldom played; Mozart's symphony in D, No. 35, written for a Haffner family festival in Salzburg, and the C minor symphony of Brahms.

Mr. Walter has a pleasing personality and made a good impression. His methods as an orchestral leader are normal, dignified and without magnetic or electrifying effects. His gestures are quiet and reposeful rather than strenuous. The two symphonies, given with a score, he preferred to play with the movements almost connected. In the Mozart he was able to do as he liked, but it was otherwise in the Beethoven.

In his interpretations he devoted much attention to phrasing and color with admirable results and he drew exquisite lines in musical contours and pianissimos. He made much of the slow introduction of the Beethoven overture by use of lights and shadings, and with some lack at times of a full body of tone he gave a somewhat dreamy, poetic picture of the score rather than one dramatic and incisive.

Of the two symphonies he was less convincing in the Mozart music. His reading had refinement and beauty of design and detail, but there was hardly sufficient spontaneity and elasticity. In Brahms's great symphony he was convincing. He showed a plastic dignity of conception, richness of tonal values and a feeling for poetic moods.

Mr. Walter will repeat the program at the society's concert to-morrow evening in the same hall.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Bruno Walter Conducts.

Another of the visiting conductors in New York, "guests," made his appearance yesterday afternoon for the first time — Bruno Walter — conducting the

New York Symphony Orchestra in the brief interim between Mr. Coates's departure and Mr. Damrosch's return. Mr. Walter has lately been active in Munich, and before that was in Vienna as an operatic conductor.

He showed yesterday, however, that he is also quite at home on the concert stage. His program comprised Beethoven's "Leonore Overture"—mirabile dictu, not No. 3, but No. 2—Mozart's Symphony in D, one not frequently played, and Brahms's first symphony. This is not such a selection as is usually made by "guest" conductors wishing to make impressive effects. Only the symphony by Brahms is among the familiar items of the orchestral repertory, and that, indeed, had been played here last week.

Mr. Walter's reading was not one devoted chiefly to attaining the fullest and richest colors, or to drench the work in fine sonorities; although Brahms's orchestration was made to glow. He sought for the finest and subtlest exposition of the outline—delicate contrasts, significant phrasing, pulsing rhythms, subtle modifications of tempo—modifications that were not thrown at the listener's head, but were such as to be felt, rather than noticed. It was the reading of a sensitive musician, forceful without violence—the statement of the horn theme and one or two bursts of the kettle drum in the last movement made the nearest approach to violence—and finding and emphasizing more than anything else the poetic feeling, the romantic pulse of the movement. In one or two places some may have found the tempo more measured than was useful or right as the broad theme of the last movement. But on the whole the performance was one of distinction, a true representation of Brahms's thought and intention.

The playing of Mozart's symphony was especially fine in its delicacy, its clarity, its silvery beauty of tone, its gracious spirit. And in giving a hearing to Beethoven's second Leonore overture Mr. Walter did a service to many who have not heard this version of the work or who have not heard it for many years. It is obviously less great, less majestic than the form in which it is generally known; less moving in its dramatic suggestion. Yet it has a beauty and a practical significance of its own that make it something more than a historical document illustrating the workings of Beethoven's genius, a mere object of comparison.

Mr. Walter's methods as a conductor, so far as they are revealed to the public, are of the simplest. His movements are direct and explicit, intended to obtain results already known and accomplished at rehearsal. He has nothing for public view, either in the expression of his back or the curve of his left arm. He has authority and knowledge of orchestral technique. There was an evident intention on his part in yesterday's concert to play the several movements of the two symphonies without a pause for rest, refreshment and applause; but the public accustomed to applaud at the end of each symphonic movement, did not allow this purpose to be carried out entirely.

Mr. Walter was hospitably greeted and received cordial approbation from his audience.

Frederic Lamond's Recital.

Frederic Lamond, the British pianist, who, returning to New York after some twenty years played with the Philharmonic Society a short time ago, gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall. It was a notable occasion, even in this season crowded with the offerings of great pianists. Mr. Lamond's style is individual, his own. He is an artist who seeks the highest things, and whose interpretations are the result of a great artist's devotion to mastering and possessing himself of the meanings and intentions of great composers.

Mr. Lamond has the reputation of a certain austerity of style. When he appeared here twenty years ago, it was more noticeable than it is today. His style has been mellowed and enriched; and in his playing last evening there were the finer perceptions of many kinds and shades of beauty.

He began with Brahms's variations on a theme of Paganini's, one of the master's most involved and difficult works, itself regarded often as austere, a grim entertainment in moving the chessmen in many contrapuntal gambits. But Mr. Lamond showed that it was not so. He mastered the technical difficulties of this music in a way that enabled him to show an inner spirit of geniality, an artistic significance not easily uncovered in its maze of complex rhythms and difficult figurations.

Why Mr. Lamond has a special reputation as a Beethoven player was to be perceived in his playing of the "Appassionata" sonata of that master; a performance that was not the obligatory exercise of a pianist, but one that disclosed its beauty and its passion—and at the same time the logic of them both. On the same level was his playing of Chopin's sonata in B flat minor. The sonata was delivered with power, even with vehemence; not, perhaps, with so varied a palette of tonal colors as some will bring to it, but with a wide variety of expression. That variety did not include a sentimental conception of the funeral march; it had sombreness, a grave tenderness, and it seemed a definite exposition of the composer's meaning, unadorned.

The other pieces on the program were by Glazunoff and Liszt. Mr. Lamond was much applauded by an audience of large size.

GATTI LOANS A SINGER AND SAVES 'RHEINGOLD'

Schuetzendorf of Metropolitan Replaces Zador, Ill, at Start of Cycle of Nibelung Dramas.

DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN, an opera representation in three acts and an introduction, DAS RHEINGOLD in four continuous scenes, prelude to the cycle, German text and music by Richard Wagner. At the Manhattan Opera House.

Wotan	Friedrich Plaschke
Donner	Benno Ziegler
Froh	Heinz Bollmann
Loge	Paul Schwarz
Alberich	Gustav Schuetzendorf
Mime	Edwin Steler
Fasold	Alexander Kipnis
Ratner	Ernest Lehmann
Fricka	Emma Baseth
Freia	Hede Mex
Erda	Ottile Metzger
Wogende	Editha Fleischer
Wellgunde	Meta Seinemeyer
Flosshilde	Jessika Koetrick

Conductor—Eduard Moerike.

Times have changed when the once warring Manhattan Opera House may ring up the Metropolitan Director's office at 11:30 A. M. to ask the loan of a singer for "Rheingold" at 2:15 the same day. A note in yesterday's bills of the opening "Ring" cycle, so narrowly got under way in Thirty-fourth Street after months of promise, said that "Through the courtesy of the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Schuetzendorf has the kindness to sing the part of Alberich, in place of Desider Zador, who is indisposed." Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who has given pioneer Wagner performances in Italy in his day, received warm praise for his official action, without which the Berlin company's performance could not have taken place.

A beginning was thus made of the German artists' cycle of the Nibelung dramas, a re-entrance of the gods of the Bayreuth Mountain, to be continued in heroic or human sequel on Feb. 23, 24 and 26. In addition to repetitions of the first two in a second series starting meanwhile. There was a more than fairly large house. For yesterday's was the first "Rheingold" in New York since Feb. 1, 1917, in a then month-long cycle on Broadway, where the singers had been Matzenauer, Ober and Rappold, Herman Well, Sembach, Reiss, Goritz and Braun, few of whom remain here today.

The new singers of "The Ring" were those heard in Wagner's works for the first time at the Manhattan this week. As Rhine Maidens—a role in which great Lilli Lehmann had begun her career in 1876 at Bayreuth—there were Mmes. Seinemeyer and Koetrick, from last Monday's "Meistersinger," with Editha Fleischer added as high voice of their tuneful trio. Mr. Plaschke, the Hans Sachs, was now Wotan; Paul Schwarz, then a modest David, became a really striking and mischievous Loge, while Zador, the Beckmesser, was to have been the Alberich.

Gustav Schuetzendorf, singing the miser dwarf in his place, had but lately taken leave of Munich in the same rôle under the baton of Bruno Walter, yesterday's debutant symphony conductor elsewhere in town. The Metropolitan baritone made a thrilling effort in Alberich's curse of the lost gold; his mutterings he lay bound on the stage carried to the farthest galleries in the intimate Manhattan acoustics. Edwin Steler, a newcomer as Mime, was also acceptable. It was a good day all round for the man.

Mme. Ottile Metzger, once a visitor in concerts here, sang Erda's noble music in the closing scene in superb voice, ringing and golden, but in absolute invisibility, owing to a failure of lights in her cave, until she came out to bow after the final curtain. Emma Baseth, heard in minor parts hitherto, was the German goddess Fricka, her voice at moments having a suggestion of Olive Fremstad. Hede Mex sang Freia, to some of Wagner's most Spring-like melodies.

"Rheingold" was staged simply, the Rhine Maidens running about instead of "swimming" on wires, yet not without marine illusion. The foreground of too, too solid rocks and trees in later scenes was kept dark, the figures silhouetted against a background bathed in color and light. An especially successful effect was the passage of thunder clouds and the rainbow bridge, built only by lantern light thrown on the scene.

Mr. Moerike again gained from the American orchestra a surprising degree of charm in Wagner's rich score, lightly played, but affording transparent contrast of recurring themes in alluring variety.

One of the largest audiences of the week greeted the Manhattan's first "light" opera last evening. Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," his famous Viennese classic, first saw the light of Broadway at the Casino March 15, 1883, and it once furnished a Roman holiday at Conried's Metropolitan benefit, Feb. 15, 1905.

Heinz Bollman and Marcella Roeseler were the Eisensteins of last night's masked ball. Miss Baseth the Prince Orlofsky, Paul Schwarz the singing teacher, Miss Fleischer the maid, with Lotte Baldamus, Messrs. Ziegler, Hegar and Hofbauer in other rôles. Otto Schwarz, unannounced, conducted the forgotten and unforgettable waltzes and palkas of the palmy days.

Cecilia Gulder in Soprano Songs.

Cecilia Gulder sang a program of familiar soprano songs before a small audience in Carnegie Hall last evening. Giuseppe Adami played several violin selections including Burleigh's "From a Wigwam," which seemed to please his hearers more than the others. The singing of "Non so più cosa son" from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" re-

vealed a voice of strength and resonant tones, but little variety of style. Fred-eric Persson at the piano, afforded good support for the singing and violin playing.

March 12, 1927

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The New York Symphony.

There was again no symphony in the program of the New York Symphony Society's symphony concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Instead there was given the first performance of a new orchestral suite by Deem Taylor, "Through the Looking Glass." Mr. Taylor's skill as an orchestral composer was recently shown by his tone poem, "The Sirens," played by the Philharmonic Society. He is the musical critic of The World.

His suite is, of course, suggested by Lewis Carroll's immortal tale of "Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There," from which he has chosen five episodes. Mr. Taylor, it is easy to see, is no "modern." He is not in the new movement. He not only can write melodies, but does, and his score is all compact of them. He can and does write intelligible and finely effective harmonies. He has skill in orchestration; and altogether he fills his music with a feeling for beauty as well as with humorous descriptive touches.

The opening movement is intended to recall Lewis Carroll's verses of dedi-

cation to the "Child of the pure, unclouded brow"; charming in its suavity and poetical grace. The movements descriptive of the "Garden of Live Flowers," the fight with the Jabberwock, the Looking Glass Insects and Alice's meeting with the White Knight are all written with a genial humor and with an elaborate ingenuity in the invention of themes and the use of them for descriptive purposes that have musical value and a potency of musical development.

The epic of the "Jabberwocky" and the episode of the White Knight are the most elaborate of the five. They are all very descriptive and, it may be feared, would not make all their effect if listened to "purely as music," as some more distinguished programmatic musicians have wished their music to be. So Mr. Damrosch announced that he would give a three-minute intermission for everybody to read the program notes; everybody having read them diligently for three minutes, the performance went on.

The piece was received with great pleasure and evidently missed none of its points in the minds of the listeners. Mr. Taylor was present in the audience instead of taking a Sunday holiday, as all well-regulated musical critics should do, and was called to the front of the platform to bow and shake Mr. Damrosch by the hand.

There was another new composition heard: Erno von Dohnanyi's new violin concerto, played for the first time in New York by Albert Spalding, and conducted by the composer, who has recently arrived in this country. Mr. Dohnanyi is known as a composer of remarkable power, several of whose works

have made a mark in New York. His concerto is music of great elaboration and serious intention; long, for it is in four movements, all developed at considerable length. He has been, in much of his composition, considerably influenced by Brahms; the influence does not seem to be strongly exerted in this concerto. There are some curious and passing allusions to Strauss's "Don Quixote" and to Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Cock d'Or"; but it would be absurd to think the first movements has an importance to affect the originality of the work. The first movement had an imposing and majestic beginning. There are some themes in the middle movements that have the character and rhythm of the waltz.

The concerto does not easily impress the listener as peculiarly effective or even important for the solo instrument; the composer has kept his mind pretty firmly fixed on the orchestra and the orchestral development. It is, however, difficult and involved, and puts a serious task before the violinist who would play it. There is much in the composition that will engross and stimulate the listener, but whether it is the concerto that modern violinists have been looking and hoping for to fill the poverty-stricken modern repertory may be doubted. The piece is, however, of such value that it may be hoped there will be opportunity to hear it again.

Mr. Spalding played it with magisterial authority and power. He was much applauded, and much applause was also bestowed on the composer.

The program began with Brahms's academic Festival Overture, played with admirable finish and spirit, and ended with dances by Josef and Johann Strauss.

There was agreeable entertainment for an early spring afternoon in the unhaekneyed program of the New York Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Two features were of particular interest. These were Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking-Glass" Suite, and a new violin concerto by Erno Dohnanyi, with the composer conducting and the solo played by Albert Spalding.

It is difficult to write of a pranky little piece like Mr. Taylor's Suite

in terms of good judgment. Like the classic on which it is founded, it is full of delightful absurdities and whimsical touches. In its original scoring for a small chamber orchestra it has been performed by the New York Chamber Music Society, but as revised for full orchestra it was first heard yesterday. In the change it has perhaps lost something of its pictorial quality and fragile humor, but has gained musically. The themes are expressive, some of them of true distinction and the orchestral effects are often contrived with skill.

Warmly Applauded

The developments of the material are somewhat short-winded, partly, perhaps, because of the following of a program, but the chattering live flowers, the slithy toves, the fearsome Jabberwocky, the hero brandishing his vorpal blade and the white knight falling off his horse are all there. The pathetic white knight seemed to inspire the most expressive music and brought the suite to an effective close. It was warmly applauded and Mr. Taylor, who was present in the dual capacity of composer and reviewer, was called upon to come forward and bow his acknowledgments.

Mr. Dohnanyi's concerto, which followed, showed a practiced hand in welding his material into a consistent whole, but while undoubtedly he has added to the sum of good music it is less certain that he has made a distinctive addition to violin literature. The soloist's part in the concerto is full of difficulties which any virtuoso might pride himself on conquering. Mr. Spalding, whose playing has made a steady advance in the last few years,

acquitted himself with it exceedingly well.

Favors the Orchestra

His performance was one of fine understanding and beautiful tone. But almost throughout the work seemed more grateful to the orchestra than to the soloist. The orchestral part was a beautiful, closely woven fabric on which the passage work of the solo violin often seemed unnecessary ornamentation. The concerto, on the whole, was long, especially the last movement, which went on until one wondered whether the composer had ever heard that "no souls are saved after twenty minutes." The andante gave the soloist his best opportunity containing some serenely beautiful music, and the third movement had true Hungarian flavor and rhythm. It was received

with much enthusiasm for both composer and soloist.

The "Dragon Fly" polka mazurka, by Josef Strauss, and a "Perpetuum Mobile" and waltz, by Johann Strauss, though played in a rather heavy manner, provided a popular finale to the afternoon.

By MAX SMITH.

BEETHOVEN, Brahms, Doh-

nanyi! That may sound exaggerated. Yet after hearing the Hungarian composer's D minor violin concert for the first time yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, as played under his own direction by the Symphony Society, with Albert Spalding as assisting artist, I carried away the impression that no work of its kind written in recent years has come so near to upholding the standards set by those two masters.

If you are on the lookout for superficial novelty of effects—the rainbow of present day sensation seekers—you may be disappointed in Erno von Dohnanyi's concerto, which dates back to 1917 and was first performed in Buda-Pesth by Telmanyi two years ago. For here is no attempt to penetrate into realms of dissonance as yet unexplored.

If, on the other hand, you believe that the qualities in music that give it lasting value and force are more often found in the actual aesthetic conceptions and ideas presented than in the manner or fashion of the idiom employed you may share my enthusiasm.

Dohnanyi has real musical ideas, noble ideas—ideas that spring out of an imagination quickened by inspiration—and he has put those ideas into the form of what is virtually a symphony with violin obbligato.

Hadley Symphony

The eleventh Sunday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall took place yesterday, with Willert Mengelberg conducting. The program consisted of Weber's "Der Freischuetz" overture, Henry Hadley's B minor symphony, opus 60, the Dutch rhapsody, "Het Heil," by Peter van

...Schubert's "Wanderer" for piano and orchestra, arranged by Liszt, and Johann Strauss's waltz, "Schilchen aus dem Wiener Wald." Alexander Siloti was the pianist.

Mr. Hadley's symphony, written in 1888, and played in Brooklyn by the Philharmonic recently, was a novelty at a society's New York concert. In an era of praiseworthy devotion to the production of native compositions the interest arising from the facts that a symphony by a leading American musician had to wait seventeen years to get a hearing at a Philharmonic Society concert is worthy of consideration. The work was not entirely new here, however, as it was played at a Symphony Society concert, the composer conducting, in November, 1910. Before that time the Boston, Minneapolis and Chicago orchestras had played the symphony in their home cities. On December 27, 1907, the work was heard in Berlin, and it had been brought out in France and Italy.

This third of Mr. Hadley's four symphonies is scored for the customary orchestra and also three large bells, tuned B, C sharp and G sharp. The score, having no program, is absolute music. The composer wrote the first three movements in the village of Monza near Milan, where he found delightful musical suggestions such as the hearing of stent church bells, introduced and supported with harp harmonies in his slow movement, or again in the song of a woodland bird, whence he took the first theme of his scherzo.

The symphony as a whole is almost entirely built on classic form, while not excluding some modern invention of theme. The workmanship is excellent and the orchestration of the slow movement is beautiful.

The symphony was well played and attracted close the audience gave a warm demonstration to the composer.

The "Piet Hein" rhapsody by Aurvov was brought novelty. It is a set of variations on the popular Dutch song "Piet Hein," a song of the famous Dutch admiral Pieter Hein of Dutch Republic times. It is a well written piece of merry melody and rhythm and proved a pleasing incident in the list.

Mr. Siloti is always a bright star in any program on which he appears. When he touches upon Liszt he brings added interest of course, as he is one of the great pianists now living who really studied with the master. His solo part in the "Wanderer" fantasy was excellently played, while the orchestra gave admirable support.

FINAL "POP" CONCERT.

The City Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dirk Foch, gave its fourth and final "pop" concert of the season at the Century Theater yesterday afternoon. The program included Debussy's overture to "The Bartered Bride," Schumann's symphony No. 4 in D minor, the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," Siegfried's heroic journey from "Goetterdaemmerung" and the overture to "Tannhauser." The orchestra gave a good account of itself in its last Sunday afternoon appearance. There were some rough edges to the vernal themes of Schumann's symphony, but the quality of the strings was good and in later hearings the brasses rose to some heights which they have hitherto not attained. There was a large audience.

TITTA RUFFO OPENS TOUR.

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 11.—Titta Ruffo opened his first tour of the Pacific coast here Friday night to a large audience which applauded him vociferously. He was compelled to respond to numerous encores. He was assisted by Yvonne Darle, soprano, and Max Nerson, pianist.

W and Hannelore Ziegler Dance.

Lehlo Itow and Hannelore Ziegler gave a program of original dances at the Madison Theatre yesterday afternoon. The Gavotte in E major, which was danced by Miss Ziegler in an attractive, fashion costume, brought applause when it was first revealed. She also was urged to give an encore for Strauss's "Liederkreis," which she had danced in the German Opera Company's production of "Die Fledermaus." Mr. Itow as a "spearman" gave an effective exhibition of the Japanese style dancing and he was recalled several times for the "Blue Waves," a suggestion of which was given with the use of many yards of silk. Armand Vecsey's orchestra provided music of the proper character for each of the dances.

Soprano and Cellist in Recital.

Mme. Wolfe-Rashkis, soprano, and Jos Shuk, cellist, gave a recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon assisted by Frank Bibb at the piano. A large audience was present and demanded frequent encores. In Schindler's "Three Cavaliers" the singer proved to be the possessor of a voice of power, beauty and capable of dramatic expression. Mr. Shuk played Dvorak's concerto in B minor and shorter pieces including Kaempfer's "Andalusian Serenade."

Josef Hofmann at Metropolitan.

The largely to the presence of Josef Hofmann as guest artist, the Sunday night opera concert at the Metropolitan attracted an attendance so large that many were turned away. He played Rubinstein's fourth concerto for piano with orchestra, Liszt's "Funerailles," a Chopin waltz and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole," almost enough for a recital. Heinrich Wurnke was another guest soloist in "cello numbers by Mascagni, Dvorak, Chpin, Saint-Saens and Minnet by Mr. Warnke himself.

George Meader captivated the big congregation with his glorious singing of songs by Strauss and Bartlett, and Cora Chase won deserved applause for her singing of the waltz song from "Romeo et Juliette." Thalia Sabanieva, newly acclaimed favorite of the Metropolitan cast, added to her growing list of admirers by charming singing of an air from "Puritania." The orchestra, under Mr. Bamboschek, began with the "Phedre" overture and concluded the concert with dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

GIVE JOINT RECITAL.

Mme. Wolfe-Rashkis, soprano, and Lajos Shuk, cellist, gave a joint recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon. Mme. Wolfe-Rashkis sang numbers by Strauss, Brahms, Liszt, Schindler, Weber's aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" from "Der Freischuetz," and a group by Barbirolli, Bruneau, Mr. Shuk and others. Her voice revealed lyric qualities and a good deal of power. Her upper range was not skillfully used and was somewhat inflexible, but in many of her offerings of a less exacting nature than Weber's aria Mme. Wolfe-Rashkis sang with much effect.

Mr. Shuk not only displayed nimble work on the fingerboard, but he played with much musicianship and feeling. There was charm and delicacy about his art which did not exclude more vigorous characterizations. Frank Bibb, as accompanist, gave able assistance at the piano.

There were two recitals at Town Hall, Mme. Wolfe-Rashkis, soprano, and Lajos Shuk, cellist, appearing in the afternoon, and in the evening another joint recital with Rindard Fuchs in songs, assisted by violinist Len Portnoff.

At City College in the evening Samuel A. Baldwin gave a fine organ recital to a large audience.

"Das Rheingold" Audience Waits Half Hour Until Refractory Orchestra Gets Its Demand for Overtime

Season Called Success

Gross Placed at \$230,000 for 4 Weeks; "Mona Lisa" Repeated at Metropolitan

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

The German artists of the Wagnerian opera festival ended their fourth week regarding the payment of the musicians had been overcome. This caused confusion in New York and their last at the Manhattan Opera House last night with "Das Rheingold"—a "Rheingold" performed much as its three predecessors, after some threatening difficulties considerable delay at the start.

The audience suspected nothing wrong at first, as delays of ten minutes or so had not been unusual, but, as the wait approached half an hour, there were signs of uneasiness and impatient bursts of hand-clapping, especially as the orchestra pit was empty. Finally, when there was some suspicion that the performance would be called off, the director, George Hartmann, announced briefly that there had been some trouble with the orchestra, and requested patience for ten or fifteen minutes. Patience was rewarded, the musicians appeared, Mr. Moerike raised his baton and, by 8:45 p. m., the Rhine-Maidens were seen once more in the depths of their river. Friedrich Plasehke was Wotan, Mr. Schwarz, Loge, Messrs. Ziegler and Scheurich their fellow-gods, Mr. Zador, Alberich and Ottilie Metzger, Erda. Meses. Bassth and Mex took the parts of Fricka and Freia, and Messrs. Kipnis and Schubert those of the Giants.

Gross Receipts \$230,000

George Blumenthal, the promoter of the festival, said there had been some controversy about overtime and similar matters. In the afternoon the treasurer, Richard Schnier, had arranged with the contractor for the orchestra to pay half the week's wage bill of \$7,400 then in cash, the rest to be paid by check on Monday after the matters under discussion had been settled. There were no signs of trouble until early in the evening, when some of the musicians rejected the agreement and refused to play. Meanwhile, members of the management were away at dinner, but, when reached, Mr. Blumenthal turned over the check to the musicians, who agreed to play, putting off further discussion until the beginning of the week.

Mr. Blumenthal added that the rehearsal bill had been \$25,000, "Gottendammerung" requiring twelve, but that, since its arrival, the company had drawn a total of 100,000 people and gross receipts of \$230,000.

More capital, he stated, had been obtained toward the coming performances at the Lexington Theater.

"Tannhauser" was the afternoon performance at the Manhattan, with Adolph Lussmann displaying a strong and commendably steady voice as Tannhauser. Meta Scinmeyer in good voice as Elizabeth, and Friedrich Schorr an impressive Wolfram. Ernst Lehman fell somewhat below their standard as the Landgrave. Mme. Loreutz-Hoellischer was Venus and Mr. Blech conducted.

At the Metropolitan

"Mona Lisa," in its second performance here in the afternoon at the Metropolitan, gave practically the same impression as before—a book with dramatic elements and situations, but sterile, generally meaningless music. Interest, such as it was, lay in the action rather than the music. Max Schilling's score did little to illustrate or intensify what might serve equally well as a spoken play, or perhaps even better as a scenario.

As before, Barbara Kemp and Michael Bohnen held the center of the stage, doing their most for the dramatic element. Mme. Kemp as Mona Lisa emphasized the moods of her part, impassive at first and frenzied later on, with Mr. Bohnen as Francesco, the husband, and Mr. Taucher as his young rival, Giovanni. These three took their corresponding places in the prologue and epilogue, gaining their meed of curtain calls. For the rest, there was practically the original cast, except a last-minute substitution of Mr. Diaz as Arrigo, the serenader, for Mr. Meader, indisposed. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

The only non-German opera of the day was "Trovatore," the "popular" opera, in the evening, with Morgan Kingston, infrequently heard this season, in good voice as Manrico, Frances Peralta as Leonora, Jeanne Gordon as Azucena, Mr. Danise as the Count and Giovanni Martino as Ferrando. Mr. api conducted.

March 13 1923

Chaliapin

re

By W. J. HENDERSON.

According to the truly great Mr. Einstein, you are likely to be deceived as to the place where a star is situated because in spite of all the old determinations of science its rays do not proceed in straight lines. If the star is singing the name part in Bolto's "Mefistofele" his position in the "prologue in heaven" is made doubly uncertain by the want of light and the intervention of a much painted gauze drop between him and you. But when he begins to sing, there can be no mistake. The magnificent thunder of tone reveals the undoubted presence of the Beltegeuse of bases, Feodor Chaliapin.

"Mefistofele" was the opera at the Metropolitan last evening, and the voice was all there, all and indeed more than this public had heard in many moons. Why? That is an unanswerable question. Mr. Chaliapin had been absent from the Metropolitan stage for many weeks. He had been roaming up and down the earth giving concerts, singing in opera in Chicago and occasionally pausing for rest and refreshment which were his by right. Evidently, touring did him good. Perhaps he thrives on hard work.

At any rate, the fact remains that never had Mr. Chaliapin sung "Mefistofele" with a more untrammelled tone with a greater vigor and breadth of style, with a firmer command of his resources of vocal expression. Being in such condition the distinguished Russian gave an impersonation of the arch tempter that had all the sinister power, the sardonic significance and physical picturesqueness long associated with it. To play the gentleman-like devil as George Arliss did is a feat in finesse. To play the half naked, savage and wholly diabolical devil as Chaliapin does is a triumph of tragedy—or is it comedy? This is a nice question to be answered perhaps only by a Freud or a Henry James. However, one views it, it is large. When this "Mefistofele" smashes the globe, you say: "Quite right; the earth is his and the emptiness thereof."

Of course, Mr. Chaliapin did not perform the whole opera, for there had to be a Faust and a Marguerite for him to tempt. These were Mr. Gigli and Mme. Alda. Both were in good voice and sang well, the soprano especially well, for this Marguerite is one of her best roles, and she was at

her best in it last evening. Mme. Peralta was the Helen, a finely and imposing shade from the classical past with Mme. Perlul as Pantalla, a comely companion. Others in the cast were Mme. Howard as Maria, and

Angelo Bada as Wagner, both good. The chorus sang well and the orchestra was commendable. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT ENJOYED

Delightful Program at Fifth of Series.

The Beethoven Association gave its fifth concert last evening in Aeolian Hall. The artists were Artur Schnabel, pianist, making his first appearance of the season here; his wife, Mme. Therese Schnabel, contralto, debut here, and the Letz Quartet. The program consisted of the F major quartet, opus 59, No. 1, by Beethoven; Brahms's F minor piano quartet and, between these, eight songs from Schubert.

The latter, given by the singer with her husband at the piano, were the "Litanie," "Die Taubenpost," "Der Zwerg," "Die Forelle," "Der Doppelgaenger," "An die Laute," "Die Maenner sind Mechant" and "Der Erlkoenig."

The concert as a whole added one more artistic treat to the many delightful musical pleasures already furnished to New York music lovers by this distinguished organization, while the accomplished artists taking part fully deserved the enthusiastic plaudits they received from the large audience for their respective efforts throughout the evening.

SOPRANO HAS DEBUT CONCERT.

Miss Reuben Successful at First Recital Here.

Miss Carmen Reuben, soprano, gave her first song recital here last evening at Town Hall. This singer, who achieved success, is a pupil of Francis Rogers. She gave a difficult program of old airs, German lieder and a group in English from miscellaneous writers. She disclosed a voice of mezzo range and serviceable quality, although an imperfect attack, or hoarseness, impaired the color of certain tones.

Her schooling was some of the best observed in a new young singer here this season. Her vocal technic had such security that she was able to sing admirably even in her first numbers, where nervousness is wont to mar the delivery of a debut singer. Her style had poise and admirable finish. Her diction was clear and her phrasing skillful.

More color and nuance would have helped her singing as a whole. Her artistic sense and her musical intelligence were highly praiseworthy. Experience will do much for this young artist. She had a large audience.

Carmen Reuben in Song Recital

Carmen Reuben, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital in the Town Hall last evening, assisted by Marie Louise Ford at the piano. In the Italian songs of the opening group the singer displayed the warm quality of her voice and its technical capabilities at the best advantage, and she gave much individuality to her interpretations. The group of songs which she sang in German were chosen with little consideration for her voice, for there were a number of tones too low for her to sing, and with the exception of the last of the seven songs there was not much variety of mood in the selections. Kelley's "Lady Pickling Mulberries" was the most successful of a group of songs in English. There was an audience of good size, which demanded several encores.

Marguerite Namara on Concert Stage.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

PARIS, March 12.—Marguerite Namara of the Chicago Opera Company made her first appearance on the French concert stage in a recital at the Salle Gaveau tonight. She was assisted by Captain Randall Stevens. Miss Namara was well received by a crowded house. She gave selections in English, French, Italian and Spanish.

The Wagner Opera Festival opened their three-week extension engagement at the Lexington Theatre before a surprisingly large audience in view of the fact that the opera was "Die Meistersinger," one of the most overworked operas in their brief repertoire. The chorus was augmented by the presence on the stage of a local German singing society, and the audience was so demonstrative as to indicate that the visiting Wagnerians have struck a new vein of patronage. Meses. Scinmeyer and Ketrick, and Messrs. Hunt, Schorr, Lehman, Zador and Ziegler bore the big burdens of the singing cast. Mr. Blech conducted.

Henry Eichheim's Composition Written for Mrs. Coolidge's Festival Heard Here.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Despite the wind and weather and rumors that New York would next season have three new orchestras and a permanent German opera, the eighth concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra was accomplished last evening in Carnegie Hall in the presence of many auditors and to the accompaniment of sonorous applause. The program evolved by Mr. Stokowski consisted of Schubert's C Major symphony, Henry Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions" and Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel."

Mr. Eichheim's composition—or as much of it as was heard—was a novelty. This musician was once upon a time a member of the Boston Orchestra, which he left to conduct the orchestra of Winchester, Mass. For a few years he has bent himself wholly to composition. When Mrs. Coolidge asked him to write something for her Pittsfield chamber music festival he created his "Oriental Impressions" in their original shape for a group of instruments about as large, but not of the same character, as a Chinese orchestra. It was performed at the Pittsfield festival of 1921.

Just as Deems Taylor did with his "Through the Looking Glass" Mr. Eichheim developed his work for a large orchestra and the Boston organization gave it a hearing on March 24, 1922. There are five movements or sketches in the suite, but only four were on the program last evening, namely, the Korean Sketch, the Siamese Sketch, the Chinese Sketch and Japanese Nocturne.

Nature of the Suite.

The nature of the suite suggests the imperative call of the inquiring mind for learned disquisition on the music of Japan, Korea, China and other Oriental countries. But if the inquiring mind will consult the "Encyclopédie de la Musique" fathered by the Paris Conservatoire it will find information in solid masses furnished by some of the foremost savants of France.

Mr. Stokowski must have looked at his watch in the intermission, for to the astonishment of the knowing after delivering two of the sketches he plunged into the first phrase of "Til Eulenspiegel," which may have sounded Chinese to some listeners, but had a familiar tang of the Paradeplatz to the writer, who glided swiftly to the street, for he knew that "Til Eulenspiegel" will be performed not less than three more times within the next five days.

Mr. Eichheim's Sketches.

There is no profit in comment on Mr. Eichheim's sketches. They are mere successions of fragmentary national themes, orchestrated with all the paraphernalia of gong, harps, triangles,

xylophones, piano and other accessories, while struggling oboes and aspiring flutes endeavor to draw melodic outlines. But the singularity of the music greatly delighted the audience.

No doubt President Harding has done what he could to restore us to normalcy, but he has no influence in the world of art, where the Venus of Milo has been supplanted by the head of Medusa and the angels of Perugia by the gargoyles of Notre Dame.

Meanwhile the record of the day may close with the declaration that Schubert could have learned much from Mr. Stokowski's reading of the familiar symphony. It used to be a simple, lyrical, tuneful composition without passionate outbursts or periods of stormy emotion. But the process of the Americanization of Leopold Stokowski has brought with it revelations of priceless value. Last night was a grand one for trumpets, trombones and tympani, and the players of these instruments must now be sure that the C major symphony of Schubert is one of the greatest works not written by Strauss.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave the eighth of its series of ten concerts in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program comprised Schubert's C Major symphony, numbered variously by different authorities, by Mr. Stokowski called the seventh; two of Henry Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions," a Chinese Sketch, and a "Japanese Nocturne" for orchestra, and Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel."

Mr. Stokowski sometimes, and perhaps oftener than sometimes, plays conspicuously and irresponsibly with the marvelous instrument of beauty and precision that he has made of the Philadelphia orchestra. He did so last evening in Schubert's symphony. If there was one thing that Schubert stood for and worked for in his orchestration, or probably got by instinct without working for it was euphony. Mr. Stokowski chose to throw euphony overboard repeatedly in his playing of this symphony, the great demands he made upon the brass instruments and the kettle drums. More or less in all four movements, but especially in the first and last, he made the trombones and trumpets emit what was often a hoarse blare, in the passages of fortissimo; a quality of tone that was ruinous to beauty and balance. And that by players who have repeatedly shown what they can do, when they are allowed to, in the production of rich and mellow timbres, the ones that are obviously in place in this symphony and that there is reason enough to suppose he wanted.

The length of the several movements is a temptation enough for conductors to seek an abbreviation of it by taking the fast movements very fast, especially when their players are able to play them so, and Mr. Stokowski was easily tempted. The scherzo and the final allegro were taken at a tremendous pace. But it should be said that there were also many admirable qualities in the performance; must beauty and subtle adjustment and blending of tone; must finely felt and artistically moulded phrasing; a strong rhythmic pulse and accent. The andante was in large part suffused by Schubert's tenderness and poetic spirit. Many pages were played with a seeling and arresting charm. But the performance was thus strangely uneven, and the enjoyment it gave was tempered in ways that were needless and unfortunate.

Mr. Eichheim's experiments in Orientalism introduced a new element into orchestral music. These pieces are rearrangements for large orchestra of some that were composed for the Pittsfield Chamber Music Festival in 1921, and that were described here at that time. They were first written for a small group of instruments practically corresponding in size with that of a Chinese orchestra. In expending them for the orchestra of the Occident Mr. Eichheim has to a certain extent sophisticated his work.

They did not, even in the original form, represent any single Chinese or Japanese piece. They were made up of motives gathered together from many different quarters and heard under many different surroundings; and the instrumentation, as written for our orchestra, represents as nearly as may be the sounds of the native Chinese and Japanese instruments used in the originals.

There are to be heard numerous themes in the fine-note scale that is sufficiently familiar to Western ears. But music, in a sense that appeals to those ears as music, these pieces can hardly be called. They are a collection of more or less striking and beautiful timbres, new sounds, new colors, new combinations; and these are more interesting than the brief and disjointed tunes themselves. The pieces are, in fact, an ingenious tour de force on the part of Mr. Eichheim, in his inventiveness in making the orchestra, reinforced though it is with strange implements—"fluctuating tam-tam," large tam-tam, Chinese wooden block, temple bells, small cymbals, antique cymbals and "fish-head"—reproduce the tone color he heard in the East.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILADELPHIANS.

Mahler's music has some use, after all. With a soul still seared by memories of the Mahler seventh symphony, one went apprehensively to Carnegie Hall last night to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra play Schubert's seventh—the "heavenly length" one in C major.

And, behold, a miracle. The symphony came and went, and had never sounded so short. For after Mahler's hour-and-a-half of bloated small talk, Schubert, with real ideas and a mere forty-five minutes in which to utter them, sounded almost art by comparison. It was the Gettysburg address after the Congressional Record.

Not that the Schubert seventh is without redundancy. Some vandal with a black heart and a blue pencil could easily cut whole chapters out of the second and third movements without leaving a perceptible scar. Last

night, however, one did not mind. Even after a third reiteration of a passage, one had only to think of Mahler, and be comforted. The Schubert seventh is too long, yes; but it is all music.

Mr. Stokowski gave it a gorgeously colored, eloquent reading, particularly in the second and last movements. In the first he indulged the brass just a bit too much, so that they flared rather than glowed in the orchestral fabric. The scherzo, we thought heretically enough, had less crispness than one would expect of the Philadelphians.

There were only two other numbers on the program, "Til Eulenspiegel," which gave the D clarinet a chance to close the evening, and Henry Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions"—the latter a first performance.

Mr. Eichheim, a violinist and conductor from Boston, wrote the sketches originally for the Pittsfield Festival of 1921, scoring them for a small combination of stringed, wind and percussion instruments with piano. Eva Gautier produced four of them at Aeolian Hall in November of the same year.

His revised score for full orchestra, first played by the Boston Orchestra in the spring of 1922, employs numerous Oriental percussion instruments, including temple bells, tuned cymbals and a huge Chinese gong of such appalling sonority that whenever it spoke last night the rest of the orchestra labored unheard.

Mr. Stokowski played only two of the sketches last night, although four were announced on the house program. They were admirably brief, as impressions ought to be, and obviously caught the fancy of the audience with their piquant orchestral coloring and quaint pipings and twitterings.

The first, a "Chinese Sketch," begins with a sort of orchestral war in which the aforementioned tam-tam speaks its mind thunderously. Follows much discourse in Chinese dialect by assorted wood-winds, punctuated by the tam-tam and ending on a frightened squeak by the piccolo.

The second, a "Japanese Nocturne," is, naturally, couched in more lyric vein, with temple bells clinking, the oboe musing charmingly (M. Tabuteau earned a week's salary in the course of the two sketches) and the muted strings taking dreamy flights in bizarre harmonies.

The composer has disarmed the most obvious criticism of these pieces by calling them "impressions." They suffer from too much material (all the themes are authentic) and from a lack of continuity in presenting it. They do convey an unmistakable impression of the colors and sounds of the Orient.

What they do not convey is any sense of its meaning.

Mr. Eichheim has made some delightful notes. It remains now for him to turn them into music.

"SIEGFRIED" AT LEXINGTON

Jacquea Urlus to Reappear in "Die Gotterdammerung" Tonight.

Wagner "Siegfried," twice heard in the recent month's Wegner festival at the Manhattan, was sung at the Lexington last evening as the second of the Berlin company's new series of performances on the upper east side of town. In the cast were Mmes. Alsen, Metzger and Fleischer, Messrs. Lussmann, Steier, Hegar, Plaschke and Schubert, and Mr. Moerike again conducted.

Jacquea Urlus, the Holland tenor, reappears as the Siegfried of "Die Gotterdammerung" tonight and as Siegmund in "Die Walküre" on Friday of this week. On Saturday afternoon, Beethoven's "Fidelio" will be sung for the first time here since 1917, the title rôle taken by Miss Alsen, who has appeared in it more than 300 times in Germany, while the hero is Heinrich Knote, appearing as guest at the Lexington for the first time since he sang in New York many years ago as leading German tenor at the Metropolitan.

Further revivals by the Berlin company, according to present plans, will include Weber's "Der Freischütz" next Wednesday and Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" at the Saturday matinee, March 24. In their third week the singers hope to add Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and Adam's light opera, "The Position of Lohengrin."

Other Lexington operas next week are a Monday repetition of "Fidelio," Tuesday, "Fledermaus"; Thursday, "Heisteringer"; Friday, "Lohengrin," and Saturday night, repetition of "Freischütz."

YOUNG VIOLINIST WELCOMED

Gilbert Ross Gets Warm Applause in His First Recital Here.

Gilbert Ross, violinist, a son of Professor Edward A. Ross of Wisconsin University, gave a first recital at the Town Hall last evening, following a tour abroad where he had played in Dresden, Stuttgart, Bremen, and with orchestra in Berlin. Still diffident in entering the stage, he showed when playing a sudden fire and distinction, free of mannerism, deeply sunk in the music's mood and bringing it at points of climax to eloquent proclamation. Last night's soggy air, cried to strings, gave some problems, manfully met, in the sustained tones and rapid passages of work of Tartini's "Devil's Trill."

It was midway in Tchaikovsky's concerto that he won his house with an emotionally powerful crescendo, reaching in long applause. The heightened interest was held with serene beauty in the muted andante movement, crooned like a song. Sandor Vaz assisted at the piano in these works and lesser pieces by Sarasate, Kreisler, Lubin Goldmark, two arrangements by Auer, and one of the folk song, "Deep River," made by the late Maud Powell.

YOUNG MUSICIANS HEARD.

Seven Settlements Join in Concert at Aeolian Hall.

The newly formed Association of Music School Settlements, now grown to seven in New York, gave a demonstration of the work they are doing in a joint concert at Aeolian Hall last evening. Before a large audience young musicians had the ease of veterans. Several of them revealed individual ability of promise, notably the young man not named on the program, who played the first part of Brahms's violin sonata in D minor. Though immature, his performance showed a spontaneous feeling for musical values and communicative interpretation.

There were various instrumental groups, from the youngest classes in music play up to the Senior Orchestra from the Music School Settlement in East Third Street, which played creditably the first part of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Other settlements represented were Bronx House, Greenwich House, East Side House, Brooklyn Music School Settlement, Christodora House and the Neighborhood Music School.

Ross in Violin Recital

Gilbert Ross, a young American violinist of Nebraska origin, was heard last night at Town Hall in a program of familiar type, beginning with the Tartini "Devil's Trill" sonata and the Tchaikovsky Concerto in D major. His performance was not without promise. While his tone was not a particularly big one, it usually was smooth, of agreeable quality, and he could maintain it in the high regions of harmonics. As in many other cases, it varied, with some drying up in double-stops and various rapid passages, while he fared well, in fireworks and all, in the cadenza and the concerto. Shorter numbers, ending with Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet" and the Sarasate Introduction and Tarantelle, closed a program received with marked warmth.

The accomplishments of Gilbert Ross, who made his debut as a violin recitalist last night at the Town Hall, seemed to have been built for speed rather than emotional comfort. He has agile, flying fingers and uses them admirably as to pitch and tempo, but his good right arm is not quite so good.

In the Tartini "Devil's Trill" sonata, with which he opened his evening, his cantilena was thin and without sufficient warmth and depth, and only where the score called for appreciable acceleration did he achieve anything approaching distinction.

This may have been due to nervousness, for the second number, Tchaikovsky's D major concerto, went much better, especially toward the end. There, as noted in the program, the fourth movement went very definitely "vivacissimo."

In this part he had both fire and strength and produced something which was both colorful and compelling. As might then have been expected, he played Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" best of the six trier numbers which comprised his last two groups. Mr. Ross's future apparently lies down the way of pyrotechnics.

At the Lexington Theatre, in place of the premiere of "Fidelio," announced last week, the German visitors gave "Siegfried" again with the familiar cast. "Fidelio," which could not be got ready in time, has been again announced for next week. The crowd which was in attendance last night showed that neither the weather nor the change of bill has had any effect upon the public response to the hardworking ensemble. A. C.

“TRAVIATA” NEXT MONDAY.

Challapin in Farewell at Metropolitan This Afternoon.

Next week's Metropolitan operas, with but one month more to follow them, will include "Traviata" on Monday, sung by Boris, Lauri-Volpi and De Luca; Wednesday, revival of "L'Africaine," Ponsello, Mario, Gigli, Danise, Rothier and Didur; Thursday matinee, "Aida," Thursday evening, "Madame Butterfly," Sabanieva, Lauri-Volpi and Scott; Friday, "Romeo et Juliette," Boris and Gigli; Saturday matinee, "Samson et Dalila," Clausen and Martinelli, and Saturday night, "Ernani," Ponsello, Salazar, Danise and Mardones. Next Sunday's concert by a dozen artists, chorus and orchestra, comprises scenes from "Faust," "Carmen," "Rigoletto" and "Trovatore."

Tonight's opera is changed from "Tristan" to "Madame Butterfly," owing to the indisposition of Barbara Kemp, the east in Puccini's opera comprising Sabanieva, Gigli and Scott. Chaliapin makes his last operatic appearance in "Boris Godunoff" this afternoon, closing his season here with concert on Palm Sunday.

The company last evening closed its Brooklyn series with "La Boheme." Mme. Sabanieva singing in place of Della Reinhardt, who still is ill. At the same time "Carmen" was sung in Philadelphia, with the recent Metropolitan cast, headed by Ina Bourskaya.

Stransky Will Be Conductor of New State Orchestra

Cooperative Organization Will Give 16 Subscription Concerts Here Next Season.

Josef Stransky, former conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, yesterday accepted the post of leader of the State Symphony Orchestra of New York, incorporated in Albany last Saturday by Jacob Altschuler and six other musicians.

The aims were outlined by Mr. Stransky as follows:

"The orchestra has been formed by a body of first class musicians to have an orchestra on a cooperative basis, as the Philharmonic was from 1842 to 1902, 60 years before I came to New York.

"The new orchestra intends to give the same number of subscription concerts as the Philharmonic gave before 1909; that is, sixteen altogether. I have been asked by the new organization and accepted the invitation to lead the sixteen subscription concerts, as, for instance, Arthur Nikisch has conducted the subscription concerts of the Berlin Philharmonic, ten in all.

"Further plans of the orchestra may develop later, but I do not approve of giving too many concerts in New York. Quality, not quantity, should speak. We will have numberless rehearsals and the performances will be most carefully prepared.

"There is only the friendliest feeling between the new organization to existing orchestras of New York, and any competition will be confined to a contest to give the public splendid music, in splendid performances."

Stransky Explains Ideals Of New State Symphony

Will Give Limited Concerts so as to Have Time for Careful Rehearsals

Josef Stransky, who resigned recently as conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, gave details last night of the new organization, the State Symphony Orchestra, with which he is to be connected next season.

"The State Symphony Orchestra of New York," said Mr. Stransky, "is the only organization in our city of its kind and is a co-operative organization, the Philharmonic Society has been for fifty years.

"This new orchestra, born of the enthusiasm of musicians for their art, is a money-making corporation, it is an idealistic one. This organization will be for quality not quantity. There will be both concerts in New York and out-of-town engagements.

"The direction of the concerts in New York has been offered to me, and I have accepted under the conditions that the number of these concerts does not exceed sixteen. I want to prepare every concert carefully, and the small number gives me a chance to do so.

"There will be rehearsals from September to the latter part of November before a public appearance, and there

will be a much time between concerts that each one can be prepared carefully. The programs will cover classical and modern master works. Novelties will also be included, and the American composer, as I have always been his champion.

"This orchestra is founded with a friendly spirit toward existing orchestras. There is no jealousy or spite connected with it, but only love for art. The only contest we desire is to give the best qualified performances and very good programs.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM.

One of the most trustworthy themes of the fiction writer who selects the musical world as his setting is the legend of the young understudy who steps on the stage of the opera house ten minutes after the prima donna has fallen ill, dazzles the critics with her bel canto, and becomes the world's darling overnight. It is a good old legend, and comes true just often enough to preserve itself from oblivion.

It came true, in a measure, at last night's Schola concert in Carnegie Hall. The third number on the program was a group of Italian folksongs for soprano solo, women's chorus and piano. Anna Case was to have been the soloist, but was laid low by a last minute indisposition. Accordingly, a printed insert in the house program announced that her place would be taken, on very short notice, by Miss Dusolina Giannini.

We have no idea who Miss Giannini is. We know only that she is rather small and dark and has one of the finest voices that New York has heard this season. It is a real dramatic soprano, sombre and vibrant below and of ringing clarity in its upper register, a voice of such power that it filled Carnegie Hall to the brim without costing its owner any perceptible amount of effort.

One hearing, particularly in a group of songs that presented no particular aesthetic problems, was hardly enough to give any definite clues as to her skill as an interpreter of song. All that she had to do she did excellently well, singing with a spirit and confidence that gave added charm to four songs that had much allure of their own.

The audience rose to her at once. There was prolonged applause after her second number and so much after her third—a charming vintner's song from Sicily—that it had to be repeated. At the end of the group her hearers recalled her with an enthusiasm that has been equalled only a few times this year.

The rest of the program was less sensational, but good. Mr. Schindler began with a group of old Italian and French part songs and madrigals and continued with Brahms's choral cycle, Opus 104. Of the former, the best were Guillaume Costeley's dainty "Mignonne, Allons Voir si la Rose" and a beautiful five-part madrigal, "Meraviglia d'Amore," by the romantic Prince Gesualdo of Venosa.

The Brahms group is a loosely connected cycle of five songs—two "Nachtwaechen," "Letztes Glueck," "Verlorende Jugend" and "Im Herbst"—none of which has been heard here in several years. "Verlorende Jugend," in fact, was tentatively offered by Mr. Schindler as a first performance.

The last of the collection seems by far the finest, a lofty and moving piece of elegiac writing. The others sounded hardly so impressive and hardly seemed to justify the paeans lavished upon them by Brahms's devoted Kalbeck.

They had flashes of greatness, but were flawed by lapses into conventionality and occasional clumsy part writing.

A fourth group introduced four Norwegian dance songs as harmonized by Grieg, sung by the male section of the chorus, with incidental solos by Carl Schlegel and Charles Stratton. Their musical claims were not invariably of the strongest, but they had captivating rhythm and boisterous good humor.

Two Easter songs for women's voices came next—"Pasqua Florida," by the Catalan composer-priest, Padre Donostia, and a Sicilian peasant litany. The evening ended with two Spanish numbers—the lovely "Serenade de Murcia" and a "Dance of the Nuns," by Enric Morena.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Kurt Schindler, director of the musical organization bearing the sixteenth century Roman title of Schola Cantorum is an enthusiastic collector. He does not collect coins or postage stamps or pictures, but musical compositions of rarity and excellent vintage. Last evening he gave an exhibition of part of his collection at the final concert of the Schola Cantorum in Carnegie Hall. The program was long, varied and pleasing, but it was not of the kind that lends itself to searching for the next day's journals.

It distributed itself easily and naturally into six groups, as follows: First, old French and Italian madrigals and part songs; second, five choral songs for mixed voices by Johannes Brahms; third, Italian folksongs from "Le Più Belle Canzoni d'Italia," collected and harmonized by Signora Geni Sadere; fourth, Norwegian folk songs and dances for men's chorus, by Edward Grieg; fifth, two Easter songs, and sixth, Spanish choral songs.

The world was Mr. Schindler's. It would be futile to go through this list and specify which was perhaps the most beautiful song, which was the most novel, which the most characteristic. The old time madrigals began as far back as Clement Jannequin, whose "Chant des Oiseaux" was one of the triumphs of the Schola in years gone by. There was in this group also a madrigal of Palestrina, whose worldly songs have rarely been heard.

Some of the Brahms lyrics had been heard. Two, at any rate, figured in programs of the Musical Art Society. Hanslick, whose awe inspiring authority dwindles with the years, as critical authority customarily does, declared that "Letzte Gluck" was one of the perfectly perfect songs of Brahms. But doubtless Mr. Flück, who has the advantage of Hanslick in being still alive, may retort that Brahms never wrote a perfect song. "It does not matter," as the husband of the Thin Woman of Indianapolis McGrath insisted so often. Nothing does. When you listen to this beautiful music of Brahms you do not care a mark or a ruble whether it is perfect or not.

The Italian folksongs were heard for the first time in this country. It is only lately that the musicians of Italy have gone to work to save their fast disappearing folksongs, and Signora Geni Sadere, a singer of some operatic distinction (she made her debut in "De Donne Curiose" of Metropolitan oblivion) and a pianist of ability gathered and tastefully arranged the collection from which Mr. Schindler made his interesting excerpts for last evening.

These lyrics proved to be among the most delightful numbers on the list. They possess not only melodic charm, but clearly marked character. They were to have been sung by Miss Anna Case, but she was indisposed and her place was taken at twenty-four hours' notice by Miss Dusolina Giannini, who is still a pupil of Mme. Sembrich. This young woman awoke real enthusiasm. Such a mezzo-soprano voice has not been revealed to this public in years. A full blooded, vibrant, organ-like tone, with contralto quality throughout the medium, produced with ease and unforced sonority, it gave its first audience a genuine thrill.

Miss Giannini is not yet a finished singer. There is much for her to learn in the delicate polish of vocal art, but with her compelling temperament and her brilliant confidence her splendid voice should ensure her a happy future. The chorus was utilized in some of the folk songs which she sang, and the general effect was admirable.

Reverting to some of the earlier numbers, it may be said that the most exacting task of the chorus was the singing of the Brahms songs, and this task was performed with much credit. Mr. Schindler has not labored in vain. His choir is now well balanced, and produces a generally good quality of tone. In phrasing and enunciation the singers acquitted themselves well, while their intonation was very creditable. The concert, as a whole, was one of the best and most enjoyable ever given by the Schola Cantorum.

The chorus sang throughout with exceptionally good intonation and, so far as the women's voices were concerned, with much tonal beauty. The male section seemed to be suffering from a lack of good material, for the voices, particularly the tenors, had

CHALIAPIN AS CZAR

IN "BORIS GODUNOFF"

"Tristan und Isolde" and "Gotterdammerung" Fill Evening of German Opera.

Fedor Chaliapin as the mad czar in "Boris Godunoff" drew a packed audience to the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. He sang well and swept his hearers away with his magnificent mimicry in the big scene of the second act. Jeanne Gordon, Raymonde Delaunoy and the others of the familiar cast kept to the nervous vocal and dramatic tempo set by Mr. Chaliapin, and the result was another fine performance. Mr. Papi conducted.

In the evening "Tristan und Isolde" with Miss Kemp as the heroine and Sigrid Onegin as the hero, as Brangäne, proved a notable event. The Wagner Opera Festival now at the Lexington Avenue Theatre, had a fine congregation in the evening for "Gotterdammerung."

ELSA ALSEN was the bright and particular "star" of the Wagnerian Festival Company's

repetition of "Gotterdammerung" in the Lexington last night. Her irresistibly dramatic portrayal of the betrayed Bruennhilde again inspired profound admiration. With her Isolde it represents one of the memorable achievements of the present season.

Jacques Urlus once more was the Siegfried, and one not soon to be forgotten; Kipnis the Hagen, Zador the Alberich and Offit Meizger the Erda.

By MAX SMITH.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

WHILE indisposition prevented Anna Case from making her promised appearance as soloist of the Schola Cantorum's second concert last night in Carnegie Hall ample compensation was afforded by her youthful substitute, Dusolina Giannini, a girl of Italian parentage born in this country.

In fact, Miss Giannini created something approaching a sensation in a set of five fascinating Italian folk-song for soprano solo, women's chorus and piano, from the collection of "Le Più Belle canzoni d'Italia" as harmonized by Mme. Geni Sadere.

For although her name was practically unknown, and although she had learned her music at the eleventh hour, Miss Giannini not only sang with remarkable assurance but disclosed a voice of unusual power and beauty, a voice of mezzo-soprano character, rich, mellow, vibrant, which showed only in the medium a slight defect of emission.

Charming was the cradle song, "Ninna Nanna," in Venetian dialect; hardly less so the Sicilian, "Pamplina Pamplinedda," which had to be repeated. And delightfully all were given, with Kurt Schindler, himself, conductor of the Schola, at the piano.

The programme opened with old French and Italian Madrigals and Part-Songs. Then came five beautiful choral songs for mixed voices by Johannes Brahms, opus 104—"Nachtwaechen" 1 and 2, the second particularly impressive; "Letztes Glueck," "Verlorende Jugend" (this probably presented for the first time in New York) and "Im Herbst."

Captivating, too, and in part so quaintly amusing as to provoke laughter were four Norwegian folk-songs by Grieg the baritone solos of which had been en-



ANNA CASE

It goes without saying that Henry Finck was present. Even the name of Brahms could not keep him away from his beloved Grieg.

The contributions of Mr. Schindler's finely trained disciples also include two Easter songs—the one by Padre Donostia, for women's chorus, children's voices and organ; the other, by Geni Sadero, for soprano, chorus and organ—and two specimens of Spanish music, "Serenade de Murcia," for baritone and chorus, arranged by Kurt Schindler, and "La Sardana de las Monjas," by Enric Morera.

The Town Hall was packed to the doors yesterday afternoon by a vociferous audience to bid "au revoir" for the season to the City Symphony Orchestra. The ensemble, which had Emilio de Gogorza as soloist, seemed to feel the oats of an oncoming vacation, for it played zealously through its program and drew no small amount of applause for its energetic work.

At the Intermission Mrs. Louise De Cravioto, Chairman of the Music Committee, gave a brief resume of the remarkable achievements of the ensemble during its first season, saying the organization had succeeded in reaching more than 100,000 music lovers through the co-operation of the Board of Education and the various community centres. She closed with an eloquent plea for the aid of a Citizens' Committee to increase their audience next year to 200,000.

Lyric reading:
Last night, due to the illness of Barbara Kemp, the announced "Tristan" was postponed, and "Butterfly" substituted, with Thalla Sabanieva as the pathetic little Nipponese. This was the second time Miss Sabanieva has appeared in the role, due to the illness of a colleague. The Greek soprano was a lissome, heart-wrenching little figure, and succeeded in coping with the fortes of the orchestra rather better than at her previous appearance. Mr. Gigli was in excellent voice as Pinkerton, and Mr. Scotti made the Consul once more the genial soul he has been for a decade.

soul he has been for a decade.

March 6 1923

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

At every visit the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes to New York in these days it seems a finer orchestra; it played more beautifully and especially with a more beautiful tone, which now, in its lusciousness, transparency and delicate graduation of color, brings forth memories of the tone it had in the years of glory and true approximates thereto. So it played last evening in Carnegie Hall, when it came for the fourth visit of the season.

The program was a singularly attractive one, even though it did offer one of the numerous repetitions of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," that are to be showered upon New York within so short a period. But it was a remarkably fine repetition; perhaps not one of such sweeping favor as has been heard here, but of a peculiarly mordant character, in which every voice, every phrase and every ironical and drastic turn was to be heard in its time significance; in which the line was merrily preserved, and there was something of the balanced and open quality of chamber music on a larger scale. And yet there was no lack of the dazzling color. The public seems, even under the strain of constant repetition, to be the one of Strauss's symphonic poems that shows least wear and tear.

Chausson's symphony, with which the program began, had also been heard here this season before; and also well-endured repetition. Few works of its school are so beautifully scored with such transparent, warm and glowing instrumentation. It was played with real fervor and intensity; and the per-

The interest was maintained and increased by Charles Martin Loeffler's dramatic poem, "La Mort de Tintogiles." The composition has established its place as one of the finest products of American art. It is twenty-six years old, and there is not too much music produced within that time that has held its own so well as this has, that maintains its poignancy and intensity of emotional expressiveness through the changes of style and method that have supervened, and that is shown thereby to be something profoundly felt and uttered, and not merely a new fashion of utterance that new music will so often turn out to be.

often turn out to be the last word in "modernity" at its first production. It is still modern in that its appeal to listeners of today is unshaken. It now seems clear, direct, spontaneous and its inevitable expression something inevitable as well as personal. It rises above the limitations of program music in its specially musical power and expressiveness, its suggestion of mood and foreboding, its denotement of impending fate and impotent tenderness. There is nothing new in all this; and yet it was all brought back again as new in the fervid and impassioned performance that Mr. Monteux gave it last evening. Mr. Burgin, the concert master of the orchestra, played the obbligato part for the viola d'amore with an exquisite and silvery beauty of tone; a part written with such masterly skill into its place in the score, with such restraint and yet with such full and precise expression of what is given it to express.

The performance aroused much enthusiasm among the listeners; and Mr. Monteux directed it toward Mr. Loefres, who had come from Medfield to hear it, and rose to bow in the box where he sat. The program was brought to an end with the overture of "Tannhäuser."

The fourth evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of Chausson's familiar B flat symphony, Strauss's "Til Eulenspiegel," Charles Martin Loeffler's "Le Mort de Tintagiles" and Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" overture. This program provided promising musical entertainment for an attentive audience, but it does not invite critical reflections of wide dimensions. Perhaps there might be ponderings upon the rapidity with which different performances of "Til Eulenspiegel" come before New York music lovers, but what is the use of discussing this matter?

There might also be some repetition of early comment on the fine composition of Mr. Loeffler. Perhaps the most pregnant utterance would be that after twenty-five years no commentator who praised the work when it was first given is compelled to take anything back. The composition retains its first force. It still breathes the atmosphere of dread and mystery that is found in Maeterlinck's intense little marionette play. The work was heard last night apparently with great interest and the composer, who was present, received his due meed of applause.

As for the rest of the program, it is necessary only to say that the Boston orchestra shone through it as an instrument upon which a conductor of intellectual power and poetic imagination should be glad to play. The tone of the organization is still beautiful. There is an aristocratic quality about the utterance that neither time nor personal changes has taken away. The strings are yet admirable. The brass

is not to be surpassed. The wood
winds are even now worthy of the
early fame of this body.

But the old balance and clarity are wanting. There is altogether too much blurring of lines, too much muddiness in phraseology, too little illumination of what should be high lights. It is unnecessary to say where the fault lies. Mr. Monteux, who conducts this orchestra, appears to be deeply averse to anything looking toward the exhibition of virtuosity and for that he is to be praised. But it is possible to make music less soothing and more stimulating than he made it last evening. Certainly a duller performance of "Til Eulenspiegel" could not easily be given.

Mr. Monteux laid a curb to his liking for novelty in planning the program for last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first of its fourth pair for the season. With but one exception, and that by only a few years, it was all of the vintage of the '90s. That is to say, it was free from the extreme wickednesses of some of the terrible children of to-day, and also lacked some of the sturdy graces of earlier periods.

Chaussou's Symphony in B flat, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Loesser's "La Mort de Tintagiles" and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" made up the list, all of it sufficiently familiar. It was all, except for the firmly built

The evening was well begun with the Chausson symphony, the product of a modern but not extremist school of composition. It is a work of musical substance reflecting intensity of feeling individually expressed. Mr. Montoux gave it an excellent and understanding performance. In this, as in the other numbers, there was careful attention to detail and if not always a thoroughly satisfactory building of climaxes, sufficient stress and accent to give character to the music.

The evening would have had a greater variety of interest had more widely differing schools of composition been represented. As it was there was a certain monotony of musical expression which not even the waggishness of "Till" could relieve. The audience was of fair size and appreciative.

Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra was in town last night to give its fourth and penultimate concert in Carnegie Hall.

More than a few seats downstairs stood vacant. That was a pity. Rumor has it that the famous organization may stay away from New York next year, believing that the supply of symphonic music in this city already has outstripped the demand. That would be regrettable.

Thanks largely, no doubt, to the efforts of Pierre Monteux, who had to meet difficult problems, the Boston Orchestra is now again one of the best in this country—a finely sonorous, euphonic and flexible instrument.

It is true, that Monsieur Monteux cannot be ranked as a great conductor. What he lacks is magnetism, authority, compelling power.

But he is a genuine musician, an excellent musician—an intelligent, sympathetic, cultured—something that cannot be said of every wielder of the baton. He commands respect, even when he does not arouse enthusiasm.

Moreover, the Boston Orchestra is an institution. Its absence from New York would mean a distinct loss.

Chausson's *Symphony in B flat major*, opus 20, and Loeffler's "*Mort de Tintagiles*," revealed orchestra and conductor last night at their best. Strauss's "*Till Eulenspiegel*," played only the other night by the Quakers, lacked vigor and rhythmical precision. Wagner's "*Tannhaeuser*" overture brought the programme to a close.

A FEATURE of last night's "Tannhaeuser" at the Lexington was the conducting of Ernest Knoch, who made his first appearance there at the baton. He not only adapted himself easily to the precedents set by Leo Blech, keeping his men well in hand, but brought animation and fervor to the performance.

Friedrich Schorr again distinguished himself as Wolfran. The cast included Lussmann in

Lucrezia Bori in "Anima Allegra.

Lucrezia Bori in "Anima Allegra.
Lucrezia Bori led the fun and merriment making of Vittadini's "Anima Allegra" for the fourth time at the Metropolitan last evening. Others in the large cast were Mmes. Howard and Mario, Messrs. Lauri-Volpi, Tokatyan, Diaz and Didur, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Muriel Tindal's song recital at Aeolian Hall in the evening was really a concert because she enlisted violin, 'cello and piano features, but it was an interesting vocal list that she offered, with numbers by Astorgis, Bach, Wolf, Brahms, Beethoven, Faurdin, Eisler and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

klaff.

Clara Clemens's song recital at Town Hall in the evening was the most cosmopolitan lyric offering of the season, her third recital, and another proof of her talent for lyric research. Russian, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Scotch, Welsh, Irish and English songs punctuated a program that was more remarkable for its diversity than for its distinction of choice or nterance.

Opera Festival, gave "Tannhauser" to a rather small audience at the Lexington.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Max Schillings's opera "Mona Lisa" in the customary course of operas making the rounds of the subscribers to the season of the Metropolitan Opera House reached the Friday section last evening. There had been some doubt as to the possibility of giving the work. Mme. Barbara Kemp, who impersonates the lady of the undying smile, was to have sung *Isolde* in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" on Wednesday evening, but was indisposed and unable to appear. The opera had to be abandoned and "Mona Lisa" substituted for it. Mme. Sabanieva in the principal part, substituted for it. "Mona Lisa" without Mme. Kemp seems inconceivable. She was happily quite sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to appear last evening. She showed few, if any, evidences of recent illness. Perhaps her voice was not so far reaching nor her method so strenuous as at the first performance of the opera, but only those who had heard the previous presentation of the work could have suspected that the soprano was not at her best.

Mme. Kemp is so admirably suited to the part that it might have been made for her. She has elaborated a remarkably ingenious makeup which gives her a reasonable resemblance to the famous portrait by Leonardo da Vinci, and her bearing, walk and general manner seem to have been evolved from a real psychological study of the inscrutable smile.

It may be remarked in passing that it is a wonder no one thought of making an 'opéra out of the story in which the great Leonardo himself is the lady's lover. Perhaps the difficulty would have been that the outraged husband would not have had his revenge on the great master. One recalls the immortal exclamation of Von BueLOW when Wagner stole his wife: "Oh, if it had only been some one that I could kill!"

Mr. Bohnen as the jealous husband last evening shut Mr. Taucher in the deadly cabinet with a fiendish glee that thrilled the audience. And throughout the opera he was r-
able. Mme. Peralta repeated her y-
colored sketch of the courtesan d-
the other members of the cast
the same as at the first performance. W.

By Henry T. Finck

All those who have enjoyed the excellent performances of Wagner's operas recently given at the Manhattan and the Lexington will be glad to hear that the company is to come back for another season next October. The Manhattan Opera House will again be used and the first opera to be sung is to be Wagner's "Rienzi," which has not been heard here since the days of Meumann. The season is to last six weeks. The present company, after finishing its series at the Lexington, will go on tour, beginning in Boston.

Last night was a festive occasion. Leo Blech, who has to return to Berlin, conducted for the last time and his friends turned out in great numbers to enjoy a performance of "Die Walküre" in which all did their best. The cast was a familiar one, including Mmes. Metzger, Von der Osten, Loreiz-Hoelischer, and MM. Urius and Plaschke. The orchestra was in better form than it has been on some previous occasions. Beethoven's "Fidelio" is the opera this afternoon: "Lohengrin" follows at 7:30.

Novaes and the Lhevinnes

Gulomar Novaes delighted another large audience in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. From start to finish she played as only she can play. She has never heard Paderewski, yet the resemblance of her playing of Liszt's tenth rhapsody, which was one of her encores at the end of her recital, to that super-pianist's was almost startling—except in the glissandi, which Paderewski plays probably more miraculously than Liszt himself did. In the "Butterfly" étude, also, and the other Chopin numbers played, Miss Novaes came nearer the great premier pianist than any one else does. The same may be said of her playing of Schumann's "Carnaval," excepting the Grossavertanz near the end, which Paderewski invests with an infinitely droll, humorous quality. Inimitably. Well, I believe if Novaes heard him do it, she could do it exactly like him. In the second half of the "Carnaval" she seemed to float on the ether waves of

the music. It is only a few years ago that the audience was widely enthusiastic.

She made a poem of Stojowski's "Chant d'Amour." Two early pieces by Scriabin (Etude Op. 2 No. 1 and Prelude Op. 8 No. 12) were effective as played by her (they might have been written by Chopin); and how her fingers did dance over the keys in the "Triana" of Albeniz and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." The opening number, Beethoven's programmatic sonata, Opus 81, depicting the composer's feelings because of the temporary absence of Archbishop Rudolph, has hardly any expression marks in the original score. He put them in, however, in playing. Miss Novaes did not make the mistakes some pianists are guilty of, of playing the piece mechanically. The expression she put in was no doubt what Beethoven wanted, for this Brazilian pianist has an instinct for the right thing.

In the evening two other excellent pianists were heard, in Carnegie Hall, Josef Lhévinne, whose playing has been often lauded to the skies in this column and Mrs. Rosa Lhévinne. They were heard singly and together, a programme including works by Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Busoni, Hutcheson, Vuillemin, and Liszt. The audience was large and appreciative.

1923
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

FIDELIO, opera in two acts. German text, by Sonnleithner, from Bouilly's "Leonore, or I Amour Conjugal." Music by Ludwig van Beethoven. At the Lexington Opera House.

Leonore.....	Robert Hutt
Don Fernando.....	Elsa Alsen
Don Pizarro.....	Benno Ziegler
Rocco.....	Friedrich Schorr
Marcellina.....	Alexander Kipnis
Jaquino.....	Edith Fleischer
First Prisoner.....	Harry Steier
Second Prisoner.....	Johannes Helfer
Conductor.....	Heinrich Muller
	Eduard Moerike

The German Company in "Fidelio."

The German Opera Company ended its first week in the Lexington Theatre yesterday with a performance of "Fidelio" in the afternoon and one of "Lohengrin" in the evening. Beethoven's opera was heard for the first time in New York since 1916, when it was given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It has always been a stepchild of operatic institutions here, kept upon the stage with difficulty, and never able to rouse great interest in a public that does not easily understand the spoken dialogue, of which there is much in the opera—even that part of the public to whom the language is familiar—on account of the large size of the opera houses, where dialogue does not carry well. Moreover, the form in which dialogue alternates with singing is not one that appeals strongly to the lovers of opera in these days, habituated as they are to the endless flow of music. But Beethoven put into it some music of immortal beauty and dramatic power. Some tedious moments, and more than moments, must be gone through to enjoy them; but they give supreme satisfaction when they come.

The performance yesterday was not one in which the beauties of the work were most fully or most advantageously set forth. The spirit of it was rather pedestrian and lacking in warmth and fervor. Mme. Elsa Alsen as Fidelio, Alexander Kipnis as Rocco, and Friedrich Schorr as Pizarro did the best singing that was heard in it. Mme. Alsen's powerful voice and resolute style were able to cope even with the "Abscheulicher" air. Yet at times she sang flat; and it cannot be said that her impersonation was one of real distinction in the embodiment of passion and anxious foreboding.

Mr. Kipnis gave a really fine representation as Rocco, admirable in voice and characteristic in action and he was the one of all the company who got his spoken lines most successfully over the footlights. Mr. Schorr's Pizarro was villainous on approved lines and he sang his vehement passages with effect. The Florestan was Robert Hutt, a sincere and competent portrayal, but not notable in voice or in vocal expression. As Mr. Blech, the chief conductor, started on his return to Germany, the performance was conducted by Mr. Moerike with skill and anxious solicitude, for which there was sufficient excuse in the character of the orchestral performance. The "Fidelio" overture was played at the beginning and "Leonore No. 3" before the last scene of the opera. The audience was as glad to hear it, apparently, as if it had been played magnificently instead of in a rough and dull fashion, leaving much to be desired in tonal beauty. There was hearty applause and M. Moerike was generous enough to have the players stand to share it with him. Nor was there any lack of applause for the singers; the audience, in fact, never hesitated to interrupt with it the progress of the drama at the end of the acts.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB SINGS WITH ORCHESTRA

Appears With the Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall—Arthur Hackett Tenor Soloist.

Carnegie Hall was filled yesterday for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's last matinee but one this season, the big and socially brilliant audience being attracted perhaps not so much by a hunger to hear the rare "Faust" symphony of Liszt as it was by the further fact that Mr. Montoux had enlisted for the occasion fifty singers of the Harvard Glee Club. Both Montoux himself and Dr. Archibald T. Davison, the club's regular conductor, shared with the tenor soloist, Arthur Hackett, an enthusiastic recall to the stage at the close of the Symphony's hour and a half of performance.

Mr. Hackett sang admirably above chorus and orchestra, with crystal tone and diction, the "Ewig Weibliche," quotation from Goethe, which is equally Liszt's homage to the poet and his symphony's chief mark of distinction. The men of the glee club, singing over the players from a high platform at back of the stage, were responsive to Conductor Montoux's every nuance. Their tone, manful and meaningful, lent wings to words while adding a human "instrument" to the fine blend of orchestral harmony.

By way of preface, there was but one other work in the program, Handel's concerto grosso in D major for string orchestra, only with solo "leads" for Burgin and Theodorowicz among the violins, as well as Furel, viola, and Beedell, cello. The serene classic proved a graceful foil to Liszt's romance on the Faust, Gretchen and Mephisto themes.

Powell Gives All-Chopin Program.

John Powell added a leaf to this season's considerable book of "all Chopin" programs yesterday, before a large matinee audience in Aeolian Hall, adding at least "some" to the not quite "all" of Chopin already presented, for example, by Novaes and Hofmann. Mr. Powell chose for his larger works the B minor sonata, which is not that of the oftener played "funeral march," and a final "Allegro de Concerto" of the smaller, he gave the barcarole, two C sharp minor etudes, F sharp impromptu, F sharp minor and B major nocturnes and E major scherzo. The last named, while not most characteristic of its class, appealed to listeners like an unfamiliar Chopin on a holiday. The audience made it evident that it would have liked to hear some of Powell's own music, mentioned in the same program page, such as his "At the Fair: Sketches of American Fun."

By F. D. Perkins

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

The Germans made their first excursion into opera other than Wagner (except for "Fledermaus") yesterday afternoon at the Lexington Theater, where Beethoven's "Fidelio" was heard for the first time since the Metropolitan performances of 1915-16. One had almost begun to doubt whether there would be any "Fidelio"; the Beethoven opera had been announced for the opening week here, then postponed. It had reappeared on the bill of the week just past for two performances, then "Siegfried" was substituted, but a final change brought it back for yesterday. These shifts, perhaps, may have had their effect on the audience. It was far from large, though the equal of any in demonstrativeness.

The performance was creditable in some respects, less so in others. It might briefly be termed vigorous and vociferous, of a general quality similar to that of many of the Wagnerian performance of the last five weeks. But then, Beethoven is not like Wagner (and the difference between "Fidelio" and "Die Walkure," for instance, is not only in the former's set vocal numbers and spoken dialogue), and the vociferous, rather rough quality of the performance was thereby the more apparent, leading one to wonder what handling the various Mozart operas may receive in the Mozart week promised for next November. Power somewhat unpolished, which would do little, if any harm to a Wagner opera, showed up more plainly in "Fidelio."

Elsa Alsen Sings Leonore

But the singers spared no efforts and did their best to bring out the dramatic aspect of the opera. Elsa Alsen, who had brought out passion and intensity of feeling as Isolde, was an equally intense and equally strong-voiced Leonore. Her gestures, no less than her words, boded ill to Pizarro in the first act, and her ecstasy at the close was equally beyond mistaking. Her tones were ringing and, on the whole, clear, though with a certain Teutonic—not exactly roughness, but what might be called an absence of smoothness. The general result was effective.

Friedrich Schorr, who so far has had none but virtuous parts—the worthy Hans Sachs or the mild, benignant Wolfram—appeared as the villain of the piece, Pizarro—a black-browed, sinister Pizarro, proving himself able to express vice as well as virtue in his deep, strong voice. Mr. Kipnis was a good-natured, paternal Rocco, while Editha Fleischer, as Marcelline, had a voice that flowed freely, though with rough places in its current.

While strength of voice, even to excess, seemed the general rule, there seemed some tightness and effort in that of Mr. Hutt as Florestan. Benno Ziegler served as Don Fernando, Harry

Walter a the rustic Jaquino, Johannes Helfer and Heinrich Muller as the two prisoners, while Mr. Moerike, now "general music director," worked hard with his orchestra, though not able to prevent some painfully sour notes from horns or unduly strident ones from trumpets and trombones. Beginning with the "Fidelio" overture, he inserted the third "Leonore" overture between the jail scene and the final rejoicings, and reaped a special ovation for himself as he called up his musicians.

There was one hitch in the stage-management, when the curtain fell on the jail scene before Leonore and Florestan had ended their mutual rejoicings, but no other difficulties—except, as often, for the rather familiar uncertainty about when the performance should begin. The program told one tale, the advertisement another.

"Lohengrin" in Evening

"Lohengrin" was given in the evening, with Heinrich Knoke, the former Metropolitan tenor, as that hero, throwing himself into the part with a

wealth of gesture and action. His voice had its points of similarity with those of other tenors heard with the company, but outranked them in combining strength with smoothness. Marcella Roeseler was a creditable Elsa. Mme. Metzger did well as Ortrud, with Mr. Lattermann as Frederick, and Messrs. Lehmann and Ziegler, who had also served in the afternoon, as the King and the Herald. There was a large audience to applaud a performance which fared well under Ernest Knoch.

At the Metropolitan

"Carmen" was the afternoon opera at the Metropolitan, with Mme. Bourskaya in her second appearance here as the distracting cigarette girl, singing again with a voice of a certain richness, but a certain roughness as well, while Mr. Martinelli was in his familiar role of Don Jose. Mme. Sundelius this time was Micaela, with Mr. de Luca as Escamillo, Mmes. Schaaf (replacing Marion Telva) and Tiffany, and Mr. Hasselmans conducting.

"Andrea Chenier," the evening opera, gave, as before, a chance for some very effective singing on the part of Mr. Gigli, with Mr. Danise as Gerard and Mme. Peralta in the usual Ponselle part of Madeleine. The rest of the cast was substantially as before, with Mr. Moranzoni conducting.

NEW ALL-AMERICAN ORCHESTRA FORMED

The organization of a new orchestra, called the American National Orchestra, was announced yesterday when application for incorporation was made at Albany. The first concert, it was announced, will take place at Town Hall on April 8. The conductor will be Howard Barlow. Mrs. John Burg Russell is Acting Secretary of the organization. The signers of the incorporation application were Paul Hyde Bonner, Benjamin Price and Mrs. Barlow. The new orchestra, it was said, will give only a few concerts in New York and will visit places seldom reached by the leading orchestras.

The most important reason for the new orchestra, Mrs. Russell said, is to provide an outlet for the accomplishments of American-born musicians. They find it difficult, she said, to find places with other leading symphonies.

"The American National Orchestra," Mrs. Russell explained, "owes its origin to a group of people prominent in artistic and social circles, who seek to culminate the effort of many years to establish a true national orchestra, similar to European organizations of the same type, as the best method of promoting the interests of American musicians, of giving proper hearing to American compositions and of providing an outlet and opportunity to develop the genius of American musicians."

"This orchestra is pledged to the belief that the path to great international art is through great national art. The committee wishes it most particularly understood that this new organization does not represent an endeavor to add another to the list of New York orchestras, but that it is a national institution for all America in the fullest sense. The players who constitute the present personnel represent many States. The great majority of the concerts will be given outside New York so as to give the people all over the United States an opportunity to hear their own national orchestra."

Mrs. Russell said that funds have been provided for the first concert and for a sufficient number of rehearsals. The Town Hall concert probably will be the only one in New York before next Fall. Plans are under way for a national tour next Fall. On every program will appear at least one composition by an American-born composer. Mrs. Russell said that Mr. Barlow will consider all new manuscripts of native-born composers. The first rehearsal took place in the presence of the sponsors at Rutherford Hall on March 9. The business office has been established at 7 East Forty-second Street. Lewis M. Isaacs of 52 William Street is counsel.

Herma Menth in Recital

Herma Menth, who was heard here two years ago, again gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. Directness characterized her playing, well supported by a technical proficiency which this young woman seemingly adapted to any mood.

At times her style approached the florid, but even so she did not lose sight of the musical design and content. She demonstrated that she could summon power at need of it or play with the finest tracing of delicacy. This might have seemed overemphasized had she been less secure in her technical equipment.

The lengthy program was augmented by encores and offered no outstanding novel features. Scarlatti, Brahms,

Cuiperin and Godowsky numbers made up the first group, followed by Liszt, Brahms and three Debussy numbers. Dohnanyi's Rhapsody, Op. 11, No. 3, the Children's Frolic by Moussorgsky and the Gounod-Liszt Faust Waltz were in the last.

Miss Menth was heard by a moderately large audience, enthusiastic in applauding.

Panlist Choristers Heard

There was activity in each of the three concert halls in the evening. The Panlist Choristers, under Father Finn, gave the first of three Town Hall concerts for a large audience, with program half religious and half secular, the latter half with a certain reference to St. Patrick's Day. They began with the sixteenth century church music, with short numbers by Thomas Victoria, William Byrd and Palestrina, followed by two Franck numbers, "Ave Maria" and "Panis Angelicus," and Bach's "All Brathing Life."

In general, their singing showed evidences of training and skill in execution, ability to unravel the complexities of the not simple music to the edification of their hearers, though there seemed an affection for sudden crescendos and rather violent contrasts. The higher voices sometimes seemed overbalanced by the lower. Jack Huber, the hoy soprano

soloist in "Panis Angelicus" and secular numbers, had a voice of agreeable quality, though rather small in volume, while older soloists appeared in later numbers, including La Forge's "Flanders Requiem" and several Irish songs.

Two Russian musicians appeared at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the "Ort," or American Society for the Promotion of Trades and Agriculture Among the Jews. Anna Meitschik, the deep-voiced contralto, once with the Metropolitan and heard here earlier in the season, sang arias from operas by Glinka, Moussorgsky and Seroff, Russian songs and Schubert Lieder.

Michael Press, violinist, making, it was said, his first appearance here, showed a thorough command of technique, though some drouth of tone, in the "Devil's Trill" sonata, but was at his best in the Tchaikowsky concerto. Here his tone was smooth, remaining so through fireworks, while his playing gave the concerto expression but not sentimentality.

The benefit concert for the Blind Men's Improvement Club of New York, held at Aeolian Hall, brought out two blind musicians, Abraham Hattowitzsch, a violinist, who made a creditable showing earlier this season, and Carl Mathies, pianist, who opened his program with Chopin numbers. Others taking part were Della Baker, soprano, and Byron Hudson, tenor.

March 9, 1923

Philharmonic Pla

Program Includes 'Night 'Symphony of

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society, which keeps accurate statistics, gave its 1,763d concert yesterday afternoon in the Metropolitan Opera House. Undismayed by the daily incorporation of new orchestras this ancient body proceeds calmly on its way, ministering to minds fatigued and offering cups of happiness to the depressed. The program which Willem Mengelberg had prepared for the audience of yesterday afternoon had variety and contrast enough to satisfy almost every taste.

The entertainment began on the heights. The first number was Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain." The program notes did not inform the hearer whether the eminence referred to was the one in Vermont or the other in New Hampshire, or any one of a score others in many States and foreign lands. It did not matter. No one needed even one of Mr. Cohan's seven keys to unlock this bald pate. The

music was easy to absorb, and having been told that it referred to a bald headed mountain, one could at times feel the naked rocks beneath his feet.

After this came still more heights, two movements from Lazar Saminsky's "Symphony of the Summits," opus 10, conducted by the composer and heard for the first time in this country. Only practiced commuters are fully informed as to how many Summits there are. All the world knows about the various Oranges, but Summit and its sisters have been less advertised. Of course there was nothing in the program notes to suggest that this composition dealt with such towering peaks as Eagle Rock, but there was something in the music which irresistibly impelled one toward the conclusion that it did not refer to the same kind of dome that Moussorgsky sang in the previous number. And conviction came clearly, to wit, that even though Mr. Saminsky hymned the humble and well wooded foothills, he found it much harder work to ascend them than Moussorgsky did to climb his bald mountain.

After the excursion into the remote altitudes the audience was invited to repose for a time amid the pleasures of Tchaikovsky's serenade for string orchestra, opus 48. Next Alexander Siloti performed Liszt's arrangement of Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia with orchestra. The wanderer may have been up some of the mountains, but he seemed to have been more refreshed by the experience than the composers. At any rate he sang out his feelings in lovely melody and spontaneous beauty. Mr. Siloti, of course, was warmly applauded. The concert terminated with the oft repeated "Les Preludes" of Liszt.

Miss Carmela Ponselle, a sister of

Miss Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan Opera House, gave her first song recital in this city at Town Hall last evening. Her program embraced such operatic airs as the entrance number of *Urbain* in "Les Huguenots," the air of *Polsena* from Handel's "Radamisto" and "O don fatale" from "Don Carlos," as well as songs by various composers. She was heard by a large audience, much applauded and honored with the customary "floral offerings."

Miss Ponselle has an excellent mezzo soprano voice which in her first number seemed to be exceptionally well placed in spite of bad clavicular breathing. But before the third number the displacement of tones had begun and the faulty breathing showed its results in badly broken phrasing. The singer revealed original ideas about style, ideas perhaps more suited to other stages than those of recital halls. Her Italian diction was good, but in English she was not brilliantly successful.

CONCERT FOR FRENCH SCHOOL.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, with the assistance of Miss Lucrezia Bori of the Metropolitan Opera and Reinald Werrenrath, barytone, gave a special concert for the benefit of the School of Music of Rheims, France, yesterday afternoon in Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theater. The concert was given under the auspices of the Society of American Friends of Musicians in France.

The orchestra's numbers were Lalo's overture "Le Roi d'Ys"; the a andante from Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony; the "Dance of the Old Ladies" from Casella's suite "Le Couvent Sur l'Eau"; Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faune"; and the "Rakoczy" march from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Miss Bori sang the air "Un Bel di Vedremo" from "Madama Butterfly" and a group of songs including Debussy's "Mandoline." Mr. Werrenrath gave the "Vision Fugitive" air from Massenet's "Herodias" and Mr. Damrosch's ballade "Danny Deever." Mr. Damrosch played the accompaniments to the songs. The concert was delightful and the cheerful surroundings and fine acoustics of the auditorium added no little to the enjoyment of the audience.

In the middle of the program Mr. Damrosch made a speech, thanking the singers who gave their services. He said the orchestra was contributed through Henry H. Flagler's generosity. He spoke of the work being done at the Rheims Music School and of its financial needs. The school costs \$3,500 yearly and the committee hoped the concert would earn \$2,500, so they would have to raise but \$1,000 more. Mr. Damrosch asked that those who felt inclined to give would send contributions to him.

Max Berman Sings Opera Airs.

Max Berman, tenor, gave a recital in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall last evening, assisted by Mme. Ziper, colatura soprano, and Michel Hoffman, violinist. The program consisted for the most part of airs from familiar operas of other days. Mr. Berman's selections being from "Favorita," "Elisir d'Amore" and "Marta."

The Philharmonic Society.

At the concert of the Philharmonic Society, given in the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, Mr. Mengelberg brought forward, for the first time in America, a symphony by Lazare Saminsky, a Russian composer, now resident in New York. Mr. Saminsky is known by some choruses for women's voices performed last season by the Friends of Music. This symphony is entitled "Symphony of the Summits," and is the second part of a symphonic trilogy, the others being the "Symphony of the Great Rivers," and the "Symphony of the Seas." Mr. Mengelberg played it with his own orchestra in Amsterdam early this season. Yesterday Mr. Saminsky conducted it himself.

It is in two sections, a slow introduction and an allegro. There is the utilization of a common theme in both, as modern composers are fond of doing. This theme is well defined and characteristic; and indeed Mr. Saminsky is not one of the moderns whose themes are of the sort that elude the listener and say nothing whatever. Nor is he one of those who breed dissonance and find inspiration in wounding the ear. But it can hardly be said that his thoughts are as lofty as his title, that he transports his listeners to any elevated regions of rarefied atmosphere. There are some effective passages in the work, and there is some skillful writing for the orchestra. But it does not escape, in many places, dullness. There was polite applause for the composer.

The program began with Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," heard not long ago in New York and seeming again a more or less tedious reiteration of the orchestral formulas for witches and their dark doings, their chief interest this work being that they are Russian witches and so proclaimed by the Russian cast of some of the themes. The other orchestral numbers were Tchaikovsky's "Serenade" for string orchestra, in which that section of the band displayed flexibility and a tone of richness and nobility. Mr. Mengelberg made much of the four movements, especially the weight and power of the grave introduction, the lightness and rhythmic flow of the waltz, the spontaneous merriment of the Russian finale; and throughout there was a finely wrought plasticity of phrase that is one of Mr. Mengelberg's most characteristic achievements. The same sort of thing he gets in Liszt's "Preludes," with which the concert closed and which he has made one of his battle horses.

Alexander Siloti was the soloist, and gave a powerful interpretation of Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "The Wanderer" fantasia. The piece in the original form is suggestive of orchestral color, and it inevitably appealed to the great transcriber for the addition of orchestral color. But Liszt's feeling for that color failed him in certain passages of "The Wanderer" fantasia, where the orchestral additions seem to add little or nothing; and indeed, occasionally, to cheapen. Mr. Siloti was several times recalled to acknowledge the applause which his playing well deserved.

SPALDING GIVES RECITAL.

Violinist Plays Some of Own Arrangements.

Albert Spalding gave his second violin recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. His program, supported by Andre Benoit at the piano, contained many choice selections, including arrangements by himself of Corelli's "La Pollia," Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" Chopin's waltz in G major and Weber's Rondo Brilliant. Other numbers were a "Siciliano" of Vercelli, arranged by Salmon; Mozart's concerto in D, Cesar Franck's sonata in A for piano and Violin, Brahms's B flat Hungarian dance No. 6, transcribed by Joachim, the E minor Spanish dance of Granados as transcribed by Kreisler, and an "Adagio" by Bizet.

Mr. Spalding was in excellent form and played with rare tonal beauty and finish of nuance. His purity and elegance of style in the Corelli music were well worthy of the applause the number called forth. The admirable assistance given Mr. Spalding in his recitals, whether in ensemble or accompaniments, by Mr. Benoit is always admirable. The same words of praise can be emphasized in connection with Mr. Spalding's program of yesterday.

IRISH MUSIC AT CONCERT.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment Band, with Thomas Egan, tenor, and Ernest S. Williams, cornetist, gave a concert at the Hippodrome last evening under the auspices of the Irish Music Foundation. Mr. Egan sang the Sicilian from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a group of Irish airs, with Herman Newman at the piano. Mr. Williams played "Rose of the Alps," by Williams, Clifford E. Ridgely, bandmaster, offered Wallace's overture "Maritana" and numbers by Grieg, Zilverer, his own composition, "World's War," dedicated to the Rev. Father Duffy, who sat in a nearby box, and numbers by Tchaikovsky, Sousa and others. There were also selections from "Muralles," a grand opera by O'Brien and Butler, played here for the first time. Mr. Ridgely has an excellent band and the assisting artists brought much applause from the audience for all concerned.

Marcel Dupre's Philadelphia Organ Program Broadcast.

An unusual feat of both musical and radio interest was performed last Thursday evening at the Wanamaker Auditorium in Philadelphia. Marcel Dupre, young musician whose work as organist of Notre Dame Cathedral has brought eulogies from the pens of critics of two continents, played a program on the Philadelphia organ—the largest organ in the world—which was successfully broadcast to listeners in Paris.

M. Dupre will play a farewell recital in the New York Wanamaker Auditorium this afternoon, bringing to a close an American tour of ninety-six engagements.

Egan Sings With 69th Regt. Band.

Holiday spirit of the week-end St. Patrick's Day celebration marked last night's popular concert at the Hippodrome by the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band. Thomas Egan sang Irish ballads, as well as a tenor air from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." The band played an arrangement from "Murgeis," announced as an Irish grand opera by O'Brien Butler, and works of Wallace, Ridgely, Hermann, Godfrey and Souza, while Ernest S. Williams gave his own "Rose of the Alps" for solo cornet.

CARMELA PONSELLE SINGS.

Opera Star's Sister Warmly Greeted at Her Concert Debut.

Carmela Ponselle, sister of the opera star, was greeted by an audience that filled the Town Hall at her formal debut concert here last evening, an audience that plainly had something to say on its own account and said it with flowers. For this debut, by report, had long been delayed while the elder girl sang in vaudeville to earn the money that had started Rose Ponselle on a triumphant career. The American spirit of fair play was all for giving the less-known singer full and fair hearing.

Dramatic to her resist a pair of operatic pieces, the page's air in "Huguenots" and the familiar "O Don Fatale" from "Don Carlos." The latter, especially, she sang with good Italian style and a mellow, sympathetic tone in middle register. A few traces of more careless singing days may have appeared, but there was evident study in airs of Handel and Paisiello, a group of French lyrics and songs in English by Silberta and Campbell Tipton. Maurice Frank assisted at the piano and Josef Goldwater in violin solos.

Thomas Ends Concert Career to Enter Films

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, the noted American singer, made his last appearance on the concert stage at Aeolian Hall yesterday prior to entering motion pictures.

Mr. Thomas has cancelled his concert tour and will not be heard in a song recital until he finishes work on "Under the Red Robe," which the Cosmopolitan Corporation is picturizing from the famous story by Stanley Weyman.

In "Under the Red Robe," the making of which begins to-day at the Tilford Studio on West Forty-fourth street, Mr. Thomas will make his motion picture debut. He will appear in the leading role of Gil de Berault. Alma Rubens, who recently finished work with Lionel Barrymore in "Enemies of Women," will impersonate Renes. The supporting cast will include a number of prominent players who have won success on the stage and screen.

Metropolitan Artists Acclaimed.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in the evening many changes in the advertised program made no difference in the distinction of the operatic concert. The distinction of the operatic concert was substituted for the proposed scene from "Traviata" and the big audience consequently was rewarded by the first appearance of the lovely Queena Mario as Gilda. She proved to be completely equal to the requirements of the role, and with Maria Chamlee (another American) as the Duke and Millo Picco as Rigoletto, a really splendid performance resulted.

Jeanne Gordon appeared as the cigarette girl in the first act of "Carmen" and disclosed one of the most colorful and impassioned displays of lyric and dramatic talent that Mr. Gatti has unleashed in his old opera house for many a blue moon. Jeanne Gordon is a "Carmen" who will make history, judged by her work last night, and the big audience showed an appreciation that gave final proof of the beautiful contralto's power as an actress as well as a singer. Grace Anthony, Armand Tokatyan, Louis D'Angelo, Renato Zanelli, Leon

THE PHILHARMONIC.

Considering the nature of the program, there was singular appropriateness in the fact that Alexander Siloti chose to play the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasia with the Philharmonic Orchestra yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan. For once, the Wanderer had somewhere to go, inasmuch as Mr. Mengelberg began the afternoon with Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain." He gave it a finely balanced and beautifully vivid performance—almost too vivid, in fact, for the staid file of well-nourished dancers that hovered in painted immobility above the orchestra's heads. One longed for some Boris Anisfeld scenery and the Russian Ballet to give the music the setting it deserved.

The number that followed gave the Wanderer another choice—Lazare Saminsky's "Symphony of the Summits." This work, which is in two comparatively brief movements, is the second of a trilogy embracing the rivers, the mountains and the seas. Saminsky wrote it in 1917, in Georgia (the Russian Georgia), and heard it played for the first time when Mr. Mengelberg conducted it in Amsterdam last November. Yesterday's performance, which he conducted him-

self with vigor and authority, was its first American hearing.

There is no definite program for the music, outside of a brief motto-verse by the composer that precedes the score, but one imagines the broad, chanting theme that the strings and brasses announce in unison at the outset is intended to convey the breadth and quiet majesty of the lofty heights. This theme is really the kernel of the work, for it appears in both movements, aided by a second theme (heard first on the muted strings) which is comparatively subordinate.

It seemed to us the work suffered somewhat from too much insistence upon a single mood. Mountains are high and lonely places, and they are windswept and cold. But if they are sometimes buried in clouds, they are often very close to the sun, too, and there are small, brave flowers upon them. Mr. Saminsky conveys the aloofness and austerity of the summits very well, but conveys it, perhaps, without sufficient relief. His austerity verges upon asceticism—and even a mountain must have its lighter side.

An audience of impressive dimensions heard and applauded. The rest of the program comprised Chaikovsky's serenade for strings and—for a postlude—Liszt's "Les Preludes."

John Charles Thomas Keenly

Bravos and sustained applause resounded in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon following the brightest spot in John Charles Thomas's song recital. These were well deserved, for Mr. Thomas sang yesterday as he has never sung before, at least in previous recitals here, using his glorious voice in a brilliant and distinguished manner. Concertgoers are familiar with his reputation for fine vocal quality, a easily produced tone and flexibility which permits richly colored singing. These qualities were uniformly in evidence yesterday, with an assurance which had been a little lacking in his first concert recitals after leaving the musical comedy stage.

His program numbers were richly endowed with melody, beautiful song but all of the sentimental type, feature probably disappointing to some listeners, no matter how beautiful they were sung. Mr. Thomas also strayed a bit from the paths of good taste in singing a cheaply sentimental number as an encore after the Brahms group.

"Where'er You Walk," of Handel was the opening song of the program, then in old Italian two melodious numbers, then the Brahms group of short songs. The French group was made up of Victor Staub's "The Hour," two brief songs by Rhene-Ba and Pierre's "Mignonne" and "The Girls From Cadiz."

Distinctly fine were the numbers English which closed the program. Of these, Campbell-Tipton's "The Cry of Water" was beautifully sung. Frank E. Tours, who wrote a love setting for Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," was present to bow to the hearty applause given this number and also to Ted Galloway's "Alone Upon the House top." William Janashek played the accompaniments.

At the Princess Theater Justin M. Laid Liszt-Chopin numbers and compositions of his own, aided in two-piano pieces by Lily Elie, while other Elie compositions were sung by Suzanne Allien, contralto.

March 20 1923

Bori Sings Violetta

Lauri-Volpi the Alfredo
Metrop

By W. J. HENDERSON.

There is nothing amusing in Verdi's "La Traviata," and opera audiences when it is performed usually bear in mind the words of Mark Antony: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." But doubtless last evening when Violetta Valery began to sing it was no wonder. "What would you expect in such changeable weather as we are having?" But Violetta did not overdo the cough. She was impersonated by Miss Lucrecia Bori, who is a most charming Violetta and acts her role with much skill and judgment.

In the festal first scene she was a beautiful vision, a little bored (till Fred) began to pique her curiosity, in alive with hectic gaiety and flitting bewitching smiles. Miss Bori an artist in costume, and her first frock was a study in evening display in the 40s. She indicated clearly sorrow of the woman at being parted from her lover and the pair at the futile reunion.

But Miss Bori was not vocally in her best form. It must be confessed that at no time is she a brilliant exponent of florid song, but she has hit upon a more successful use of expediency, than she did last evening. In later scenes where it was all plain and she succeeded better.

Mr. Lauri-Volpi, the Alfredo, seemed to be a little below par and also to be a little below pitch. But for most part he sang with pleasure to the audience and received almost much applause as the soprano. Mr. Luca, as he always is, a competent Germont. The minor parts were as well done as usual. Mr. Mozzoni conducted.

"FIDELIO" AT THE LEXINGTON.

Beethoven's "Fidelio" was given for the second time at the Lexington last night. The performance was in most respects a smooth one, but it rarely rose to heights of sustained interest. There was not much improvement in the vocal dialogue, but the cooperation between orchestra and singers was a notable advance over Saturday's performance. The part of Leonora was sung by Mme. Lorenz-Hoellischer, and by Mme. Elsa Ahlens' indisposition.

She sang her role convincingly, despite some harshness of tone. The part of the captain remained the same, with Mr. Hutt as Florestan, Frederick as Pizarro and Alexander Kippis as Rocco. Mr. Moerike conducted.

Dupre Performs Musical Feat on Vanamaker Organ

Probably no more remarkable or brilliant feat of its kind was ever before accomplished in this city than yesterday afternoon in the Vanamaker Auditorium when Marcel Dupre, organist of the Dame, Paris, improvised on the organ a symphony in four movements, themes submitted by seven concert leading American orchestras, one distinguished pianist. Mr. Dupre, as will be remembered, had had a sensation here at his debut season when he improvised a four-movement symphony.

Yesterday the stage was decorated with American and French flags. The house was packed to the auditorium. The themes were given in a sealed envelope to Dupre by Alexander Russell in presence of the audience. Mr. Dupre read them for some moments and stated his conclusions to Dr. Allien, who repeated them to the audience.

The symphony was to be in C minor, in four parts with two themes for movement, an allegro, themes by Mr. Mengelberg and Henry Hadley, for minor and associate conductor, harmonic; an adagio, themes by Foch, City Symphony and Rudolf St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; a mezzo, themes, Willem Van Hoogstraaten conductor-elect Philharmonic theme

from Liszt, and for Appassionata, and Josef Lhevinne, a passacaglia and fugue, themes, Arthur Rodzinsky, Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and Leopold Stokowski, Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mr. Dupre's powers as an improviser as well as a general performer on the organ defy any adequate description. He is a master in both fields. Yesterday, in building up the symphony, he displayed great depth and beauty of conception, a marvellously rapid and fine skill in thematic development, while technically his work put to the test the elaborate resources of the splendid organ whereon he performed.

He prefaced his improvisation by playing Bach's passacaglia in C minor and three preludes and fugues of his own in B, F minor and G minor.

The recital brought to a close Mr. Dupre's first American tour of ninety-six engagements in addition to appearances with the Boston Symphony and Philadelphia orchestras. In a short speech, Dr. Russell referred to Mr. Dupre's program given last Thursday evening on the great organ in the Wanamaker Auditorium in Philadelphia. This program, he said, successfully broadcast by radio to listeners in Paris, marked the first time organ playing had been heard across an ocean. He also said the concert had been heard in Rouen, where reside the parents of Mr. Dupre.

PIANIST LAMOND PLAYS.

Aeolian Hall Is Scene of Two Important Recitals.

In the afternoon at Aeolian Hall, Frederic Lamond, pianist, pleased a considerable audience with a well-played program which included pieces by Brahms, Beethoven, Scriabine, Chopin, Glazounoff, Liszt and other classicists. In the evening Violinist Paul Bernard offered an interesting list of difficult numbers by Tartini, Saint-Saens, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Sarasate, Wieniawski and others.

"FIDELIO."

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

One of the favorite amusements of musical commentators is explaining why "Fidelio" doesn't go, so it is only fair, therefore, that after last night's performance at the Lexington Theatre by the German Opera Company we contribute our own special and exclusive explanation. If there be any such thing as a consensus of critical opinion regarding "Fidelio," it is that the poor libretto keeps the opera from achieving the success it deserves. A minority opinion holds—a bit diffidently—that Beethoven's music sometimes lacks stage effectiveness.

There is truth in both assertions, probably, although neither seems fully to explain the rarity with which "Fidelio" is produced. The book is fairly incredible and not very interesting, true enough, but so are countless others, from "Il Trovatore" to "Ernani" and "Guglielmo Tell," that still strut the boards. It seemed to us last night that Beethoven's librettist was getting a good deal more blame than he would have drawn had Beethoven's name been Rossini.

For we must confess that we found the "Leonore" overture No. 3, the best thing in the score. There is much beautiful music elsewhere in the opera, but too much of it comes in the wrong place. The famous chorus of prisoners, for example, while it is undeniably fine choral music, comes precisely at the point of the drama where one longs for action rather than counterpoint. What we missed particularly in the music was agility, the faculty of turning in one's own length that distinguishes the born dramatic composer.

So often one heard Beethoven, the symphonist, doggedly carrying out his thematic ideas to their—musically—logical conclusion, dotting his sequential lines and crossing his recapitulatory lines where a less gifted composer but a cleverer showman would have adapted himself more docilely, and more effectively, to the pattern of the dramatic action. This is heresy, we know, but we can only apologize and refer the reader to Patrick Henry.

The form of the opera, however, may have much to do with its present-day ill-success. No one minds spoken dialogue with the musical numbers in a comic opera; but the same convention, when it is applied to a serious or tragic story is hard to accept. Even "Carmen," the latest survivor of the true "opera comique" form, is seldom heard to-day without Massenet's recitatives in place of

spoken dialogue. In the case of "Fidelio," the music is so good that it is a pity that it is not better served by the libretto. The music is so good that it is a pity that it is not better served by the libretto.

The comic opera, that would not matter. One does not have to believe in people's existence to find them funny. But tragedy is either real or false, and in "Fidelio" we found music and dialogue mutually destructive in their effect, so that there was singing and playing and talking—but no illusion, no drama.

The performance was uneven. Mr. Kippis was excellent as Rocco, and Editha Felscher was more than competent as Marcellina; but neither Mme. Christine Langenan, as Leonora, nor Theodor Lattermann, as Pizarro, seemed in any way qualified to cope with the demands of the music. Neither of the two last-named, by the way, was down on the program. Most of the audience must have gone away believing that Mme. Langenan was Mme. Lorenz-Hoellischer and that Mr. Lattermann was Mr. Schorr. Mr. Moerike struggled bravely with an orchestra whose mind was elsewhere than upon "Fidelio."

March 21 1923

Paul Bender of

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Two song recitals of interesting character took place yesterday. The important one of the two was that of Paul Bender in Carnegie Hall in the evening. The tall bass barytone of the Metropolitan Opera House had already been heard in the lieder department. His lieder evenings were famous in Germany before he came here and his first local recital aroused much interest, quite as much indeed by what it achieved as by what it failed to achieve.

Last evening's recital again demonstrated that in song interpretation, personality and intelligence help to compensate for certain vocal deficiencies. Mr. Bender's most significant undertaking was Schumann's cycle "Dichterliebe." Cycles are not sung here as often as they used to be in the days when excitement was not demanded by audiences. Miss Gerhardt gave us Schubert's beautiful "Winterreise" and it was inevitable that Mr. Bender should sing a cycle before the season ended.

The time for critical comment on "Dichterliebe" is probably past. Its place in song literature is established. Its appeal is perhaps not so universal as Teutonic commentators would have us believe. Frenchmen would be likely to find it as sentimental as Jean Christophe found German songs in general. Italians would in all likelihood shun its deep solemnities. But when every song is interpreted with a plan so carefully wrought out as those of Mr. Bender last evening, the cycle holds its hearer enchained.

The singer showed some remarkable technical qualities as in his extraordinary breath management in "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube" and his admirable diction throughout. His intonation was not always accurate, nor was his tone always beautiful. But his fine intelligence and his deep sincerity commanded his audience. The most impressive interpretations were those of "Hoer ich das Liedchen Klingen" and "Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen." Numbers by Handel, Brahms, Wolf, Griffes, McDowell, Brewer and Henry F. Gilbert were also on the program. In "Ruddier than a Cherry" the singer displayed good English diction.

In the afternoon Miss Doria Fernanda, contralto, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall. Her program was rather monotonous in scheme, but permitted a full display of her vocal assets. She revealed a pleasant voice, not very well placed, and no small amount of intelligence in the design of her interpretations. A large audience applauded her heartily.

"Flodermus" was given its last performance by the Wagnerian company last night at the Lexington Theatre, with Miss Roesefer, Mr. Bollmann and the remainder of the familiar cast. Mr. Schwarz conducted the spirited Strauss waltz measures to the noisy satisfaction of a sizable house. At Carnegie Hall, Paul Bender

At Aeolian Hall, Frederic Dixon, the young American pianist who was heard here last season and again the early part of this one, appeared again in recital, with Beethoven's sonata, Op. 57, as the mainstay of his program. Mr. Dixon, whose technique is slightly better than his interpretative skill, was well received by a good-sized house, which appreciated especially the one novelty he presented. This was in the shape of two preludes by Marlon Bauer, Nos. 5 and 6 of Opus 15. They were fresh bits, not too long, and admirably rendered.

A. C.

March 22 1923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"L'Africana" at the Metropolitan.

L'AFRICANA, opera in Italian, in four acts and five scenes. Text originally in French, by Eugene Scribe; music by Giacomo Meyerbeer. At the Metropolitan Opera House.

Don Pedro.....Adamo Difar
Don Diego.....Paolo Ananion
Ines.....Quena Mario
Vasco da Gama.....Beniamino Glili
Don Alvaro.....Angelo Dada
Nelusko.....Giuseppe Danile
Selka.....Rosa Ponselle
Grand Inquisitor.....Leon Rothler
Grand Brahmin.....Marlon Telva
Anna.....Vincenzo Recchiglian
An Officer.....Pietro Audisio
Conductor—Arthur Rodzinsky.

The Metropolitan Opera House completed its schedule of new productions for the season last evening when Meyerbeer's "L'Africana" was given. Only it was, this time, "L'Africana"; the Metropolitan's rule is to produce operas in the language in which they were written—always, unless it happens for some reason or other, of more or less importance, to be more convenient to produce them in some other language; then they are produced in Italian. And so Meyerbeer's opera, the work of a Berlin-born German, composed for the national opera of France, performed in an American opera house, was given in Italian.

Nevertheless, it seemed to please many of the listeners. It was a handsome, even a sumptuous, production, in which scenic pictures, costumes, ballets were presented lavishly and with imposing results. Some of the foremost singers of the company were enlisted in the performance; and it was evident that, though it comes so late in the season, the management had counted largely upon "L'Africana" as one of its ornaments.

There was an enormous audience, eagerly interested in this performance and manifesting its interest on all proper occasions and some not so proper. At the fall of the curtain on each act the principals were repeatedly called out. If the evidence of the first performances may be taken at its face value, it is one that will appeal greatly to at least a large proportion of the patrons of the Metropolitan and enliven the last month of the season.

It must be said that Meyerbeer's opera has never been popular in New York and in recent years has been heard infrequently. It had two performances in the season of 1900-7; and one performance, and only one, in each of the seasons of 1900-1, 1899-1900, and 1898-99. It would not be difficult to find a reason for this in the work itself.

To begin with, its libretto reaches almost the limit of the preposterous, in the absurdity of its plot and the stupidity of some of its characters. Scribe, the most fertile librettist of France in the first half of the nineteenth century, could not satisfy Meyerbeer with his attempts at the subject, and after making innumerable changes, took back his book and let the composer have "Le Prophete," which he finished and produced. Then once more Meyerbeer went to the African story, made many changes himself in the book and still more in his own music; and finally, while he was fussing over it, died. A year later, 1863, "L'Africana" first saw the light.

Even the admirers and defenders of Meyerbeer in this past have scant words of praise for "L'Africana." According to Clement, the libretto is "pitiful" as we have it; "what must it have been before it was retouched and remade?" Others have found it "absurd," its incidents "preposterous," some of its characters "unattractive." The listener of today can certainly find no better words for it. It must be put among the operas that live in spite of their librettos.

As for the music, it seems on the whole poor enough now, though it would not be difficult to give it a higher place than that of "Le Prophete," which was "revived" briefly at the Metropolitan a few years ago. It has still all the earmarks of Meyerbeer's "eclectic" style; a lack, that is to say, of any real style, a too frequent deficiency in warmth and emotional sincerity, a lapse more than occasional into triviality, bombast and bad taste.

The most successful thing in the opera, the place where Meyerbeer reached real musical beauty and expressiveness, is the air sung by Vasco da Gama in the fourth act, "O Paradiso."

There are also for the chief characters in judicious distribution, most of which leave the listener of the present day cold. There are ensemble pieces

for various combinations of voices. The septet at the close of the second act, is famous for its opening phrase, reminding of "The Minstrel Boy"; though there is no reason to suppose that Meyerbeer ever heard that ditty. There are some resounding choruses; but for the most part they are as soundly hollow. There are Indian ballets and an Indian march that speak volumes of Meyerbeer's indifference to national character and coloring, or his ignorance of them. There are sumptuous Meyerbeerian pageants, this time with the added exotic interest of the Indies; all the material for glory—but the glory is not there.

For those who like a substitute for it, this production of "L'Africaine" is just the thing. For it is splendidly put on. The scenes are notably picturesque. The council chamber in the first act is architecturally fine and pure in color. The prison—a dark green prison—in which Vasco languishes under Selika's care, is a gloomy place. But the triumph of Mr. Urban's ingenuity and sense of the archaic and picturesque is the ship, a splendid galleon, so far as she is shown. To be sure, her behavior when she runs on the rock and the wild Indians board her, is painfully mechanical; but no ship can probably meet shipwreck on the stage in any more convincing way. There are a magnificent temple and its accessories in the fourth act; and here the ballet has its orgy, at the right time of the evening, according to Jockey Club standards; a riot of dark dancers in Oriental costumes. The dance not in the least disturbed by the fact that the music is as nearly un-Oriental as music can well be; but it gives them their rhythmic opportunities. There is then a noble and poisonous-looking manzanilla tree for Selika to die under.

The cast was one of the Metropolitan's best. Mr. Gigli sang the part of Vasco di Gama beautifully, and looked the part interestingly and with dignity. It is not, however, quite the part for Mr. Gigli. It makes exacting demands upon his voice that had better not be made. He will do well not to be "Caruso's successor," but to keep his extremely beautiful voice and finished style for music that is best adapted to it.

Miss Queena Mario, the young American singer, had the most important opportunity that has yet been given her at the Metropolitan as Ines; and she seized it with a fullness of competence and skill that gratified her friends. Her singing of the romanza at the beginning was excellent in every way, and so it was through the opera. The voice is light; it has the grace and flexibility of a light voice, together with agreeable quality, and much finished skill in vocalism.

Mr. Danise presented a dark and baleful portrait of Nelusko admirably sung, especially his malarious song aboard the ship. Miss Ponselle as Selika was powerful and robust, physically and vocally, and sang the music in wholly competent style. Mr. Didur was an impressive figure as Don Pedro, singing and acting well. And Mr. Rothier, who can be a priest of any religion with equally immense dignity and conviction, served last evening two religions with equal fervor and always with admirable vocal skill.

"L'Africaine" is very long; Meyerbeer was usually long when he undertook to be great. "Les Huguenots" has nowadays to be shorn of its whole fifth act. "L'Africaine" has to be shorn of much in shorter sections through the work. But even so shorn, it lasts long, quite the three hours and a half that is the outside limit of an evening's operatic entertainment.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The pomp and circumstance of Giacomo Meyerbeer returned amid the blare of trumpets and the screaming of the wry-necked piccolo to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Out of the golden remote past arose a splendid reincarnation of Vasco di Gama, hero and navigator, who conquered the Cape of Good Hope long before the Flying Dutchman was invented. Beniamino Gigli breathed the breath of life once more into the bold mariner of 1497 and led "L'Africaine," the last opera of Meyerbeer (the work he did not live to hear) to a triumph approved by the plaudits not only of the professional celebrators behind the rail, but of the amateurs in boxes and stalls.

The opera, like Brünnhilde, had enjoyed a long sleep and might well have echoed her pointed question, "Who is the hero that awakened me?" Primarily it was that distinguished musical archaeologist, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who rummages in the tombs of dead composers and brings forth jewels.

But in the end the hero was Mr. Gigli, who not only looked a gallant and poetic figure, but sang the music of his part with brilliant voice and style. He indeed made the illogical and at times ineffably stupid opera well worth while.

The opera had received its last previous performance at the Metropolitan in the consulship of Conried on February 18, 1907. The principal singers were Mrs. Fremstad as Selika, Mme. Rappold as Inez, Mr. Caruso as Vasco di Gama, Mr. Stracciari as Nelusko, Mr. Journet as the Grand Inquisitor

and the High Priest and Mr. Plancon as Don Pedro. Arturo Vigna conducted. The opera was given twice only. The public did not respond to the invitation of Mr. Conried to view the wonders of the unknown land substituted by Scribe, the librettist, for the Malabar coast, which di Gama readily reached.

Musical and Pictorial Spectacle.

Whether present day audiences will enjoy the ingenious combination of musical and pictorial spectacle which is the fibre of Meyerbeer's works remains to be demonstrated. It is not essential that any long critical essay be written about "L'Africaine." But one thing may be asserted without hesitation, to wit, that if any new composer should arrive with as attractive an exhibit as this skillfully jointed mechanism of operatic puppets and scenery we would all arise and cheer him vociferously.

"L'Africaine" is dull in spots, but its bright spots are bright indeed. The brightest of all musically is Vasco's air generally known as "O Paradiso." But Inez and Selika and Nelusko all have opportunities, and as for the chorus, who could have equipped it with "Tu che la terra adora" save the wizard of the Paris Grand Opera? The topmost ascent of Meyerbeer's fancy in this score is to be found in the fourth act.

The old wizard (or shall we say juggler?) of the Paris Grand Opera had no doctrines to promulgate about the union of the arts tributary to the drama, but when he wrote this act he knew what he wished and how to get it. Here we have exotic scenery and costumes, a dazzling assembly of people of No Man's Land (dimly identified by elephantine decorations in the architecture and melodious invocations of Brahma and Silva).

A gorgeous ballet with effective music, a tenor solo of the richest operatic quality and an ensemble that appeals to both eye and ear and even enlivens the imagination, furnish an outlay of theatrical treasures of unusual worth. The scene makes an excellent contrast to the last one in which Selika, abandoned by Vasco, dies under a manzanilla tree of aromatic pain.

Splendid Production of the Work.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has not lost a trick in his splendid production of the old work. True it is not sung as it used to be of old, but an impresario cannot create singers. Mr. Gigli as we have noted measures up to the demands of his role and the scenery, costumes and stage pictures in their totality are elaborate and impressive. Even the prison in which Vasco is confined for contempt of court is quite as beautiful in architectural character as the palace of the Holy Grail of the same school. The Taj Mahal did not perhaps serve as the model for the Hindu temple, but there is something in the background that suggests the temple at Buddha Gaya.

The ship—but the scene painted ship upon the scene painted ocean is the bugbear of opera. This is an exceptionally good ship, though one observing the appurtenances of the poop deck wonders how the craft was steered.

Performance Is Effective.

The performance of the opera was generally effective, in places even brilliant, and at all times apparently gratifying to the audience. It has already been stated that Mr. Gigli as the one historical character in the opera stood out as the conspicuous figure. Miss Rosa Ponselle as Selika had music of a type somewhat different from any she has sung at the Metropolitan and was burdened with traditions of Miss Minnie Hauk, Mme. Lilli Lehmann and Mme. Lillian Nordica.

Meyerbeer's opera "L'Africaine" was first performed in Paris in 1865, with an original French text by Eugene Scribe. Its last performance here was at the Metropolitan on Feb. 18, 1907, with a cast that included Caruso, Marcel Journet, Pol Plancon and Olive Fremstad.

Concerning last night's revival, this reviewer has an apology to offer his readers. It is manifestly impossible for a music critic to hear an entire performance of a new or unfamiliar opera and write his review the same evening in time to have it appear the following morning. Consequently it

has long been the custom at the Metropolitan Opera House to give an invitation dress rehearsal of every novelty and revival, from which the reviewers can at least form their opinions concerning the book and music, leaving only the actual singing and playing to be considered at the opening performance.

There was such a dress rehearsal of "L'Africaine" last Monday morning; but as the Metropolitan management didn't bother to invite The World reviewer he has been compelled to review the opera from last night's performance alone. He must, therefore, confine his remarks strictly to that portion of the opera which he was able to see and hear in the time at his disposal.

Last night's opera was called "L'Africaine" and was sung in Italian, in accordance with the Metropolitan's long-standing custom of singing operas "in the language in which they were originally written"—a custom that makes it, of course, impossible for the Metropolitan company to sing anything in English, except when there is a war on.

The story, as we saw it and heard it, went as follows:

Act I—The council chamber of the King of Portugal, a huge room, done in Mr. Urban's most imposing and effective style, with grey stone walls and two enormous oil paintings on the right and left. Inez, daughter of Don Diego, a member of the council, is in love with Vasco Di Gama, but is told by Don Pedro, President of the council, to whom her father has betrothed her, that Vasco is dead. The council enters in state. Vasco Di Gama enters, sole survivor of an ill-fated exploring party, and produces two slaves, Selika and Nelusko, to prove that he has actually been to foreign lands. Vasco wants a ship, that he may explore further. The Grand Inquisitor, who is evidently an anti-imperialist, is against it. Vasco defies him, the council votes against the expedition, and the Grand Inquisitor has him arrested.

Act II—A prison cell; gray green walls and a thick pillar, very good in color and design. Vasco has been imprisoned with his two slaves. Nelusko is jealous of him. Selika, who loves him, tells him how to sail from the west coast of Africa to reach her country, which worships Brahma. She, oddly enough, is dressed like Pocahontas, while Nelusko wears a blue pinafore and a simple feather over the right ear. Inez, now married to Don Pedro, enters with Vasco's pardon, and Don Pedro tells him that HE is going on the exploring voyage in his (Vasco's) place. Ensemble number—everybody "o'ercome with mute surprise" for a different reason, with two high Cs for Vasco and Inez.

Act III—Looking toward the stern of Don Pedro's galleon. Very imposing, but probably horribly difficult to steer, as there are two masts, just forward of the wheel, not fifteen feet apart. The mariners hold a short service of operatic prayer, and Nelusko, who probably has evil designs upon Don Pedro, sings a legend. Great applause from the standees; Nelusko takes a bow. Vasco, who has procured a ship of his own, sails up, boards the ship, and warns Don Pedro that there are savages near. Scorn of Don Pedro—"Blind him fast unto the mainmast." The sky darkens, lightning flashes, the sails and the poop deck fall down—red fire, steam—and a band of North American Indians board the ship.

We had to leave just then, so we don't know how it all came out. There was a rumor that the next scene was in India, that Don Pedro had been killed, that Vasco sailed away with Inez, and that Poca—that is, Selika, who was really queen of the place—poisoned herself by sitting under a manzanilla tree. But you know what rumors are.

Mr. Gigli sang beautifully, looked well, and acted with sincerity and surprising effectiveness. Miss Mario, with her first important part to create, turned a conventional swooning operatic heroine into a real and utterly charming person and sang as well as she looked. Miss Ponselle gave of her glorious voice generously, and acted the doubly Indian queen with an added touch of the Egyptian in her gestures. Mr. Danise earned the applause for his legend rightfully, but displayed a disquieting tendency toward a tremolo in his upper tones. Mr. Ananias was good to hear as Don Diego. He should have had more to do.

The music is the sort of music

that goes with that sort of plot. A string of recitatives and melodies which exist solely for their own sake, with virtually no relation, in mood

or tempo, to the dramatic action. Most of the big moments are done in waltz time. In general, what we heard of the score was a little more tuneful than "Guglielmo Tell" and decidedly less so than "Il Trovatore." The best tune—the only one we can still remember—starts off exactly like "The Minstrel Boy." There is a march, too, in the first act (we found out later that it is a prayer) that is almost catchy.

The orchestration is surprisingly modern, with such up-to-date trappings as English horn, bass clarinet and pianissimo brass, figuring prominently. In general, the scoring followed the mood of the action while the actual music ignored it, with rather bewildering effect at times.

The audience seemed to like it, and the music lovers who stand upstairs at the right of the proscenium arch and downstairs at its left were simply beside themselves with joy. They applauded nearly all the singers on every possible occasion—particularly when they could interrupt the action by doing so. Oddly enough, they were absolutely silent when Miss Mario had finished her aria in Act I, but the rest of the audience more than made up for the omission.

We can't help wondering whether it was true about the manzanilla tree. If we had only been asked to that dress rehearsal!

At the Lexington Theatre: "Der Freischuetz," opera in three acts by Carl Maria von Weber; sung in German, with Eduard Moericke conducting.

THE CAST.

Ottokar	Benno Ziegler
Kuno	Desider Zador
Agathe	Meta Seinemeyer
Aennchen	Editha Fleischer
Max	Robert Hutt
Klean	Harry Steter
Samuel	Josef Braun

Carl Weber's musical comedy-melodrama, revealed to the present decade for the first time last night at the Lexington, has much in common with "William Tell." Abetted by that worthy labor, it helps reveal how our ancestors spent a pleasant evening. If they did not care to hear something like "Tell" or "Freischuetz" they could stay home and read "Kenilworth." Amusement came with difficulty those days!

"Freischuetz," as any one's great grandfather might tell one, is about the young Max who is a poor shot, but succeeds with satanic aid, and coming off victor, wins the fair Agatha and abandons questionable company by way of reformation. It is another of those religues where song and conversation alternate with startling effect on the hearer.

Robert Hutt was Max, singing as if most of the score were too high for him. He seemed strained and tight-throated most of the time. Meta Seinemeyer, on the other hand, produced some beautiful singing, full and clear, winning prolonged applause especially for her "Leise, Leise" in the second act, in spite of an exasperating accompaniment of cracking steampipes which no one seemed able to hush. She acted the role, however (what there was to it to act), exactly as she acted Senta, but that may have been because both damsels found virtue their only virtue. Editha Fleischer, who has a good soubrette voice and personality, was more active than acting, and more of both than singing. Mr. Lador sang Kuno, a small role, but one made memorable in this case of good singing. The remaining characters were adequate, except Mr. Braun, whose Samuel was one vast roar.

The performance as a whole was spirited and spontaneous; the ensemble might have been considered the stars of the evening. With the exception of the last act, in the "Wolf's Den," the settings were hasty and nondescript and in style much after the school of the recent "William Tell." The "Den" however, was truly effective—grand and somber, and almost horrific, although one missed the flying clouds from the Wagnerian performances which might have scudded across a sickly moon.

The orchestra, sounded better than in some of the previous productions, but was still found wanting in one or two crises for the horns and woodwinds.

"Freischuetz" is an opera which every one should hear once for his education. Last night there were few reasons why any one should hear it twice.

A. C.

the original German story. About 1910, when it was revived at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Gustav Mahler as conductor, it was withdrawn. On March 31 of that same season the opera had a second performance and then was withdrawn.

First heard in New York in 1825, four years after Weber gave his score to the world, the opera's history here consists of infrequent and scattered hearings. But it is otherwise in Germany. The opera making appeal because of its legend to Germans alone, "Der Freischuetz" ever remains a permanent and well-loved star in the repertoire of the various German opera houses.

The music, in which the composer anticipated in certain dramatic usages his great successor Wagner, is fraught with so much beauty of form and melody that it is sure to please. Last night the leading set pieces such as "Lese, Lese," or the "Hunting Song," and again the overture, so familiar from concert hearing, were much enjoyed, while the picture of Wolfs Glen, where the bullets are moulded, and with all the horrors of the incantation breaking those served for some reliable spectacular food.

The performance as a whole seemed to give genuine delight to the large audience. The spoken dialogue as found in the original form was used, but with so great measure of success owing to the large auditorium and the fact that the singers were only fair vocalists.

Mme. Meta Seinemeyer as Agathe gave an appropriate lyric touch to her singing and a becoming gentleness to her acting. Robert Hutt was fairly good as Max, though his vocal chords were not always relaxed. Theodor Luttermann had the proper quality of voice for the desperate character of Kasper, but he was otherwise somewhat heavy in his part. Some minor parts were taken by Messrs. Ziegler, Zador, Klipnis and Braun. Editha Fleischer was the Aennchen.

Eduard Moerike did the best he could in guiding his orchestra, which was frequently inclined to be too loud, and especially in the brass. He was very warmly applauded at the close of the

ended the program, and just before it came a new work, "Sortilegi," by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli, a symphonic poem for piano and orchestra. Mr. Bachaus played the piano part in this piece as well, which is founded on quotations from an Oriental fairy story.

The tale, briefly, concerns a magician, who, being asked by the Sultan for a demonstration of his powers, invokes in turn a swarm of devils and witches, a dream-garden full of elves, and a troupe of desert goblins; he then vanishes, laughing. The music follows this program literally, but not importantly. There is a lot of trick orchestration, such as any good technician might evolve if he were suddenly requested to "do some goblins;" but the actual musical material sounded commonplace and devoid of any inherent smartness or individuality. The piece is effectively written, however, and was dazzlingly played, so that the audience rose to it nobly.

It was coincidence, of course, but there was moving appropriateness in the fact that the symphony at yesterday afternoon's New York Symphony concert was Dvorak's "From the New World." For this particular work is intimately associated with the memory of Henry B. Krehbiel. He was very close to Dvorak during the composition, and the Bohemian composer showed him the score, and gave him his autographed pencil sketches of the principal themes, before it had been heard in public.

All the more grateful, therefore, was the fine performance Mr. Damrosch gave the work. The slow movement in particular received a reading of such touching beauty and simplicity as one hopes for, but seldom hears. The audience could not, as a body, have been aware of the significance of the event, yet they seemed to sense something extraordinary about the performance, and summoned the players to their feet with grateful p'ardits, instead of waiting until the more brilliant and showy finale.

Of soloists there were three—Guy Maier, Lee Pattison and Artur Schnabel—playing Bach's concerto for three pianos with string orchestra. It is not a work of towering greatness but it has tunefulness and charm and tireless energy. Much as the audience liked it, the pianists must have enjoyed it even more. For if it is fun to play duets—and who that ever maltreated Schubert's "Marche Militaire" will deny it is?—how much more engrossing sport must it be to be one of a threesome? At all events, the trio seemed to be having a wonderful time and one longed to be one of them.

The program began with the overture to "William Tell" and ended as popularly with Johann Strauss's "Tales From the Vienna Woods" waltzes. To-night's concert, at which the program will be repeated, is the last of the New York Symphony's Carnegie Hall series for this season.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

Haydn and Mozart made up the first half of Mr. Mengelberg's program for the Philharmonic Society's concert last evening, and Pick-Mangiagalli and Strauss the last half. Of Haydn was played the symphony in G, one of the most familiar of the many, and with the genial spirit that belongs to the music, without forcing it to any modern gauge, with a fine and mellow tone and a natural flexibility of phrase. The music and the performance pleased mightily, and Mr. Mengelberg once more touched the springs upon which all orchestral players sit in these days, so that all stood to share the applause.

Of Mozart was played the piano concerto in A, Mr. Wilhelm Bachaus being the soloist. Here, too, there was Mozartean spirit. Mr. Bachaus played with great clarity and fluency; occasionally hastening the end of a phrase just a bit, but on the whole with a true appreciation of the style of the work. This was especially true of the andante movement of singularly deep feeling, nobly expressed in terms that seem very modern.

Pick-Mangiagalli is not now a new name to New York. His "Carillon Magico" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House a few years ago, and Mr. Toscanini, when he was here with his Italian orchestra, played his "Notturmo e Rondo Fantastico." The work heard last evening was his "Sortilegi," for piano and orchestra.

Pick-Mangiagalli is not one of the Italian extremists, and his work is not, like some of theirs, intended to cause pain or rouse anger. It is a piece of descriptive program music; descriptive, in a way not departing far from the conventional, of the doings of a sorcerer, his conjuration of witches, gnomes and elves. There are well known formulas for those things that every composer is expected to use and Mr. Pick Mangiagalli has used them—diminished seventh chords, tremolos on the double basses and cellos, stopped

strings, truck combat, trap kites and shrieks from the piccolo, giants from the tuba.

Nor is there any reason why he should not. How could he describe sorcery and witches without them? He has made the piano part very elaborate indeed; it needs a virtuoso as accomplished as Mr. Bachaus to play it. And there are certain portions of it that are interesting, that have a certain musical physiognomy denied to much of the composition.

After all, Pick Mangiagalli has put a little something of his own into the composition; and if he was unable to escape from the influences that forced him into "Sortilegi," no doubt this was the right way for him to write it. Such pieces in general are more or less interesting noise, and have not much to do with music.

The last number on the program was Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," that has been played so many times so lately in New York.

"Aida" and "Mme. Butterfly" Sung.

"Aida" was sung at the Metropolitan's special matinee yesterday, without the two new artists who were to have appeared in it and who had done so on Tuesday night in Philadelphia. In the places of Mme. Kopp and Mr. Bohnen there were substituted, though at very short notice, Miss Peralta and Mr. Danise as Verdi's African heroine and her father, a familiar cast including also Miss Gordon, Messrs. Martinelli, Mardones and Edmund Burke, under Moranzoni's direction. The matinee was a benefit of the Mayor's Women's Committee for the Free Milk Fund, for which a substantial sum was earned.

Another large audience last evening greeted "Madame Butterfly," sung again by Thalia Sabanleva, Lauri-Volpi and Scotti. Tomorrow night will see a change of opera, as Mr. Salazar cannot sing "Ernani," and instead Mme. Sundelius and Messrs. Chamlee, Danise and Mardones will appear in "Faust."

'MEISTERSINGER' REPEATED

The Favorite of Berlin Company's Operas—Next Week's Bills.

Wagner's "Meistersinger," which with seven performances has led in favor all the visiting German company's operas here, was repeated at the Lexington last night to an overflowing house, one of the largest since it had opened the previous Manhattan festival by the same troupe. In the east, with Heinrich Knote as Walter, were the Misses Roessler and Bassth, Messrs. Paul Schwartz, Zador, Schorr and Klipnis, and Mr. Moerike conducted.

Maria Ivogun, who sings as guest in "Merry Wives of Windsor" next Wednesday and Thursday, will appear as Mme. Fluth, with Mr. Lattermann as Sir John Falstaff and others, including Messrs. Bassth and Appel, Messrs. Ziegler, Klipnis, Zador, Scheurich, Steier, Silberstorff, Graef, Frank and Gorres, under Moerike's baton. With Claire Dux also as guest in "Martha" next Friday night and the following afternoon will appear Otilie Metzger, Robert Hutt and Lattermann, led by Ernst Knoch. These operas will complete the fifteen productions by the Berlin company in New York.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Symphony Society gave the last of its Thursday concerts yesterday in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch had prepared a variegated program. It began, perhaps in honor of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's successful revival of the opera, with the "William Tell" overture. Then followed Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Bach's C major concerto for three claviers and strings, and Johann Strauss's "Geschichte aus dem Wienerwald" waltz. The pianists who cooperated in the triple concerto were the twin brothers of keyboard art, Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, and their artistic progenitor, Arthur Schnabel, with whom they studied for a time.

The concerto is seldom heard, for only organizations resting on a very strong financial basis can afford to engage three soloists at a time. The work had its last previous hearing in this city at a concert of the indefatigable Society of the Friends of Music in Carnegie Hall on March 27, 1918. The pianists were Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Mme. Olga Samarofoff. The Philadelphia Orchestra and Leopold Stokowski furnished the background.

The date of the composition of this characteristic work of Bach is uncertain. It was written some time between 1730 and 1740, probably not far from 1736. It is one of two compositions in the same form, and Bach wrote them to play with two of his sons. His ultimate artistic purpose seems to have been a development of the clavier concerto toward an exclusively solo creation by elaborating the clavier part or parts and gradually retiring the orchestra to a position of insignificance. His "Italian Concerto" is an example of the purely solo form, and the composition played yesterday shows the string accompaniment having practically nothing to do

with the development of the clavier alone. It is accompaniment and nothing more.

Public performances of Bach's triple concertos may be regarded as exhibitions of musical ecstasies. Of course the music is beautiful and its treatment masterly. But it would reveal its interest much more clearly in a small room and with the accompaniment of a small orchestra. Bach's effects are not mass effects. They are interweavings of exquisite details, and the finesse of the polyphony is lost in the surroundings of a concert of this kind.

The performance of the work yesterday was good. The three pianists presented an admirable ensemble. They were in accord in style, in dynamics and in feeling. Mr. Damrosch kept the orchestral support where it belonged, and the general results were pleasing, albeit perhaps a little puzzling to the average listener.

The Dvorak symphony has been performed many times by Mr. Damrosch's men, but probably never better than yesterday afternoon. At any

rate, the slow movement was done with ravishing tone and mirrorlike finish. The audience was stirred by it and Mr. Damrosch had to cause the musicians to rise and acknowledge the prolonged applause.

The Philharmonic's Concert.

The program of the Philharmonic Society's concert in Carnegie Hall last evening consisted of Haydn's G major symphony, Mozart's piano concerto in A major, Pick-Mangiagalli's symphonic poem for piano and orchestra, entitled "Sortilegi" ("Sorcery"), and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The pianist was Wilhelm Bachaus. Mangiagalli's composition was a novelty, which means it was played for the first time here.

It is about a magician whose identity was questioned by an Oriental sultana, and who promptly proceeded to show her who he was. He raised spooks, gnomes, witches and other inhabitants of the Walpurgisnacht and, having sent them away, showed her a dream garden full of opalescent tints, muted strings, piano glissandi and other confetti.

The composition proved to be well made and ingeniously scored. The piano part was brilliant, and really signified in the general scheme. It took a lot of playing, too, but Mr. Bachaus did not for a moment seem to tax his extraordinary technic.

But when all was said and done the merry pranks of the magician's gnomes and other sprites included no capers not already familiar to music lovers. The pattern for orgies and witch's sabbaths and unseemly capers was made long ago. The modern fashion merely trims it with new styles in orchestral laces and instrumental braids. And, of course, there is a new lining of harmony. There are no new ideas. One hardly expects a new idea now. But did Mr. Mengelberg in arranging this program plan to obliterate all memories of the pranks of Pick-Mangiagalli by following them with those of Strauss?

Mr. Bachaus not only played the piano part of the symphonic poem well, but also gave a delightfully clear, fluent and musical performance of the Mozart concerto. The audience applauded him long and earnestly.

At Aeolian Hall Ignaz Friedmann gave another piano recital to a moderate sized audience. His program, mainly devoted to Beethoven's sonata op. 90, a Mendelssohn and a Chopin group, concluded with a cluster of numbers largely Spanish in color and origin. Albeniz's "Triana" and Debussy's "Soiree en Grenade" were represented as well as the soloist's own "Barcarolle." A. C.

CONCERT AT ASTOR HOME.

Fund for Music in Hospitals Has Benefit.

An interesting concert to raise funds to give programs by competent musicians in city hospitals and other welfare institutions took place yesterday in the ball room of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor's house, 540 Fifth avenue. The artists were Miss Lucille Chalfant, soprano, a descendant of Jenny Lind and Mr. John Barclay, baritone. The accompanists were Messrs. Mylan Smolten and Frederick Bristol, piano and Auguste Rodeman, flute.

Mar 23 1923

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

When Mr. Mengelberg began to conduct the Haydn G major symphony last night we wondered idly what Haydn himself would have thought of it if he could have been at Carnegie Hall. Our guess is that he would have been entranced; for surely Papa Haydn never in his life heard his symphony played with the solid, beautiful tone that came from the Philharmonic strings. The flutes might have sounded familiar—except that they played the low notes in tune—but he would hardly have recognized last night's oboes, so much sweeter and smoother in tone must they have been than the rasping little hautboys to which he was used.

Of course Mr. Mengelberg's violins had the advantage over Haydn's in not having to wear either swords or lace cuffs. We have not seen a sword or a bit of lace among the Philharmonic string section for years, and much as the abolition of these pleasing gauds is to be deplored on æsthetic grounds, it must be admitted that their absence does make the bowing easier.

Haydn might have looked a bit worried during the slow movement, for it seemed to one of Haydn's friends the audience that Mr. Mengelberg was putting a little more "interpretation" into the beautiful slow melody than it needed, phrasing it with such hair-splitting devoutness that it sounded a bit short-winded. Otherwise, if we may speak for Haydn, he would have been delighted with the whole performance.

Wilhelm Bachaus, the soloist of the evening, played Mozart's A major piano concerto immediately afterward. Putting the concerto in that particular place was not a particularly felicitous piece of programming, for a solid hour and ten minutes of eighteenth century musical monotony, even if it was that of Haydn and Mozart, was too much. The result was that at the fault of Mr. Bachaus, he gave a delightful performance. "Till Eulenspiegel," which begins to

Miss Chaifant sang Haendel's "If Pensive" and with flute obligato an aria by John Densmore. With Mr. Barclay she sang two duets from "Veronique" an opera by Messager.

Mr. Barclay's numbers included several old Scotch songs; Keel's setting of Massfield's "Port of Many Ships" and "Trade Winds," also others by Faure, Rachmaninoff and Moussorgsky.

Veteran Elshuco Players

Wililam Kr

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The second subscription concert of the Elshuco Trio took place last evening in Aeolian Hall. The program consisted of the Brahms trio in B major, opus 8, Vitezslav Novak's "Quasi una Ballata" and Beethoven's trio in G major, opus 1, No. 2. The night was one to discourage all but enthusiastic lovers of chamber music from leaving their happy homes, but the auditorium was filled, and the warmth of the applause revealed a spirit that refused to be dampened. This was gratifying. The Elshuco Trio has made a place for itself and its favor is likely to grow. The excellence of the organization has been increased this season by the advent of William Kroll as the violinist.

Aurelio Giorni, the pianist, and William Willeke, the cellist, earned their spurs some years ago, and have worn them untarnished. Mr. Kroll is a young man just out of the Institute of Musical Art and has his reputation to make. That he will not be long in acquiring one seems as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world.

He has a large, beautiful, incisive tone and a bow arm of fine freedom and elasticity. He plays with immense enthusiasm and vigor, and yet has fitted himself into the ensemble with a judgment and self-control quite remarkable in one of his limited experience.

Possibly his somewhat vigorous style has in no way injured the performances of the Elshuco players, but has injected into them maybe a vitality that too many chamber music entertainments lack. The organization is admirably balanced. Mr. Willeke has plenty of rich tone and buoyant style, while Mr. Giorni shows uncommon art in his treatment of the piano parts. He is prominent just when he ought to be and subordinate with equal discrimination.

The Novak composition was the novelty of the concert. It is a one movement work and shows conspicuously the characteristics of its writer. It is very melodious, captivating in rhythmic point and made very skillfully for the three instruments. It was played with brilliant tone and splendid verve.

FAREWELLS IN "LOHENGRIN."

Wagnerian Singers Give Opera for Last Time.

The last performance of "Lohengrin" by the Wagnerian singers was given at the Lexington Theater last evening. The performance as a whole was a good one and reached a high level of interest. Mme. Elae Wiehler's Elsa was an appealing figure, but her voice was disappointing in quality and volume. Mme. Alsen portrayed a sinister and effective Ortrud, while Mr. Kipnis displayed his rich voice to advantage as the King. Robert Hutt again sang the title role in a convincing manner. Mr. Knoch conducted with a well restrained vigor and spirit and the orchestra played rather better than usual. There was a large audience.

"Romeo et Juliette" Sung Again

"Romeo et Juliette" was repeated a large audience at the Metropolitan last evening, when Bori, Gigli, De L and others sang again under the direction of Hasselmanns. It was a performance, the season's record so far. By the change of tonight's program from "Ernani" to "Faust," the time "Faustspielhaus" is renewing other record in giving two successful evenings to Gounod.

Feb 25 1923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"HAENSEL UND GRETEL."

Opera in three acts by Engelbert Humperdinck. At the Lexington Theatre.
Peter.....Benno Ziegler
Gertrud.....Ottillie Metzger
Haensel.....Emma Bassth
Gretel.....Lotte Appel
The Witch.....Paul Schwarz
The Sandman.....Marcella Roessler
The Dwarfman.....
Conductor, Ernest Knoch.

The children were all glad that the German Opera Company was willing to come down from its Wagnerian high horse and give its attention on a Saturday matinee, when lessons can be for a moment forgotten, to Engelbert Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel." A great many children were at the Lexington Theatre yesterday afternoon upon this notable occasion. Apparently a good many of their elders were pretty glad, too.

What with children and elders there were enough to fill the theatre entirely, so that it was a "sold-out house," one of the few the German company has had since it has been here; and wicked speculators were selling tickets on the sidewalk for \$7. It was the first performance of "Hänsel und Gretel" in New York for several years; the first since a certain number in the audience were born.

The performance was a cheerful one on both sides of the footlights; less cheerful in the orchestra than on the stage, where the adventures of the two lucky children were revealed in some very good acting and singing and an excellent scenic setting. The program was not an accurate guide to the performance, for no fewer than four changes from the printed bill were made. Instead of Eduard Moerike, Ernest Knoch conducted; he had some trouble to make the orchestra play Humperdinck's resonant score with much beauty of tone or purity of intonation, and it may, indeed, be said that he did not entirely succeed in doing so. Emma Bassth as Hänsel sang in an uncommonly rich mezzo voice, and she and Lotte Appel as Gretel gave a pleasing performance.

Mme. Ottillie Metzger gave the broom-maker's wife an excellent voice and Benno Ziegler made Peter, himself jovially tipsy and suitably alarmed. Marcella Roessler sang the parts of both the Sandman and the Dwarfman satisfactorily. The witch was this time a man, Paul Schwarz, though more generally in New York the part has been taken by a woman. There was enthusiastic applause, considerable impatience because the curtain did not rise till half an hour after the time announced, and a considerable hum of explanation and comment through the performance. The company last night gave a final hearing of "Der Freischütz," with a larger audience than at Wednesday's revival of Weber's classic. In the cast were Mmes. Roessler and Felscher, Messrs. Hutt and Lattermann. Mr. Moerike conducted.

RACHMANINOFF, ILL, PLAYS.

Pianist Enthusiastically Greeted at His Recital in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Rachmaninoff, though urged by physicians yesterday to cancel his sold-out matinee in Carnegie Hall, appeared there in the afternoon with no hint of illness, unless in a heightened gravity of demeanor. The great artist, both as musical creator and practitioner, was greeted with enthusiasm, his piano program comprising Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, four little Chopin pieces, Medtner's "Fairy Tale" and four of his own, including his arrangements for Kreutzer's "Liebesleid" and the miniature in Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." Besides incidental encores, the audience made him add a half dozen more, while it begged for his C-sharp minor prelude at the matinee's close.

Two French Operas Sung in Day.

Julia Clausen resumed her rôle in "Samson et Delila" at the Metropolitan matinee yesterday, the cast including also Martindell, Whitehill and Rothler. Last evening "Faust" was repeated, with Mmes. Sundellus, Dalosse and Howard, Messrs. Charles, Danise and Mardones. Mr. Hasselmanns conducted both performances, a rare coincidence of two French operas in one day and both sold out.

Art Museum's Free Concerts Close.

The Metropolitan Art Museum's free orchestral concerts came to a close last night with a record of 65,000 attendance during Mr. Mannes's eight programs this year. The final bill, by gift of Payne Whitney, comprised Goldmark's "Spring" overture, Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, excerpts from Wagner's "Siegfried" and, with a boy soprano of St. John's Cathedral, the Grail and Good Friday music from "Parsifal."

Friends of Music

Present Schubert Mass in E flat on Soloists, Chorus

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Society of the Friends of Music finished its season with the concert of yesterday afternoon in Town Hall. The program presented but one work, Schubert's mass in E flat. For the performance of this composition the assembled forces consisted of Mme. Marie Sundellus, soprano; Miss Marion Telva, contralto; George Meader and Max Bloch, tenors, and Carl Schlegel, barytone; the chorus of the society, an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House and Artur Bodanzky.

Whether this mass had ever been sung in concert in this town before yesterday seems uncertain. It had not at any rate been done within the memory of the oldest newspaper recorders present. Nor could any printed account of a performance be found. It is of course not a matter of grave importance. The fact that it was difficult to unearth any history connected with the local life of the work indicates that it had not attracted the attention of conductors of choral organizations.

The mass was finished in the last year of Schubert's life and was first sung on November 15, 1829, in the Pfarrkirche zu Maria Trost in Vienna. Much could be written concerning this interesting novelty, but the fundamental facts oppose prolonged consideration. Schubert was essentially a writer of purely lyric music. Not only his songs, but also his symphonies and his piano pieces are saturated with lyric thought. Schubert as a writer of ecclesiastic polyphony is almost inconceivable. It is almost, if possible, more improbable that he could succeed in treating the words of the Catholic liturgy in chant either plain or florid. And it is an open secret that he sometimes betrayed a lamentable ignorance of Latin.

Therefore, when we find him rising to his greatest level of beauty in his setting of the "Et Incarnatus" for two tenor soloists and a soprano, with a choral background, we must at the

same time admit that the beauty of the music lies in itself rather than its fitness of style or expression to the text of the mass. Perhaps his most successful approach to that combination of the dramatic and ecclesiastic which became the method of most church writers after the orchestra began to be conspicuous in their works is to be found in the rather theatrical "Sanctus" and in the fugue "Osanna in Excelsis Deo." The "Agnus Dei" is composed in chord successions and has the effect of a somewhat free chorale. It is most agreeable music to hear, but it falls short of the spirit of the text.

The whole subject of mass writing in the modern style is important and fruitful in suggestion. But this is neither the time nor the place for an essay on it. Purists will continue to believe that the noblest style ever found for the setting of the mass was the a cappella polyphonic, and that after Palestrina, Orlando Lasso and Vittoria little was contributed to it.

From the time of Giovanni Gabrieli the influence of the opera on the music of the mass has been felt, not always in the violation of the spirit, but nearly always in the factitious use of theatrical methods of expression. Schubert showed sincerity in his E flat mass, but the artistic ground on which he stood was not solid. However, the production of the mass yesterday was decidedly worth while and the performance reflected much credit on soloists, chorus and conductor. The orchestra, however, did not shine.

PHILHARMONIC ENDS SERIES.

The Philharmonic Society's last Sunday afternoon concert of the season was given in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Mengelberg, with an eye on the appropriateness of the season, offered three excerpts from "Parsifal," the prelude, the Good Friday Spell and

the Transformation music and closing scene from Act 1. The only other number on the program was Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Ein Heldenleben," with the violin solo played by Mr. Guidi. The familiar offerings received full justice under the baton of Mr. Mengelberg. There was a large audience.

Damrosch Gives a Novelty in Prof. Edward B. Hill's Second "Stevensoniana" Suite.

Closing a forty-fifth year yesterday with the last of its Sunday matinees sold out all season at Aeolian Hall, the orchestra of the Symphony Society made a day of unalloyed delight from classic Mozart to modern American and French composers. The music itself summed up Conductor Damrosch's annual valedictory without need of a speech, for which some auditors evidently waited as he bowed "au revoir" among his standing players. Mozart was represented in double measure by the repeated symphony in C and the catalogue air of Leporello from "Don Giovanni," sung by John Barclay.

Edward Burlingame Hill's second "Stevensoniana" suite, for which the Harvard professor had to rise and bow thrice from an upper box, was new on this occasion; it was, like his first suite of five seasons ago, a further free orchestral transcript from "A Child's Garden of Verses." As in that case the music had been suggested by a "Marching Song," "The Land of Nod" and "Where Go the Boats," so now Professor Hill gave as his unsung texts "Armies in the Fire," "The Dumb Soldier" and "A Pirate Story." It was music genially melodious, graphic and enjoyable.

Mr. Barclay, young and immensely tall, sang with a fine, free impassioned style Henri Duparc's orchestral setting of Francois Coppée's verses, "La Vague et la Cloche," not so much a song as a tone-poem of surging sea bells, with a refrain of "the eternal din of which this life is made." There followed a whirling, dancing finish in the "Daphnis et Chloe" of Ravel.

4,000 HEAR CHALIAPIN.

Russian Basso Sings His Season Farewell at the Metropolitan.

Mr. Chaliapin's leave-taking for the season packed the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon until the police had to be called to clear the lobbies after 4,000 persons had entered. The Russian basso, as in his concerts before, sang at random from a printed leaflet, giving songs of Russian composers and a few, such as Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," more familiar to frequenters of the opera house. He was liberal in volume of voice, while a heightened freedom of gesture and action recalled his gala nights in opera on this stage. Assisting him yesterday were Max Rabinowitch at the piano and Kola Levenne in cello solos.

By Deems Taylor

A FAREWELL.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Yesterday's New York Symphony concert in Aeolian Hall was the orchestra's farewell appearance of the 1922-23 season, and happily was one of the best of the year. The program was well planned, uniformly interesting and delightfully short.

Mr. Damrosch began with the fetching little Mozart symphony in C major that Bruno Walter brought with him from Munich when he came over for his series of guest-conductor performances. For all its brevity and lack of pretentiousness this youthful work is pure gold. It discourses of small matters in a chatty, agreeable way that exactly fits them, managing, in the process, to furnish a perfect example of what a great artist can do with the slenderest of means.

Strings, two oboes and a pair each of horns and trumpets are all Mozart calls for in his score; yet with this miniature orchestra he manages to say more in about thirty minutes than Mahler, with a whole Assembly district of instruments at his command, conveys in a solid hour and a half of the seventh symphony. Aeolian Hall was even kinder to the Mozart work than Carnegie had been, and the orchestra played it with spirit and great finish.

The soloist was John Barclay, who appeared twice, once in Leporello's "Catalogue" from "Don Giovanni" and again in Duparc's "La Vague et la Cloche." Mr. Barclay was in fine voice and spirits and his good singing and sure command of style won him the enthusiastic approval of his auditors.

A novelty on the program was Edward Burlingame Hill's new suite, "Stevensoniana," No. 2, which was

...only last fall and which had
...hearing anywhere yesterday
...Its three movements are,
...the first "Stevensoniana" suite
...which Mr. Damrosch offered in Janu-
...1918), founded on poems from
...The Child's Garden of Verses," the
...selections in this case being "Armies
...in the Fire," "The Dumb Soldier,"
...and "The Pirate Story."

There seemed to be room to differ
with Mr. Hill on the point of fidelity
to his program. The "Armies in the
Fire" is a patrol, "The Dumb Soldier"
is a sort of eclogue, the "Pirate
Story" has an authentic breeze blow-
ing through it. All three movements
are distinguished by melodic charm,
rhythmic vitality and—when it is
called for—fine poetry of mood. The
piece is deftly scored throughout, and
was beautifully played. Mr. Hill, who
was present in a box, applauded the
orchestra and bowed his acknowledg-
ments to an appreciative house.

The closing number of the day—
and the season—was Ravel's "Daph-
nis et Chloe." Mr. Damrosch's men
gave it a really dazzling performance.
By the way, when M. Ravel goes to
the Elysian Fields he would do well
to keep away from the Russian quar-
ter. If he doesn't and if Rimsky-
Korsakoff ever catches him, he is
going to have a bad half hour (or
whatever the equivalent is up there
in centuries), explaining those rather
frank quotations from "Scheherazade"
that lend so much vitality to the last
section.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Friends of Music.

The Friends of Music ended their sea-
son with their concert yesterday in
Acolian Hall, where they gave Schubert's
Mass in E flat. The concert was under
the direction of Mr. Bodanzky; the
soloists were Mme. Sundellus, soprano;
as Telva, contralto; Messrs. Meader
d Bloch, tenors, and Mr. Schlegel,
bass.

This Mass has been performed in con-
cert before in New York once, so far as
available records show; it was by the
Astor Society in the season of 1874-5,
a second of its existence, under Dr.
Opold Damrosch. Performances of it
before or since have been rare; so rare
at doubtless the work was strange to
most of those who heard it. There is
much beautiful music in it, and much
at is characteristic of Schubert at his
at, though he was not preeminently
choral writer. But he might justly
be said that no form of musical art
is foreign to him; and he wrote for
chorus with a rarely failing sense of
effect. This mass is, indeed, justly to
be counted among his greater works.
The friends of music performed a use-
ful function in bringing it to the knowl-
edge of its audience.

The mass can hardly be called liturgi-
cal; hardly adapted to the office of the
Roman Catholic Church, especially since
it is one clause of the "Credo" in-
cluded in the setting. Schubert went
to work without preconceived ideas as
canons and rules, to translate into
music the impression made upon him by
the words of the mass. Some of it has
little of the realistic sense in which
Bethoven conceived his, much more
liturgical, mass in D.

Thus the "Et Resurrexit" begins
with a roll upon the kettledrum. The
singing of the "Kyrie" is most im-
pressive harmonically, as is the "Don-
na Paenam." There are bold har-
monic touches, profoundly impressive in
"Sanctus." There is much elab-
orate choral writing in all the sections,
though, as might well be imagined,
Schubert did not much resort to the
elaborate style, which was not his most
usual utterance. The "Cum Sancto
Spiritu" is fugued in a pretty thor-
ough manner; and he has written fu-
gues in the "Confiteor" and again in
"Osanna" and in the "Donna No-
biscum."

The "Et Incarnatus," for soprano
and two tenors, he has gone to work as
though he were writing a romantic song,
a graceful six-eight rhythm. Only
the very end, in the "Donna Nobis-
cum," does he make use of the vocal
trifles. He found his expression al-
most wholly through the chorus and or-
chestra. This latter has an independent
part, often considerably more than a
mere accompaniment; and there are
many effective instrumental touches,
meant to heighten realistically the
effect of the words.

In general the music is subjective in
feeling; it translates the personal
feelings of Franz Schubert and sets
them into almost a poetical light,
rather than giving the generalized and
more or less impersonal utterance that
is the ideal of the church. In
Schubert has the very good com-
position of Haydn, Mozart and a host of

other lesser men. As in of a
graphers has observed, Schubert has ex-
pressed in this mass the naive piety
of the child of the church. It has noth-
ing of the monumental that belongs to
the great masses of Bach and
Bethoven; but it is throughout beauti-
ful music; some of the best and most
mature of Schubert's inspirations, com-
ing as it did in the last year of his
life.

The performance was one in most re-
spects worthy of the work; the chorus
sang with a fine volume and quality of
tone, with a correctness of intonation
that only rarely lapses and with an
evidently full knowledge of the work.
The five solo singers who had so lit-
tle to do did it well. The trio had a
charming effect. The audience listened
as to a religious function, and ap-
plauded only at the end.

George Reimherr in Russian Songs.

George Reimherr gave a recital of
Russian songs at the National Theatre
last evening, including in the program
many familiar melodies as well as some
new ones. The large audience expressed
its enjoyment of the numbers, especial-
ly Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Waves Dash-
ing and Breaking," which he sang with
clear enunciation and artistic shading
of tone. Frank Braun played the ac-
companiments.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Royal Egyptian Orchestra, accom-
panied by native singers from Cairo, is to
open a tour at the Town Hall on Eastern
Sunday.

Outfit Metager, contralto of the Wagner
Opera Festival, will give an invitation recital
at Knabe's on Thursday evening.

The Choral Club of the Central Y. M. C.
A. will sing in its hall in Brooklyn on Tues-
day a program from Lenten oratorios.

Schelling Plays in Opera Concert.

The Metropolitan's orchestra brought
forward at last night's "opera concert"
several works of local composers, among
them its own men, and including an
overture, "Prometeo," by Sodero and
a prelude and temple dance by Lan-
cella. Ernest Schelling was heard in
Paderewski's concert and in piano solos.
Cora Chase appeared, singing Godard's
berceuse from "Jocelyn," Leon's "Tal-
lo-Ho," and Alabieff's "The Night-
gale." Suzanne Keener also sang and
Armand Tokaty appeared for Paul
Althouse, who was ill.

Isa Kremer Sings Folk Songs.

Isa Kremer was assisted by Alexan-
dra Reznikowa, violinist, in her sixth
and last "international ballad" concert
last evening at Carnegie Hall. Miss
Kremer sang again both Italian and
Rumanian folksongs, with others Eng-
lish and French, in contrast to her na-
tive Russian and Ukrainian. She also
pleased many hearers with more formal
works of known composers. In her list
were Rossini's "Pastorella del' Alpi,"
Schubert's "Death and the Maiden,"
Moussorgsky's "Hopak" and Rouge-
rolles's "La Glu."

CHALIAPIN SINGS FAREWELL.

Brilliant Recital Heard by Packed Metropolitan Audience.

Feodor Chaliapin gave his farewell
recital to an audience which packed the
Metropolitan Opera House yesterday
afternoon. The eminent Russian singer
was in good voice, and has seldom ap-
peared to better advantage. Following
his established custom, he announced
his numbers from the platform. Some
of his songs were "The Two Grenadiers,"
Tchaikovsky's "Night," "The Messen-
ger," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; Malashkin's
"O, Could I but Express in Song;"
Schubert's "My Dwelling Place," a Rus-
sian convict song and several comic
numbers of Russia.

It is unnecessary to expand upon the
singing of this fine artist. To those
who are accustomed only to Mr. Chali-
apin's free parlando and dramatic utter-
ance under the stress of operatic con-
ditions the liberty and ease afforded by
a recital undoubtedly disclosed new
vistas of delight in his admirable voice.
It is quite probable that traditions of
Mr. Chaliapin's operatic roles clung
closely to him yesterday. He sang from
the same stage which has witnessed
some of his dramatic triumphs.

Most of his dramatic numbers were
characterized by a freedom of action
and gesturing which are not often as-
sociated with the recital platform. Some
of his gestures were effective; others
less so. At any rate Mr. Chaliapin sang
with a lyric warmth altogether exqui-
site. Poetic tenderness alternated with
dramatic fire. His freedom with dy-
namics and tempi frequently verged on
license, but his clear delivery of texts
and nice judgment in regard to their
musical treatment more than offset this
tendency.

Max Rabinowitch assisted at the
piano. He also played Liszt's "Mephisto
Waltz" with a good legato and much
brilliance. Another assisting artist was
Kola Levinne, cellist, who played Glaz-
ounoff's "Chant du Menestrel" and
Tchaikovsky's "Rococo Variations,"
which have scarcely missed a cellist
this season.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Wagnerian festival singers at
the Lexington Theatre having given
their final performance of "Lohengrin"
last week, the drama resumed its ac-
tivities at the Metropolitan Opera
House last evening in the presence of
a numerous audience. The proceed-
ings indicated that in some respects
the famous old Broadway institution
was faced with difficulties similar to
those found by the visitors, while in
all that lay in the power of a perma-
nent institution it rose superior to the
Germans. The mounting of operas at
the Metropolitan in these days is usu-
ally adequate and often sumptuous.
"Lohengrin" is not a medium for spec-
tacular display, but Mr. Gatti-Casazza
has provided it with good scenery, ap-
propriate costumes, a competent
chorus and an equally competent or-
chestra.

Furthermore, nothing of the sacred
spirit of devotion to the poetic and
musical significance of the work is
wanting. The performance of last
evening was admirable in its sincerity,
its observance of dramatic meaning
and its well balanced ensemble. In
any theater in Germany such an in-
terpretation of "Lohengrin" would
have been regarded as worthy of high
praise.

But this work demands lyric singing
of the highest order, and here the per-
formance fell short of the standards
of excellence. Mme. Barbara Kemp
acted *Elsa* (not a formidable task)
with grace, every evidence of feeling
and with intelligence, but with the
music she had an uncomfortable even-
ing. Themulous and broken tones
and manifestations of laborious effort
were continuous. Possibly she was
not at her best, but an ascent from
last evening's level to excellence would
be long. Mme. Julia Claussen's *Ortut*,
familiar to the local stage, was of the
same type.

Curt Taucher was a tolerable *Lohen-
grin*, but there was neither mystery
in his impersonation nor magic in his
tones. His was a workmanlike
achievement, no more. It remained
for Michael Bohnen and Clarence
Whitehill to uphold the brilliant tradi-
tions of the local stage. The former
was a *King Henry* of real human in-
terest, deeply concerned in the drama
enacted before him and decidedly in
favor of *Elsa* and against *Tetramund*
from the start. Mr. Whitehill's fine
Tetramund was up to its own level last

evening and nothing more need be said.
Mr. Schuetzendorf as the *Herald* made
all his proclamations quite audibly.
Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

By Deems Taylor

THE DAY.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

The audience that gathered in Car-
negie Hall last night to hear the
Columbia University Chorus, under
Walter Henry Hall, sing Gounod's
"The Redemption" was large and
devout, so it ill behooves any single
hearer to cavil at what so many
people obviously found edifying. One
might venture to remark, however,
that if Gounod's reputation rested
solely on "The Redemption," his
would hardly be a name to remember
long.

The great virtue of "The Redemp-
tion" seems to be that it is fairly easy
to sing and play, for its purely mu-
sical merits seem to be those of inten-
tion rather than accomplishment. In
the presence of the story of the Crucif-
ixion Gounod lowers his voice re-
spectfully enough, but delivers merely
the conventional condolences. His
solemn passages contrive likewise to
be dull, and his moments of animation
sound like the carefree utterances of
a devout but essentially frivolous per-
son. The "Calvary" march, for in-
stance, is in such a startlingly cheer-
ful vein that one might almost sus-
pect Gounod of having misspelled the
title.

The chorus sang capably and the
soloists, Della Baker, Alma Kitchell,
Reed Miller and Norman Jolliffe de-
livered the pedestrian measures allot-
ted to them with appropriate earnest-
ness. George H. Morgan was the
organist. The orchestra was anony-

mons, but as one discerned the in-
doubtable Friese lurking behind his
kettledrums, it may safely be assumed
that its origin was Philharmonic.

"Hansel and Gretel" was repeated
at the Lexington before an audience
far smaller than the performance de-
served. The cast was the same as
Saturday's, with Miss Bassth and Miss
Appel as the children, Mr. Ziegler and
Mme. Metzger as the parents and Mr.
Schwarz as the witch. Mr. Knoch
conducted.

The sole recital was given in the
evening by Dorsey Whittington, pian-
ist, in Aeolian Hall. He played Bach,
Brahms, Chopin, Debussy and Liszt
with good touch and technique and a
promising sense of style.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE PHILHARMONIC.

We never heard fine piano playing
sound to worse advantage than did
Arthur Schnabel's performance of the
Brahms D minor concerto with the
Philharmonic at the Metropolitan
Opera House last night. It may have
been the piano he was using, it may
have been the Metropolitan's notori-
ous deadening effect upon all stringed
instruments—it was probably a little
of both. Whatever the cause, Mr.
Schnabel's really masterly reading of
the concerto reached the ear as a
series of pinched, metallic sounds that
had little interest or sustaining power.
It was certainly not Mr. Schnabel's
fault, for under happier acoustical
auspices his tone is always firm and
remarkably sonorous. His reading of
the concerto, apart from its tonal de-
ficiencies, had impressive eloquence
and breadth of style.

Mr. Mengelberg's orchestral accom-
paniment, which was sympathetic and
flexible, suffered likewise from an
acoustical blight upon the strings.
The muted Adagio, queerly enough,
carried better than the other move-
ments. It is to be hoped that the
Philharmonic directors find the Met-
ropolitan series of concerts at least
financially satisfactory; there is little
enough artistic profit in them.

The concert began with Cherubini's
"Anacreon" overture and ended with
the Chalkovsky "Pathetique" sym-
phony, played in Mr. Mengelberg's
famous vivid and dramatic version
to the immense satisfaction of a fairly
large audience.

OTHER MUSIC.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

A slack day, typical of Holy Week,
brought out only two other musical
events. At the Lexington Theatre
the Wagnerian Festival sang "Tristan
und Isolde" for the last time this
season, with the familiar cast headed
by Miss Alsen (who is a glorious
Isolde) and Mr. Knote. The Bran-
gaene this time was programmed as
Miss Metzger, but in these days of
unforeseen changes, the role was sung
with some effectiveness by Emma
Bassth. Mr. Moericke, with a baton
of liquid fire, led the orchestra.

At Aeolian Hall, Helen Fogel made
her debut as a piano recitalist. Miss
Fogel is another child prodigy, from
appearances aged somewhere between
six and sixteen, although costumed
rather as a child of three. She offered
a program composed largely of the
Mozart, Mendelssohn and Bach works
which one "takes lessons on" in the
first half dozen years of instruction,
and rendered these with technical
skill, speed and obvious gradations of
volume customary to one of her years
and experience. Her assembled
friends were delighted with her ac-
complishments, but there hardly
seemed to be any reasons for present-
ing her to the public at this time.

A. C.

The Paulist Choristers gave the second of their three concerts last night at the Town Hall, one of similar type and composition to the first, ten days ago. The singers began with early numbers by Vittoria, Palestrina, Lotti and Pergolesi, illustrating the Spanish, Roman and Venetian schools, followed by Rheinberger numbers and two Russian pieces. Various Dubois religious numbers and "Te Lucis ante Terminum," by Father Finn, the director, appeared later in the program, which had the same soloists as before.

Child Performs at Aeolian

At Aeolian Hall there was another of those piano recitals in which a teacher presents a pupil to the public—and the pupil is invariably one of tender years. Two such concerts this season proved painful affairs; but in this case Helen Fogel, a nine-year-old, did very creditably, with a command of technique and a smooth manner of performance, in numbers of Scarlatti, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schubert. There was, of course, little expression. Her teacher was wise in avoiding Chopin, for instance—but he would have been wiser still in letting his pupil wait another eight years or so.

The Wagnerians at the Lexington gave their final "Tristan und Isolde" last night, with the same effective Isolde as before, Elsa Alsen, though Emma Bassth, substituting at the last minute as Brangäne, could hardly fill Ottilie Metzger's shoes. Heinrich Knote was the Tristan—a Tristan well sung, with acting sometimes good and sometimes less so, but his vocal strength was undeniable. Mr. Schorr was Kurnewal and Mr. Kipnis King Mark in a generally good performance. Mr. Moerike conducted for a large audience.

A concert of the Paulist Choristers was given in the Town Hall last evening when a program of sacred music was presented with Jack Huber, Fenwick Newell, Overton Moyle and Nicholas Murphy as soloist. As usual, the choristers accredited themselves with honor and the event, one of the musical treats of the season in Catholic circles, was attended by a fine audience.

Girl Pianist Applauded at Debut.

Helen Fogel, 14 years old, gave her first piano recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. In her program were compositions by Scarlatti, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert and an arrangement of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song." In Mozart's "Pastoral Varié" she demonstrated a technique and a sympathy of tonal shading far beyond her years. The large audience applauded enthusiastically and stayed for three encores at the close of the program.

AT THE LEXINGTON.

(Reprinted from yesterday's *Lat* and *29 editions.*)

We had always assumed that Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture was, like the "William Tell" selection, the best part of the opera—until we heard the German Opera Company give it last night. Then we found that we had done it a cruel wrong. For "The Merry Wives" is one "overture" opera that makes good.

One hardly knows whether to give Nicolai or Shakespeare the more credit for the success of the piece. Mosenthal, the German librettist, probably deserves the most after all, for he had the good sense to stick as closely as possible to Shakespeare's comedy in making his operatic version, thus giving Nicolai a book that is as nearly actor-proof as can be imagined.

This "Merry Wives" is mostly about Falstaff, with the love story of Fenton and Anne figuring as a mere incident. Bardolph, Pistol, Nym and Sir Hugh are gone, with only Slender and Caius left to proxy them. After an introductory scene in which Mistress Ford and Mistress Page receive and compare Falstaff's identical love notes, the principal episodes are the affair of the clothes basket, the beating at Ford's hands, and the episode of the mock fairies in the park.

Nicolai's music sounds like the great-grandmother of all the musical comedies in the world—and not such a scoldish great-grandmother at that. It has humor and rhythm and tunefulness, and has them in a manner that is amazingly modern. Wagner may owe much to Weber and Liszt, but it would take a whole Reparations Commission to estimate the debt that Arthur Sullivan and Julian Edwards and

Victor Herbert owe to Nicolai. The Merry Wives are the well-preserved aunts of the Merry Widow.

Marcella Sembrich sang Mistress Ford (Frau Fluth) when last "The Merry Wives" was performed at the Metropolitan, in the spring of 1900. Ernestine Schumann-Heink was Mistress Page, Fritz Friedrichs was Falstaff and Andreas Dippel was Fenton. Emil Pauer was the conductor.

Last night's production could boast fewer famous names, but it did offer one incomparable performance, that of Maria Ivoguen Ivoguen in the part of Mistress Ford. The little Hungarian soprano, who was appearing as guest-artist, made as adorable a comic opera soubrette as we have ever seen. This is no light statement, for it is made by an aged playgoer who remembers Fritz Schöff's "Mlle. Modiste," back in that memorable winter of 1905.

"Soubrette" is perhaps not quite the term for Mistress Ford, but Mme. Ivoguen hardly made the character an ingenue, and was emphatically not a character-woman, so we can think of no better name. At all events, she acted with a comic spirit, a deftness of pantomime, and a charm of face and figure that made her irresistible. She sang equally well, for her voice, although dimmed somewhat by the Lexington's huge stage, was flexible and beautifully varied in color. Mme. Ivoguen is one of those priceless finds, a coloratura who can take high notes without making faces.

The others hardly equalled her performance, but many of them were excellent. Emma Bassth made a capable Mistress Page except that she proved occasionally untrustworthy as to intonation. She acted very well throughout and so did Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Schubert. Mr. Lattermann sang well as Falstaff and delivered his spoken lines with great effect; but some one ought to speak to him about makeup. His Falstaff, visually, was a cross between Marceline and one of those coconut heads that misguided friends give one at Christmas for tobacco jars. He looked ready to step off the stage into the circus ring—and one ended by devoutly wishing that he would.

There might have been a different story to tell if the performance had lacked Mr. Moerike. He conducted the score with crispness, vigor and a sense of its humorous possibilities that did wonders for it. The overture went so well that the audience (a large one) tried to encore it.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WINDSOR. comic opera in three acts. Text in German by Mosenthal, after Shakespeare's play. Music by Otto Nicolai. At the Lexington Opera House.

Mrs. Fluth.....	Emma Bassth
Mrs. Reich.....	Lotie Appel
Maid Anna.....	Benny Ziegler
Mr. Fluth.....	Erik Schubert
Mr. Reich.....	Desider Zador
Dr. Caius.....	Johannes Scheurich
Fenton.....	Harry Steier
Junker Sphaerlich.....	Franc Silberstorff
Three Citizens.....	Friedrich Graef
Waiter.....	Benny Frank
Conductor.....	Jean Gorres

The German Opera Company at the Lexington Theatre departed into new fields of opera last evening when it gave for the first time in its New York engagement Otto Nicolai's comic opera, "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor." There was a large audience present, one that apparently filled the house. It found great amusement in the performance, and gave it much applause, not hesitating to interrupt its course to express pleasure, and calling out the principal singers and Mr. Moerike, the conductor, at the end of every act.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" has long been a popular favorite in Germany, but has never found much acceptance in this country. It was given once at the Metropolitan Opera House in Maurice Grau's régime, in the season of 1899-90. Before that it was given in English by the Castle Square Company and more sumptuously earlier by the American Opera Company at the Academy of Music in 1883. The melodious overture has been a pleasing number in concerts of a popular kind; but the opera itself was doubtless a stranger to many of those who heard it last evening.

Nicolai's setting is justly to be called one of the better Shakespearean operas. Operatic composers for a couple of hundred years have played havoc with Shakespeare's dramas in their use of them; have mutilated and distorted and slaughtered them to make an operatic holiday. Nicolai has done better than this. His work is far from having the great qualities of Verdi's "Falstaff" and is far from conveying so generously and so brilliantly the spirit of Shakespeare, either in the libretto or in the music. Mosenthal, who wrote the libretto (as he did those of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" and some other

operas that had a name in their day) was no such poet and had no such depth of appreciation and understanding of Shakespeare, as Arrigo Boito, who collaborated with Verdi.

But at least he did not mangle Shakespeare beyond recognition, as most have done who have plundered the Shakespearean drama, and Nicolai had a musician's appreciation of the opportunities spread before him, and found musical expression for the action that is frequently charming. It is fresh and spirited and unceasingly melodious; and it has, except perhaps in the tavern scene of the third act, something of the rapidity of movement, the energy, that makes it keep up with the play and prevents it from being a clog, as music so easily can be.

And if the music has not the high distinction, the fine fibre and brilliancy and rich texture, or the modern spirit that makes Verdi's "Falstaff" so remarkable, it has no little grace and obvious gaiety after its fashion. It can hardly be denied that the fashion seems today a little old; for the music has not tasted of immortality. But last night showed clearly that old age is not counted against it.

The performance was made possible by an addition to the German company of Mme. Maria Ivoguen, the German coloratura soprano, who has been heard here in concert and in a very few performances of opera by the Chicago company. There was nobody in the company as originally constituted who could have sung the part of Frau Fluth, as the name of Shakespeare's merry wife is Teutonicized.

The performance, it may be said, was pretty well wrecked from a Shakespearean basis and was invaded by a good deal of the farcical. But why should purists complain of this, when every bit of interpolated farcing was sure of its responsive laughter? A considerable element of this was introduced by Mr. Lattermann's Falstaff, beginning with his makeup. Falstaff was not an oversized gorilla. He was fat and foolish, not only witty himself, but a cause of wit in others. Mr. Lattermann's conception had something against it. There were one or two others who had a similarly elementary conception of the humor of their parts. And by so much was the value of the performance diminished, unless it was chiefly meant to make the unthinking laugh.

Mr. Lattermann, however, did a good many things well, including his singing—when he did not flatter us was frequently the case in his upper tones. Mme. Ivoguen was, of course, a centre of great interest in the performance. She was of adorable grace and mischievous archness and good to look upon.

The part of Frau Fluth is considerably given to coloratura, and much of this Mme. Ivoguen sang brilliantly. Her voice also had much beauty of quality, especially when it was not called upon for much power. But when it was, and, alas, also on other occasions, it was seldom firmly on the pitch; it was often above it. For those who prefer to hear singing in tune, this was a serious blemish on her performance. A large portion of the audience, if they felt thus about it, carefully concealed their feelings and put no stint upon their applause.

Mme. Emma Bassth's rich contralto served her well in the part of Frau Reich. Benny Ziegler's Fluth and Desider Zador's Dr. Caius were commendable, and Johannes Scheurich sang well, if with a somewhat hard voice, as Fenton.

Mr. Moerike conducted with great energy and worked hard to secure a good performance. It indeed went with abundance of spirit, but the tone of the orchestra was something that his efforts could not beautify. The chorus of men, especially in what it briefly sings in the third act, was excellent. Scenic beauty and appropriateness are not the strong points of the German company's presentations and they were not notable in this one. But the scenery was sufficient.

Most ardent last night. Among Ivoguen's most ardent admirers is that supreme judge of bel canto, Mme. Sembrich. She herself at one time was seen and heard, with Schumann-Heink, too, in Nicolai's opera, which, however, proved too slight for the huge Metropolitan. That was in 1900. It had been done four years before that by Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber's American Opera Company, of which Theodore Thonas was the conductor.

At the third performance of the adorable "Hänsel and Gretel" yesterday afternoon there was again a large audience of, mostly, children, who enjoyed the fairy tale and the music tremendously. The new Hänsel was the appropriately slight Elinor Marlo, the light opera favorite. Her singing and acting were equally enjoyable.

The Metropolitan also had a German opera yesterday—the fascinating "Mona Lisa" of Max Schillings, with Mme. Kemp and Michael Bohnen, as always, in the leading parts. This also, was heard by a large and much interested audience.

Dorothy Gordon, Soprano, in Debut

Dorothy Gordon, a débutante soprano of personal charm and pleasing voice, light and birdlike in its lack, as yet, of emotional shading, gave her first recital at the Town Hall last night before an audience that lined her path on the stage with roses. Of French airs, she repeated Chausson's "Serenade Italienne," while among the German she sang Schumann's "Kuftraege" with Der Sandmann. Frank Bibb assisted at the piano in lyrics also of Italian, Russian and American composers, the last including Sibella, Mana Zucca and John Carpenter.

Olga Warren in Soprano Songs

Olga Warren gave a program of piano songs yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall for a large audience, which expressed much enjoyment. A group of German songs was well chosen and gave the singer abundant opportunities for displaying a wide range of clear, rich tones and an individual style of singing. A reputation was demanded of her as "Ich und Du," and she sang a number of encores. Harry Gilbert played the accompaniments.

30 By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society's concert last evening was devoted to music of which Tchaikowsky's first piano concerto was the least modern. The other works were Albert Roussel's "Pour une Fête de Printemps"; Henri Rabaud's "Eclogue, a Virgilian Poem" and Ernest Schelling's fantasia, "A Victory Ball."

Roussel's piece was played for the first time in New York. His "Festins d'Arraignés" and part of his "Evocations" have been heard here. But since he wrote these he has gone over into the camp of the most modern; and this late work is written in their style. It does not seem to mark an advance. There is nothing mystifying in it, unless it be the question whether there are three or five connected sections or movements; not a very important one.

There are undoubtedly in it several quite paltry little themes that are worked pretty hard in the way of reiteration rather than development, a good deal of sour harmony in inimical tonalities, and orchestration that is not notable for beauty or delicacy or refinement of color. The whole falls singularly to convey a suggestion of the smiling grace of Spring or of any festal feeling of its approach.

Mengelberg gave it a carefully studied and clearly articulated performance, one that exposed only too plainly the poverty of the invention and elaboration of the piece. Mr. Roussel did not show such qualities in his earlier compositions that have been heard here. Is it necessary, when entering the brotherhood of modernism, to take the vow of poverty?

Mr. Rabaud is well known not to be a modernist in the technical sense, but his "Eclogue" could not be anyhow "modern," because it was written twenty-five years ago, before "modernism" had been invented. In his opera "Marouf," heard at the Metropolitan, he showed brilliant skill in the use of the orchestra. The "Eclogue" has nothing of this kind of skill. It is written for a small orchestra, with no noise-making instruments and even with no trombone. It is delicately and graciously pastoral, advertising its pastoral character by the prominence of the oboe, and melodious in the older and well recognized sense of that word. It is unobtrusive and restrained, and if it has not the highest distinction, it has real charm. And here, in this writing for orchestra, there is a tone skill of one sort, that secures delightful effects by the simplest means and by an economy of effort.

It is only a few weeks since Mr. Schelling's fantasia based on Alfred Noyes's striking poem was first played here by the Philadelphia Orchestra. The performance last evening by Mr. Mengelberg seemed to declare a surer and more complete mastery of its unusual difficulties. It was highly impressive in the way that the composer intended it to be. Its purpose is, through its vivid descriptive quality, in part an ethical one, and to these things the purely musical side is, to a certain extent, subordinated.

It is rich in imagination, in plastic fantasy that can conjure the visions that Alfred Noyes calls up in his poem, and the composer is successful in the riotous picturing of his elaborate orchestral effects, with a suggestion beneath it of something more significant and more ominous than picturing.

The composition made again, as it did before, a deep impression upon the audience and Mr. Schelling was enthusiastically applauded and was given the consciousness of success, which he wished to share with Mr. Mengelberg and the members of the orchestra.

Frederic Lamond, pianist, was the soloist. His performance of Tchaikowsky's concerto was a really masterly one, making no revelations in music that has become so familiar, it was distinguished not only by abundant power and sweep, but by an individual musical quality that put something more than power and sweep into it.

CHANGE IN OPERAS.

"Aida" Replaces "William Tell" When Danise Develops a Cold.

"Aida" and not "William Tell" was sung at the Metropolitan last night and placarded all over the lobbies, the change of opera having been decided on late in the day when Mr. Danise, who sings the Swiss patriot, was seized with a heavy cold. The baritone's throat congestion was so acute that Mr. Gatti at once announced Mr. De Luca in his place both in "Andrea Chenier" tomorrow afternoon and in "L'Africain" next Monday.

Spring weather on the present vengeful order had caused three changes of opera in a fortnight, the impetuosity said, after a winter of singular good fortune in that regard—not an opera nor a leading rôle changed up to the next Monday. A familiar cast in "Aida" last night comprised the Misses Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Martinelli, Zanelli, Mardones and d'Angeli, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted

By Deems Taylor

THE PHILHARMONIC.

(Continued from yesterday's late editions.)

At the Philharmonic concert last night in Carnegie Hall Mr. Mengelberg stood his program on its head, ending with the soloist (it was Frederick Lamond, giving a masterly performance of the Chalkovsky B-flat minor concerto) and beginning with an orchestral novelty. The result was interesting and, as a change, refreshing.

The novelty was Albert Roussel's sketch, "Pour une Fete de Printemps." It was followed by Henri Rabaud's "Eclogue." Between them, the two furnished an instructive study in what might be called the consanguinity of the antithetical. Roussel is famous for having begun his musical life as a post-Franckian and having suddenly branched out, in his fifty-third year, as an apostle of Milhaud, Camille & Co. Last night's composition was the original symptom (Concerts Colonne, Paris, Oct. 29, 1921) of the branching-out process.

It is a comparatively short work, executed along the now familiar polytonal lines, dissonant in its harmonic scheme, but not noisily so, and containing a rather greater number of delectable melodic passages than most products of its school. A good deal of muting goes on during its performance, for there are "con sordini" passages for almost everything but the woodwinds. The rhythmic structure hints at American jazz influences.

Rabaud's work is much more naive at first blush, for it is a straightforward pastorate, tuneful in the style of Faure, harmonized along strictly orthodox lines, and skillfully scored for a comparatively small orchestra.

Yet, different as the two compositions sounded, outwardly, we could not help wondering who could tell them apart twenty years from now. For two decades hence the Rabaud eclogue will sound rather obvious and mild-mannered—but probably no more so than it did last night. But the Roussel piece seems likely to sound equally mild-mannered and obvious inside of twenty years. Mr. Roussel's radicalism is rather of the parlor variety, after all.

His dissonances are daring enough, but in a few years they will wear smooth and his music will have to get along on its structural and thematic merits. These struck us as decidedly scant. The structure was fair, but not impressive, and the themes were the same sort of diatonic tunes that Mr. Rabaud had written, except that they had less distinction and were queerly harmonized. Tweedle-Dee was, at heart, not at all unlike Tweedle-Dum.

The only other number on the program was Ernest Schelling's "A Victory Ball," which the Philadelphia Orchestra had introduced to us not long ago. It was excellently played and loudly applauded. Mr. Schelling bowed from the platform while the orchestra rose in his honor.

OTHER MUSIC.

Margaret Northrup, singing yesterday afternoon in a recital in Aeolian Hall, is another of the Holy Week rush of soloists whose capacities proved less pleasing than the program designed as their vehicle. She offered a fresh and varied collection of songs in the standard four languages (with an agreeable minimum of old Italian masters), but presented her material without particular distinction of technique or natural gifts. Her voice was thin, cold and distressingly unvaried. Even without the initial nervousness, she presented no exceptional qualifications for public appearance at present. In the words of a recent novel, however, "Coenraad V. Bos was a sympathetic accompanist."

In the evening, the illness of Glueppi Danise was given out by the Metropolitan management as a reason for changing the bill from the announced "William Tell" to "Aida." It was sung by Misses Peralta and Jordan, and Messrs. Martinelli, Zaccari and Mardones in the principal roles. The usual sized house showed no resentment at the change of offering.

At the Lexington, Nicolai's "Merry Ives of Windsor," revived the night before last, was repeated with the

same cast as at the premiere, including the delightful Maria Ivogun as Mistress Fluth, her second and last appearance with the company as guest artist. A large and responsive house justified the judgment of the management in choosing this revival. A. C.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic Society's final Thursday concert took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. Other entertainments of the ancient and honorable body remain to be given, but there will be no more on Thursday evening till next season. The program consisted of Roussel's "Pour une Fete de Printemps," Rebaud's "Eclogue," Ernest Schelling's "Victory Ball" and Tschalkowsky's first piano concerto, with Frederic Lamond at the piano.

The composition of Albert Roussel was heard for the first time in this city. M. Roussel has achieved the uncommon distinction of two reputations, and indeed two musical personalities, one belonging to the ante bellum period and the other to the existence he has known since he returned in broken health from the inferno around Verdun. Before the war he was a star pupil of the Schola Cantorum under Vincent d'Indy and composed somewhat after the manner of Cesar Franck.

The war liberated his soul and he began to write (not too slavishly, indeed) like those soaring searchers of the harmonic infinite, the members of the Group of Six. The work revealed last night dates from 1920, and is therefore a creation of M. Roussel, the veteran.

It is a pity that space does not permit the republication here of the program notes furnished the audience from the pen of Lawrence Gilman. His essay on M. Roussel's spring fantasy is one of the most complete, enlightening and charmingly written pieces of program annotation ever brought before this public.

One can heartily agree with Mr. Gilman that Roussel has a "guilty sense of beauty and his acidities are not extreme enough to pucker the lips of the Muse." There is melody only half disguised in modern disharmony, and there is lively fancy in the thematic material and the development of the composition.

But the work is haunted with the unconquerable presence of Paris. Spring rises from the melting snows and bares her feet among the venturesome flowers. Out of the shadows beneath the nude trees in the Bois de Boulogne troop the slim dryads to dance to the first music of the rising year, but when they come close we see that they are midnettes in masquerade.

The wild goat leaps upon the hill (of Montmartre) what time Pan shrills his pipes along the valley streams near the Louvre. But lo! Pan wears a top hat and a swallow tail coat and curls his fierce mustachios like a boulevardier. And when he has blown away the night and the breath of morn wafts the echoes under the boughs, the midnettes attune their voices to love songs sighed among muted strings and lascivious flutes with strange half whispered references to that "simple sensuous being" who ate grapes and pursued his own dryads in the ever blooming "Apres-Midi."

M. Henri Prunieres wrote notes on the work when it was given in Amsterdam and said that it called up festivals of Far Eastern countries visited by Roussel when he was a naval officer. But it seems incredible that these midnettes ever saw the streets of Cairo or this Pan whistled intoxicated dances for the bacchantes in Antioch or Tyre.

Mr. Rabaud's little eclogue sounded like spring gone to sleep after Mr. Roussel had awakened her, and Mr. Schelling rudely dragged the audience into war time Paris and the horrors of the tango and fox trot. This composer at least was present to receive the plaudits of the public. About Mr. Lamond and the B-flat concerto of the Russian master nothing need be said to-day. The orchestra played well last evening, and Mr. Melgelberg conducted with his habitual enthusiasm.

Margaret Northrup Welcomed. Margaret Northrup, soprano, made a modest but promising debut in Aeolian Hall yesterday, singing with a voice often of bell-toned clarity and beauty, though she had not physical or technical power for maintaining that quality or for much approach to dramatic expression. Among old airs she gave Munro's "My Lovely Cella" and

"Faust" Sung in Yiddish.

Gounod's "Faust" was sung in Yiddish translation for the first time at Thomashevy's Theatre, Second Avenue and Houston Street, last evening. The singers included, as Marguerite, Ruth Coleman; Siebel, Leona Sherwin; Martha, Belle Fromme; Faust, Leon Faustofsky; Mephistopheles, Martin Herodes; Valentine, David Yaroslavsky; and Wagner, Mr. Tannenbaum. Emile Coleman conducted.

March 31 1923

Flotow's 'Marta'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The merry springtime was made even merrier at the Lexington Theater last evening by a performance of Friedrich von Flotow's "Marta." The Wagnerian singers having dwelt long by the shores of the Rhine and solemnly contemplated the building and the destruction of Walhalla, lately began to make excursions into the domain of lighter operas.

Of course there is nothing new in a German performance of "Marta." It belongs to the repertory of any German opera house. Opera goers here are so accustomed to hearing it in Italian that they have come to regard it as an Italian opera, but it is truly Teutonic, in spite of its high notes and its florid passages.

It was heard at the Lexington Theater last evening by an audience of good size. It was heartily applauded. There could be no question that the audience enjoyed it. There was another "guest" singer in the cast, Mme. Claire Dux, who was heard here with the Chicago Opera Company and also in concert, temporarily joined the ranks of the Wagnerian festival singers to impersonate the utterly bored Lady Harriet, who donned serving maid's garments in order to get some spice into her life and then fell in love with her employer and made him a melodious present of the last rose of summer.

Whether the company contained no singer capable of grappling with Flotow's music must remain a matter of conjecture. Certain it is that Mme. Dux's efforts were entirely honorable, but not perfectly satisfactory. She emitted many astonishing tones and delivered florid music in masses. Nor can it be said that she was as sprightly or as melancholy as the alternating moods of the part demanded.

Mme. Ottilie Metzger was to have sung Nancy, but she was indisposed and her place was taken by Miss Emma Baasch, who has made a record for endurance and general versatility. Florid music, however, is not her field, but she was very pleasing as Nancy in spite of that. Robert Hutt was the Lionel. He did not omit a single one of the historic high notes associated with the role. On the contrary he sang the music quite commendably, but his acting left much to be imagined.

Alexander Kipnis made a more brilliant success as Hagen in "Goetterdammerung" than as Plunkett in

"Marta." He was not at home, and apparently he knew it. Benno Ziegler as Tristan subtracted considerable comedy from the role and the opera. Ernest Knoch conducted well.

ANTONIO NIELI IN SONGS.

Antonio Niel, barytone, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last evening. His program contained groups of Italian, French and English songs. It included Carlsmin's "Vittoria, mia core!" Catalani's "Dacio morto," "Buona Zaza," by Leoncavallo, songs by Delibes, Chausson, D'Hardiel, Mendelssohn's "O Lord, God of Abraham," and compositions by Ireland, Mana-Zucca and others.

Mr. Niel's voice was not impressive, but it possessed some agreeable qualities which were apparently to the taste of a sympathetic audience.

"MARTHA," opera in three acts and six scenes. Book in German by W. Friedrich, based on a Parisian ballet by St. George. Music by Friedrich von Flotow. At the Lexington Opera House. Lady Harriet (Marta).....Claire Dux Nancy.....Emma Baasch Sir Tristan.....Benno Ziegler Plunkett.....Alexander Kipnis Lionel.....Robert Hutt Three maidservants.....Christel Luecker Therese Bergel Else Lichterfeld Heinrich Zwilling Two farmers.....Franz Barty Servants to Harriet.....Friedrich Meler Rudolph Michaelis Felix Berghorn Sheriff of Richmond.....Erik Schubert Conductor, Ernest Knoch.

The "Groves of Blarney," to give a forgotten name to that Irish melody to which Tom Moore wrote "The Last

Rose of Summer," blossomed anew last evening at the Lexington, where the Berlin singers revived Flotow's "Marta" as the fifteenth and final production of their New York engagement of seven weeks, ending tonight. Claire Dux appeared as the last "guest artist," among her companions being Mme. Metzger, Messrs. Hutt and Lattermann, in the famous "Spinning" and "Good Night" quartet. Others of the company assisted in the German composer's melodious ensembles of merry England and Richmond Fair in the reign of Queen Anne. The opera will be repeated this afternoon, again with Miss Dux.

Flotow's "Marta" was last sung in Italian at the Metropolitan three seasons ago, in the last year but one of Caruso, for whom it was staged a score of times by that. Comed gave it ten times in his five years, Abbey and Grau but seven in two decades. Its original version is curiously missing from records of the Metropolitan's early German seasons, but for English companies, by reason of its sense and a famous borrowed song, it has been a perennial favorite. Prima donnas from Patti and Ullson down have sung "The Last Rose" in Italian, while Sembrich and Hempel often repeated the air in English on an encore.

'Parsifal' Opera

The annual Good Friday performance of Wagner's sacred festival play "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon was attended by an audience which crowded the auditorium to the walls. The representation as a whole was on a high plane of excellence and the impression it created was evidently profound.

Save one member, the cast was the same as at a recent hearing of the work at a Saturday matinee. Mr. Harrold, in place of Mr. Tauscher, sang the title role. His voice was well adapted to his music and he acted with understanding. Mr. Bohnen as Gurnemans was a dominating factor when on the stage both by his fine voice and singing and for his splendid acting.

Mme. Kemp as Kundry was active and showed much sincerity. Her singing was forcible rather than finished. Mr. Whitehill was admirable as Amfortas and Mr. Chulzendorf won praise as Klingsor. The flower maidens sang commendably. Mr. Bodanzky at the head of the orchestra kept his forces at all times well in hand and the voices of the singers were always permitted to be heard.

In the evening Verdi's "Traviata" was repeated, with Miss Bori again as the heroine and Mr. Lauri-Volpi as the Uredo. Mr. De Luca sang the German.

Others in a familiar cast were Mmes. Anthony and Matfield and Messrs. Picro, Bada, D'Angelo and Floch. Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio headed the ballet. The performance was a brilliant one and evidently delighted the large audience. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

March 31 1923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Erno Dohnanyi's Piano Recital.

Erno Dohnanyi, Hungarian pianist, composer and conductor, comes to New York late in the season, and to a public jaded by much music; but his return is welcome to concert-goers who prefer musicianship to virtuosity. He has already appeared with orchestra in New York this season as the conductor of a composition of his own. Yesterday afternoon he appeared in Carnegie Hall as a pianist, and also as a composer, for some of his own compositions were on his program.

Mr. Dohnanyi as a pianist is interested exclusively in the music he is playing and not in his own powers as an executant. So far as the public is made aware, his only concern with these is to make them subservient to his interpretation. This was perhaps most conspicuously shown yesterday in his playing of two compositions by Beethoven, with which he began his recital: the thirty-two variations on the short theme in C minor, and the sonata in A-flat, Op. 26. The variations are found sometimes dull and crabbed; they can easily be made to sound so, and with difficulty made to sound otherwise. But Mr. Dohnanyi penetrated their real value and set it forth.

He played them with imagination and a certain intensity; with something of the freedom of an improvisation. He made them so played, in fact, absorbingly interesting. The sonata he played with the utmost directness and simplicity; with an attempt only at expressing the not deeply recondite spirit of the music.

A widely divergent path was taken by Liszt's Sonata which came after Beethoven's, and Mr. Dohnanyi followed it with due faithfulness, with technical power, with much, if not all,

of its luxurious extravagance. He gave us an encore one of Liszt's consolations. Four shorter pieces of his own and one of the waltz transcriptions that are a necessary part nowadays of a pianist's baggage closed the program.

The first was a singularly charming pastorella, based on a Hungarian Christmas carol, whose heart-felt simplicity was not spoiled in the transcription. A capriccio and an aria from his Op. 23 showed a poetic turn and showed also that he did not pursue the Brahms vein that has been found in some of Mr. Dohnanyi's compositions. A "Marche Humoresque" was found attractive by the audience. His transcription was of the charming waltz from Delibes's ballet of "Naila," made with much expertness.

Wagnerian Festival Ends

The Wagnerian opera festival reached its end yesterday with many present to wish the German company a vociferous farewell. Their last offering was a generous one. It included parts of three Wagner operas, and bade fair to last some time over four hours. The second act of "Tannhauser" was the first course, served some forty-five minutes behind time, with Meta Seinemeyer as Elisabeth, Mr. Kipnis as the King and Mr. Ziegler as Wolfram. Mr. Knote had been announced as Tannhauser, but the hero proved to be Mr. Lussman, whose tones were somewhat tightened. Mme. Seinemeyer's performance was creditable.

There was prolonged applause, and Mr. Knoch, conducting, mounted the stage with the rest. A conductor in conventional garb would seem rather an incongruous figure in a mediæval setting, but such is custom. Then came the last act of "Die Walküre," in which Mme. Lorenz Hoellischer's tones had their usual strong but metallic ring as Brunnhilde. Marcella Roeseler (who, it is said, has been engaged by the Metropolitan) was Sieglinde. Mr. Lattmann's voice was not exactly Wotan-like, but he worked hard, and the final notes brought out even louder ap-

plause, more curtain-calls, with Mr. Moerike, even as Mr. Knoch, taking his place with the others by Brunnhilde's rock.

"Die Meistersinger" Follows

In all probability the third act of "Die Meistersinger" had even a heart-reception. There were undoubtedly countless curtain calls, perhaps a speech. But, unfortunately, it was too late to hear Friedrich Schorr as Hans Sachs, with Robert Hutt as Walther, Elise Wuhler as Eva and Mr. Zador as Beckmesser. It was almost eleven after "Die Walküre" and it appeared that Easter would be well advanced before the final chorus, which, it was estimated, would take place toward 12:30 or later.

"Martha" was the afternoon opera, with Claire Dux once more as Lady Harriet and Emma Basseth as Nancy, while Mr. Scheurich replaced Robert Hutt as the sentimental Lionel. Plunkett was Alexander Kipnis, who, it is said, will join the Chicago Opera, while rumor persists concerning the Metropolitan engagement of Friedrich Schorr. Thus, with the final strains of "Die Meistersinger," ends the unbroken seven weeks of German opera—nine Wagner works and six other operas, including Beethoven's "Fidelio," Weber's "Freischütz," "Hansel and Gretel," "Die Fledermaus," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Martha"—a series which proved, on the whole, unexpectedly successful.

Day at Metropolitan

"Andrea Chenier" was given in the afternoon at the Metropolitan, with Mr. Gigli producing his usual effect in the title role, likewise Rosa Ponselle as Madeleine. With Mr. Danise still in the grip of his severe cold, Mr. De Luca assumed the part of Gerard. He had last sung it twenty-two years ago at Parma, but he had not forgotten it. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

An atmosphere of rollicksome good humor pervaded the Metropolitan last night, when "The Barber of Seville" was sung with unwonted gusto and exceptionally good sense for the humorous qualities of this opera. Mr. Chamlee made a handsome and well sung Count; the doddering but determined Doctor was well acted and sung with keen understanding for the subtleties of this role by Pompilio Malatesta. Nina Morgana was a charming, flirtatious and teasing Rosina, singing easily and in fine voice and endowing this character with considerable grace. Miss Morgana looked just as Rosina should look, young, slender and Spanish.

Mr. De Luca, as the sly Figaro, and Mr. Mardones, as the music master, distinguished themselves for excellent singing and for the considerable humor which they gave their roles.

Fiorello was sung by Mr. Reschiglian, the role of Berta given an excellent portrayal by Marie Mattfeld and the Official was sung by Mr. Audisio.

Mr. Papi conducted to a crowd somewhat smaller than on recent Saturday nights.

THORNG HEARS KREISLER.

Violinist Again Displays His Great Art in Carnegie Hall.

Fritz Kreisler, playing in Carnegie Hall last night to a house sold out ever since he had last appeared there, gave his admirers again the pleasure of great art and great musicianship in terms of solo violin. He played with Carl Lamson the G-major sonata of Brahms and the favorite concerto of Mendelssohn, translating the austere beauty of the one as magically as he transmuted into golden beauty what too often is mere prettiness in the other. Of lesser pieces, he added the Wagner-Wilhelm's "Stegfried" paraphrase, C. M. Loeffler's arrangement of "Chabrier's" "Scherze-Valse" and his own versions of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance" and "Slavonic Fantasy."

Jascha Heifetz Plays Farewell.

Jascha Heifetz made his farewell appearance in a matinee recital yesterday at Carnegie Hall, his fourth in New York this season, in which the violinist gave first place to a work unfamiliar to most hearers, the violin sonata in B minor by Respighi. The romantic work bears repeating. Its suggestion of antique style, of classic background, like that of the composer's orchestral "Fountains of Rome," was deftly indicated by Heifetz and his assisting pianist, Samuel Chitziuff. The audience applauded Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," and shorter pieces of Mozart, Schubert, Sarasate and Achron's "Hebrew Lullaby."

Edna Thomas Charms at Selwyn.

Edna Thomas, the young singer from Louisiana who has won a considerable and select local following through her programs of creole and Southern plantation songs, appeared last evening in the Selwyn Theatre, where she charmed a good-sized Sunday audience.

A larger audience than usually attends the regular popular Sunday concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House was present last evening to hear an Easter program which gave the "William Tell" Overture as an opening number, followed by special offerings in which Mmes. Marie Sundellus and Jeanne Gordon and Messrs. Curt Taucher, Carl Schlegel, Gustav Schuetzendorf, Leon Rothier, William Gustafson and the entire Metropolitan Orchestra took part.

Under the direction of Giulio Seth, the "Tannhauser" march was sung with chorus and orchestra, prayer (Act I) and finale from "Lohengrin" was given by Mmes. Sundellus and Gordon and Messrs. Taucher, Schuetzendorf, Schlegel and Gustafson; other offerings, being Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris" and the prologue from "Mefistofele."

Resume of New York Symphony's Season

The New York Symphony Orchestra ended its forty-fifth season with a concert in Aeolian Hall last Sunday afternoon, March 25. During the fall and winter the Symphony Society men were heard in 100 concerts, including the twelve pairs of subscription concerts in Carnegie Hall, sixteen Sunday afternoons in Aeolian Hall, the series of six Young People's concerts in Carnegie Hall, four Children's concerts in Aeolian Hall, others in Town Hall, High School, Jolson Theatre, six in Brooklyn, and thirty-nine out of town.

In addition to other tours the New York Symphony Orchestra visited Philadelphia and Baltimore five times each and made ten appearances in Washington.

Walter Damrosch conducted sixty-seven concerts; the guest conductors Albert Coats and Bruno Walter directed twenty-three and three respectively and Rene Pollain led seven.

Novelties which Mr. Damrosch presented for first performances were: "Le Carnaval des Animaux" by Saint-Saens; the Ballet Fantôme, "Dame Libellule" by Blais Fairchild; Tommasini's Symphonic Poem, "Il Beato Regno;" "Fantastic Music of the Night" by Ernst Toch; Deems Taylor's Suite, "Through the Looking Glass," Dohnanyi's Violin Concerto in D; and Edward Burlingame Hill's Suite, "Stevensonsland" No. 2.

Other works programmed for the first time at the Symphony Society concerts were: Liadow's "From the Apocalypse;" Mozart's Symphony in C (B and II No. 28), the Suite "La Pisanella," by Pizzetti and Scialoja's

Suite for String Quartet and String Orchestra.

Wagner led with fourteen excerpts played during the season; Mozart had twelve compositions; Brahms, eleven, and Beethoven and Tschaiakowsky appeared on the programs six times each.

The soloists who appeared as the assisting artists with the New York Symphony Orchestra during the season were:

Pianists—Alexander Siloti, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Alfred Cortot, Guy Maier, Lee Pattison, Artur Schnabel, Leopold Damrosch Mannes, Mischa Levitzki, Ernest Schelling, Mieczyslaw Munz, Myra Hess, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Paderewski.

Violinists—Paul Kochanski, Albert Spalding, Gustave Tintot and Erna Rubinstein.

Cellists—Pablo Casals, Lucien Schmit and Felix Salmond.

Flutist—George Barrere.

Vocalists—Emma Calve, Frieda Hempel, Maris Ivogun, Sigrid Onegin, Ruth Blackman Rodgers, Richard Crooks, Elsa Stralia, John Barclay, Lucrezia Bori and Reinald Werrenrath.

French Barytone And Greek Tenor

Though the music season wanes, singers still are braving audiences at Aeolian and Town halls, and there was one for either hall last night. Louis Chartier, barytone, sang at Aeolian Hall in a program which was, as his name implied, largely French, with Grétry's aria "O Richard, O mon Roi" as the opening, and songs by Duparc, Ravel, Saint-Saens, Alexis Constant and G. Couture to follow. He had a voice of fair volume, a certain amount of animation and very fair diction, but his tone could not be called a smooth one. It had a rough edge which sometimes became a tremolo, with a general impression of no little vocal force, but without polish. Accompanied by Wilfrid Pelletier, he went on to Italian and American numbers by MacDowell, Deems Taylor and others. The program was shared by a pianist, Mildred Largie, who had a vigorous manner, indeed, but an unpolished one.

Constantinos Petropoulos, a Greek tenor, was announced at Town Hall, but those who came at 8:15 found an hour to wait—this, it was said, being due to the fact that Mr. Dell' Orefice, the accompanist, had business at the Metropolitan. Mr. Petropoulos's program began at 9:15, but was far from confined to him and was shared by Giuseppe Adami, violinist; Laura Robertson, soprano, and Adolfo Pandolfi, barytone, while still another soprano proved to be indisposed. Mr. Petropoulos had a voice—one that undoubtedly could be heard afar off, but of the type that tries the ear-drums and creates a feeling of uncertainty about high notes. It was sound, amply sound, but in the rough, at least in "Celeste Aida" and "E Lucevan le Stelle."

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Meyerbeer's "L'Africana" was presented to the Monday subscribers at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The opera was heard by a large audience and the applause was of a nature to show that great pleasure was obtained by the assembly. There had been some doubt as to the representative of the dusky Nelusko, the barytone savage, who after the habit of operatic barytones is unfortunate in love.

Giuseppe Danise, who impersonated Nelusko at the one previous performance of the work, had been ill and was unable to appear as Gerard in "Andre Chenier" on Saturday. On that occasion Mr. de Luca was summoned to sing a part which had been unused in his repertory for twenty-two years.

However, he did not have to sing Nelusko, which he had not done for twenty-five years. Mr. Danise had recovered and was quite able to deliver the music of Meyerbeer in his usual telling manner. Mr. Gigli was heard again as Vasco di Gama, one of the ablest seamen in all opera. The tenor again had a brilliant success, though it must be confessed that his best friends would be glad if he would be more considerate of his voice. He is such an excellent singer that it is unnecessary for him to try to arouse audiences by sheer dynamics. Furthermore, it will not benefit his voice, but is likely to take away from it some of the smoothness and mellowness which are its greatest charms.

One change in the cast calls for special mention. Mme. Marie Sundellus replaced Miss Queena Mario as Inez. Such changes in Metropolitan casts are incidental to the numerous requirements of the theater. They do not mean that the first singer was not satisfactory. Mme. Sundellus sang the music well. She can always be trusted to sing agreeably and to meet the conventional calls of such a role as Inez.

Miss Rosa Ponselle had her second opportunity to warble the melodious measures of *Selika*, to rule for a brief half hour over an island kingdom and to die of quick poison under the deadly manzanilla tree. She was in good voice and sang well. Mr. Didur as Don Pedro, Paolo Ananian as Don Diego and Mr. Rothier as the two high priests, Catholic and Brahmin, were the other competent principals. The spectacular features of the opera were well displayed. The ship blew up impressively and the ballet danced vivaciously. Mr. Lodanzky conducted again with excellent judgment.

VIRGINIA MYERS' DANCES.

Artist's Young Daughter Displays Charm and Grace at Debut.

With great charm and grace and freedom for self-consciousness Virginia Myers, the sixteen-year-old interpretive dancer, daughter of the well-known artist and painter of cast side life, Jerome Myers, made her public debut last night at Carnegie Hall with an excellent house and enthusiastic applause. It was not a first appearance, for the young dancer began her creative work as a child, has been appearing privately for a number of years and already has generous following of admirers.

It was a varied program last night of solo numbers, assisted by orchestra. Harry Bennett, conductor, and with three orchestral selections.

Miss Myers's program was varied and was accompanied by changes of costume, simple, in varying colors of soft-falling gauze. There was "Punchinello," Herbert; "In the Silence of the Night," Rachmaninoff; "Hebrew Melody," Achron and "Española," Waldeufel, which closed the first group and was charming in its vivacity and the delicately contrasting colors of costume and veils. There were Oriental and African dances, "Eastern Romance," "Religieuse," by Massenet, and the program closed with Poldini's "Poupee Valsante," gay and charming with yellow gauze and flying ribbons. There were encores and many flowers handed over the footlights at the intermission.

April 4 1925
By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Schoenberg's "Kammersinfonie."

Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphia players, who will yet have the last word in New York's orchestral season on April 17, came to town last evening for the ninth of their concerts before an audience that again crowded Carnegie Hall. In their program was the so-called "chamber symphony" of Schönberg, sugar-coated according to the taste of the auditor, on the one hand with the modern Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fête" and on the other with Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. The Schönberg work was hissed.

Schönberg's "Kammersinfonie" was played in New York by the Friends of Music in November, 1915. The performance at that time was under Mr. Stokowski's direction and the players were members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was written in 1906 and so is not quite one of the composer's most "advanced" compositions. It is not, for instance, quite so bad as the "Five Orchestral Pieces" that Mr. Stokowski played here last season. "Bad" is the word and there is no need of apologizing for it.

The themes of the "Kammersinfonie," which was written originally for fifteen instruments, a true orchestration for chamber music, but now is rearranged for an increased orchestra, cannot of themselves be called beautiful. Some of them are strongly suggestive of the later Straussian themes, which are meant to "work" and not to please. But they are for the most part discernible and intelligible as themes, differing totally therein from the "Five Orchestral Pieces." The listener is aware of an elaborate and ingenious process of thematic development, whether he can follow it through thick and thin or not. The orchestration supplies a good deal of the "thickness." It is often heavy and lacking in transparency; not the kind of orchestration that the orchestral forces employed might have suggested, or what would seem natural is a "Chamber Symphony."

Schönberg's extraordinary ideas about harmony furnish the impressions chiefly

in upon the listener by this... of it being that any of all... may be sounded together. There... need of any selection. If any is... it is of a kind that has no... to principles of beauty or even... hitherto accepted.

It is impossible for even the most will-... listener to discern in this welter... thing like tonality. That is defi-... ly abandoned. The harmonic sub-... is apparently devised in such a... way that one part shall persistently... neutralize any hint of tonality that the... others may suggest. There are occa-... passages in which the ear is... of this sort of strain. They... few and fleeting, yet they suggest... the moment beauty and something... and an utterance.

The result is that the listener is... with the idea that all this in-... leable discord is not inevitable; that... is deliberately adopted; that the com-... might have expressed himself in... manner less cryptic; that the prob-... if they are problems, that he has... in this music he has not really

lived, and that there is no solution. If there is, that it is not worth... about.

Music that has been veiled to one... generation has often been revealed to... next as a clear and intelligible ad-... vance. But it does not necessarily fol-... low that every toad ugly and venom-... was, and that all repellent music con-... tains hidden beauties waiting to be re-... vealed. The Kammer-symphonie last night... did not show the presence of a... master, the vision of a seer into un-... known realms of beauty. Will our... grandchildren see these things and smile... at the bewildered listeners of 1923? The... question is not really important, be-... wildered listeners of 1923 can only lis-... ten for themselves, and let their grand-... children shift for themselves.

There was the rare sound of hissing... amid applause last evening for the vir-... tuoso orchestra and its conductor; his-... sing that was personal and honest, ap-... plause that recognized a task performed... and that later greeted with hearty wel-... come the more frankly enjoyed, because... problematical, portions of the even-... ing's program.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

At last! Some one has finally man-... aged to extract hisses from a Car-... negie Hall audience. Leopold Stokow-... sky and the Philadelphia Orchestra... turned the trick last night with Ar-... nold Schoenberg's "Kammersympho-... nie." It was not even a new piece, at... that, for Mr. Stokowsky conducted it... (in its original chamber music form)... at one of the concerts of the Friends... of Music in the Ritz Ballroom one... Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1915... and some of last night's audience must... have heard it then.

The experience seemed to have... spoiled their tempers, for when the... applause that greeted the close of the... "Kammersymphonie" showed symp-... toms of continuing longer than the... prescribed limits of the polite and... perfunctory, many of the more con-... servative listeners began to hiss vig-... orously, with the result that pande-... monium, as we journalists call it... signed for several exciting minutes.

Just why this particular Schoen-... berg opus should have evoked such... untimely rebuttal it would be... hard to say, for the "Chamber Sym-... phony" is a far milder dose of dis-... sonance than the notorious "Five Or-... chestral Pieces" that Mr. Stokowsky... offered us last year.

It is a Schoenberg standing where... brook and river meet, a Schoenberg... all looking back a little wistfully at... the chromatic romanticism of "Verk-... kerte Nacht" and not yet quite ready... to plunge into the vortex of polytony... and atony and other horrors. There... is a good deal of Strauss in this music... some Wagner and a trace of Debussy... here is likewise, it must be admitted... considerable Schoenberg. Many of... the themes have the profile of a real... musical personality, and the piece... even in its wildest moments, betrays... an admirable sense of structure... coupled with a technical ease in han-... dling musical material that is little... short of mastery.

The symphony is in one movement... whose subdivisions correspond with... the opening, scherzo, lento and finale... the traditional symphony form. The... introductory section falls most... familiarly upon the average ear. Its... treatment is Straussian, but it has... power and occasional great beauty.

The scherzo, although perhaps the... most drastic of all, harmonically, is... wonderfully close-knit, and of im-... mense sardonic power. The lento... likewise, has its moments, although... Schoenberg seems to have little ability... to say effectively the things that one... expects a lento to express. In the... slow he sticks pretty closely to the... old tone scale, with results that are... wittably monotonous. The instru-... mentation is always ingenious and... sometimes eloquent, although certain... bits of pain that the piccolo uttered

near the close seemed to voice a... strictly private rather than universal... grief.

Of course, one hearing of so com-... plex a work, particularly one written... in such an unfamiliar idiom, is not... enough. After last night's single per-... formance we can really only report... reactions. Briefly, we were moved by... some of the "Kammersymphonie,"... we admired some of it, and we loathed... some.

The program as a whole was an... admirable example of skillful building. After the murk and torment of... Schoenberg came the gold-powdered... mist of Debussy's "Nocturnes," and... after the intermission came something... for all the factions to agree upon—the... smiling fields and cheerful sunlight... of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.

OTHER MUSIC.

(Reprinted from yesterday's late... editions.)

The Metropolitan Opera Company... Emergency Fund must be many... shickels the richer to-day as a result... of the multitude which thronged to... hear the mixed program put on last... night. Like the bill which was of-... fered, the crowd was a mixed one... with many faces familiar on regular... subscription nights, and the many... others who invariably compose a... bargain-hunting audience. The pro-... gram consisted of a scene each from... "Forza del Destino," "Butterfly,"... "Aida" and "Samson." Conspicuous... among the innovations, or details in... casting rarely observed at regular... performances, were Mr. Bada's... Goro, a clear characterization in... high relief; Miss Telva's Amneris... unexpectedly dramatic and flaming... and Mr. Taucher's essay of a French... role, it is said for the first time... here. He sang "Samson" with the... semaphoric Miss Clausen as the... deceiving Philistine woman. Mr... Taucher in French is much like Mr... Taucher in German—a "rose by any... other name."

But a large crowd applauded gen-... erously and seemed to be getting... its money's worth, and the fund, if... not musical history, is the richer... therefor. A. C.

By Henry T. Finck

A strange tale comes from Vienna. In one of the suburbs of that now so... melancholy town a colony was founded... by a number of young men and wo-... men. They had heard so much about... Arnold Schoenberg and the difficulty of... understanding his advanced music. They had read somewhere that the... human ear is still in a stage of evolu-... tion and the time would come when... everybody would understand and like... Schoenberg's cacophonies. To hasten... that process they set to work system-... atically and rehearsed his "Pierrot... Lunaire" a hundred times—yes, one... hundred times. Once a week they had... snapshots taken of their ears; but... after three months they could discover... no increase in their size, and they... were still unable to find anything... likable in Schoenberg's music.

Pictures are sometimes taken of au-... diences. If this had been done in Car-... negie Hall last night it would have... found that most of the hearers'... ears, too small and unevolved to... be able to understand Schoenberg's... "Kammersymphonie," which opened... the programme of the Philadelphia... Orchestra. During the half hour it... lasted every face I could see from my... seat looked distracted, uninterested... pained, or bored. I had no mirror... but mine must have looked all of... those things at once. I felt precisely... as I do in the dentist's chair, and... judging by the abundant hisses that... were mingled with the applause at the... close, others must have felt the same... way.

The Germans are very clever at... hoaxes—the war showed that. Have... you ever read Schopenhauer's mag-... nificent tirades against the grand old... Metaphysical Hoax of Hegel, who la-... mented on his death bed that only one... man had understood him—and he... was in doubt about him. It will be... discovered some day that Einstein has... perpetrated a Mathematical Hoax... which has made him famous. And... the Musical Hoax is Schoenberg's im-... mortal achievement. He has fooled... thousands into taking him quite se-... riously.

The dictionary defines a hoax as "a... deception practiced for sport." I... strongly suspect—though I do not say... so, for I don't know him—that Schön-... berg is doing all this cacophonous... business, which makes going to a con-... cert like going to your dentist, for fun.

You read in the paper 10... ago how an English poet confessed the... his... following. What... if Schoenberg should come out with a... public confession? Wouldn't it be... awful for his followers and champions?

The "Kammersymphonie," which... Stokowski and his men played admir-... ably, makes one admire Schoenberg... hugely. He is one of the most learned... musical technicians in Europe and he... uses all his technical skill in rubbing... salt into the aural wounds caused by... his dissonances. And how clever he... is! Once in a while he lets up just... for a moment, writing strains that... seem divinely beautiful. They are... nothing but ordinary concords, but... they seem lovely by contrast, like a... ray of sunshine in a dismal rainstorm... which makes it seem an aurora... borealis.

Some of the cacophonists maintain... that the music of the future, instead... of consisting of euphony spiced with... occasional discords, will be compact of... dissonances spiced with occasional... beautiful sounds. That describes... Schoenberg's "Kammersymphonie." Is... it truly futuristic or does it illustrate... a third great M. Hoax by a wily Ger-... man?

Fuchs in Recital.

Don Rinaldi Fuchs, tenor, gave a rec-... ital last evening in the Town Hall, as-... sisted by Leo Portnoff, violinist. An air... from Giordano's "André Chenier" and... another from Halévy's "La Jolie Veu-... ve" contained a number of notes beyond the... range of the singer's voice. Mr. Port-... noff played his own compositions. The... audience was small.

Last came the pictorial *chef d'œuvre*... of the Opera House, the third and... final act of "Samson et Dalila," which... is always the glory of the combination... programme. It was such at the spe-... cial performance given for the Prince... of Wales and it has figured similarly... on many other occasions. It is easy... to see why. All dramatic and operatic... pictures must be rated second to the... gorgeously overpowering tableau re-... vealed when the curtain ascends on... this last act of "Samson." Like upon... a vast canvas depicting some Bac-... chanalian orgy, one views a *tableau*... vivant which for beauty of composi-... tion, charm of detail, mass, and color... is so magnificent that a description... can scarcely do it justice. The Temple... of Dagon is spacious and very lofty... and is supported by fluted columns... of enormous height and size. Behind... is a sky of that mysteriously beautiful... blue one sees only in the Orient, and... silhouetted against this colorful sky... is a great idol. The column bases ex-... tend upwards to a considerable height... forming a raised balcony, and upon... the steps and upon the broad column... bases is an array of beauty and color... in the personnel of the *corps du ballet*,... sitting, reclining, and posed to make... a composition of which a painter like... Makart or a David might be proud. The... costumes are variegated yet har-... monious. They half reveal and half... conceal the pulchritude of the Metro-... politan ensemble. For a few moments... the music continues and the picture is... a changeless and luxurious tableau;... then the ballet descends leisurely to... the stage and, led by the lovely Lilyan... Ogden, they plunge into a spectacular... vision that is quite too beautiful to... successfully portray in words. The... dancing of Miss Ogden is delightful in... its supple grace and is truly the... poetry of rhythmic motion. She... moves with a panther-like sure-footed... facility and charm that lends an ef-... fect of riotous abandon and voluptu-... ous delight. It is a picture that only... the opera can offer.

The Samson of Taucher was a... pathetic figure as he was led to the... two pillars that stood within the... spread of his arms in the centre. It... is always a moment of awe and trep-... idation as Samson prays for strength... and blindly feels for a secure spot... upon either column to test his return-... ing powers. Then suddenly, amid the... gibes and jeers of the assemblage, he... gives a mighty thrust and the roof... and pillars fall, and darkness and ruin... reign instead of the once glorious pic-... ture.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late... editions.)

THE ORATORIO SOCIETY.

Last year the courageous Albert... Stoessel astonished everybody, in-... cluding probably the singers, by con-... ducting the Oratorio Society in a... strikingly successful concert of un-... accompanied choral music. He re-... peated the experiment at last night's... concert in Carnegie Hall, presenting a... miscellaneous program that ranged... from motets to spirituals and that... covered three centuries of musical... history in its choice of material.

The first half of the evening was... devoted entirely to religious music—

except for a much-applauded second... interlude by George Barrere, the... flautist. Mr. Stoessel began with... Bach's motet, "Jesu, Priceless Treas-... ure," and another by Rosario Scalero... on words from the lamentations of... Jeremiah, continued with Purcell's... fine "Thou Knowest, Lord, the... Secrets of Our Hearts," and com-... pleted the devotional part of the list... with a third motet, "Crucifixion," by... Werner Josten.

The second part was devoted mainly... to folksongs, beginning with Vaughn-... Williams's arrangement of the... Marx "Mannin Veen" and continuing... with Holst's "Swansea Town" (a vic-... torious Hampshire sea-song with chro-... matic bass hummings making a fetch-... ing storm scene in the middle sec-... tion), the Belgian "La Vie Rustique,"... arranged by Deems Taylor, and Hum-... phrey Mitchell's transcription of... "Deep River." The original composi-... tions in this part included Eric De... Lamarter's "Moonrise," a madrigal by... Philip James, and Priestley-Smith's... "The Dance of the Sword."

After last year's fine a cappella con-... cert the society's work last night was... doubly disappointing. The first half... of the program was the poorest, for... even with a forbidden organ to help... them out in two of the church num-... bers the singers seemed to have great... trouble with their intonation and... brought little beauty or interest of... tone to the music. The second part... offered less daunting vocal problems... and was much better done. "Swansea... Town" was sung with infectious... spirit and the women's chorus did... excellently well with "La Vie Rus-... tique."

The trouble with the Oratorio So-... ciety is a chronic one—bad vocal... material. Mr. Stoessel's work seemed... to have been admirably done, for the... rhythm, tempi and dynamics of the... chorus were generally good. But the... voices themselves are wanting. The... sopranos and altos are weak and un-... interesting in their lower and middle... registers and shrill in the top notes;... the tenors have volume but no qual-... ity and the basses have to get into... their upper register before they can... be heard. When they are audible they... yell.

There is nothing to do about it, of... course. Once a member of the... Oratorio Society, always a member;... and it would never do to eliminate... the deadwood and hurt the feelings of... worthy heads of families, merely for... the sake of creating a good choral... society. It is cruel, just the same, to... make a young and talented conductor... like Albert Stoessel waste so much... energy and enthusiasm in the hope-... less struggle to get good singing out... of such intractable material.

A leaflet distributed with last... night's program announced that in... celebration of its fiftieth anniversary... the society will probably give a... "replica" concert next fall, in which... the program, the number of singers... and the costumes will be those of the... Leopold Damrosch's first concert in... 1873. The leaflet didn't say so, but... one suspects that many of the voices... will date from the same period.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Oratorio Society concluded its... season last evening with a concert of... cappella music, interspersed with cap-... titivating solos by George Barrere on... his silvery flute. The program pre-... pared by Albert Stoessel, conductor of... the society, was one which defies news-... paper comment on the following morn-... ing. The feast provided was so plenti-... ful, contained so many courses and... was so rich that nothing short of two... columns could do it justice.

Perhaps the number which invited... the most consideration was a motet by... Rosario Scalero on words from Jere-... miah's "Lamentations." Mr. Scalero... is professor of composition at the... David Mannes Music School in this... city and has an honorable record as a... composer and an instructor.

His motet is a serious attempt at... writing in the cappella style of the... fathers of the art, albeit Mr. Scalero... could not resist the temptation to sea-... son his ecclesiastic harmonies with a... little modern salt and pepper, not too... much but just enough to prove that... he did not belong to the golden age of... Palestrina and Orlando Lasso.

The writer of the program notes... did the composer some injustice by de-

claring that one auction of his work was a "fuga canonica, a contrapuntal device not found anywhere else in music." This would surely have astonished old Ockeghem and other early masters who called a canon a fugue and some of their successors who certainly composed what they believed to be fugues in canon. However, since Mr. Scalero's fugue was a good one to hear, it makes no difference at all whether it rivaled the echinac feats of the Netherlands school or not.

Some of the other numbers on the list were Purcell's "Thou Knowest, Lord," Werner Josten's "Crucifixion" motet, "Mannin Veen," a Manx melody; "A June Moonrise," eight part song by Eric Delamarter of Chicago; "La Vie Rustique," a Belgian folksong harmonized by Deems Taylor, and a new setting of Longfellow's "I Know a Maiden Fair to See," by Philip James of this city.

The chorus of the Oratorio Society sang generally well. To be sure there were some moments of sagging intonation, but these are inevitable. In phrasing the choir showed that it had received admirable instruction from its director, while in the clear pronunciation of text, especially Latin, it commanded the warmest praise. The sopranos found their range somewhere overtaxed once or twice and consequently produced some strident tone.

But on the whole it was a good concert and must have given pleasure to the goodly audience which listened to it. The announcements of the society for next season are now published and music lovers are promised among other things a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." Mr. Stoessel is giving much energy to the oratorio organization, and it may be that he will bring about a rise of fresh interest in choral forms.

BARBARA KEMP AS ISOLDE.

She Sings Role at Metropolitan for First Time on Any Stage.

Barbara Kemp, singing Isolde for the first time on any stage, was an interesting figure in "Tristan" last evening, the season's fifth performance of the work at the Metropolitan. Old opera-goers doubted if, since Nordio, any woman had here made her first essay of the great rôle. The German soprano looked a wistful princess of Erin in proud, slim erectness of posture, with a beauty of Irish red-gold hair and costume of poster hues, like the earthy dyes of old world homespun. Her attitudes naturally were studied, even stagey, and gestures often exaggerated, just as her voice showed an "edge" of nerves and an unintermittent tremolo. Yet she was interesting, an Isolde of a new generation.

Michael Bohnen for the first time here sang King Mark, with voice and bodily presence befitting the regal Cornishman. Mr. Taucher again was Tristan, Mr. Whitehill the Kurwenal, Miss Gordon the Brangaene, and Mr. Redanzky conducted.

April 6, 1923
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

"Snyegurochka" (The Snow Maiden), opera in four acts and a prologue, by Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakov, book after the play by Ostrovsky. Sung in French, Louis Hasselmans conducting. First performance of the season.

THE CAST:

Snyegurochka.....Lucrezia Bori
Koupava.....Ellen Dalossy
The Spring Fairy.....Marion Teiva
Bobylicka.....Kathleen Howard
The Shepherd Leyl.....Raymonde Delaunoy
King Winter.....Leon Rothier
Mizguir.....Gustav Schuetzendorf
Bobylicka.....Angelo Bada
The Czar.....Orville Harrold
The Pawn.....Giordano Paltrinieri
Bermiate.....Louis D'Angelo
Carnival.....George Meader
Court Jesters—Pietro Audisio and Vincenzo Tschellian.

Birds, Villagers, Courtiers, Buffoons.

Doesn't the Russian Easter come this week? It does, we think, and if so there was a certain appropriateness in last night's "Snyegurochka"; for the first act of Rimsky's fairy opera is largely devoted to a celebration of the traditional Russian ante-lenton rites, with a stuffed figure of Carnival (if Mr. Meader will pardon the description) and much folksong and snowballing. It was too bad, though, that the Metropolitan's Russian traditions made it necessary to postpone "Snyegurochka" until the end of the season, for the opera has charm and tunefulness and, thanks to Boris Anisfeld's settings, much to attract the eye.

It must be confessed, though, that the work's second year discovers imperfections in it that were not so glaring at first hearing. The prologue and first act particularly exhibit Rimsky-Korsakov as one who was exasperatingly deliberate about starting his action. The bird ballet and the carnival scene are as diverting as ever, but the characters have too much conversation and too little singing, considering the scant support the orchestra affords them. We found ourselves thinking, "Come, Rimsky, do get going; you've only one evening for this, you know." The last three scenes are much better, especially the forest scene, whose "Dance of the Buffoons" drew the first signs of real excitement from a rather apathetic audience.

Miss Bori's performance in the title role had all of last year's daintiness and wistful appeal, and as she seemed to be in especially good voice, was delightfully sung. Miss Dalossy did the best singing outside of Miss Bori's, in the role of Koupava, which she essayed for the first time, with decided success. She looked charming and acted as well as she sang. Mme. Delaunoy was a tuneful Leyl and Mr. Harrold coped bravely with the almost insuperable vocal difficulties of the Tsar. Judging from the music Rimsky always gives emperors to sing, he must have been a violent Red.

Mr. Schuetzendorf did what he could with the role of Mizguir, although that was very little. He made an attractive figure of the young Boyar, but the music seemed to lie beyond his range, and the blight of French descended early upon his throat muscles. Miss Teiva and Mr. Rothier, too, showed signs of indisposition. They played familiar roles, but both have sung them much better in the past.

Two bright spots—in more senses than one—were Miss Howard's and Mr. Bada's gorgeous impersonations of the bibulous foster-parents of Snyegurochka. Mr. Bada sang with enormous cleverness as well as acting well. As for Miss Howard, she probably found Morris Gest waiting backstage with an invitation to join the Chauve-Souris.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The original maiden of the snows was the daughter of winter and spring and her life depended on her remaining frozen. Possibly the ancestry of the young woman was in the mind of General Manager Gatti-Casazza when he resolved to revive Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Snyegurochka" last evening while winter was in the very act of lingering in the lap of spring (no reference to *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*), and the weather probabilities persistently warned optimists that another cold snap was on the way.

When this fairy opera of the celebrated Russian master was first performed at the Metropolitan January 23, 1922, it was said here that its materials were fragile and its texture diaphanous. But for those who are willing to permit their fancies to indulge in free play and who do not demand that all "grand opera" shall derive its grandeur from "cold old crimes that were misbegotten" there is a wistful charm in this tale of the little snowflake whose heart melted in the sun of love and thus sent her soul into the invisible.

Reflecting once again on the delicate beauties of the work and its rich flavor of the Russia of lyric and legend celebrated by Poushkin, one is tempted to wonder what remains of the old peasant life from which rose the folk lore and songs of the once mighty empire of the north.

But in these days of speculations which involve thoughts about the political and social state of Russia are best kept in privacy. We may, however, heave a sigh and express a fear that it will be a long time before Russia gives us another "Snyegurochka" or "Christmas Eve."

Rimsky-Korsakov was a capable maker of tunes, and also a deft hand at adaptation. In "Snyegurochka" the voice of Russia is heard as soon as the chorus becomes audible. The music of the people animates much of the score and as usual in Russian operas keeps the chorus effectively occupied. Mr. Letti's well trained singers discharged their duties very well indeed.

Miss Bori was a charming *Snyegurochka*. Charm is the factor most needed in the impersonation of Rim-

sky-Korsakov's legendary character. But of course a prima donna has to sing. The first air of the little snow maiden is wholly operatic and in some phrases reveals the fine hand of the composer of the hymn to the sun in "Le Coq d'Or." Miss Bori sang this difficult air admirably and throughout the opera gave pleasure with the beautiful tones of her voice.

There were no important alterations in the cast since last season. Miss Dalossy as Koupava and Gustav Schuetzendorf as Mizguir were new. Mme. Delaunoy as Leyl, Mme. Howard as Bobylicka, Mr. Rothier as Winter and Angelo Bada as Bobye were among the old favorites. Orville Harrold repeated his praiseworthy impersonation of the *Berendy Czar*. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

In the afternoon "Carmen" was given at a special performance for the benefit of the Civil Service Reform Association. It was the last hearing this season of the opera, which has had six presentations, not including its contribution of an act to a mixed bill given for the Metropolitan's emergency fund.

Miss Bourskaya made her third appearance in the title role, with Miss Sundellus and Messrs. Martinelli and Mardones among the other singers. Miss Galli headed the ballet. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

By Henry T. Finck

When I was a very young man I made a trip to Spain, specially to see the girls and write an illustrated article about them for *Scribner's Magazine*. Spanish eyes had always seemed to me the most adorable things in all creation. A witty writer in the *Times* not long ago had an article in which he said Spain was not a Peninsula but an "Eyeland." It certainly is.

There is one other attribute of personal charm for which Spain is pre-eminent and that is grace. "Who hath not owned," the poet asks, "with rapture-emitted frame, the power of grace?" Well, Campbell's frame would have been rapture-smitten could he have seen the Spanish Lucrezia Bori last night at the Metropolitan in Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snyegurochka." As she stood there, in the second act, while the Czar was telling her, in a ten-minute harangue, that it was time for her to choose a bridegroom, she looked the very incarnation of gracefulness, the high priestess of what is more alluring than beauty itself—and she is so very beautiful, too, in every other way. Ye sculptors and painters and art students of Greater New York—would you see a miracle of pose, a model to dream of a lifetime? Then go and see Bori in this scene particularly.

Lucrezia Bori has made a record for this season—almost for all seasons. Her Juliette has been admired by ten audiences. Calvé, alone, as Carmen, ever beat that record—by three. Score two for French opera. If her Snow Maiden is dramatically and musically somewhat less entrancing, that is the fault of the composer and librettist, who could hardly have been expected to provide a rival to the Shakespeare-Gounod love tragedy.

William J. Guard informed the critics between the acts that Mr. Gatti intends to put on a special matinee of "The Snow Maiden" on Monday, April 16, for children. Would they enjoy it? It's a fairy story all right. Liety. The Snow Maiden is the daughter of King Winter and Fairy Spring. She is really made of snow and is therefore kept in the cold forest, protected from the rays of the sun. Yet she is safe from the danger of melting as long as she does not really fall in love. So she is allowed to go and join the girls and men who are enjoying their music and dances. She likes very much the gay shepherd Leyl, who sings and pipes in a way to win the hearts of all the girls. But he does not care for her. The Czar promises a splendid present to any one who can warm her heart. A bad man named Mizguir, who has jilted his own sweetheart, Koupava, pursues her, but she escapes. Later, she really falls in love with him—but that is dangerous, for when the sun's rays fall on her she melts and there is no more snow maiden.

Some of the music, no doubt, will prove too deep for the children, and cuts will no doubt be made by M. Hasselmans, who knows the score well. But there is ever so much for them to see, including dances not only of men and maidens, but of huge crows and other birds, and fantastic fairy scenes aplenty by Boris Anisfeld.

In last night's performance Miss Bori sang and acted as beautifully as she did last year. Her voice, too, has grace as well as beauty. The climax was the "Ah! que j'ai mal." As Koupava, Ellen Dalossy acted much better than she sang. Raymonde Delaunoy was a charming Leyl. The other leading parts were satisfactorily taken by Kathleen Howard, Orville Harrold, Gustav Schuetzendorf, Leon Rothier, Angelo Bada.

BID BOSTON PLAYERS ADIEU

Orchestra Opens Last Visit With Casals and Crowded Hall.

Before an audience that once more overflowed Carnegie Hall and that warmly greeted Pablo Casals as the evening's star, the Boston Symphony opened its last visit of the season at Carnegie Hall last night. A Brooklyn farewell this evening and a closing matinee tomorrow in Carnegie Hall will complete the thirty-seventh season in which these players, or the veterans among them, have been annual contributors to the Winter feast of New York's music.

It has been made known that the orchestra will return on corresponding dates next season and that Mr. Monteux will again be in command during the coming year.

There was no need last night, such as some visitors have had, to post signs for "Exit in Case of Schoenberg," as a former generation had its "Exit in Case of Brahms." Here was never for the gods in Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, Schumann's "cello concerto, Debussy's orchestral suite, "Printemps," and for final good measure, Wagner's overture to "Rienzi." The three brought their respective composers for the first time into the current evening series.

If the symphony of heavenly brevity was paced at somewhat measured tread, Conductor Monteux was at all events happily at home in the delicate impressionism of Debussy's evocation of a Spring of 1887 at Villa Medici, by the then youthful holder of the Prix de Rome.

Pablo Casals's playing of the 'cello romanza midway in Schumann's concerto proved naturally the high point of the audience's enjoyment; a climax duly awaited, though the weather had wrought havoc with strings, and masterfully realized by an artist, master of his instrument, of the orchestra and of its audience. It was an evening of exalted comment during intermission on the pleasure—not so plentiful today—of music, merely as music, played to be enjoyed.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made unobtrusive entry here again last night for the first concert of the fifth and last pair of its current New York season. The large audience present, both by its size and by its cordiality, showed again that there is a public for music given beautiful performance for its own sake and with no attempt to enhance interest through adventitious circumstance or spectacular methods. The program chosen by Mr. Monteux offered nothing provocative or controversial, but was devoted to Schubert, Schumann, early Debussy and Wagner and was planned and conducted with characteristic reticence. It tempted the listener to settle down for an evening of enjoyment.

More often than not these concerts are given without the assistance of a soloist, but last night Mr. Pablo Casals was an added attraction, and his playing of the Schumann violoncello concerto in A minor, Opus 129, was a thoroughly delightful feature. Seldom has he been heard to better advantage. His playing had all its accustomed perfection of finish and seemed warmer toned and more deeply expressive than usual, Mr. Monteux providing excellent accompaniment.

The Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony was the opening number of the evening. Following the concerto the symphonic suite "Printemps," composed by Debussy in 1887, opened the second half. Listening to its placidly melodious measures, it was difficult to realize that in the year of its composition it was considered so excessively radical that it was refused performance in Paris. It falls on our ears agreeably, seeming even a trifle commonplace in some of its thematic material, pleasantly suggestive of the languors and gayeties of spring. The suite is in two parts, the first rather subdued, the second more lively in mood. It was first performed here by the New York Symphony in 1913. As a final number Wagner's overture to "Rienzi" brought the evening to a sonorous close.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

A large and enthusiastic audience heard the first of the final series of the season's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last evening. Pablo Casals was the soloist, and his presence, in combination with a familiar programme of popular compositions, added considerably, no doubt, to the usually large attendance at the Boston concerts. Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" was played with a full appreciation of its meltingly beautiful passages, and received with the usual enthusiasm. It was the first number. Mr. Casals played with his customary virtuosity and feeling the solo part of the Schumann Concerto in A minor, and was given round after round of applause at its close.

There was also the Debussy "Printemps" well played, and sounding strangely conventional in these days of so-called modernistic music.

a finale the "Rienzi" overture which sounded a little noisier than usual, and was given somewhat of a perfunctory performance. Altogether, though, the programme was delightfully easy to listen to. One can enjoy it without any conscious effort.

The Boston players, under the baton of Pierre Monteux, will, it has been announced, give their usual series of concerts here next season. They played in Brooklyn this evening, and for a farewell matinee at Carnegie Hall tomorrow.

The presence of Pablo Casals as soloist with the visiting Boston Symphony brought last night to Carnegie Hall what was probably the largest audience Mr. Monteux's ensemble has had here this season.

The usual conservative Boston programme began with Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, which was given a properly sentimental and thoroughly melodious reading. Mr. Casals's services were enlisted for Schumann's A minor concerto, an excellent work, in the composer's most and rapturous vein.

For tone and technique, there is little which can be added to the already lengthy Casals tradition; in the concerto he was, if not his best, at any rate so near it that one could hardly cavil. In the mid-section particularly, there are wistful and yearning measures, played pianissimo, which were as lovely and tender as one might dream of hearing.

The suite "Printemps" in Debussy's early manner, and that early-Wagner perennial the "Rienzi" overture, completed the evening.

At Aeolian Hall Lucille Oliver, a pupil of the Leginska school, and playing nearly everything in the traditional Leginska manner, turned the dull white light of her style on Beethoven's "Italian concerto" and caused that golden work to show up a kind of pale lemon yellow. Miss Oliver is "brilliant" when the music calls for brilliance, and violently vehement when it does not. She certainly has no qualms, whatever else you may say about her, and she is (or has) an excellent program-maker. A. C.

Lucille Oliver, Pianist, Plays.

Three-quarters back to her old home, of whom a correspondingly large fraction could thus see her hands on the keyboard, Lucille Oliver gave her last evening at Aeolian Hall. She had made her debut two years before faring to London. Beethoven and Chopin, both in a "manner" manner, she introduced variations on a Hill Tune" of Felix Bernard, three "Kaleidoscopes" by Goossens, an "Alborada" of Ravel. There was a lot of homage also in the "Cradle" and "Dance of the Little" of Leginska. Miss Oliver well the more peculiar music: a lot of new art, long on temperament in dress and hair.

April 7 '923

Hofmann Recital Aids Daughters of Robert Schumann

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Way over in Switzerland somewhere within the shadow of the Matterhorn, dwell two old ladies, one 84 and the other 73 years of age. They are the daughters of Robert Schumann, the famous composer, and they are very poor. In New York there is a musicians' club called The Bonifant's, and this club has a fund called the Musicians' Foundation, which is used for the relief of needy musicians and their families. For two or three years this fund has aided the two daughters of the immortal composer, but a little more capital is required to enable the managers to continue their assistance to these ladies without interfering on other activities.

Last evening in Aeolian Hall, under the auspices of this Musicians' Foundation, Josef Hofmann gave a recital to supply the desired aid to the capital. His program consisted of compositions by Schumann: the sonata in F minor, opus 10, which contains variations on a theme by Clara Wieck, the mother of the two old ladies, the three fantasias, opus 11, the C major fantasia, opus 17, and the "Etudes Symphoniques."

The audience which filled the hall rose when Mr. Hofmann appeared on the stage and welcomed him with long continued applause. After each number and each movement there was a demonstration of enthusiasm and the pianist was compelled to add numerous extra numbers to his printed list. It is contrary to the unwritten law to comment on the performance of an artist who gives his services to a charity, but in the case of Josef Hofmann, who will not be heard again this season, an exception may be made.

It the two old ladies whose snowy hair rivals the ephemeral crown of Mont Blanc could have heard the recital doubtless they would have been deeply moved. Perhaps, however, they would feel such a performance less than those of us who have a livelier sense of the supreme glories of Schumann, especially his breathless flight into the celestial regions of the C minor fantasia, a creation which some believe to be the greatest in the literature of the instrument. Let it be said, therefore, that the interpretation of Josef Hofmann last evening was adequate to the work and to the occasion. The spirit of Schumann was reincarnated and the music became again the passionate utterance of a living man.

LHEVINNE PLAYS LISZT.

Russian Pianist Assists the Last Friday Philharmonic.

The last Friday afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society took place yesterday in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Schelling's "Victory Ball" for orchestra was repeated with as much effect as its previous performances here have made. The piece has been given a number of times in different parts of the country since Mr. Stokowski first produced it, and it will be given by the Chicago Orchestra next week.

Mr. Lhévinne was the soloist and played Liszt's handy perennial piano concerto in E flat brilliantly and with unfailing precision. The other numbers were the third "Leonore" overture of Beethoven at the beginning and Tschakowsky's fifth symphony at the end.

April 5 '923

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

The Boston Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its doings in New York for the present season, at its concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. The program ended with Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which still seems to many an excellent piece to end with, or to begin with or to play in between. Felix Mottl's arrangements of three dance movements from Grétry's opera of "Céphale et Procris," were first on the program, all delightful pieces, ending with an enchanting gigue, skillfully arranged and skillfully played under Mr. Monteux's direction, in a manner quite to preserve their essential spirit.

Then came Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" that has lost none of its fascination in losing its ultra-modern aspect. It is still sufficiently modern to be alive and to wear its beauty without wrinkles. No beauty, wrinkled or unwrinkled, has ever adorned the next piece on the program, Ottorino Respighi's "Ballade of the Gnomes," nor was ever intended to. "Expression" was the composer's object and he appears to have attained it, at great length. The length, indeed, is such as to cool something of the interest with which those who like their expression strong may have regarded it.

The piece is remembered here, having been played first by Mr. Toscanini and his Italian orchestra. It is not such a one as might have been expected from Mr. Respighi, who does not usually breathe fire from his nostrils. He has added a few comparatively novel diabolical effects to the orchestral repertoire of such things, and the "Ballade of the Gnomes" may rest its title to fame upon that fact.

The orchestra played all these things admirably. It has, in fact, made this season a long step in return to its old supremacy, in quality and homogeneity of tone, in finish and plastic flexibility under its conductor's hand. It is one of the most valuable features of the New York musical season; and there ought to be more music lovers who value it highly enough to attend its concerts. It is good to see in the program book the announcement of its ten concerts in New York next season.

There was an agreeable blend of familiar and unfamiliar numbers in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's last New York concert of the season, yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, with the eighteenth century Gretry effect by Ottorino Respighi, and the "Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Eroica" Symphony to complete the program.

Of these the principal interest, or at least the charm of novelty, lay in

the eighteenth century Gretry effect, which had a tart flavor after the total calm of the Debussy number. Its "program" was bizarre, and the music, following it, often bizarre as well, though considerably less so than it might have been in the hands of Schonberg or Darius Milhaud. Respighi's music was undeniably of the modern Italian school, not the flowing, mellifluous Respighi of "Fontana di Roma." It arrested the ear, with a flavor now sweet, now acid, but did not vex it.

An Agitating Story

The printed "program" of Carlo Causati is not a soothing one. "Dragging the raving gnome," it begins, "the women go, abandoning their flimsy draperies to the wind," the women being two wives of a "diminutive man," with whom they are fleeing before a "cunning throng of manlings." Eventually they throw their husband over a cliff, and join the gnomes in a frenzied dance. The music which makes more agreeable hearing than its subject, begins with whirling figures, through which a more definite theme becomes audible; then subsides to a calmer, almost lyric mood not unlike that of the preceding Debussy number. But excitement is whipped up once more, and melody is mixed and alternates with dissonance, while the mood changes to that of a dance toward the end. The "Ballade" caused much applause and none of the aggressive dissent that had been stirred by Honegger's "Horace Victorieux" or Schonberg's "Kammersymphonie."

Gretry Music Pleases

Mr. Monteux began with three dance pieces from Gretry's "Heroic Ballet," "Céphale et Procris," originally of the vintage of 1775, but freely arranged by Felix Mottl. In spite of the indicated freedom, Mottl had preserved the eighteenth century atmosphere flavor. The result was light, graceful, generally cheerful but for a plaintive touch in the minuet separating the "Tambourin" and "Gigue." Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" had a smooth, expressive performance and Mr. Monteux led Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony to close the Boston Symphony's thirty-seventh season in New York.

Philharmonic Devotes

Final Concert to Strauss

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions)

Richard Strauss was the composer chosen by Willem Mengelberg for last night's Philharmonic concert—the last regular Carnegie Hall concert of the Philharmonic season—with a program divided between two tone-poems—"Don Juan" and "Ein Heldenleben," and two excerpts from "Salome." These were Salome's Dance and the final scene, in which Barbara Kemp appeared as soloist to sing Salome's erotic lines.

One can hardly call Strauss's music in this opera grateful for the voice, but yet it suited Mme. Kemp's better than Wagner's in "Tristan and Isolde," for instance. Sometimes it was lost under the waves of orchestral sound, but often rang strongly with a rather piercing timbre that could cut its way through the efforts of wind, strings and tympani, where a smoother, more lyric voice might have been lost. Thus, on the whole, the performance was effective; whether it was agreeable was another thing. There are beautiful moments, indeed, in the

music of "Salome," of a sensuous type; but mixed with others distinctly the reverse—and the subject and the general effect are far from beautiful. Mme. Kemp's performance brought out applause of much length, from audience and from orchestra.

Both tone-poems have had several hearings this season—"Don Juan" under Messrs. Stransky and Hadley, and, with other orchestras, under Albert Coates and Nikolai Sokoloff; while Mr. Mengelberg has given the "Heldenleben" several hearings during the last six weeks—five, including the various Philharmonic series. But then, "Ein Heldenleben" is an effective Mengelberg warhorse.

Saturday saw Mr. Lauri-Volpi's farewell to the subscribers of the present season at the Metropolitan's matinee of "Anima Allegra," with the young tenor in his best vocal form and a large, cheering crowd. In the evening there was "Tosca" with Mr. Scotti's fifteenth protagonist in the person of Frances Peralta, whose characterization of the Roman singer, while vocally not epoch-making, was dynamic and gripping histrionically. Her rendition of the "Vissi d'Arte," done leaning on the back of the historic sofa, brought prolonged applause and many curtain calls. The line outside before the performance was said to be the longest of the current season.

Saturday afternoon at Aeolian Hall Oliver Denton gave his second piano recital of the season to a large house, which appeared enthusiastic over the artist's brilliant work, and did not mind his somewhat chary handling of the more highly sentimental passages of his program. His list of of-

ferings included the "Moonlight" sonata, a Bach fugue and an excellently chosen (and sparklingly rendered) group of works by Scriabin, Chopin, Albeniz and Blanchet. There were encores until a notably late hour. A. C.

A New Tosca Heard

By Charles H. Davis

Frances Peralta, who essayed the rôle of Tosca in the opera of the same name at the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday night, scored a dramatic and pictorial success. Her singing was adequate and at times beautiful. She gave an interesting portrayal of the famous courtesan of Rome. She did not do violence to tradition by departing too greatly from the style of gown that indisputably belongs to the period in which the story is laid, and in the first act, true to the time honored customs of the church, she did not enter it with an uncovered head, but was arrayed in a gorgeous chapeau that must have caused many a thrill of envy in not a few ladies' hearts in the audience. Her hat and cape were a pale rose color and the exquisite gown was an ivory brocade. Her entrance into the Church of St. Andrea Della Valle was picturesque, and the action that followed, where she displays jealous rage over the model for the religious picture Cavaradossi, her lover, is painting, indicated that Peralta had a good conception of the character and would prove an interesting exponent of the rôle; and in this the audience was not disappointed.

Peralta knows the value of costume, line, and pose, and she made the most of them, occasionally, however, going a little too far in strenuous action and in attitude for effect. It is certain, however, that her portrait of this notorious lady in the repulsive story, introducing as it does every crime in the calendar, will always favorably impress discriminating auditors.

Popular was last Saturday evening's event at the opera house. The audience was the absolute limit of capacity, and the great assembly gave undoubted evidence of close attention and interest by much applause. Gigit Cavaradossi sang with much charm and often with a rare beauty of tone. Scotti was, as usual, the sinister, implacable, villainous Scarpia, and in the scene in his apartment he gave an intense portrayal of a lustful old roué. Peralta, by her vigorous and intelligent action, made Mr. Scotti work pretty hard, but he was quite equal to any demands of now "business," so he is never at a loss, no matter what

any Tosca may do. The way in which he accommodates his action to the varying conceptions and temperaments of the diverse Tosca through his many years of Scarpia portrayals is not only interesting but surprising. It may all be summed up in the statement that Mr. Scotti is a superlative artist with no stereotyped version to offer. He sang the music with plenty and beauty of tone and much dramatic emphasis.

Werrenrath Sings B

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Cheering words from the texts of songs delivered yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall in the third song recital of Reinald Werrenrath: "Who knoweth if a man's spirit goeth downward to the earth? Therefore I perceive there is no better thing than for a man to rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion. For who shall show him what will happen after him?" "I believe man to be the sport of an unjust fate from the germ in the cradle to the worm in the tomb." The first quotation is from Ecclesiastes and the second from the "Credo" of Iago in Verdi's "Otello." And both received much applause.

The Ecclesiastes doctrine supplied Brahms with the inspiration of two of his "Four Serious Songs" which Mr. Werrenrath sang yesterday. The third song finds its words in the Apocrypha and the fourth in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Of the four the most heart searching is the third, which sings the bitterness and the sweetness of death, and it was in this that the barytone reached the emotional climax of his art yesterday. Here he was indeed eloquent and moving.

These characteristic lyrics of Brahms are not sung often. Indeed they could not be, for they are too deeply felt, too profoundly thought and too nobly

expressed to appeal to many thousands of hearers. But Mr. Werrenrath's followers are faithful to him whatever heights he ascends, and his interpretation of this set of songs was heard yesterday with close attention and followed by a demonstration which had every evidence of sincerity.

The program of this recital was well varied. The suavity and style of the four Italian numbers which formed the opening group were adequately presented by the artist, though there always arises the question whether the Florentines heard Peri's *Orfeo* address the forests and hills in such perfect rhythm as the modern arrangement of his utterance compels. Mr. Werrenrath sang three songs by Grieg, and a final group containing lyrics by Griffes, Manney, Martin Shaw and the old time parlor favorite, Maud Valerie White. There were numerous additional numbers. The accompaniments were excellently played by Harry Spier. The audience filled the hall.

pression. Especially enjoyed were "The Hero costume," by Legrenzi; "O Tod, wie bitter bist du," in the Brahms group; "Consecration," by Charles F. Manney, and "King Charles," by Maud Valerie White.

by name, he gave of recent composers the late Charles T. Griffes's "An Old Song Resung" and Maud Valerie White's "King Charles." Harry Spier assisted at the piano.

Coates Gives Work Of American Prize Winner for Rome

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ROME, April 8.—Albert Coates, in a concert here to-day, presented for the first time "Ballade," a composition of Leo Sowerby, American winner of the Prix de Rome. It was warmly received.

Mr. Coates told The Tribune that he "considered the American Academy the greatest thing America has ever done for the cause of art and music." "I greatly regret," he said, "that there are only three Prix de Rome men, as there are many budding musical geniuses in America. Due to my great interest and my belief in the lasting effect of the men engaged in the work of composing at Rome, I have included Mr. Sowerby's composition in my repertory. In the future I intend including also works by Howard Hanson and Raymond Thompson.

"This is the first chance I have had," continued the British musician, "of telling The Tribune of my deep grief at the loss of Henry E. Krehbiel, whose criticism was always appreciated, even when it was stern. My friendship with Mr. Krehbiel started three years ago when he praised me to the skies on the occasion of my first tour of America. No director could have lived up to those words of praise, and naturally on my return to New York two years ago I almost spoiled everything, as I disappointed everyone, including Mr. Krehbiel, who, I felt, hated me for my rendition of Beethoven. But last year we became great friends.

"He came to all my concerts in a friendly critical spirit. He frankly disapproved of my Beethoven, but admitted that one must move with the times and that possibly I had something to stand on. America, in my opinion, has lost its greatest musical critic, one of those geniuses who is born only once in a century."

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA GIVES FIRST CONCERT

Program, Including American Score, Pleases Audience.

The first concert given by the American National Orchestra, Howard Barlow, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. The new organization is composed of fifty American born musicians. F. Landau is the concert master.

The program comprised Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite No. 1 and Charles S. Skilton's "Two Indian Dances." The Skilton number, "Deer Dance" and "War Dance," was played in accordance with the announced policy of the orchestra to give at least one work by an American composer at each of its concerts.

Mr. Skilton, professor of music at the University of Kansas, had his score first played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in October, 1916. The first dance is based on a part of the annual memorial services of the Rogue River Indians and the second dance on a Cheyenne melody, accompanied by drums.

The program was heard by a large audience and was warmly received. Mr. Barlow is a conductor of modest and pleasing bearing and skill. The orchestra showed much general knowledge of

technic, and its tone, especially in the string and wood choirs, was often agreeable. With time certain rough edges will no doubt be smoothed down. Its spirit was excellent.

New Orchestra in Début

While the Philharmonic was closing its regular season another orchestra was just beginning at Town Hall. This was the American National Orchestra, which had been heralded a few weeks ago with the announcement that all its members were to be American born. And, to show that this was no idle boast, yesterday's program contained a list of the organization's members with the birthplace of each, beginning with Howard Barlow, the conductor, who hails from Plain City, Ohio. The program, also according to the announced policy, had an American number, the Indian "Deer Dance" and "War Dance" of Charles S. Skilton, now professor of music in the University of Kansas.

Mr. Barlow, whose conducting was careful and conservative, began his program with the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony, with varying results. That his orchestra was a debutant organization was more or less obvious, though its playing had its points of merit. A good volume of tone with sufficient smoothness was produced in less complicated passages, but there were times, in the Andante, for instance, when the orchestra was on uncharted seas and there was some roughness now and then. The first "Arlesienne" suite of Bizet, a better choice for a debut than the City Symphony's Scriabin "Poeme d'Extase," had a fair performance. What artistic achievements the new organization may produce in the future remains to be seen—one concert does not make an orchestra.

PHILHARMONIC'S CONCERT.

Josef Lhevinne, Pianist, Appears as Soloist With Orchestra.

The Philharmonic Society, Willem Mengelberg conducting, closed its subscription season in New York yesterday with the last of its Sunday concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House. A repetition of the society's program of last Friday in Carnegie Hall was given with Ernest Schelling's "A Victory Ball" omitted.

Josef Lhevinne as the soloist was heard in his brilliant performance of Liszt's E flat piano concerto and the orchestra played excellently. Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, and Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony. The audience was large and gave Mr. Mengelberg and his program enthusiastic approval.

The Philharmonic and Mr. Mengelberg have still their two special performances of Beethoven's ninth symphony, with Bach's B minor suite to give, namely, on Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall and next Sunday afternoon at the Metropolitan.

a pleasing one. Mr. Lhevinne gave a stirring performance of his part in the Liszt number, for which he was "bravoed" and recalled many times. At the end of the Tchaikovsky number, which closed the program, Mr. Mengelberg was forced to make a farewell speech. His brief "Thank you for your kind applause" did not satisfy the enthusiastic, who stood and continued their clapping.

RAISA-RIMINI RECITAL.

Mme. Rosa Raisa, soprano, opera, and Giacomo Rimini, barytone, both of the Chicago Opera, appeared in joint recital at the annual concert of the Jewish Teachers' Seminary in the Hippodrome yesterday afternoon. Mme. Raisa's program included Verdi's Bolero from "Vespri Siciliani," Denza's duet, "Squille Soavi," with Mr. Rimini, and the duet from Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," besides several Russian and English compositions. She was in excellent voice and her offerings revealed a wealth of coloring and warmth.

Mr. Rimini offered the drinking song from "Hamlet," Bruell's "Warrior Song" and an aria from "Fedora." An audience which filled the house and stage was warm in its applause and insisted upon numerous encores.

It would seem that every time Rosa Raisa comes back to New York she sings better. Yesterday afternoon, with Giacomo Rimini, she gave a recital at the Hippodrome for the benefit of the Jewish Teachers' Seminary, and the large crowd which filled the auditorium and the stage applauded some of the best work Miss Raisa has done in her career. Mr. Rimini too appeared to have lost some of the hardness and dry quality which has marred his voice in the past, and in one encore especially his voice was surprising in richness of quality and coloring.

"An Evening of Polish Music" for the benefit of Luolin University in Poland completed the Town Hall day. The music offered was of various kinds. Alexander Brachocki, a pianist with ample technical skill and a vigorous manner, opened and closed the program with Chopin, with an intervening group by Szymanowski, Sigismund Stojowski, Paderewski and Stanislas Moniuszko, while Leo Schulz, the Philharmonic cellist, played an arrangement of a Chopin nocturne and his own "Dance of the Elves." Dusolina Giannini, the young soprano who had made a spectacular debut with the Schola Cantorum, reproduced the favorable impression with a Paderewski song and an aria in Italian from Moniuszko's "Halka," songs by Stojowski and Chopin's "Maiden's Wish," Madeleine Marshall accompanying. Adamo Didur had to wait for his accompanist, busied at the Metropolitan, but finally appeared for Polish songs and, among many encores, Leporello's opening aria from "Don Giovanni." There was a good-sized audience and unlimited applause.

Two Recitals at Princess

Two recitals occupied the Princess Theater. Georgia MacMullen, a young soprano, was heard in the afternoon in a program of German, French and American songs. She had a light voice with a pleasant quality of tone, but not much power—one more adapted to the salon than to the concert hall. In the evening Ruby McDonald, a violinist from Sydney, Australia, gave a recital with Tartini's "Pastorale," Mendelssohn's E minor concerto and shorter pieces, including two Irish airs of her own. Her playing was vigorous, with a strong tone, usually full and smooth in slower, calmer passages. It suffered, however, in periods of fireworks, or when her bow bore down heavily on the strings in some faster passages in the "Pastorale."

At the Princess Theatre at the same time Georgia MacMullen offered a charming program of variety and freshness to a rather small house. It is too bad the singer was not up to the list of songs, for Miss MacMullen's voice proved to be very small, of limited range and unshackled to the pitch. There was little of the distinctive in either tone or technique.

Georgia MacMullen, Soprano, Sings.

Georgia MacMullen, soprano, gave a recital in the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon before a small audience. The songs were French, German and English, including arias from Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt" and Massenet's "Herodiade." The singing was easy and natural except in the forced higher notes, the words of which were not clear. Coenraad V. Bos played the accompaniments.

Young Soprano Pleases.

An entertaining song recital was given in the Princess Theatre yesterday afternoon by Georgia MacMullen, a young soprano, who offered a program divided into three group numbers of German, French and English selections. The numbers which seemed to please her auditors best were Marietta's "Lied Zur Lanze" from "Die Tote Stadt," Massenet's "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Herodiade," "Le Moulin," by Gabriel Pierne, and "The Green Cathedral," by Carl Hahn.

Miss MacMullen's voice is exceedingly sweet and of pure lyric type, her diction is not at all times clear, but a charming personality counterbalances this flaw. Conrad V. Bos appeared as accompanist.

Favorite "Double Bill" in Concert.

Renato Zanelli was applauded in the baritone to "Pagliacci," and Miss Perlata, Merss. Kingston, Meader and Schuetzenhoff also were heard in the full score of Leoncavallo's opera, at last night's Metropolitan performance of the favorite Italian "double bill" in concert form. Rose Ponselle, Mmes. Perini and Wakefield, Messrs. Cham-lee and Peco were heard were in Mascagni's "Cavalleria," which opened the evening. The chorus and orchestra were under Mr. Setti's direction and there was a sold-out house.

Kentucky Lads Sing Folk Songs of Mountains Here

The eight young Kentucky mountain boys from the Caney Creek Community Center in Knott County, Ky., had charge of the program last night at the Community Forum in the Community Church, Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. They spoke of the neglected Americans in the Kentucky mountain regions and of the conditions prevailing among them.

As part of the program they sang a number of the mountain folksongs. An audience of 300 to 400 persons attended and displayed great interest in what the boys had to offer.

Eugene Nigob in Piano Recital.

Eugene Nigob gave a piano recital assisted by Max Jacob's String Quartet in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. He played Moszkowski's piano concerto in E major, accompanied by the quartet, with a good show of technique but with lack of color and spontaneity. The small audience seemed to enjoy the long program, which included compositions by Glazounoff, Beethoven, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Mozart and Liszt's arrangement of the waltz from Gounod's "Faust."

A Russian pianist, Eugene Nigob, had the afternoon at Aeolian Hall, together with the Max Jacobs String Quartet, which played a Mozart quartet and Russian numbers and accompanied the pianist in Moszkowski's E major pianoforte concerto. Mr. Nigob, who also played the Beethoven "Waldstein" sonata and shorter numbers, had the mechanics of his playing well in hand, though with a slightly spasmodic manner, but the quartet wandered occasionally from pitch, with rather unfortunate results.

April 10 1923 Hears 'Mona Lisa'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Every schoolboy knows that it was Hamlet who gave the important information "The Play's the Thing," and this has long been Mr. Gatti-Casazza's theory about opera. He holds that the libretto must be good. He doubts the power of beautiful music to carry a dull play. Perhaps it was his belief in the spell of the drama that led him to produce Max Schilling's "Mona Lisa" which ushered in the next to the final week of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. There was a large audience, a fact which might seem to support the impresario's theory.

But another fact must be taken into consideration, namely, that public eagerness to attend performances at the Metropolitan always grows as the season nears its end. Parting is such sweet sorrow. However, there can be no question that "Mona Lisa" has obtained a considerable measure of popularity. Whether it will survive the heat of a summer is yet to be shown.

The performance of the opera last evening served to confirm the impressions already made that the hold of the work on an audience depends on the acting of the principals who impersonate the two battling humans, the "protagonists," portrayed to the librettist, Mme. Barbara Kemp as Mona Lisa and Mr. Bohmen as Francesco, the jealous husband, once more created the necessary thrills.

In this opera Mme. Kemp has achieved her greatest success. She has temperament and a seemingly inexhaustible amount of energy. The score does not call for any finished singing and she is therefore able to concentrate her attention on the action, which is thoroughly tragic. Mr. Bohmen repeated his striking delineation of the passions and fury of the husband. Mr. Taucher as the lover went calmly to his doom. Miss Perlati once again looked the Florentine Jew and the minor characters were all well done. Mr. Bodanzky conducted. "Mona Lisa" will not be given again this season.

Pavel Ludikar, Formerly of Boston Opera, and Jacques Malkin, Violinist, Heard in Two Evening Recitals

Pavel Ludikar, a Czech barytone, who was heard in this country in former days with the Boston Opera Company, held forth in several languages last night at Aeolian Hall—German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Czech, Slovak and Russian. An air of deep gravity overhung his opening group of Beethoven and Schubert songs, for Mr. Ludikar has a voice of considerable depth and not a little power, with a certain heaviness of manner and a leaning toward a slow pace. Thus, Schubert's "Vor Meine Weige" dragged, but resonant tones in "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus" drew an encore. This was Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," but the grenadiers marched with sluggish feet.

Winter Watts replaced Meta Schumann as accompanist for four of her own songs: "Wood Song," "The Dark Hills," "Song Is So Old" and "Miniver Cheevy." Mr. Ludikar added two songs by himself, and went on to Dvorak numbers in Czech and Novak arrangements in Slovak. Here his singing had more coloring, less weight and was distinctly at its happiest. A mixed group, including two negro spirituals, brought the end.

Members opened the concert with a piece by Albin, who gave a fine performance at the evening at Carnegie Hall. The Vitali Chaconne and B minor concerto, with solos by Gustav Saenger, J. Wieniawski and others. His performance was good, exceptional, with an orthodoxy of technical skill, and a satisfactory clearness able to rework. His hearers were cordial. Maxfield Mulkin was panning pianist.

By Charles H. Davis

The concert and Melinda... the thing most... with a... of... between the acts... what he... "Vell," said he... "Vell, I like it, not... I can't tell whether I play... the second act!" but... "there is... in the last

...on might go for... last night at the... thing most... with a... of... between the acts... what he... "Vell," said he... "Vell, I like it, not... I can't tell whether I play... the second act!" but... "there is... in the last

By Deems Taylor

...from yesterday's late... (ditions.)
THE DENISHAWNS ET AL.
...colorful musical even... was not, strictly speaking... at all. This was the advent... St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and... Dawn Dancers, who began... engagement in the Town... program comprised most... and choreographic pan... at have found favor with... in recent years, in... "visualizations" of the Bee... "theatrical" sonata, the Ch... "etude," and other... the Spanish suite, the Pierro... in the Garden," the dance... "Nocturne," and a concluding... "Orientalia."
...own Hall stage was enlarged... occasion, and there were... scenery. The audience was... unusually demonstrative... Denis and her company... more of a sense of humor... work than is common among... They display little of the... solemnity that makes the... dance evening so depressing... the effectiveness of their... by the deft use of facial... and they display a happy... combining strict dance... with dramatic effectiveness.

April 11 '923

...to Don Tunics Again Today... little costume of gauze tunic... and the substitution of ampler... last night in the Schumann... "Soaring," caused a report that... St. Denis's young dancers seen... week at the Town Hall had been... ordered out of bare knees into... and other panoply of more con... ballet. Daniel Mayer, their... said the report was untrue... the original tunics would reappear... with the dancers in them. To... a second program is due for... rest of the week, and a third bill... Monday.

RUDOLPH BOCHCO, a distinguished member of New York's colony of violinists, gave his annual recital last night in Aeolian Hall. He is a conservative musician whose art is well-grounded and whose interpretations lack neither skill nor style. With the exception of his opening number, "Vitali's Chaconne," Mr. Bochco's programme was devoted to Russian compositions. He featured an impromptu by Scriabin, a composer-violinist now in America. An original piece Ukraine was played between a waltz by Tschalkovsky and Portnoff's Kosatschek. Scriabin's Etude and the

D major concerto by Tschalkovsky were his most ambitious selections.

MARIE ROMAET-ROSANOFF, cellist, and Juliet Mosher, soprano, assisted at last night's concert of the New York Banks' Glee Club.

Conductor Bruno Huhn arranged a programme of modern songs which the club presented with its customary vigor and taste.

The spirited Hunting Song from De Koven's "Robin Hood," Rogers' Bedouin Song and Van de Water's "Sunset" were among the outstanding successes of the evening.

Horatio Parker was credited

with "The Leap of Roushan Beg," and other names in the composer's column were Mohring, Abt and Bullard.

Bochco Plays to Large Audience.

Rudolph Bochco, violinist, who has before appeared here, gave a recital before a large audience in Aeolian Hall last evening. Assisted by Joseph Alder, he was heard in Vitali's chaconne, Tchaikovsky's concerto and his own "Berceuse Ukraine," with lesser pieces by Scriabin, Borissoff, Portnoff and Auer. Mr. Bochco played with virorous volume of tone and a fair discrimination of style between classic Vitali and modern Russian masters.

Final Banks' Glee Club Concert.

Bruno Huhn conducted the New York Banks' Glee Club in the final concert of its forty-fourth season last evening at Carnegie Hall. There were many incidental solos by some of the ninety members of the club, William Messrs. Fish-Roger's "Bedouin Song," Messrs. Fish-Roger's "Bedouin Song," Dr. Stephen Me-Grath in Parker's "The Leap of Roushan Beg," and Carroll Voorhees in DeKoven's hunting song from "Robin Hood." Mrs. Juliet Mosher, soprano, sang Mozart's "Alleluia," as well as songs of Fourdrain and Easthope Martin, and Mrs. Marie Romaet Rosanoff played cello solos by Jean Hure, David-off and Popper.

April 12 '923

Prague Children of Bakule School

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Under the auspices of the American Red Cross the Bakule Chorus of Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, appeared for the first time in this country in a concert at Carnegie Hall last evening. This chorus consists of children from the school founded by Francisco Bakule, who conducted last night, as a part of the reconstruction work in his country after the world war.

Mr. Bakule has been an instructor in a Government sanitarium for children and he conceived the idea of creating a school which should combine physical restoration with training in industries and in the national music and dances.

His work attracted the attention of the Junior Red Cross and obtained him much needed financial aid. The school was established on a larger basis and its achievements became known throughout Europe. The chorus visits this country to show what Czechoslovakia has done toward its own reconstruction and to express gratitude for the aid given by the children of the Junior Red Cross.

The entertainment last evening was prefaced by a brief introduction by Mr. John H. Finley, who visited Prague and the school as an official of the Red Cross. The chorus then sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with considerable originality of rhythm and harmony, but in a very interesting manner. The English was delivered very clearly, though naturally with characteristic accent.

The Czech national hymn "We're Is My Home?" and the Slovak national hymn "Lighting Flashes Above Tatra" followed. The audience stood up during all three.

The remainder of the program consisted of folksongs and native melodies, folk dances and other music of the people, all sung by the children, who wore the national costumes, made familiar here long ago by local Bohemian societies.

The singing of these young people was decidedly interesting, and in some

of the numbers remarkably beautiful. The volume of tone was naturally small and the lack of deep voices was noticeable; but nevertheless there was no small amount of color and variety. Some of the numbers had been arranged by educated Czech-Slovak musicians and showed much skill in harmonization. The children disclosed the results of capable training and of an enthusiastic devotion to their task. It was an unusual and thoroughly pleasing concert.

A group of American songs included a fervent interpretation of "Eventide," the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "Dixie" in English, as well as "Yankee Doodle" in the Czech language. There were several folk dances, two of the smallest members being enthusiastically applauded for a Czech dance, the accompaniment for which was sung by the chorus, while later the biggest boy and girl had to repeat the liveliest stepping dance of the lot. Marie Mikova, a Bohemian pianist, who has been heard here before, was warmly received in a group of compositions by Smetana. Dr. Finley spoke a second time from the stage to introduce a song by seven tiniest children, led by the littlest girl, who demurely refused an encore.

At the close the young chorus brought the audience up-standing with "My Country"—not Smetana's, but the Rev. Silas E. Smith's—and one last rollicking stanza again from "Dixie," ending with a happy yell and waving hands as they bade the audience good-night but not good-by.

It was certain last night that other appearances here would be arranged.

Rossini's "William Tell," recently postponed because of the illness of Giuseppe Danise, had its fourth performance last evening at the Metropolitan Opera House. Revived on January 5 last, by Mr. Gatti-Casazza after a silence of twenty-eight years at the Metropolitan, it may safely be surmised that each hearing of the composer's masterpiece brings delight for the first time to many of the younger present day opera goers through the manifold beauties of its sensu charm and richly melodious score.

The cast waxes the same as at the revival performance, except that Mr. Picchi took Mr. Didur's place as Gessler. Miss Powselle was Mathilda and Mr. Martineau, Arnold. Mr. Danise assumed the title role and Miss Perini that of his wife Hedwig. Miss Simellus was Tell's son, Gemmy. The other singers were Mr. D'Angelo as Melchthal and Mr. Mardones as Walter Furst, with Messrs. Bada Bloch and Pileo in minor parts.

The spirited performance led by Mr. Pakl was an excellent one. The overture was again given in the intermission between the first and second acts. An enthusiastic audience, which packed the auditorium, heard the opera.

In the afternoon at a special performance for the benefit of the New York Woman's League for Animals, "Romeo et Juliette," the season's leading success at the house, received its tenth and last hearing with Miss Bori and Mr. Gigh repeating their commendable impersonations of the ill-starred lovers.

Other principals in the familiar cast were Mmes. Delaunoy and Wakefield and Messrs. Diaz, De Luca, Didur and Rothier. Mr. Husselmans conducted.

April 13 '923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The first of two extra concerts by the Philharmonic Society took place last evening in Carnegie Hall. These entertainments stand outside any of the various series of the organization and were planned especially to give music lovers opportunities to hear the ninth symphony of Beethoven.

The great composition was preceded by the B minor suite of Bach with Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the Philharmonic, at the harpsichord. The vocal forces assembled for the final movement of the symphony consisted of Mme. Frances Alda, soprano; Mme. Charles Canier, contralto; Paul Alt-house, tenor; Joseph Schwartz, barytone, and the chorus of the Schola Cantorum.

The ninth symphony is not often performed because of the difficulty of securing soloists who can grapple with the formidable voice parts of the last movement in which Beethoven's creative imagination soared into regions where singers cannot readily follow. It is only about a year, however, since Mr. Mengelberg conducted the work together with the master's first symphony at two concerts celebrating the completion of the eightieth year of the famous old society.

Almost every distinguished conductor cherishes a desire to direct this immortal composition, and older music lovers will recall noteworthy performances under Theodore Thomas, Weingartner, Toscanini and others of renown. The Philharmonic has had a busy and apparently prosperous season, and has made history by parting

company with its older conductor, who will invite public consideration next season for a new one. Perhaps he, too, will conduct the ninth symphony; but at present we need concern ourselves only with the past.

A performance of the ninth symphony such as that of last evening cannot be discussed adequately in the brief time available after a concert, especially when delayed as much as possible by the tactics of Mr. Mengelberg. The chorus let it be said once, discharged its duties admirably and the quartet battled bravely with the appalling music before it. The quartet passages have often been better sung here, but perhaps singers equal to such work are not easily found now.

Mr. Mengelberg's reading of the symphony was conspicuously analytical. There was much more analysis than synthesis, more dissection than introspection. The instrumental exposures were without doubt increased by the conditions attending the seating of the orchestra far forward to make room for the chorus and the spreading of it across the stage so that its ends were indeed strangers to each other.

Naturally the wind parts all came out too prominently and some of them very harshly. The strings in the beautiful variations of the slow movement were almost obscured and there was a general want of mellowness, and consequently of poetry of utterance. But in precision, unanimity, and finish of phrasing the performance was excellent. The audience was apparently deeply interested and so wrought up with enthusiasm that some of it even tried to start the applause once or twice in the wrong place.

ESSEN OPERA REFUGEE HERE.

Conductor Expelled by French Is Admitted.

Bruno Reibold told the Immigration authorities at Ellis Island yesterday that he had been conductor of the Opera House orchestra at Essen and had been expelled by the French military authorities when French officers could not get the best seats in the house on demand.

So he came to America, Reibold said, landing here recently with his seven-year-old daughter Gerda. He was admitted, and said he would join his brother at 151 West Norris street, Philadelphia.

Rechlin Plays Bach's Chorales.

Edward Rechlin, organist of the Emanuel Lutheran Church, gave an interesting recital of Bach's devotional chorales on the organ at Aeolian Hall last evening. Arrangements made for the St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, a rarely brought into concert use with more reverent feeling. So marked was the effect that at many points a deeply impressed audience refrained from applause, as in the cycle—apparently of Mr. Rechlin's choosing—played without pause and designated "Bethlehem Gethsemane, Golgotha, Easter." Besides a brilliant fugue of Bach's son Emanuel, there were also a chorale of Kuhnau, the master's predecessor, and a sonata No. 6 by Mendelssohn, himself an ardent advocate and a discoverer of Bach's works.

Andre Pollah, Violinist, Plays.

Andre Pollah gave a violin recital in Rumford Hall last evening, assisted by Miriam Allen at the piano. The small auditorium in East Forty-first Street was filled with an audience that expressed enjoyment of the music. Seventeenth century compositions comprised half of the program, including a sonata by Vercelli and a group of shorter pieces by Leclair, Tartini, Bononcini and Mondoville. The violinist gave open expression to the graceful melody and displayed a warm, vibrant tone and technique of high advancement. Then followed two groups of more modern selections. Mr. Pollah will give another program there Saturday afternoon, and there will be several recitals there next week.

Curt Taucher Sings His Farewell.

Curt Taucher, the opera singer, sailing tomorrow for Germany, took leave after his first season at the Metropolitan in last evening's final performance of "Tristan." Mme. Kemp for the second time here sang Isolde, while Mme. Orngin, Messrs. Whitehill and Bohnen also reappeared and Mr. Bodanzky conducted. There was a large and brilliant house.

The orchestral movements were played with a near approach to the eloquence and mystery and profoundly poetic significance of the music. Mr. Mengelberg had sought for the same kind of emphasis, the rounded expression, the carefully turned phrase, the well-considered balance of parts that are familiar in many of his performances, and he got them. In the matter of tempo he took the Scherzo at a fast pace (faster than Beethoven's mark), and in the much discussed trio of this movement he adopted a compromise. The metronomic indication in most of the printed scores being practically impossible of execution and ruinous to the musical sense if possible—and now shown sufficiently to be an engraver's blunder—took as fast a tempo as could well be maintained with musical quality, and left the slower tempo that was Beethoven's real intention out of consideration.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE NINTH SYMPHONY.

Last year the Philharmonic Orchestra gave two special post-season performances of Beethoven's ninth symphony, with the Oratorio Society to sing the choral parts, and the results of the experiment evidently encouraged Mr. Mengelberg to make it an annual affair; for last night he gave the first of two more such performances, assisted this time by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and a quartet of soloists made up of Frances Alda, Mme. Charles Cahier, Paul Althouse and Joseph Schwarz. The performance will be repeated Sunday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The performance was, particularly so far as concerned its purely orchestral aspects, a fine one. There were details, of course, with which the captious might quarrel—one wondered, for example, whether Beethoven intended the timpani solo in the scherzo to be quite so ear-splitting, and what he would have thought of the exaggerated hold on the word "Gott!" after the chorus's first entrance. On the whole, however, Mr. Mengelberg gave the work a reading that was distinguished by wonderful precision of attack, epic breadth of style and tonal beauty.

Nothing lovelier could be imagined than the velvety richness with which the violins played the G string passage near the end of the slow movement, and the dramatic effectiveness of the cello and bass recitatives in the finale, from the first breathless whisper after the introduction to the triumphant announcement of the main theme, was a magnificent feat of orchestral technique. If the orchestral performance just missed being a great one it was because of the failure of the Philharmonic Society to solve some purely mechanical problems. The temporary platform on which the men played was not deep enough to allow the orchestra and chorus to be placed right.

The double basses were huddled together on the extreme right-hand edge of the platform, so that they frequently had to play too softly in order to avoid being too prominent; the timpani, placed in a position of corresponding prominence on the left, generally sounded completely divorced from the main body of tone, and the wind instruments, playing on the floor level, sounded muffled and lost behind the strings. Ten feet would have made all the difference in the world.

We still contend that the choral parts of the ninth symphony are impossible, but the Schola last night came as close to proving us wrong as any body of singers that we ever expect to hear. The terrifically high tessitura of the music sometimes forced them to drown out the orchestra—but that is certainly a more praiseworthy fault than being inaudible, as last year's chorus sometimes was. Moreover, even in their most stentorian moments, the singers never lost their quality of tone, never let the audience forget that they were singing. The attacks were clean and the diction, although not perfect (how could it be, on those high notes?) was praiseworthy.

We consider the quartet music impossible too, and last night's soloists never endangered our verdict for a moment. They did their best, and, considering how good every one of them has been upon other occasions, there is no reason to believe that any other four singers could have done better. Mr. Schwartz's shortcomings perhaps were not all the fault of the music. He seemed to consider the occasion an operatic one, and uttered

even the moderately high passages in a lusty declamando that seemed hardly appropriate. "Ah-ha-ha-hangenehmere" is scarcely the way to sing "angenehmere" on the concert stage.

Before the symphony the orchestra played Bach's second suite, in B minor, with Mr. Mengelberg at the harpsichord. The audience was enormous, and included the noisiest and worst mannered collection of box-holders that has been heard in Carnegie Hall this season. Many of them were evidently spending their first musical evening outside the opera house, for they even interrupted a half cadence in the slow movement with enthusiastic handclappings.

OTHER MUSIC.

Sigrid Onegin came back into Mr. Gatti's fold last night to sing "Brangaene" in the season's final "Tristan und Isolde." Her singing and acting made one wonder whether Miss Onegin may not be of all the Metropolitan's Teutonic artists the nearest to true Wagnerian calibre. The remainder of the familiar cast, including Miss Kemp, Mr. Taucher and Mr. Bohnen, achieved their usual performances. Miss Onegin's were the laurels of the evening.

Opera 'L'Africana'

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"L'Africana," as it is called because it is sung in Italian instead of the original French, was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. The last work of Meyerbeer has proved to be the most successful revival of the season. The audience filled every available foot of space in the opera house and there was much applause.

That the listeners were interested was manifest from the beginning to the end of the work. If "L'Africana" is restored to the list of best sellers it of course proves that it is a great work, for one reads in these days much preaching of the doctrine that real art is not for intellectuals, but for the man in the street. This doctrine argues that Hector Berlioz, who had a pretty opinion of himself as a composer and writer on the aesthetics of musical art was variously and substantially mistaken.

The features of the performance were those which are now familiar. Miss Ponselle's personal features were somewhat darker than when she last sang *Scarka*, but the makeup of the fabled African has always been an insoluble problem for practical prima donnas. She was in much favor with the audience. Beniamino Gigli as *Vasco da Gama*, the real sailor man, again held the center of the lyric stage and sang his music with brilliancy of voice and generally with dramatic effect.

Miss Queena Mario as the amiable *Inez*, Mr. Danise again admirable as *Nelusco*, Mr. Didur as *Don Pedro* and Mr. Rothier as both the priests were other members of the cast. The spectacular features of the opera, including the ballet, were apparently much enjoyed. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Earle Laros in Piano Recital.

Earle Laros gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall before a small audience. The program included compositions by Schumann, Chabrier, Debussy, Chopin, Beethoven, Scarlatti, and arrangements of two of Bach's preludes by Busoni, as well as two of the pianist's own works. There was a lack of technical case in Chopin's "Etude in A Minor," but there was warmth of tone in the playing with the exception of occasional groups of notes struck too violently.

Earle Laros, whose deftness at the pianoforte has been demonstrated before local audiences as soloist with the New York Philharmonic and Russian Symphony orchestras, gave his first recital here in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon.

Wagnerian Opera Co. Incorporated.

The Wagnerian Opera Company was incorporated yesterday, with authorized capital up to \$500,000, under the laws of the State of Delaware. George Blumenthal announced that this company will be the successor next season to the organization from Berlin which gave a recent Wagner festival at the Manhattan and Lexington Theatres, and which is now on a tour comprising Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Detroit. Melvin H. Dalberg, who interested several capitalists in the company here, will be General Director of the new corporation, which plans to give an annual season of Wagner in New York.

Suzanne Zimmerman, Soprano, Since Suzanne Zimmerman, soprano, gave a recital in the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria last night, assisted by Conrad Forsberg in piano solos and by Bruno Huhn as accompanist. In Miss Zimmerman's program were an air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," Dr. Frank E. Miller's "The Soul's Abode" and songs by Cyril Scott, Roger Quilter, Victor Harris and MacDowell.

Gabrilowitsch

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Osip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, played a program of Chopin music in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon to as many hearers as the auditorium hold. The list comprised the E major etude, from opus 10, A minor and A flat valses, B flat minor sonata, twelve preludes from opus 28, B minor mazurka, nocturne in D flat and a scherzo.

There is nothing new to say about Mr. Gabrilowitsch's art. Its form is now settled, its style matured and fixed. His chopin playing has always been interesting, is often compelling and generally charming. He does not overdo nor yet underdo, but in the utterances of the heroic numbers there is perhaps something still wanting. But his piano playing is beautiful and its presents lucidly and luminously some of the most beautiful music ever created.

The B flat minor sonata has been finally and permanently included in the catalog of popular music. In Paris its funeral march has achieved the supreme honor of being "jazzed." It has not attained that dignity yet in the land of jazz, perhaps because we have here geniuses like Irving Berlin, who can give us purely American jazz, or Hugo Riesenfeld, who can turn a jazz tune into orchestral music as delicate and fragrant as a Japanese painting.

But the B flat minor sonata proffered the funeral march to the Parisian method of jazz. What would a company of New York matinee Chopinists do to a pianist who so maltreated their favorite weeping tune? We need not disturb ourselves about such matters. As long as Mr. Gabrilowitsch will journey hither from his fastness in Detroit and perform the B flat minor sonata from time to time as he did yesterday afternoon the cold winds of a misguided April may sweep over the tomb in vain. They shall not dry our tears.

Verdi held the stage at the next to the last matinee of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The opera was "La Forza del Desino." The audience was large and its applause was plentiful. Miss Frances Pera impersonated *Leonora*, whose misfortunes are usually set forth by Miss Ponselle. But the latter had sung in "L'Africana" the previous evening. Miss Peralta's contribution to the pleasures of the afternoon was quite up to the present standards of the Metropolitan.

Mr. Martinelli as *Don Alvaro*, Mr. de Luca as *Don Carlos*, Mr. Maldones as the *Abbot*, and Mme. Gordon as *Preziosilla* were other principals in the cast. Mr. Papi conducted. In the evening the opera was Massenet's "Manon," with Mme. Sabanieva in the name part, Mr. Chamlee as *Des Grieux*, Mr. Scotti as *Lescart* and Mr. Rothier as the elder *Des Grieux*. Mr. Hasselmans conducted.

POLAH IN SECOND RECITAL.

Violinist Pleases Large Audience at Rumford Hall.

Andre Polak was heard in the second of his "two special violin recitals," given within two days' time, yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall with Miss Miriam Allen again at the piano. Beginning with Bach, some of Mr. Polak's selections were a "Minuet" of Haydn arranged by Carl Friedberg, after which an encore was given, Arthur Hartmann's "Souvenir," Hubay's "Le Papillon," Achron's transcription of Mendelssohn's lyric, "On Wings of Song"; Elman's arrangement of Albeniz's "Tango" and pieces of Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski and Sarasate.

His third number was given over to his own arrangement of Henry Hadley's orchestral suite—heard at a Stadium concert last summer—entitled "Ballet of the Flowers," the thus favored blossoms being "Mignonette," "Red Rose," "Heather," "Violets," "Marguerites." Mr. Polak played with taste and fine musicianship and greatly pleased his large audience.

Bachaus Dazzling

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Wilhelm Bachaus is a growing pianist. His fourth recital, which took place yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, was in its own singular fashion a demonstration of this fact. In the first place the auditorium was far from full. No other comment need be made on this than the assertion that Mr. Bachaus is one of the few recital artists who might venture to perform before numerous empty chairs. But he can bear such a test.

Absence of auditors does not prove that he is not an admirable pianist nor one who wants charm for the public. It proves only that the musical season has been long and arduous and that the inhabitants of this city have had about as much piano playing as they can assimilate without the necessary interval for rest and outdoor sports.

Mr. Bachaus's program was of nourishing substance and appetizing variety. Brahms furnished the opening group with two intermezzi, the romance in F major and the formidable Paganini variations. Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia was the central number, after which came Chopin's G minor ballade, Seeling's study in G flat, Smetana's Bohemian dance in F, Pich-Mangiagalli's "Danse d'Olaf" and Schubert's "Marche Militaire."

Such a program called forth a large and dazzling display of Mr. Bachaus's powers. He is a virtuoso and an interpreter. It might be charged against him that he elected to be only one of these in his performance of the Paganini variations, but the temptation was and always will be great, for Brahms dressed his simple theme in royal robes of technic.

It can and ought to be said that Mr. Bachaus's playing of this number recalled that of Rosenthal, which evoked cheers even from other pianists. The Schubert fantasia has been played several times this season. Mr. Bachaus brings to it all the resources of his inexhaustible technic, together with penetrating intelligence and real feeling.

Alexander Siloti, the pianist, remarked not long ago that he delighted in playing Bach because he was the youngest living composer. Of course Beethoven cannot be his rival because he was born some years after Bach died. But he is still very much alive, and this was shown by the avidity with which music lovers rushed to the Philharmonic concert at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon to hear a composition of his joined with one by Bach.

The occasion was the repetition of the special concert lately given in Carnegie Hall, the program consisting of Bach's suite in B minor, with

Willem Mengelberg, conductor of the Philharmonic, as harpsichordist, and Beethoven's ninth symphony. The house was sold out and some persons who earnestly desired to hear the music were unable to obtain admission. From the appearance of the outer lobby a quarter of an hour after the concert began one might have thought that "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were to be sung.

The forces assembled for the ninth symphony were those engaged in its performance on Thursday evening. Besides the Philharmonic Society orchestra there were the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and the quartet consisting of Mme. Frances Alda, soprano; Mme. Charles Cahier, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Joseph Schwartz, barytone.

UNITED HEBREW CONCERT.

Josef Rosenblatt Heads Soloists of Choral Societies.

The first concert given by the United Hebrew Choral Societies of the United States and Canada took place yesterday afternoon in the Hippodrome. New York and vicinity were represented by no less than nine societies. Josef Rosenblatt, noted cantor, headed a long list of soloists. The conductors were Leo Low, Leon Kramer, Lazar Weiner, Samuel Lewin, Jacob Davidson, Jacob Heymann and Meyer Posner.

The organization aims to stimulate a knowledge of music among the Jewish masses, to raise Jewish music to a higher standard of excellence and to serve as a center for struggling artists.

April 19 1923
By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

Theodore Spiering, who used to be concert master of the Philharmonic Orchestra when Gustav Mahler was conductor, and who directed the organization during Mahler's illness in New York, conducted the Philharmonic in a special post-season concert in Carnegie Hall last night. His program blazed no trails, confining it to material that was familiar alike to audience, orchestra, and conductor.

Brahms's first symphony began it, the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan" continued it, and "Til Eulenspiegel" ended it. In all three numbers Mr. Spiering showed complete familiarity with his material and commendable grasp of the technique of conducting.

There is not a great deal more to tell, other than that the orchestra discoursed with the undisturbed calm of one at ease among old friends. The balance and tonal quality were good—and well they might have been. Just what Mr. Spiering could do with music whose structure and content are less of an orchestral household word it would be impossible to say. What he had to do he did well, with no discernible difficulty.

Else Alsen, whose *Ilse Isolde* is familiar to everyone who saw the performances of the German Opera Company, sang the voice part in the "Liebestod." Mr. Spiering's rather deliberate pace rendered her rather breathless before the number was over, but otherwise she sang it quite as well as she had done in the stage performances—that is to say, with deep dramatic expressiveness and beautiful tonal quality. The audience was rather a large one, and seemed most cordially disposed.

Lucrezia Bori Sings Farewell.

Lucrezia Bori, one of the Metropolitan's most admirable as well as popular artists for more years than her own youth would suggest, took a season's leave at the opera last evening with a house sold out for "La Traviata" and a personal ovation at the close. The little Spanish soprano has shared with Mme. Galli-Curci the rôle of the operatic Camille, to which her sincerity, genuine skill and personal charm have given her no mean title. Messrs. Chumley and De Luca were her chief associates last evening in Verdi's airs, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

American Orchestral Society

The educational work of the American Orchestral Society for the season of 1922-23 closes on April 25. On that date the graduation concert of the society will take place at Aeolian Hall at 3 P. M. The programme includes the "Egmont" overture, Beethoven; overture-fantasy "Romeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky and the "Negro Rhapsody," Powell. John Powell, the composer, will play the piano solo with the orchestra. The directors of the American Orchestral Society will welcome as their guests all persons who are interested in this educational work in music. Requests for tickets may be addressed to the office of the society, 541 Madison Avenue.

The results achieved during the season by the American Orchestral Society under the leadership of its new musical director, Chalmers Clifton, are said to be most gratifying. The repertoire studied during the season includes seven symphonies, five overtures and seventeen other symphonic compositions of the standard orchestral list. Six American compositions appeared among this latter group.

An average attendance of seventy-five students in the senior training orchestra and forty-five in the junior orchestra has been maintained throughout the season. Seventy-two rehearsals have been held and eight concerts have been given by the senior training orchestra. Thirty students will receive the certificate of merit of the society, pronouncing them qualified to become candidates for positions in professional orchestras.

be made to give a dramatic picture. His achievement mixed results. Sometimes what he played had the beauty and epic sweep of the Greek drama. Sometimes, on the other hand, it was pure theatre.

The Chalkovsky work went best. It is a colorful but highly generalized musical embodiment of Shakespeare's tragedy, free in form, but essentially musical in its structure and utterance. Consequently, the vivid, carefully detailed and strongly contrasted reading that Mr. Stokowsky gave it served to enhance its dramatic effects without destroying its proportions.

He changed the ending, finishing the tale of the immortal lovers on a soft, sustained chord, omitting the brief and strenuous "tutti" conclusion that Chalkovsky provides. It was not orthodox, perhaps, but it did seem more appropriate to the subject matter.

The orchestra played throughout with marvellous polish and tonal beauty.

The "Faust" symphony did not fare so well. It is a magnificent piece of imaginative writing, the product of a mind that saw as well as heard. One has the impression that Liszt, seeking to convey his interpretation of Goethe's masterpiece, chooses to paint a series of pictures that stir the imagination through their appeal to the mind's eye as well as the outer ear. It is easy music to visualize, and—as is so often the case with such music—is written with the utmost freedom and objectivity.

The symphony has little "form," in the classical sense—Aphor's phrase, "a concatenation of three symphonic poems," is an apt one—relies for its coherence upon the reiteration of certain basic "motto" themes, and abounds in violent contrasts, vivid colors and swift changes of mood.

In short, it is a work that takes a firm hand at the reins to keep it from flying to pieces out of sheer centrifugal emotion. And that is precisely what Mr. Stokowsky did not give it. He went after Liszt as if he had been Mendelssohn, hammering home the fortissimos, exaggerating the pianissimos, stopping and unleashing the rhythms with the abruptness of a taxi driver. The result was that Liszt's already violent moods became sheer hysteria; what had been vivid became violent, and what had been tender, languished. The piece sounded scrappy and short of breath. It was exciting, but it did not mean a great deal—Goethe in the movies.

Technically, of course, the performance was superb. The men's chorus, which supplied the epilogue, was grouped at either side of the stage to form part of the orchestra, with a resultant blending of vocal and instrumental tone that was effective in the extreme. Arthur Hackett delivered the solo passages with brilliance and fine sincerity. The audience was enormous, and proportionately appreciative.

The Brassard Choir of Montreal, choral organization of about 100 men and women under the direction of A. J. Brassard, appeared at Aeolian Hall in the afternoon and evening, giving two performances of Cesar Franck's cantata, "The Beatitudes," with piano and organ accompaniment. There were six soloists. Nothing about the performance showed the slightest distinction, and the most charitable criticism of it is silence. It is hard to imagine what motives inspired some one to bring these choristers all the way from Montreal to give so sorry an exhibition.

One of the cheering features of the occasion was Mr. Gilman's program dealing with the tradition that Wagner was greatly indebted to Liszt for some of his most valuable ideas that he pillaged Liszt's music and especially this symphony. Mr. Gilman merely states a few plain facts, and the statement of them, so far as the Faust symphony is concerned, is illuminating. Those who like the symphony unquestionably liked Mr. Stokowsky's performance of it and made it very plain manifest. Others may have wished that Mr. Stokowsky had chosen another work with which to end his triumphant New York season. But that it was triumphant, and that the orchestra had made an important place for itself in the musical life of New York there was no possible opportunity of doubting.

THE BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION

The Beethoven Society finished its fourth season last evening in a blaze of glory. Its sixth concert in Aeolian Hall was given by a galaxy of some of its most distinguished members—and all musicians who play with it and for it are its members—and with a program of peculiar delight received by a large audience with great enthusiasm.

Beethoven's quartet in E minor, the second of the Razumoffsky set, was played by Jascha Heifetz, Hugo Kortschak, Albert Stoessel and Felix Salmon. The Beethoven Association's experiments in giving chamber music played by artists who are distinguished as soloists rather than as ensemble musicians have had diverse results, for such players are not always or often the stuff from which a great or even a good ensemble can be secured. Last evening's attempt may be counted among the more successful ones.

It is perhaps not invidious to say that one chief interest in the performance lay in Mr. Heifetz's playing as first violin, which was musical, sympathetic, and not always unduly prominent. Four players practicing together for an evening's performance do not make a string quartet, but these gave an enjoyable performance of Beethoven's work.

Mr. Heifetz again appeared with Erno Dohnanyi to play Brahms's "A major" violin sonata, and was here much more at home. It was a performance of great beauty, to which the pianist and the violinist made equal contribution in a poetical and warmly romantic conception, finely felt phrasing and an unusually finished style.

George Meader of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang Don Ottavio's aria, "Il Mio Tesoro," from "Don Giovanni" in a manner in which it is not often to be heard, so far as it relates to finish, sustained and legato style and smooth and spontaneous utterance.

The program was ended with Brahms's concerto for three pianos in minor, with string accompaniment. The solo parts were taken by Miss Myra Hess and Messrs. Harold Bauer and Erno Dohnanyi. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted the orchestra, in which Mr. Heifetz played as concert master. The concerto is a splendidly spirited piece with a beautiful Siciliano in its slow movement; and the three distinguished artists played it in a manner to present it in its most persuasive aspect—with finesse, spirit, delicacy and rhythmic potency.

This, as well as all the other numbers of the program, was greatly relished by the audience, which called forth the artists after all their performances with great enthusiasm. It was an occasion for enthusiasm and one to show the potentialities of the Beethoven Association in their finest light.

Once more, and for the fourth time, it must be said that the season's work has completely justified the existence of the organization and shown how powerful the stimulus is of pure love of the art and of fraternal co-operation in making music for music's sake. Harold Bauer may well be proud of this off-spring of his imagination and enthusiasm. The success of the season will no doubt have put the association again in funds for the carrying out of some generous purpose.

CHILDREN'S OPERA MATINEE

"The Snow Maiden" Fills Metropolitan—"Samson et Dalila."

French opera twice over filled the Metropolitan yesterday at the start of the season's farewell week. A children's matinee of "The Snow Maiden" attracted hundreds of youngsters, who, with their elders, enjoyed the musical legend of Spring and melting sun in Northern Europe, regardless of its Slav names or of the French text to which Rimsky-Korsakov's melodies were sung.

In the cast were the Misses Bori, Delaunoy, Anthony, Telva and Howard, Messrs. Diaz, Schuetzendorf, Gustafson, Bada, Paltrinieri and many more. Mr. Hasselmann, who conducted the matinee, was again in charge last night, when the last of the Metropolitan's brilliant Monday subscription audiences took its leave of the singers in Saint Sæns's "Samson et Dalila." Mme. Julia Claussen, Messrs. Martinelli, De Luca, Mardones and others appeared in familiar rôles, and the house remained in its seats for Mr. Gast's final spectacle of the falling temple upon a big ensemble of stars, chorus and ballet.

April 18 1923

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

VALE PHILADELPHIA.

Leopold Stokowsky and the Philadelphia Orchestra closed the official 1922-23 orchestral season in Carnegie Hall last night with a literary program—Shakespeare supplied the inspiration for the first half—Chalkovsky's "Romeo and Juliet;" with Goethe (Liszt's "Faust" symphony) contributing the second portion of the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Stokowsky was in what might be called a histrionic mood last night, searching the two scores with a care-

long program in these historical and arrangements for chorus and folk songs. Mr. Rosenblatt several of his own compositions. "Die Fledermaus" for women's choir and were also in the list. The languages heard were Yiddish, Hebrew and Polish. The program was impressively varied and was enjoyed by a large audience.

What the individual young artist lacks in recital, he appears to gain when engaged in ensemble work. It is the splendid results to be seen yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall are to be credited. Louis J. Cornu's Junior Orchestra gave a concert there, with a program in every way as fresh and charming as its rendition, and with a group of thirty players, ranging in age from six to sixteen. The result was akin to a miracle. Here was a group playing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, for instance, with the skill, the blending and clean cut outline more usually the attributes of adult ensembles of truly professional proportions.

Adolescence seems to be the flood-gate of emotion, for these boys and girls played with real joy and spirit, with an untrammelled sense of beauty and with the freshness which alone belongs to the time when dreams seem very real. The lyric passages of this work, as well as later of Grieg's Sigurd Jorsalfar, seemed almost to well up and flow from their fingers. Nowhere was there shoddy playing or stodgy over-cautious interpretation. There were true musicians in the making among these children. If the future of musical America is in the hands of such as these, no one need worry.

The Metropolitan Opera House formed the background for two special musical programs yesterday when the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, offered a particularly interesting program in the afternoon, and the regular Sunday evening popular concert was given at night.

The afternoon bill was in reality a repetition of the program given Thursday in Carnegie Hall, offering Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Kurt Schindler, of the Schola Cantorum assisting, and Messrs. Frances Alda and Cabier and Messrs. Paul Althaus and Joseph Schwarz sang the vocal solos with the strength of the Schola Cantorum and the choral part of the bill.

This concert marked the last appearance of Willem Mengelberg as director of the Philharmonic Orchestra for this season.

Jascha Heifetz Soloist.

At the night's Popular Sunday Concert program offering Jascha Heifetz as soloist was presented with a number of Metropolitan stars in favorite arias, among whom were Mmes. Delaunoy, Ardon, Dalossy, Mario, Mellish, Arden, and Telva, and Messrs. Harold, Bada, Meader, D'Angelo, and Schuetzendorf.

The orchestra in turn was directed by Messrs. Bamboschek, Eisler and Pelletier.

The Sunday afternoon concert at Ellis yesterday was attended by 1,000 migrants and workers. The chief artists were Miss Mary M. Chainey, violinist, a student of Walter Damrosch; A. List pianist; Ugo Vittozzi, baritone and John Cushing, organist.

The program comprised an organ solo, "Dance," in A, by Moszkowski, Cushing; baritone solos from the "Credo de Servigia," by Mr. Vittozzi; Gregorian numbers and several Kreisler variations by Miss Chainey.

VONNE GEORGE, French soprano and one of the bright, particular stars of the Greenwich Village Follies, gave an attractive song recital at the Theatre yesterday afternoon.

Salchovitz Plays Again. Salchovitz, violinist, gave a second recital last evening in the Town Hall, assisted by Harry Ank at the piano. He played A minor sonata and a concerto in D minor by Wieniawski.

Salchovitz, who is a player of merit and individual force, added several attractive pieces to his repertoire, one by Auer of Ivan's "Turkish March," and by Elzet's "Carmen."

Am Concerts Committee has extended May 1 to June 1 the time for works submitted for this Summer festival by American composers.

Mr. Schell's cello sonata and his trio cello and piano, were played at the last evening by Messrs. Willeke, and Friedberg.

Frank Shaw gives a lecture

April 20/1923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The old saw tells us that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. So, too, at sunset the most beautiful moment is often that just before the disappearance of the gorgeous colors from the sky, when the crimson and gold flash their last splendors and then give way to the cool grays and limpid greens. It seems that an opera season can be like this, for in its final minutes the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, which must end to-morrow night, blazed into almost intolerable magnificence yesterday afternoon.

Feodor Chaliapin, having no concert to comfort his idle hours, slipped into his royal robes and the agonies of Boris once again and thrilled another audience with a farewell appearance. Already he had sung good-by twice, but parting with a great artist is such sweet sorrow that without doubt Mr. Chaliapin might profitably see the ghost of the murdered Dimitri again next week. But by that time the ghost will have ceased to walk.

The performance of Moussorgsky's characteristic opera presented no new features. Mr. Chaliapin's impersonation of Boris Godunov was as powerful and moving as ever and he was called before the curtain many times. He did not make a speech. By his reticence he established a precedent which other opera singers would do well to follow.

There were no important changes in the cast. Mme. Jean Gordon was the Marina and Mr. Diaz the adventurous young monk who aspired to a throne. Ignace Jan Paderewski in Box 44 was an interested auditor.

In the evening the opera was "William Tell," and Mr. Martinelli gave a farewell exhibition of his heroic style. He was in good voice and so were his many admirers. The applause was most liberal. Mr. Danise as William Tell, Mr. Mardones as Walter Furst, Miss Ponselle as Mathilde and Miss Dalossy as Gemmy were other important members of the cast. The whole performance moved with smoothness and spirit and the audience appeared to be greatly pleased.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

CHALIAPIN ONCE MORE.

After some weeks of singing out of town, Feodor Chaliapin came back to the Metropolitan yesterday afternoon for a farewell performance of "Boris Godunov." His voice was in perfect condition, and his impersonation of the doomed Czar had all its wonted plastic beauty and overwhelming tragic power. Angelo Bada gave his usual fine performance as Shoulsky, Mr. Ananlan was an inimitable Varlaam, Miss Howard made much of the nurse, and Jeanne Gordon sang beautifully as Marina.

The ensemble work, which has not been notably good for some time, seemed particularly uneventful yesterday. The chorus sang well, but hardly acted in a way to make the Moscow Art Theatre uneasy. Oddly enough, no stage director's name appeared on the program. Mr. Papi's orchestra had moments of eloquence, but seemed unduly noisy at times and almost drowned Mr. Diaz in the garden scene.

Everybody was there. Ignace Paderewski sat in a box and Ethel Barrymore, Jeanne Eagles, Laurette Taylor and Fay Bainter, with no matinees to occupy them, dropped in to see the great Russian. Alfred Hertz paid an afternoon visit to the house in which he had so often conducted. Morris Gest brought Max Reinhardt to see how they manage big productions in America. Mr. Reinhardt said that Chaliapin was "wonderbar," but refused to be interviewed upon the staging. He seemed to be astonished to see so many people free to go to the opera on a Thursday afternoon.

In the evening it was "William Tell" again, and for the last time this year. Perhaps, if previous custom is followed, it may be the last time for a decade or so, since the Rossini work appears to have been due for a revival about once in a generation. The cast was as usual, save that Miss Dalossy, looking her very slimmest and acting her very daintiest, sang the part of Gemmy, Tell's son. She was wholly delightful.

At the same time over at the Town Hall, the Paulist Choristers, led by Father Finn, gave their third and last concert of the season to a large and apparently well-pleased audience. These singing boys offered a program which was of varied content and style, ranging all the way from the quaint and austere chorals of Palestina to the exotic harmonies of Gretchaninov's "Cherubic Hymn." Incidentally, there was also a number by Father Finn himself, "Haec Dies," which as recited with much applause. It was said that the music was also broadcast through the Western Electric station to hundreds of music fans whose nameless numbers do much to swell the long list of those who have heard the choristers here.

A. C.

HOST TO GRANVILLE BANTOCK

John Daniels Gives a Luncheon for Noted English Composer.

A luncheon was given at the Harvard Club yesterday afternoon to Granville Bantock, the distinguished English composer, by John Daniels of the English-Speaking Union. Mr. Bantock is in New York on the way to Canada, where he is to act as adjudicator in some of the competitive choral festivals that in recent years have risen to great prominence and popularity there. Mr. Bantock outlined the extraordinary success which this kind of festival has obtained in England in the last ten or twelve years and told of the remarkably fine singing that is produced by their influence.

Dr. T. Tertius Noble, organist of St. Thomas's Church, then told of elaborate plans that are under way to start similar competitive choral festivals in Greater New York and of the great interest that has already been manifested in the scheme.

Francis Rogers presided at the luncheon, and those present were Walter Damrosch, Clarence Dickinson, H. W. Gray, Walter Henry Hall, Ernest Hutchinson, Michael Keane, Otto Kinkeldey, T. Tertius Noble, Herbert Witherspoon, John Daniels and Richard Aldrich.

WELSH AND CZECH CONCERT.

Miss Gwyneth Hughes, Welsh contralto, and Miss Marie Mikova, Czech pianist, gave a joint recital last evening in Rumford Hall. Miss Mikova, who has given recitals here, was heard in Paderewski's "Theme Variations," Chopin's G minor ballade, Goossens' "Hurdy-Gurdy Man," Josef Suk's "Berceuse for a Sick Child," Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol" and other interesting selections.

Her play was hardly up to her previous work done here, but it, nevertheless, showed much good schooling and taste. Miss Hughes sang old Italian airs, German lieder, including Schubert's "Erlkönig," old Welsh folk songs and, among other lyrics, Elgar's "Where Corals Lie" and Carpenter's "May, the Maiden." She disclosed a good natural voice, but with an uneven tone production. Her musical feeling and diction were admirable. Harry Horsfall played her accompaniments. The audience was large.

GIGLI SINGS AT MUSICALE.

Beniamino Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Rudolph Bocho, violinist, appeared at the fifth musicale of the season of the Haarlem Philharmonic Society yesterday at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Gigli's numbers included "M'Appari" from "Martha," "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from "L'Elisir d'Amore" and the "Ridi Pagliaccio" from "I Pagliacci." Mr. Bocho played compositions by Korsakov-Kreisler, Auer, Sarasate and others.

April 21/1923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Lohengrin" had its final performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening. Mme. Delia Reinhardt was the Elsa. It should be recalled that this soprano made one appearance early in the season when she sang *Sieglinde* in "Die Walkure." Not long afterward she was taken ill and was presently removed to a hospital, where she underwent an operation for mastoiditis. It was reported at one time that she was in grave danger. The report was denied and since the soprano recovered, it may be forgotten. But it was not until last evening that she appeared again on

the Metropolitan stage. So her second performance was her last.

It is quite likely that the singer suffered from nervousness and within the bounds of possibility that she was still suffering from the effects of her serious illness. At any rate, she seemed ill at ease and without energy. She impersonated Elsa in a rather listless manner, adhering to the established routine of the part, but not introducing into it anything that could be regarded as her own. Her voice was very unsteady and she produced all her upper tones with effort.

The other principals were Mme. Claussen as Ortrud, Mr. Harrold as Lohengrin, Mr. Whitehill as Telramund, Mr. Bohnen as King Henry and Mr. Schuetzendorf as the Herald. Mr. Bohnen was again interesting as the King. He puts much detail into the part and commands the attention of the audience all the time. Mr. Whitehill's admirable Telramund was once more a valuable contribution to the ensemble. The chorus sang well, although it had done much work of late. Mr. Bodanzky conducted.

Gustave Ferrari's Recital.

In Rumford Hall yesterday afternoon Gustave Ferrari appeared as composer, diseur and maitre de conference. Mme. Raymonde Delaunais of the opera was content to officiate as singer only. M. Ferrari's program comprised a group of songs by Brueneau, Koshelcin, Gounod, Erik Satie and Poldowski, a group of five of his own lyrics and six Chansons Populaires. M. Ferrari told his audience something about each song of the first group before seating himself at the piano and giving a half sung, half spoken interpretation to his own accompaniment.

These songs found their texts in the poems of Mme. Marguerite Burnat-Provins, who lived one of the tragedies

of the war, but was in her way a Swiss Mrs. Browning. They were sung by Mme. Delaunais with intense feeling, but without the qualities of voice and technic needed for their publication. At least three of the five were worthy of better art. The audience was sympathetic and bilingual. M. Ferrari lectured in English and chanted French. The hearers seemed to be quite at home, no matter what he did.

REINHARDT IN FAREWELL.

Sings Her First Elsa in 'Lohengrin' at Metropolitan.

Delia Reinhardt sang her first Elsa here, which was also her farewell, in the season's last German opera at the Metropolitan last evening, when "Lohengrin" was repeated to a crowded house. Miss Reinhardt, who is Mrs. Gustav Schuetzendorf in private life, made this appearance after a serious illness and operation for mastoiditis; her singing was not yet that of robust health, nor, in the circumstances, to be criticised as such. With her in the cast were Mme. Claussen, Messrs. Harrold, Whitehill, Bohnen and Schuetzendorf, all of them, as well as Conductor Bodanzky, taking their leave for the Summer.

FLORENCE EASTON IN AEOLIAN HALL RECITAL

One of the most interesting recitals of the Spring season was given in Aeolian Hall last evening by Miss Florence Easton, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, assisted by Miss Elinor Remick Warren, composer-pianist. Miss Easton, in splendid voice, charmed a large audience with a well-selected program, including songs in old English, German, French and a group by Miss Warren. "Have You Seen But a White Lillie Grow?" and Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds," also the songs of Brahms, Wolf and Strauss were exceedingly well delivered with tenderness and understanding.

Miss Warren's compositions, "The Heart of a Rose," "Children of the Moon," "Golden Yesterdays" and "The Touch of Spring" are fine contributions to the cause of American composers, and credit is due to both artists for their favorable manner of presentation.

Miss Easton's program concluded with a group of French numbers by Debussy, Chabrier, Hue and Fourdrain. Miss Warren played "Prelude" by Tschalkowsky, and "On the Mountains," by Grieg, with exceptional feeling and intelligence.

Delaunais in French Songs.

Raymonde Delaunais of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang five French songs by Gustave Ferrari yesterday afternoon in Rumford Hall, with accompaniments played by the composer. Mr. Ferrari afforded entertainment with interpretations of French

folk songs and was applauded by an audience which filled nearly every seat of the small auditorium.

Concordia de Melikoff, in the same hall last evening, played familiar piano compositions as her part of a recital with Bella Katz, violin. Their small audience seemed to enjoy the program. Compositions by Tschalkowsky, Chopin and Liszt were chosen by the pianist, and the violin selections were by Ernst, Borissow, Wienlawski and Rimsky-Korsakow.

April 22/1923

OPERA FAREWELLS SUNG BY ITALIANS

Metropolitan opera stars dashing from stage doors, jumping into waiting taxis and rushing in relays for their trains to Atlanta, brought popular tumult and shouting into Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets yesterday afternoon and evening, until a final getaway of chorus and orchestra at 1 A. M. today. The company will reassemble in the Southern city tomorrow for a last gala week, announced elsewhere in this issue of THE TIMES. Some of the artists then go on concert tours, while others return here to sail abroad. General Manager Gatti-Casazza with many of his staff will leave May 10 aboard the President Wilson for Italy.

The farewells yesterday were all for the Italians and those singing with the min "L'Africana" by day and "Aida" by night. Mr. Gigli, tenor in Meyerbeer's opera, received his ovation midway, in the fourth act of the matinee. Then, while Miss Ponselle was singing her final scene alone under the deady manzanillo tree, her companion in his costume and make-up as Vasco da Gama faced a battalion of photographers, had his hands wrung by thirty friends in the street, kissed his wife and little son goodbye at the curb and bolted in his own automobile down Seventh Avenue to the Pennsylvania Station. W. J. Guard had preceded him in a shower of hastily torn newspaper confetti, and the two men at 5:15 boarded the New Orleans Limited over the Southern Railway, but in Atlanta late today.

Among those taking leave in "L'Africana" were the Misses Mario and Telya, Messrs. Danise, Didur, Ananian, Bada and Rothler, with Mr. Bamboschek at the baton. In "Aida," the last performance of the season last evening, appeared Mmes. Peralta and Gordon, Messrs. Kingston, Zanelli, Mardones and d'Angelo, under Mr. Moranzone's direction. There will be a "consolation prize" concert of some twenty artists who are left behind at the Metropolitan this evening, after which, except for occasional use of the house in public performances and benefits under other auspices, the theatre will remain closed until next November.

The Metropolitan Opera Company closed its season with two performances yesterday, giving two Italian antiques for which it has become famous. In the afternoon the Box Office said a houseful when "L'Africana" was given its final hearing, with the cast including Miss Ponselle and Mr. Gigli. The aisles and seats were crowded, the former to such an extent it was nearly impossible to close the doors into the promenade corridor.

In the evening "Aida," with Miss Peralta and the rest of a typical Saturday night cast, sang its bi-choral intrigues to another capacity audience. The wind-up was financially if not historically memorable.

At the Town Hall a matinee recital was given by Josef Fuchs, violinist, with a program of four lengthy numbers, something of an innovation in violin programs. Mr. Fuchs plays the violin as a minor poet sings, with not so much of genius as of charm within a limited emotional range.

His "brilliant" passages seemed rather hectic and confused, but in the lentos he really shone, reading them with a light cantabile tone which, while it touched nowhere on majesty or great depth, was delicately insinuating and of velvet quality. His best work appeared in the Suk suite, although there was much that was pleasing in the mid-part of the Bach E-minor Partita, which opened the list.

A. C.

Two Violinists Give Recitals.

Violinists in two recitals yesterday playing to small but enthusiastic audiences, marked the increasing post-season activity of music and musicians in

GALA BIRTHDAY CONCERT.

Young Men's Symphony Orchestra
Completes Its Twenty-first Season.

Without flourish of trumpets, such as accompanied some recent organs at its in its field, the Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, founded by the late Alfred Lincoln Seligman, completed its twenty-first season with a coming of age concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Its members, many of them new mature musicians, crowded the stage, even as their friends filled the hall's capacity, and the mood of a gala occasion was over all. Miss Phradie Wells, a dramatic soprano new to most hearers, assisted a soloist in Wagner's "Greeting to the Hall," from "Tannhäuser" and songs of Debussy, Clarke and Rachmaninoff.

The orchestra, under Paul Henneberg's direction, gave a good account of itself in the rarely heard Fourth Symphony of Mendelssohn, a work well chosen for practice in matters of swift, delicate and finished ensemble, which are the aim of these young men in their playing, and in which they have made progress this season. Mr. Henneberg also conducted Borodin's musical sketch, "The Steppes of Central Asia," and overtures to Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Wagner's "Rienzi."

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA SINGS.

Opera Baritone in Concert With Soprano, Violinist and Harpist.

Giuseppe De Luca, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang in a concert yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall in which Sylvia Lent, violinist, as well as Mme. E. V. Gazella, soprano, and Philip Sevasta, harpist, also appeared. The accompaniments were played by Alberto Bimboni. Because of the lateness of the season, the audience was not of the size that should be expected when Mr. De Luca is announced, but those who were there expressed enjoyment of the music by recalling the participants many times for encores.

Mr. De Luca, in airs from operas and lighter songs in Italian, French and English, sang with his usual clear, supple tones, with artistic phrasing of the highest order. Mme. Gazella displayed a light soprano voice of pleasing quality. Miss Lent drew highly colored melodies from her violin with a good show of technical ability, and Mr. Sevasta played several harp solos with fleet fingers and good musical taste.

METROPOLITAN HAS
ITS LAST CONCERTBilotti, Pianist, Guest Artist,
in Final Program.

Though the opera season closed at the Metropolitan Saturday the house was still open for the company's final Sunday concert last evening, with Anton George Bilotti, pianist, as the guest artist.

The singers in an elaborate program of twenty-one numbers were Mmes. Anthony, Morgana, Peterson, Sabanieva—who also filled the place in the list of Mme. Sindelius, indisposed—and Miss Tindal, sopranos; Mmes. Bradley, Delaunois, Gordon, Perini, and Schmitt, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos; Messrs. Chamlee, Meader, Salazar and Tokatyan, tenors; Mr. Schlegel, barytone, and Messrs. Gustafson and Martino, basses. The accompanists at the piano were Messrs. Bimboni, Eisler, Riedel, Sebestyen and Touchette.

Mr. Bilotti played Busoni's arrangement of Bach's A minor fantasy with brilliance and was warmly applauded. Later he played a group of his own compositions.

The list which opened with an air from Thomas's "Le Tambour Major," sung by Mr. Gustafson, and closed with the sextet from "Lucia," sung by Messrs. Tokatyan, Meader, Schlegel and Martino, included the "Rigoletto" quartet, sung by Misses Sabanieva and Bradley and Messrs. Chamlee and Schlegel, and songs by Miss Peterson, by Reger, Mahler, Ganz and MacBryden. The audience was large.

YOUNG MEN PRESENT
SYMPHONY CONCERTMiss Phradie Wells Is Soloist
With Orchestra.

The Young Men's Symphony Orchestra, founded by Alfred Lincoln Seligman, with Paul Henneberg conductor, gave the annual concert of its twenty-first season yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. Miss Phradie Wells, soprano, was the soloist.

The orchestra numbers were Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Borodin's "Eine Steppenskizze aus Mittel-Asien" and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. The work of the orchestra showed many good technical qualities, in spite of deficiency in tone and smoothness.

Miss Wells, a new comer here from the South, where she is said to be a

SINGS IN "CONCERT MATINEE."

De Luca of Metropolitan Heads
List of Artists.

Under the direction of Rocco Pinella a "concert matinee" was given at Town Hall yesterday in which Giuseppe De Luca of the Metropolitan Opera headed a list of several artists.

Signora E. V. Gazella, soprano, sang operatic airs from Meyerbeer and Verdi with artistic purpose and zeal. Philip Sevasta showed honorable purpose and adequate technique in two varied groups of harp solos. Miss Sylvia Lent, a young violinist from Washington, who gave her debut recital here this season, afforded pleasure by her performance of Rubin Goldmark's "Call of the Plains," the arrangement by Kreisler of Paganini's "Prelude and Allegro" and other pieces.

Mr. De Luca was in good voice and delighted his auditors by his fine style and diction in the "Sel Vendicator Assai" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," an excerpt from Verdi's "In Ballo in Maschera" and songs by Tosti, Lalo and Romelli. Alberto Bimboni was at the piano.

By Deems Taylor

PADEREWSKI.

There was a flattering array of famous musicians at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Ignace Paderewski give his last piano recital of the season. Rachmaninoff was there, and Sigismund Stojowski, and Willem Mengelberg, and Alexander Siloti. These few were visible even during the brief but eventful trip from the front door of the hall to one's seats—from which one had to persuade the usher to crier a pair of hopeful interlopers. There must have been many more, to say nothing of the swarm of lesser lights, teachers, students and plain public that jammed the auditorium and held overflow meetings in the side corridors.

His program was all-Chopin, and he gave generously. For, not counting the inevitable encores at the end, he played eighteen compositions by his greatest compatriot, including four of the preludes, two nocturnes, the A-flat ballade, the B-flat minor Scherzo, four of the etudes, and the sonata, opus 35.

Reviewing has its obligations as well as privileges. As everyone knows, a critic is one who criticizes. So let us to the business of appraisal, and have done it. Paderewski's familiar fault of "splashing," of hitting the left-hand notes a trifle sooner than the right, was little in evidence yesterday. His equally familiar fault of pounding, was, in a measure. Occasionally he smote the keyboard so fiercely that the hammers and strings were taxed beyond their limits, so that the resultant crash was all percussion and no tone.

And yet how silly a business technical appraisal is, when one is dealing with an artist. Most of the times when Paderewski pounded worst were the moments when he was at his greatest. For this was no mere ivory thumper, trying to get more noise out of a piano than there was in it. It was an interpreter who conceived the music he was playing in terms too big for his medium of expression. It was a fault, if you like, but a noble fault.

He did it in the A-flat ballade, in the great scherzo, and in the eleventh etude of opus 25. And in every case it was because what he heard and what he was trying to convey was the voice of Huneker's "greater Chopin," something that it would have taken an orchestra rightly to express. He played with merciless disregard of his own strength, and a fierce impatience with the instrument through which he had to speak—a choked giant struggling for utterance. And what he had to say was so largely planned, so epic in breadth, spiritual insight and emotional sweep that, pound or not, he conveyed it. And so we think it was great piano playing. We know it was great music.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mr. Paderewski's Recital.

Mr. Paderewski, returning from a transcontinental tour, gave his third and last recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. There was the crowded audience; the rising on its part to the first came in: the

attention to his playing. The program was made up entirely of Chopin's works; and in this "Garden for Delights" he wrought that supreme magic which he works as no other.

Transcontinental tours often have a damaging effect upon the interpretations of executive artists. But with him the result seemed to be reversed. His playing reached an even higher level than he attained in either of the previous recitals he has given since his return to the concert stage. There was a greater certainty and clarity in technique than was shown in his previous appearance here. And in the music of Chopin he finds the fullest and deepest expression of all the moods of poetry and of lyric exaltation, and all the high illuminations of his imaginative power. Through this garden he roamed and found beauty at every turn.

Opening with the Fantasia in F minor, which he played with perhaps not quite all the march-like rhythm indicated by the composer in the opening figure, he offered from preludes, gave the first two of the three nocturnes, Op. 15, in a melting twilight mood; turned the baritone A-flat Ballade into something deep with a new meaning by his conception; stormed the heights of the B-flat minor scherzo with sublime power and a lovely humming of its middle part and added another nocturne as an encore.

The second part of his program was even more exacting. There was a wealth of many colors in the "Barcarolle." To the four etudes on the list he added another, that in A minor, Op. 25. The sonata in B-flat minor he played in a way that is well remembered; with a special pregnancy of meaning in the first movement; with the booming canon in the bass of the funeral march on the return of the first section that did not occur to Chopin, golden thread of melody in the middle section. Nobody has ever wrought a line of melody with such beautiful feeling, such persuasive eloquence, as Mr. Paderewski. This was in evidence in all his playing yesterday and is one thing that sets it apart from all other.

With the Fourth Mazurka from Opus 17, always a favorite with him, and always by his interpretation given the effect of an uncanny disclosure of a secret beauty, and with the A-flat waltz, also one of his favorites of other years, he ended the A-flat Polonaise and the end of the printed program. And afterwards there were encores, and heated enthusiasts swarming to the platform. It was a notable occasion, as all Mr. Paderewski's recitals are.

25 OPERA SINGERS APPEAR.

Anton Bilotti, Pianist, Also in Metropolitan Concert.

Twenty-five artists, all singers of the Metropolitan, save the guest pianist, Anton Bilotti, and five more who accompanied the songs, took part in last night's "opera concert" with which New York's "golden horseshoe" closed its doors and Mr. Gatti's stars their local activities till next Nov. 5, when a lengthened season opens one week earlier than ever before. Mr. Bilotti was heard in the Bach-Rossini fantasia in A minor, a polonaise of Chopin and an "Elegie" of his own.

For the rest, Messrs. Bimboni, Eisler, Riedel, Sebestyen and Touchette engaged in a piano endurance contest, playing in turn for nineteen vocal excerpts from operas of the year. Among less familiar airs were one from Tchaikovsky's "Jolanda," sung by Sabanieva; Setti's "Romanza," by Grace Anthony; and Ganz's "Memories," by May Peterson. Mmes. Sabanieva and Gordon gave a duet from "Madame Butterfly," while Mmes. Morgana and Bradley, Messrs. Chamlee, Tokatyan, Meader, Burke and Martino assisted in relays in the "Rigoletto" quartet and sextet from "Lucia." Others heard were Mmes. Tindal, Schaaf, Perini and Delaunois, and Messrs. Salazar, Schlegel and Gustafson.

How great an interest may be kindled by the memory of an artist was shown when 5,000 persons greeted Frieda Hempel at the Hippodrome last night in a revival of her famous "Program of Jenny Lind," which Mme. Hempel first essayed at the Lind centennial and has been called to do again the country over. Amid a vast crowd the present singer appeared in golden ringlets, rose garlands and billowy white-flounced hoops, a picture against gold-and-red velvet curtains. The voice was the voice of Hempel, with its charm of brightness and agility, but the songs were songs that Jenny Lind sang, as few like Hempel sing them today. There were even incidents of quaint flute music by Louis Fritze and John Fabrizio, piano interludes from Chopin by C. V. Bos, with the men in plum-colored tailcoats, velvet collars and all.

Mme. Hempel followed Jenny Lind's first song in America, the "Casta Diva" from Norma, with "Last Rose of Summer" on recall. She finished a second group with Jenny Lind's Norwegian "Echo" song, gave with two flutes the air from "Etelle du Nord" and capped all with a group composed expressly for Mme. Lind, including the Taubert "Bird Song" and a "Greeting to America," by Bayard Taylor and Julius Benedict, that had won P. T. Barnum's prize. The program ended with verses by an American, John Howard Payne, to music from a one-time London opera success, Bishop's "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." It was a song that will celebrate on its own account next month the hundredth year of "Home, Sweet Home."

Joseph Foster, appearing at Town Hall, introduced in his program with Harry Aulk, a new musical suite by Josef Suk. He also the concerto of Mendelssohn and of Paganini. Milscha Mischakoff, a newly arrived in this country, a modest debut last evening in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. A student with Auer formerly program Conservatory, he appeared with his master's endorsement and of Artur Bodanzky.

Paderewski Plays

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Paderewski played an entire of Chopin music yesterday in Carnegie Hall. The act of offering one man program has been discussed often. No can be reached. The thing is not only imperative and to sensitive lovers it is trying. But musical lovers ascend to levels of emotion when they to Chopin for two hours or and there is now a tradition of Mr. Paderewski with the of music by this master. Good people roll up their eyes in at the very thought of a recital by the Polish composer.

which does not mean that Paderewski is not a great interpreter of Chopin, but merely that a percentage of those who hear to appreciate what he is because they abandon all pre-discrimination. The number evoked the loudest and most applause yesterday afternoon as the study in thirds, opus 10, It was admirably performed, was merely performed. It was to the audience as a study of which it is. It is unlikely that 2,500 concert-goers accurately measured the value of pianist's digital skill.

to the etude in the esteem of the audience undoubtedly stood the B minor sonata. But this is music every concertgoer knows. It is possible to go far wrong in appraising any first rate pianist for his of this work. Mr. Paderewski played it much better than he did yesterday. The afternoon was unacceptably warm. The atmosphere of Carnegie Hall was oppressive. The playing is physical labor. It is evident that when the celebrated reached the sonata he was tired. The true greatness of the man was revealed in the early part of the recital.

He began with the noble F minor fantasia, which he played magnificently. Four preludes, two nocturnes, the A-flat ballade and the B-flat minor scherzo completed this first part. In it Mr. Paderewski loosed all the splendors of his supreme art. He played greatly, with vital energy, with a lush tonal palette, with profound and compelling charm. Here he was the world famous master of the keyboard, before whom every music lover must lay his tribute of adoration.

Mrs. Frieda Hempel, having returned from a considerable tour of the country, gave her "Jenny Lind Concert" at the Hippodrome last evening. In this entertainment Mme. Hempel sings numbers and wears a costume such as she wore when she appeared in Castle Garden in 1850. Mrs. Bos, who played piano solos as accompanist to the prima, engaged the eye in a plum-colored swallow-tailed coat and pale trousers with straps.

The soprano's operatic airs were "The Diva" and the air with two flutes from Meyerbeer's "L'Etrole du Nord." She sang also songs by Schumann and Mendelssohn. From Kyra, the Norwegian, her song made known to local lovers by Mme. Sembrich. Her number she delivered to her own accompaniment and with flawless command of tone and perfection of style.

Mrs. Hempel's "Jenny Lind Concert" admits of some latitude in the element of facial expression and the prima donna makes of her opportunities. It is a delight to hear her sing. Her last evening was fresh and capable and her interpretations had a certain significance and

Favorite singer, displayed a voice of fine dramatic power, but with an imperfect tone production, in Wagner's air, "Dieu Theure Halle" from "Tannhauser" and a group of songs. Louis Goldberg is the society's concertmaster. Miss Elsie Reimer played the piano accompaniments for Miss Wells's songs.

M'CORMACK SINGS IN BERLIN.

Achieves Ambition in Appearing Before 5,000 Germans.

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John McCormack, the tenor, to-day, realized the ambition of a lifetime, that of singing successfully the compositions of the old masters in their home countries, when 5,000 German music lovers recalled him fifteen times to the platform after his morning concert in Philharmonic Hall here. For the two numbers he sang McCormack received 1,000,000 marks, or \$50, compared with \$5,000 for his last appearance in America.

The singer said to THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent: "I was never more touched by the reception of an audience than I was at my first appearance here this morning." Although he will sing here again and also in Prague, he considers that he has achieved one of the greatest ambitions of his career.

The honors this morning were shared by Bruno Walter, who led the Philharmonic orchestra for the first time since his return from America.

BROOKLYN SINGERS' CONCERT.

The United Singers of Brooklyn gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, the chorus consisting of 600 voices, under the direction of Dr. Felix Jaeger. Assisting artists were Edith Magee, contralto; Anna Fried, violinist; Carl Schlegel, barytone, and Dr. Harry Rowe Shelley at the organ. One of the numbers on the program was "The Immigrant," composed by Dr. Jaeger and sung by the chorus.

YORK TRIBUNE,

Musicians' Pay Demand Closes Chicago Symphony

Union Men, Now Getting Highest Rate in Country, Insist on \$15 a Week Increase

Special Dispatch to The Tribune

CHICAGO, April 22.—Labor union demands threaten to put out of commission the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. This organization technically went out of existence last night when the final concert of the season was presented.

Members of the Orchestral Association say the minimum scale paid the musicians is the highest in the country. The men are paid a minimum of \$60 a week for four concerts and nine rehearsals. This gives them opportunity to pick up much additional money by playing in their leisure hours at hotels and with other orchestras and by teaching. New York has just signed an agreement with the union for four concerts with ten rehearsals for \$60. Philadelphia pays \$60 for four concerts and thirteen rehearsals. The minimum in Detroit is \$60 and in Cleveland \$55, with nine services a week of whatever kind the management asks. In San Francisco the scale is \$55; in Los Angeles \$50, in Cincinnati and Minneapolis \$40, and in St. Louis \$35.

The union demands an increase of \$15 weekly in Chicago. The Orchestral Association says it is barely dodging a deficit at the present rate. Its offer to reduce the number of players to meet the increased wage demand was refused by the union.

Meanwhile the final opera concert was held at the Metropolitan. Twenty numbers, even with a beginning at 8 o'clock, seemed fated to last into the next day, but it was all over at 10:45 with the sextet from "Lucia." Anton Biloti, the young Italian-American pianist who has appeared more than once during the season, played the Bach-Busoni A minor Fantasia, then, departing from the announced program, various pieces of his own, one plaintive and melodious, while the others, also melodious, were more cheerful, rather light, agreeable and graceful, though hardly profound, with a flavor suggesting, though not strongly, the modern Italian or French. He was warmly received.

To enumerate the list of operatic numbers would take too long; but those who sang were Mes. Perini, Tindal, Anthony, Sabanieva (who also sang instead of Mme. Sundelius, whose

Indisposition called for the last, mimeographed slip of the season), Schaaf, Bradley, Delaunoy, Gordon, Morgana and May Peterson, and Messrs. Gustafson, Tokatyan, Schlegel, Chamlee, Meader and Martino. With the orchestra down South, five accompanists took turns at the piano during the well-attended concert.

VIENNA BARYTONE GIVES A RECITAL

Marcell Salzinger Artist of Good Training.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Marcell Salzinger, formerly a barytone of the Vienna opera, gave a song recital last evening in Town Hall. He had the aid of Lajos Shuk, cellist, and Eugene Bernstein at the piano. Doubtless his appearance in this cosmopolitan village is due to persistent conditions following the great war.

Opera singers as well as pianists and violinists have found Europe and its currency depressing and unfavorable to the satisfaction of the daily appetite. The demeanor of the audience indicated that many of Mr. Salzinger's countrymen had found a haven of pleasure in these United States and that they were ready and eager to extend to him the glad hands of fellowship.

The barytone offered a good program. His first group was in accord with time honored traditions and consisted of Italian airs. The audience had an opportunity to hear Handel's famous largo in its original form as the air "Ombra mai fu," and to discover how much better it is in the instrumental transcription. But every one likes to hear a tune he knows and there was much applause. Mr. Salzinger also sang standard German lieder, an air from Diaz's "Benvenuto" and songs with English texts.

The singer introduced to his hearers a voice of very pleasing quality, a little dry, but excellently graded in dynamics, generally well placed and delightful in the head register. He sang with a good legato and well extended phrasing. His diction was admirable throughout. He showed acquaintance with style, albeit too much addicted to the use of the portamento. But on the whole Mr. Salzinger, without soaring to great heights, showed himself to be an artist of experience and of good training.

Marcell Salesco, Baritone, Pleases.

Marcell Salesco, baritone from the Vienna Opera House, gave a recital last evening at the Town Hall, assisted by Lajos Shuk, cellist, and Eugene Bernstein at the piano. There was an audience of good size which demanded many encores and repetition of its favorite numbers. Mr. Salesco sang in English, Italian and German and displayed a voice with warmth of tonal quality, flexibility and broad range. The group of lieder was especially well liked and applauded.

Herta Schmidt gave a program of piano compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Grieg, Debussy and MacDowell last evening before a small audience in Aeolian Hall.

April 25 1923

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

TWO PIANISTS.

Arthur Klein, a young American pianist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall last night, performing Liszt's transcription of the Bach organ fantasia and fugue, Brahms's variations on a Haendel theme, Rachmaninoff's Barcarolle in G minor and a Chopin etude and ballade.

On the credit side of Mr. Klein's account must be written a technique of unusual brilliance and velocity and a round, clear tone. His work had crispness, generally sharp outlines and rhythmic vigor. On the interpretative side of his art, however, he was often wanting. There was little subtlety to his playing, for his contrasts were generally of the black-and-white variety and he took nearly everything just a little too fast—merely because he could, apparently.

The novelty on his program was MacDowell's miniature cycle, "Mari-

onettes," eight little pieces whose thumb-nail proportions and engaging simplicity do not prevent their containing more wit and musical worth than a dozen "Carnivales des Animaux." It is a pity so few pianists have endeavored to play them. Mr. Klein played them with obvious interest, but hardly did much for them. Apparently some one had bet him that he could not get through them in eight minutes. B. lost. So did MacDowell.

Maria Carreras, the Italian-Spanish pianist, also played last night, offering her third recital of the season in Town Hall. Her program included four Chopin preludes, the F minor fantasia, the Beethoven "Appassionata" sonata and shorter pieces by Sgambati, Rachmaninoff and Saint-Saens. She played with her wonted brilliance and ripe artistry and evoked enthusiastic response from a large house.

Give Wreath to Mme. Carreras.

Maria Carreras, a pianist whose personal touch of Spanish romance had moved Berlin as recalling the late Teresa Carreno, received from New York admirers a great wreath with her national colors at a final recital in the Town Hall last night. She is now nearing the end of her first American season. In her interesting program, the third she has played here, were simply a Chopin group, the "Appassionata" of Beethoven and some moderns, from Saint Saens's waltz-study to Sgambati's "Nenia" and Nepomuceno's "Brazilian Dance." Mme. Carreras played with charm in classic passages of crispness and delicacy, yielding to excessive force and haste in the sonata's climax, though she showed reserve power in the later composer.

Mrs. Harriman's Orchestra Gives Graduate Concert

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The American Orchestral Society gave a graduation concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. This organization, of which Mrs. E. H. Harriman is president, aims first to provide for students who have learned to play on orchestral instruments the necessary opportunities for acquiring routine in orchestral performance. Three rehearsals each week are required for students of stringed instruments and kettle drums and two a week for wind players. Professional performers head each section of the orchestra and act as teachers.

The course lasts two years. At the end of that time successful students are graduated and receive certificates authorized by the State Board of Regents. The organization also furnishes opportunities to students of conducting, who not only have a course of theoretical study but also practice in conducting.

Young solo players are permitted under certain conditions to try their wings by playing with the orchestra. Aspiring composers can by approval of a committee have their compositions performed so that they may hear what they have written. Lectures on orchestral instruments are also given for the benefit of music lovers.

The concert yesterday, under the direction of Chalmers Clifton, conductor of the society, was interesting. The program consisted of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasia and John Powell's "Rhapsodie Negre," with the composer at the piano.

After the music Franklin Robinson, chairman of the executive committee, made a brief address, thanking the supporters of the organization for their aid. The graduates this season are thirty. They will be granted hearings by some of the principal orchestral conductors with a view to engagements.

This society is carrying on a work of real service and there was evidence yesterday that young men and women of musical talent had been drawn to the ranks of the orchestra. The playing showed the results of hard drill and some of it was very commendable. The supporters of the American Orchestral Society are real patrons of the art of music and the benefits of their devotion will be felt all over the country wherever symphonic orchestras exist.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

AN ORCHESTRAL SCHOOL.

One of the greatest handicaps against which the first class symphony orchestras of this country have always labored has been the lack of any sort of training school for orchestral players. It takes a good deal more than technical facility to make a good symphony player out of a conservatory graduate. The young instrumentalist who enters one of the permanent orchestras is expected not only to be a skilled player (the standard to-day is extraordinarily high), but to be more or less familiar with the standard works in the repertoire, to count bars accurately, to be able to follow a baton and read notes simultaneously (if this sounds easy, try it!), and to know the countless abbreviations, technical terms and customs of practical orchestral routine.

There is only one way to get this practical training, and that is to serve an apprenticeship in some orchestra. In Europe, of course, there are dozens of small town symphony and opera orchestras wherein the novice player can learn his trade. Here, however, outside of the big symphony organizations we have only the motion picture house orchestra—and few of these are large enough to furnish any thorough training in symphonic playing.

Two organizations have recently been formed to supply this lack. One is the Civic Orchestra of Chicago, which Frederick Stock founded a few years ago; the other is the American Orchestral Society, largely supported by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, which gave a "graduation" concert in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, under the baton of Chalmers Clifton.

The program comprised Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Chalkovsky's "Romeo et Juliette" fantasy and John Powell's "Rhapsodie Negre," for piano and orchestra. Mr. Powell played the piano part in his own work, which, by the way, for all its French title, is founded on material no more Gallic than les chansons populaires et spirituelles des negres americains. We even thought we detected "Le Vieux Joe Noir" among its themes.

Naturally, much of the playing of the young orchestra was rough. But much of it was not nearly so rough as might have been expected. The Beethoven had no great subtleties, but was excellent in tone and balance, and went with gratifying vigor. The Chalkovsky work lacked clarity of outline at times and lacked distinction of tone in some of the solo passages, but had impressive sonority in the tuttis.

In the Powell piece the recruits did their worst and best work. It is not easy, and some of the entrances were made with more haste than dignity. On the other hand, the players seemed to find the music both to their understanding and liking and conveyed the spirit of it in rousing fashion.

The orchestra is no small one, for the full roster contains 130 names. About 100 played yesterday. Mr. Clifton handled his material well, except that his beat seemed to lack decisiveness at times. A good many of the ragged attacks were not entirely the fault of the players. Altogether, though, both conductor and orchestra made an extremely promising start. We have heard worse concerts given with more pretensions.

OTHER MUSIC.

It would be difficult to say whether Nini Kosetz, or Sergei Rachmaninoff was the greater factor in the success of Mme. Kosetz's recital last night at the Town Hall. The Russian diva had offered an all-Rachmaninoff program of songs for her hearers, including two, "To Her" and "The Call" which had never been sung in America before. The latter song particularly, in spite of its merciless range, was given a moving reading and drew much applause from the large house.

The six numbers of the opening group were programed as the last six songs written by the composer before he came to America. They were full of color and sentiment, and had the added glory of a vitalized and dynamic delivery. A. C.

The American Orchestral Society.

The American Orchestral Society gave its first exhibition, in the nature of an orchestral concert, yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. The orchestra, a full-sized concert orchestra, played Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture fantasy; and John Powell played his "Negro Rhapsody" with orchestral accompaniment. The exhibition threw a very favorable light on the work of the organization and its conductor.

The American Orchestral Society, fortunately, does not intend to add a new orchestra to those now possessed, or to be possessed, by New York. Its aim is to provide and keep up a supply of well-trained players who will be able to take their places as members of established orchestras. It thus provides a direct path for instrumental students whose talent and training are sufficient to lead them along it to reach positions in orchestras.

It is not now always easy to obtain orchestral players to fill the chairs of all the orchestras in the country. If the number of orchestras in New York continues to increase as is threatened, one American Orchestral Society will not be enough to provide them.

There appears to be reason enough for the existence of the society and the carrying on of its work. The playing yesterday showed conclusively that its work is carried on in the right way. The orchestra was up to the strength of a concert orchestra; and it was to be noticed that there were a number of young ladies playing stringed instruments. About twenty of these players are professionals, generally the first in each chair. These are known as "orchestra leaders" and are doubtless even more useful in the periods of studying and rehearsing than in the concert.

The conductor is Chalmers Clifton, a young American musician of whose abilities excellent reports had reached New York; and who showed, yesterday, at his first public appearance as a conductor, that he had such abilities. In such a body of players as this the conductor's work is done, even more than usual, at rehearsal and not in the concert. But both his results and his methods, as disclosed upon the platform, show him to be a conductor of skill and authority, on intimate terms with the scores he is playing, and with the ability to obtain what he wants. The work of the orchestra was, in fact, more than merely creditable, it was in many respects a real interpretation of the works played. These were by no means elementary, and Mr. Powell's "Negro Rhapsody" has the complication of modern music. As for Mr. Powell himself, of course he played his composition with all the brilliancy and verve that he has exhibited in it before.

After the concert an announcement was made from the platform that the orchestra had been studying for seven months this season; that it was graduating into the ranks of professional orchestral players thirty-one men and women in all the principal instruments of the orchestra, who will now go to other conductors in different cities for "auditions" and jobs. Only once was the name of Mrs. E. H. Harriman mentioned, as the person who had originated this beneficent organization and whose insight and liberality had made it possible and kept it going.

SINGS RACHMANINOV SONGS.

Mme. Nina Koshetz, Russian Soprano in Recital.

Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano, who has been heard here in choral concerts, recitals and with the Russian opera since she came to this country from Russia two seasons ago, gave a program of songs by Sergei Rachmaninov last evening at Town Hall. Sergei Barsukov, a young pianist, who it was said had studied with Mr. Rachmaninov, played the accompaniments.

The list opened with six songs dedicated to Mme. Koshetz—"By Night, in My Garden," "To Her," and "The Call," marked as given for the first time. "Daisies," "The Pied Piper" and "A Dream." The other selections were "Fate," "Vocalise," "Dissonance," the "Fragment from De Musset," "The Isle," "Lilacs," "The Songs of Grusia," "When Yesterday We Met," and "The Lord Is Risen."

Mme. Koshetz's delivery had sympathetic feeling and intelligence. The audience filled the hall. A box was reserved for the composer.

BARSUKER, REFUGEE, A GIFTED PIANIST

Young Russian Lieutenant, Who Landed Here Penniless, Plays for Nina Koshetz, Soprano.

Nina Koshetz, who in a few years here has sung with the Schola, the Ukraine Chorus and Russian Opera, gave a distinguished recital of songs by her countryman, Rachmaninov, at the Town Hall last evening. There was a large audience, including many Russians. Mr. Rachmaninov, for whom a box was reserved, was late in arriving, but two fellow-composer-pianists present were Mr. Siloti and the young Sergei Barsukov. The latter, whose ro-

mantic story had aroused interest, was at the piano for Mme. Koshetz. Except the wordless "Vocalise" and some later in English, the recital was in Russian, dramatically and movingly sung. "To Her" and "The Call," among six dedicated to Mme. Koshetz, were heard for the first time, a folder supplying translations of all by Miss Mary Opatyke, Messrs. Schindler, Taylor and Harris. A simple lyric, "Daisies," was one of the most intricate accompaniment, while the longer air, "Dissonance," was declared in a note "probably the most difficult vocally ever composed and hitherto attempted only by one other, for whom it was written, Fella Litvinne."

Sergei Barsukov was called to bow with Mme. Koshetz after this number. The son of a Russian General, he had as Lieutenant fought the Soviets, and, escaping to Constantinople, arrived in this country penniless. He worked nights in a milk depot till he found friends who knew his career and family. Last evening he played with force and fire, a born artist, who should be heard from again.

April 27, 1923

Recital by Percy Hemus

Mozart, who died in 1791, would have shaken his head incredulously had any one foretold him that in the years 1921-1923 an American manager, William Wade Hinshaw, would successfully tour the United States of America with one of his operatic trifles, "The Impresario." It is owing to the vocal art of the well known baritone, Percy Hemus, that he has been able to achieve this surprising feat.

Incidentally, this long tour has kept Mr. Hemus from singing in New York as frequently as he used to. Last night he reappeared in Aeolian Hall and entertained a good-sized audience with a miscellaneous programme, including a vocal scene, words and music by Rupert Hughes, who, having reached the highest rungs in fiction and moviedom, now aspires to push Richard Strauss from his perch. Good luck to him and may his shadow never grow less. Everything that Mr. Hughes does is bound to be interesting.

One of Mr. Hemus's numbers was "Confound Every Squalling Woman," with English words by Krehbiel, from "The Impresario." The programme included also Handel's "Where'er You Walk," Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's "Wanderer," and a group of American songs. Everything was sung in English, with delightfully clear enunciation of the text.

Polacco Wins Honors in Vienna

Samuel Insull, president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, has just received a cable describing "the greatest ovation ever given a conductor appearing in Vienna" when Giorgio Polacco, chief conductor and musical director of the Chicago Opera conducted a performance of "Aida" at the invitation of Felix Weingartner of the Vienna Opera.

Maestro Polacco has gone to Vienna to hear certain artists, with the idea of engaging them for the Chicago Opera. His reputation as an interpreter of Verdi's "Aida" is widespread and he was asked by Weingartner to conduct a performance for him.

Edith Mason in Milan

Edith Mason of the Chicago Civic Opera Company has just been invited by Maestro Toscanini to sing Mimi in "La Bohème" at La Scala in Milan. This is the first time the opera has been given in La Scala in eight years and new scenery and costumes have been prepared for this revival. Toscanini would do well to try this splendid American soprano also in Massenet's "Manon," in which she is vocally incomparable.

DR. ARTHUR MEES, MUSICIAN, DEAD

Conductor of Choral Societies and Writer on Music Was in His Seventy-Fourth Year.

Dr. Arthur Mees, well-known musician and writer on music, died at his home, 194 Riverside Drive, yesterday, after a long illness, in his seventy-fourth year. He was for many years an assistant conductor under Theodore Thomas, a post that he first assumed in 1880, when he undertook the training of the Cincinnati Festival Chorus. He was afterward an assistant conductor of the American Opera Company, under Thomas, and, having settled in New York, was conductor of many choral societies, including the Orange Mendelssohn Union, the Albany Musical Association, the Newark Orpheus. From 1898 to 1904

he was conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York; in 1908 he became conductor of the Worcester Festival and in 1913 of the Bridgeport Oratorio Society.

In 1898 Dr. Mees went to Chicago to become assistant conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, under Theodore Thomas. He also conducted the Cecilia Club of Boston and for several years the choral performances of the Norfolk (Conn.) Festival. For nine years he wrote the analytical program notes of the New York Philharmonic Society, 1887 to 1896, and after he went to Chicago with Thomas in the latter year he wrote those of the orchestra there for two seasons. Dr. Mees was also the author of the book entitled "Choirs and Choral Music" in the Music Lovers' Library.

Dr. Mees was born at Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 13, 1850, and as a boy played the organ in the church of his father, a clergyman. In Cincinnati he attracted Theodore Thomas's attention in 1870, and at his advice studied in Berlin, the piano with Kullak, theory with Weltzmann and score reading with Dorn. In 1897 he married Susan Marguerite Howell, who survives him. Dr. Mees was a modest man, a thorough musician and a constant friend to students. As a writer he had a gift of clear analysis and expression. He was widely known among musicians and had many friends among them. His loss is a grievous one, not only to his friends but to American music.

April 28, 1923

PIANIST IN CHINESE MUSIC.

Miss Cady Plays Some New Pieces in Recital.

Miss Harriette Cady gave her annual piano recital here yesterday afternoon in the Princess Theater. Her program included a "Chinese group," which consisted of a "Lullaby" ("Old Melody") and a "Spring Song" ("Sian Chok"), harmonized by herself, which were new here, and Arensky's "Etude" ("Moo-Lee Wha").

Miss Cady said that she had given her two arrangements of the Chinese music their titles, and that in them would be recognized the scale which had served Debussy and Ravel. The numbers were both delightful, especially the "Lullaby" melody, with its simple lute-like accompaniment. Also in the list was Schumann's "Novelette," No. 3; Miss Cady's arrangement of the "Song of the Volga Boatmen," and the "Etude de Concert" of MacDowell.

YOUNG PIANIST MAKES DEBUT.

Kansas City Artist Interests Large Audience Here.

Solon Robinson, a young pianist from Kansas City, gave his first recital here yesterday afternoon at the National Theater. His good program consisted of Busoni's transcription of Bach's "Chaconne," Chopin's B minor Sonata, Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau," two preludes in B minor and G major, by Rachmaninoff and the "Etude de Concert" and "Mephisto Waltz" of Liszt. His playing seemed to interest the large audience. His tone needed more of the singing quality, but he showed a good technique and intelligence.

Solon Robinson, Pianist, Applauded.

Solon Robinson, pianist, gave a matinee recital yesterday at the National Theater, the first of a series of projected concerts in that place. The newcomer displayed both individuality and animation, playing on this occasion to an audience that received him with enthusiasm. He included in his program the Bach-Busoni chaconne, Chopin's sonata, op. 58—less often heard than its companion work in which occurs the "Funeral March"—and a final group from Rachmaninoff, Ravel and Liszt. Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" and Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz were among the pieces most popular with the matinee assembly.

April 30, 1923

10,000 Children Sing in Opening of Music Week

Special music services in many churches, sermons on music and massed Sunday school singing on the meadow opposite the Mall in Central Park and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, featured the opening of New York's fourth Music Week yesterday. In the two Sunday school "sings" were more than 10,000 children, and during the afternoon special programs were given by many Sunday schools too distant to take part in the celebrations in the parks.

Community meetings were held in Mount Morris Park and St. Nicholas Park, the one at the latter place constituting the opening of the Harlem Music Week Festival, with negroes taking a leading part. In the Village Hall of Plandome was given the first event of the North Shore Music Week Festival, which in under the direction of the Plandome Singers, with Vivian Burnett, son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, as

In several adjoining cities Music Week festivals were begun, closely allied to New York's Music Week and along the same lines, inaugurated at the suggestion of the New York Music Week committee, of which Otto H. Kahn is chairman. These cities include Ashbury Park, Elizabeth, Jersey City, Newark, Paterson, Plainfield, Trenton, Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, NYC, White Plains and Yonkers.

Other features of the day were concerts given in the afternoon by the Hebrew Orphan Asylum Band in Poe Park in The Bronx, by the Police Band in Highland Park, Queens; an organ recital by W. A. Goldsworthy in the Washington Irving High School, a choral recital of Columbia University in St. Paul's Chapel, under the direction of Walter Henry Hall; an organ recital of the College of the City of New York by Samuel A. Baldwin, a reception and musicale at the Musicians Club and a special program featuring traditional Hebrew melodies in Temple Beth El, Brooklyn, presented by the cantors of Brooklyn temples, under the auspices of the special Music Week Committee of the Jewish Temple Sisterhoods of Greater New York.

In Town Hall in the evening there was a novel musical entertainment called a "Message to the Youth of America from the Youth of the World." It was given under the direction of the League of Youth Committee, Hamilton E. MacArthur, chairman. Fifty national groups were represented. The entire orchestra space was reserved for youths and the balcony for adults.

Church organ recitals were given by Dr. William C. Carl in the First Presbyterian Church, by Dr. T. Tertius Noble in St. Thomas and by Lynnwood Fornham in the Church of the Holy Communion.

The Salvation Army, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, the Young Men's Hebrew Association and several of the larger hotels gave special programs in the afternoon and evening.

To-day there will be numerous concerts and musical lectures in various parts of the city. This will be the first day of a Festival of the Organ. Charles M. Courbourn, formerly organist of Antwerp Cathedral, will give a program of compositions by New York composers in the Wanamaker Auditorium at 2:30 this afternoon. At the close of the program Baron de Cartier, Belgian Ambassador, will confer a decoration from the King on Mr. Courbourn for his services in the cause of Belgian music in America.

Band concerts will be given at noon in Madison Square Park and in Union Square, and a noonday concert at Aeolian Hall. Concerts at various hospitals will be a feature of the afternoon. A contest of junior high school orchestras will be held at 8 P. M. in the De Witt Clinton High School Auditorium. Several other high schools will have programs, and the Y. M. C. A. has arranged concerts at various branches.

REIMHERR, TENOR, SINGS.

George Reimherr, tenor, gave his third song recital this season at the National Theater yesterday afternoon. He sang with admirable vocal skill a program of German lieder, including selections from Franz, Brahms, Haile, Schumann, Karl von Kaskel, Joseph Marx and Dohnanyi. He added many encores to his printed list. Frank Braun played the accompaniments with taste. The audience filled the theater.

Singers and Violinist in Recital.

Hazel Howard-Gilson and Alvina Mahlstadt-Phillips, sopranos; Antonio Meli, baritone; Harry Manley, violinist, and Willis Pritchard were the participants in a concert yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall. A small audience was present for the program, which included songs of wide variety and familiar instrumental selections.

Meli Ranks as Best of Five Soloists at Concert

Song, Piano and Violin Vie at Aeolian Hall; George Reimherr at National

Music of various kinds was offered by the five soloists of the New York Concert Society—song, piano and violin—yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. Antonio Meli, a young baritone who had appeared there some weeks ago, was the best of the five. He has a promising voice, of good size and expressive capacity, though with a rather thick tone. He sang American numbers, including three songs by Deems Taylor—"The Rival," "A Song for Lovers" and "The Messenger"—interesting numbers, distinctly modern in flavor, but not of the modernism that revels in discord.

Of the two sopranos, who sang works of Mana-Zucca, Pearl Curran, Roger Quilter, Horace Johnson and MacDowell, Hazel Howard-Gilson, opening with Bainbridge Crist's edition of "Comin' Thro' the Rye,"

and a certain liveliness of manner, strong high notes, but some louding and unsteadiness of tone. The other, Alvina Mahlstedt-Phillips, had a more consistent tone, but rather metallic. The violinist, Harry Manley, who played Mendelssohn and Sarasate, had some smoothness of tone in a generally uncertain style, while the pianist, Willis Pritchard, played a somewhat denatured B flat minor scherzo of Chopin, closing with Schubert and MacDowell.

At the National Theater George Reimherr drew a good-sized audience for his third recital, devoted to German lieder. There were familiar numbers by Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Mendelssohn and Franz on his program, with less known ones by Dohnanyi, Eugen Haile, Marx, Menckel, Fielitz and Kaskel. The tenor was in good form. While his voice had some metallic notes, it was generally pleasing, and he was able to give a sympathetic interpretation of his various numbers and bring many calls for encores from his hearers. These were generally answered. Frank Braun, as before, accompanied.

German Lieder in the hands of such an interpreter as George Reimherr, who gave another recital yesterday afternoon at the National Theatre, become things transformed. They are no longer stodgy Teutonic songs, to be rendered dutifully, with liberal applications of gutturals and strange vowels; they become what perhaps their writers intended, fresh, homely songs, full of sentiment, replete with a broad, if not too serious emotion.

Such a group as those of Eugen Haile, which formed the feature part of Mr. Reimherr's program, are just that sort of composition. The soloist may not be, purely vocally speaking, a supreme figure; but as one to convey the emotional content of his material, to express tenderness, as he did in the measured "Wenn Deine Lieben," and then, immediately after, a robust heroic vigor, as in "Der Egoist," Mr. Reimherr stands as a true and notable artist. The song "St. Johanni" had delicacy, beauty and grace such as have rarely been attached to a German Lied in all this season's programs—and we have had many Lieder. Small wonder it had to be repeated and that the ample house demanded two more encores.

Mr. Reimherr has, in addition to stage presence and impeccable diction, a joy of singing which might have characterized one of the Nuremberg troubadours. If he does become slightly nasal at times, his voice is for the great part adequate to his material, and he ekes it out with excellent interpretative art.

At Aeolian Hall Music Week was rather inauspiciously ushered in with a matinee concert at which the following artists appeared: Hazel Gillson, Alvina Phillips, Antonio Mell, Mary Manley and Willis Pritchard. The program was good enough and the instrumentalists rather better than the vocal artists. But there was little to keep any music lover awake nights with pleasurable remembrance of the afternoon.

A. C.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

A Russian Night of Love.

A Russian company that includes many of the singers who appeared in New York last Spring in several Russian operas, known and unknown to New York, presented last evening in Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street Theatre a Russian comic opera entitled "Nutch Lubny," or "A Night of Love." It is by Valentin Valentynov, a Russian who composed several operas that have never reached these shores even by name.

The plot of this one made no severe demands on the ingenuity of its originator. It is concerned with the elopement with a young student of an heiress engaged against her will to the usual type of idiot provided for that purpose. This occurs under cover of some very general love making on the part of the assembled company. There is a garden scene, presented as a burlesque of the garden scene in "Faust," full of amorous incidents, from which the lovers make their escape pursued by a purely comic police captain who is promptly bribed in the Russian manner to stop the chase and to permit a completely happy ending.

Mr. Valentynov can hardly be said to have "composed" "A Night of Love." In the usual acceptance of that word, for his music is a potpourri of airs from numerous other operas, "grand and

comic, mostly comic—a kind of thing that has a quite respectable ancestry in the "pasticcio" that some highly respectable figures in musical history need to indulge in. The method has this advantage, that the fount of inspiration is copious and need never run dry. Mr. Valentynov seeks far and wide, and makes some very close connections, more or less ingenious. His flow of other people's melody is unceasing.

The Russian opera company a year ago was listened to with some respect and its performances were thought to have given a more or less plausible idea of the works they were dealing with. Its members seem to find comic style more difficult and laborious. They go at it with an almost fierce determination that no comic point, no piece of side-splitting business shall be missed. They do it by main strength, with the grace, elegance and vivacity of a college burlesque—a small college of the fresh-water variety.

The singing is also done by main strength. There is no lack of power in these voices; and no doging of high notes. Where everybody does his best so conscientiously it is almost invidious to single out individuals for notice of their vocal ability or of their comic power. Nina Gusieva, as Lisa, the clopping daughter, is a new soprano—new at least to this company—a most vigorous singer. There may be mentioned Nicolai Mamonoff, as Sniatka, the father; Barbara Loseva, as Maria, his wife, made up so that she could not be mistaken for anything but the comic old lady; Efim Vitls, as Smorjokoff, almost endlessly resourceful in stupidity; Nicolai Busanowsky, the favored one of Maria, whose romantic fervor sometimes failed him in his preoccupation with the music; and David Tulchinnoff, filled with ideas of comic pomposity that could not be overlooked. There were incidental dances in the first and third acts carried through with athletic vigor.

The orchestra, fit but few in numbers, was conducted by Victor Vasilieff. A large proportion of the audience clearly approved of opera in the language in which it was written, and gave a full measure of appreciation and applause, understanding the subtler points of "Nutch Lubny" that may have been lost on the less fortunate. But the opera is an instructive lesson to all as a memory test and a measure of experience in the lyric drama.

A NIGHT OF LOVE—Russian operetta, by Valentin Valentynoff.

THE CAST

Sniatka, a landowner....Nicolai Mamonoff
Maria, his wife.....Barbara Loseva
Lisa, their daughter.....Nina Gusieva
Smorjokoff, her fiance.....Efim Vitls
Karolina, a young widow.....Sophia Ostrova
Students—
Sergei....Max Pnteleff or Vladimir Radceff
Genadi....Nicolai Busanowsky or I. Dnepoff
Andrei....Leonid Gorlenko or Vladimir Radceff
Police Captain.....David Tulchinnoff
A Maid.....Natalia Fedorova
Visitors, Officers, Peasants, and Servants.

Another Russian contribution to the current theatrical season was offered at the Al Jolson Theatre last evening in the form of "A Night of Love," an operetta, with music selected by Valentin Valentynoff from a wide range of familiar operas and operettas, particularly the latter. The singers came chiefly from a Russian Grand Opera Company that left its native land for a long stay in the Orient, and which finally found its way to New York. "A Night of Love" is broadly farcical as to plot—the well-worn theme of the young lovers who must frustrate parental objections. In its present presentation it is equally as broad in its rendition. Whatever comic gift the Russians have, if one may judge by the performance under discussion, there is little evidence of any subtlety. The comedy is laid on with a trowel; it is the comedy of putty noses and funny falls.

The singing is done with ardor and enthusiasm—so much enthusiasm, in fact, that one's ear drums are in serious danger every time a high note comes along. Not all of it is bad; there are several voices in the cast well above the average for light opera but a little less fortissimo would help all of them.

The music is pleasing enough, and well played. In fact, the work of the orchestra is the best feature of the performance. Familiar tunes slide into each other smoothly and attractively, and sound so well at times that whatever crudities there may be in the acting and singing are forgotten. There are incidental dances, too, well up to the Russian standard.

A large audience applauded every number, and there were sufficient encores to keep things going until nearly midnight. The current offering will continue all this week, and the company plans to give a number of other operas, Russian, Italian, French.

H. B.

By Henry T. Finck

Organ Festival at Wanamaker's

The National Association of Organists has been so fortunate as to secure for its festival of the organ the Wanamaker Auditorium with its splendid instrument. The festivities began yesterday afternoon when Baron de Cartier, the Belgian Ambassador, at the command of the King of the Belgians, attended the recital and bestowed the order of the Crown of Belgium on Charles M. Courboin, who played a number of Belgian and American compositions. Many noted musicians were present, and short addresses were made by Dr. Alexander Russell and Dr. Tertius Noble. American numbers by Yon, Grasse, and

Russell were followed by pieces of Mally, De Boeck, and, of course, César Franck, the pride of Belgium. After the recital the Baron de Cartier came on the stage and pinned the King's decoration on M. Courboin's coat, with appropriate patriotic remarks.

The organ festival will continue the rest of the week with recitals every afternoon. To-morrow a model motion picture and music programme is to be presented by the Society of Theatre Organists; players, Firmin Swinnen, Van Cleft, Cooper, John Hammond. Thursday, César Franck recital by Chas. H. Doersam; introductory remarks by Frank L. Sealy, warden of American Guild of Organists. Friday, "the organ as a recital and ensemble instrument," Lynwood Farnam, James, Friskin, Leo Verres, Edward Shippen Barnes, Edward Greenfield. Saturday, "the organ and choir in the church, the service, and the church year," with the aid of the choir of the Church of the Incarnation. Players, Elsie Thiede, Mary Allen, James Price, and James Stanley.

Zither and Jodel of Switzerland in Unusual Concert

By W. J. HENDERSON.

This is music week, and accordingly all sorts of things musical are on exhibition. In Aeolian Hall last evening Jack Jost and C. Wunderlic, assisted by Martha and Henry Marchetti gave a concert of Swiss music under the auspices of the New York Swiss Community Council. It was an interesting display of popular songs and instrumental performance as known among the masses in that admirable little republic which sat so tight and unperturbed behind its extraordinary army of sharpshooters through the great war.

The zither and the Jodel were important elements in the evening's entertainment. Few Americans know the Jodel, that weird and sudden transition from the chest tone to the falsetto, which after all is not Swiss but Tyrolean, but is well suited to the echoes of mountain lands.

Most of the music of Switzerland is naturalized, not native. The folk songs of French Switzerland can be found in French collections and those of German Switzerland in German collections. In the canton Ticino the good Sveitzer sings melodies that came over his borders from Lombardi and even further south, while on the eastern slopes of the Juras the tunes have something more than a family resemblance to the Chansons Populaires of the neighbors next door west.

The Kuhlreigen—cow call—is pure Swiss, and there was one on the program last evening. There were other songs relating to the herdsman's life. Of course the ancient chant of the night watchman was missing. But that too belongs to Switzerland as well as to other parts of the world. It is originally German and Wagner was correct as usual in putting one in "Die Meistersinger." To this day even in Ticino the night watchman's song is sung in old German.

There was an audience of good size at last evening's concert. The listeners probably enjoyed the elaborate jodeling of Mr. Jost and his companions. It must have seemed good to some of them to hear the things they used to hear somewhere near the Dent du Midi or the Vierwaldstattersee before they sailed out over the western ocean to become good Americans. But the music heard last evening bore little relation to musical art as it is known to the world of culture in these days. Perhaps that is one reason why it had to be given in music week.

COMPOSERS AS ACCOMPANISTS.

American Songs by Americans at This Concert.

Songs by American composers, sung by American singers, with the composers at the piano, formed the attraction of a free concert arranged by Joseph Regnec in celebration of music week, which took place last evening at Town Hall.

The composers who assisted in the program were Winter Watts, Clarence Dickinson, Florence Turner-Maley, Arthur Penn, Oley Speaks, Henry Holden Huss, Harry T. Burleigh, Charles Gilbert Spross, Irene A. Canning, Ernest Ball and Frank La Forge. The composers in turn accompanied numbers by

themselves, excepting Miss Canning, for whom Mr. Ball appeared.

The solo singers were Misses Hazzard, Mertens, Graham, Easton and Nicholas and Messrs. Clark and Sarto. Several other singers, including Miss Frieda Rochen, took part in certain ensemble numbers. The selections offered much variety and their hearing gave evident pleasure to a fair sized audience.

CONCERT OF AMERICAN SONGS.

A second concert arranged by Joseph Regnec in celebration of music week took place yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall with several American composers playing the accompaniments to their own songs, sung by Misses Godillot, soprano. Three songs in the list by William H. Humiston were "Beauty's Daughters," "Yo Te Amo" and "Alone With Thee." Among the other numbers were Francis Moore's "Promised Land," Harold V. Milligan's "Moonlight on the Sea," Gene Branscombe's "In Grenada" and Frank La Forge's "How Much I Love You."

Miss Godillot has a pleasing voice of mezzo quality and she interpreted her numbers with much taste.

The duet piano reproduced the playing of John Powell in two works of his own, of Carreno in two compositions by MacDowell and recorded songs by Charles G. Spross, with Miss Godillot as the artist, were also heard. The composers appeared, and with the singer were very warmly applauded by a good sized audience.

STRANSKY CONDUCTS IN SPAIN.

Josef Stransky, who will lead the State Symphony Orchestra the coming season, made his first appearance April 18 at the National Theater at Barcelona, Spain, conducting Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." Ignaz Friedman, pianist, has been added to the list of soloists, which already includes Maria Jeriza and John McCormack.

SYMPHONY GETS ENESCO.

The New York Symphony has engaged Georges Enesco, Rumanian violinist and conductor, for three appearances with the orchestra next season. He has been giving concerts in Paris and the French provinces and is now in Bucharest, Rumania.

GIVE ENGLISH FOLK SONGS.

Society Aids in Celebration of Music Week in Aeolian Hall.

The English Folk Dance Society made its first appearance in a concert hall last evening in a celebration of Music Week at Aeolian Hall. All available room in the auditorium was taken, and many persons were not able to get in. Of the participants in the dances, Ruth, a horse with human feet protruding from under a flowing robe upon which was a knave, seemed to find the most favor with the audience. Ruth proved to be a horse of almost unlimited accomplishments, for not only did she bow for the dancers, but when she thought the applause merited she did an encore for them.

English folk dances and songs comprised the program, the first part of which was given by members of the Edgewood School of Greenwich, the Girls' High School of Brooklyn and the Ethical Culture School of New York. Kenneth K. Wheeler sang three unfamiliar folk-songs, which delighted his hearers. The second part took the form of a May fête with a queen and a king looking on at the dancing of thirty members of the society, which was refreshing in its graceful simplicity and the keen enjoyment of those taking part.

Mme. Annette Keyser was the featured artist at the concert given yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. There were also four assisting artists appearing with her in a program variously composed of vocal, piano, violin and cello numbers, and including most of the old Victrola favorites. Billed as "of the Philadelphia Orchestra," Messrs. Constantine Buketoff, Jacob Simkin, Benjamin Gustikoff and Josef Wissow managed capably to fill in the gaps between Mme. Keyser's frequent appearances.

Mme. Keyser had Slavic richness and power in her voice, but unfortunately one of the season's most pronounced tremolos. The organ was not particularly well managed, and while ignorance of Russian prevented checking up on the text of her Ellinka and Chargovsky airs, a casual acquaintance with "Tosca" convinced at least one listener that the famous

ayer was sung utterly without at-
tempt at emotional tone coloring or
variety. "Grief," a setting of a
Chopin bit, which followed immedi-
ately, was much better, being essen-
tially lyric in quality. It was rendered
in such a way as to make one recall:
"This is really a lovely song!" which
may, after all, be one of the missions
of any singer, regardless of tech-
nique, tone or diction.
A small house, typical of a sunny
Sunday afternoon, apparently liked
the specimens of Massenet, Tartini,
Bruch and Gounod apportioned out
to them.
A. C.

Annette Keyser In Operatic Airs.
Annette Keyser sang soprano operatic
airs and shorter pieces for a small au-
dience in Aeolian Hall yesterday after-
noon. One group included selections
from Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame,"
Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" and
Chopin's "Grief" in Russian, and
"Vissi d'arte" from Puccini's "Tosca."
In Italian. While she sang many pas-
sages with artistic skill, there was an
uncertainty of tone throughout that
marred the effect. This she overcame to
a certain extent in some numbers, and
her singing of the higher notes of Tosca's
prayer was excellent. Later in the pro-
gram Constantine Baketoff, baritone, re-
placed Vladimir Doubinsky, who had
been announced to join her in a duet
from "Thais." There were several in-
strumental numbers by Jacob Simkin,
violinist, and Benjamin Guskoff, cellist,
of the Philadelphia orchestra. Josef
Wissow played the accompaniments.

"Rigoletto"
At the Lexington Theatre Saturday
evening a special performance of Ver-
di's "Rigoletto" was given, under the
baton of Emilio Roxas, an Italian
teacher of singing. This performance
was solely to introduce a Sicilian tenor
who made many friends and some repu-
tation as a ballad singer with the
Italian army in the great war. After
the war he took a church position at
his old home in Syracuse, and his
friends decided to give him a boost
into grand opera, and this was quite
successfully accomplished on Satur-
day evening.

The supporting company was headed
by Joseph Royer as Rigoletto and Cen-
suela Escobar as Gilda. Both are to
be commended for fine singing, but
historically they left a good deal to
be desired. The Sparafucile of A. Val-
enti was good, as his voice is big and
sonorous, with a fine musical quality.
The smaller parts were all capably
filled by experienced singers, and the
small chorus, nearly all of which
were easily recognizable as being from
the Metropolitan, sang with great
spirit and much volume of tone. The
orchestra also betrayed a Metropolitan
opera house origin, in its playing under
Mr. Roxas's direction.

The tenor, Giovanni Gurrieri,
for whom it was all arranged, was
vociferously received by a very large
audience, which seemed to be a huge
family of friends. Mr. Gurrieri, as the
Duke revealed a voice of fairly good
quality and range; not a robust voice
by any means, but one true to pitch
and vibrant and ringing in his higher
register. It certainly won much en-
thusiastic applause from the audience.
C. H. D.

May 8 1923
Church Choir's Concert Applauded.

The choir of the Second Presbyterian
Church of Philadelphia entertained an
audience of good size with a program
of music, sacred and otherwise, in
Aeolian Hall last evening. N. Lindsay
Norden conducted the singing of the
group he had trained. He has com-
bined good voices into an organization
capable of responding to all of his
manual instructions for shading and
delicacy or power of tone. Ruth Gibb,
soprano; Maybelle B. Marston, con-
tralto; Charles Berkheiser, bass, and
Charles Stahl, tenor, members of the
choir, all had their turn at singing
alone, and they gave creditable inter-
pretations of their selections. The
audience expressed its enjoyment of the
program with hearty applause.

May 9 1923
GIVE FAREWELL CONCERT.

**Mr. and Mrs. Safford Are Assisted
by Police Glee Club.**

Charles L. Safford, long well known
in various walks of New York's musical
life, is about to transfer his activities to
Williamstown, Mass., where he is to be
professor of music in Williams College.
He and his wife, Mrs. Laura Tappen
Safford, cellist and contralto singer,
gave a farewell concert in Aeolian Hall
last evening, in which they had the
assistance of the Police Glee Club, of
which Mr. Safford has been the director.
There was an audience of considerable
numbers and friendly disposition that
stayed to a comprehensive program of
solo choruses, cello solos and baritone
songs. The Police Glee Club, of about
twenty-five members, sang choruses by
Wagner, Beethoven, Engelberg, Grieg
and Pietro Yon; the best being the

"Libera me" from a Beethoven mass,
which the club is called upon to sing
at the funerals of deceased members of
the force. These numbers showed the
versatility of the Police Department
and the confidence with which it may
be relied upon to meet all emergencies;
and they told of zeal and persevering
practice under intelligent direction.
Mr. and Mrs. Safford both gave pleas-
ure in music of a wide variety. Mrs.
Safford also showed versatility in her
cello playing, excellent in style, and
her singing, the latter being devoted to
songs by Handel, Dowling and Alvarez.
Mr. Safford's baritone voice was heard
in songs by Franck, Wolf, Mendelssohn
and Brogl. There was much apprecia-
tion manifested for both the concert
givers.

May 12 1923
**William Ryder, Choir Singer,
Has Large Late Season
Audience.**

By W. J. HENDERSON.

William Ryder, barytone, gave a
song recital yesterday afternoon in
the National Theater. Mr. Ryder is a
choir singer from Boston. He had
not been heard before yesterday in
recital and he made a pleasing im-
pression. He had prepared a good
program, in which there was a vari-
ety of styles and moods. Of course
the first group consisted of the cus-
tomary old airs, beginning with Hand-
el's "Where'er You Walk" and end-
ing with the invocation from Pini's
"Orfeo."

The second group consisted of Bo-
hemian folk songs compiled by the
Rev. Dr. Vincent Pisek, an interesting
group indeed and quite out of the rut
of conventionality. The other two
groups ranged from Duparo and John
Alden Carpenter to Griffes and Tom
Dobson. Mr. Ryder had a large audi-
ence, which is a fact worth mention-
ing at this late period in a waning
season.

This barytone disclosed some good
qualities and proved his right to in-
vite public consideration. His voice
is not one of great volume or rich-
ness, but it is agreeable to the hearer
when the nasal resonance is not forced,
as it was at times. Mr. Ryder com-
mands a smooth and fluent legato,
which enables him to sing with finish
the melodious phrases of such songs
as that of Handel on yesterday's pro-
gram.

His acquaintance with style was
well displayed and his appreciation of
the content of songs was marked. To
these assets he added an admirable
diction which made his treatment of
text a pleasure to his hearers. His
accompaniments were commendably
played by Edward Hart.

May 14 1923
**3 Vocalists Feature
Concert Society Bill**

**Miss Popkin, Soprano; Ardiz-
zone, Tenor, and Patti Le Vinne
Are Introduced in Afternoon**

The New York Concert Society,
which brought out five young artists
two weeks ago, was content with three
yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall.
These were singers, with one or two
characteristics common to all three
voices, such as a plentiful volume of
sound, but coupled with metallic,
rather piercing high notes. Filippo
Ardizzone, tenor, opened the program
with Italian numbers by Carissimi,
Trimarchi and Mascagni, followed by
"M'Appari," from "Martha." Aside
from the characteristics already men-
tioned, Mr. Ardizzone's singing was
marked by constant gesturing of the
hands, to what seemed an excessive
degree. He closed the program with
an aria from "Andrea Chenier."

Frances Popkin, soprano, singing
numbers by Scarlatti and Giordani,
Fibich, MacDowell and others, had a
fair quantity of tone in softer pas-
sages, but high notes and vocal cli-
maxes came out suddenly, almost ex-
plosively, with the metallic timbre
which seemed to dominate the pro-
gram. Patti Le Vinne, who opened dra-
matically with Handel's "Sommi Dei,"
as arranged by Bibb, and "Voi lo
sapete" from "Cavalleria Rusticana,"
had the most powerful voice and made
full use of it in these numbers, but
harsh and penetrating high notes were
noticeable. Rhea Silbert's "Yofzeit"
and other numbers followed, while
Ruth Cole and Marion Fiestal were
the accompanists.

**Hans Merx Gives Recital
Of Wagnerian Excerpts**

**Singer Also Interprets Schubert,
Schumann, Dvorak and Wolf
at Rumford Hall**

Singers, it seems, form the rear
guard of the vanishing music season
and last night brought a song recital
at Rumford Hall. Hans Merx, bary-
tone, was the singer, and his program
entirely German—three Wagner num-
bers, from "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin"
and "Rheingold"; songs from Schu-
bert's "Schone Mullerin" and "Winter-
reise" cycles, his "Doppelganger,"
Schumann, Dvorak and a final group by
Hugo Wolf.

Mr. Merx's singing, with an intensely
serious manner, had its commendable
qualities. His voice seemed to have
sufficient depth for the Wagner ex-
cerpts, and a tone that was usually
smooth. But its production seemed
uneven; Mr. Merx's song was sub-
merged at times under the spirited ac-
companiment of Edward Rechlin, and
then, at others, came out in vociferous
outburst, especially in King Henry's
Summons from "Lohengrin." There
was some "scooping" and one depart-
ure from tune. The lieder were sung
with varying results. Mr. Merx gave
a certain effect of swallowing his notes,
with a rather restricted tone, in the
four "Schone Mullerin" songs, but
sang more freely in the next group.
He was cordially greeted by a good-
sized audience.

May 18 1923
**'Cavalleria' and 'Pagliacci' Is
Sung at Lexington With-
out Mr. Artino.**

By W. J. HENDERSON.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagli-
acci," those ancient operatic dogs of
war, were dragged from their lairs
and made to hark once more on the
stage of the Lexington Theater last
evening. A small and eager assembly
gathered in the auditorium and ob-
served the proceedings with varying
degrees of interest. It transpired that
a gentleman called Salvatore Artino,
tenor by profession, had long cher-
ished an honorable ambition to occupy
the arena with the clarion tones of
his *Turiddu*, and that it was chiefly
to permit the gentle exercise of his
art that the performance was given.

But before the orchestra sounded
the first notes of the familiar prelude
Giovanni Belucci of the Metropolitan
Opera House appeared before the cur-
tain and conveyed to the audience the
sad intelligence that Mr. Artino was
profoundly indisposed and would be
unable to sing. His place would be
taken by Ruggiero Baldrich, an Ar-
gentine singer. But of the original
cast Miss Gladys Axman, soprano, of
the Metropolitan remained to voice the
woes of Santuzza and Alfredo Gandolfi
the rage of Alfio, and Miss Flora Cin-
golani, also Metropolitan, the seduc-
tions of Lola. All of these labored
valiantly in the glorious cause of art
and Mascagni's music was delivered
in sundry styles and keys. Miss Ax-
man was very energetic as Santuzza
and she seemed to have many ad-
mirers on this mundane globe.

The unfavored sections of the Met-
ropolitan company were again repre-
sented in the cast of "Pagliacci," in
which Miss Grace Anthony was the
Nedda and Grieg Evans the Tonio.
There was also Mr. Palrinieri in his
memorable impersonation of Beppo.
There was also Giuseppe Mauro as
Canto.

The "comedia" was "fitta" in good
order. It was an evening of apparent
satisfaction to those concerned in the
performances which reminded one of
a famous remark of Julius Caesar to
the effect that he would rather be the
first man in a certain village than the
second man in Rome.

It remains only to record that Mas-
tro Antonio dell'Orfeco, also of the
Metropolitan, conducted; that Ric-
cardo Nicosia, another maestro, was
"director of choirs," and that Luigi
Raybaut was stage director. Perhaps
some other opportunity will be found
to give a hearing to Mr. Antonio, not
of the Metropolitan.

May 17 1923
**Philharmonic and
City Symphony in
Musical Alliance**

The City Symphony who sponsor the
amalgamation and who will in the fu-
ture be affiliated with the Philhar-
monic are Gen. and Mrs. T. Coleman du
Pont, Bartlett Arkoll, Mr. and Mrs.
Manton B. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
L. Clarke, Gen. and Mrs. Louis W.
Stotesbury, Mrs. Louise Ryals de
Cravioto and many others.

was made known yesterday by Chas-
H. M. Ay, chairman of the board of
directors of the Philharmonic Society,
who announced that the Philharmonic
and the City Symphony Orchestra were
about to join forces under a plan
whereby the latter organization in co-
operation with and under the direction
of the Philharmonic will develop a
campaign for reaching a greater ex-
tended public which the City Symphony
started last season.

Among officers and underwriters of
the City Symphony who sponsor the
amalgamation and who will in the fu-
ture be affiliated with the Philhar-
monic are Gen. and Mrs. T. Coleman du
Pont, Bartlett Arkoll, Mr. and Mrs.
Manton B. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis
L. Clarke, Gen. and Mrs. Louis W.
Stotesbury, Mrs. Louise Ryals de
Cravioto and many others.

The main channel for the expan-
sion of the City Symphony's program of
reaching a new and larger public will
be the Metropolitan Opera House series
of Philharmonic concerts on Tuesday
afternoons and Tuesday evenings. De-
tails for the practical working out of
the plans are being arranged by the
Philharmonic management and an aux-
iliary committee consisting of Mrs. Vin-
cent Astor, chairman, and Mrs. New-
bold Lo Roy Edgar and Mrs. Charles
S. Guggenheimer, vice-chairmen.

Citizens' Committee of 700.

The City Symphony brings to the Phil-
harmonic a citizens' committee with a
paid membership of more than 700. Mrs.
de Cravioto, who was largely responsi-
ble for the founding of the City Sym-
phony and for its civic locale, will act
as chairman of the citizens' committee.

In a recent statement the purpose of
the City Symphony Orchestra was out-
lined by Mrs. du Pont as follows:

"It was with the idea of giving con-
certs of the highest type for a nominal
admission fee to the public, which is
hungry for music yet for financial
reasons unable to satisfy its cravings
for the better things in life, that the
City Symphony Orchestra was formed.

"In 1920 Mr. du Pont and myself be-
came interested in a series of free
concerts in Cooper Union, which were
brought to our attention by Mrs. Louise
Ryals de Cravioto, who had been active
on behalf of the stadium concerts, and
wished to continue the same type of
music during the winter season for the
benefit of a new class of music lovers.

"In continuation of these concerts it
was originally the intention of the City
Symphony Orchestra to play in the
Great Hall of Cooper Union, but later it
seemed wise to spread the message of
the new organization over a wider
territory, so concerts were held not only
in Cooper Union and in the central sec-
tions of the city at the Century Theater,
the Manhattan Opera House, Town Hall
and Carnegie Hall, but the orchestra
went into new localities. Among these
were Flushing, East Orange, New
Rochelle, New Brunswick, the Educa-
tional Alliance and the Commercial
High School, Brooklyn.

Personnel Not Affected.

"The work done by the City Sym-
phony has received widespread and gen-
erous cooperation from various depart-
ments of the Board of Education and
from a very large number of civic in-
stitutions, including Teachers' College,
Barnard College, hospitals and churches.
Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., Knights of
Columbus, American Red Cross, Labor
Temple, music teachers, convents, pub-
lic libraries, united neighborhood houses,
Association for the Blind, Vacation As-
sociation, soldiers' dugouts and many
others."

"The Philharmonic," said Mr. Mackay,
"through its recent affiliation with the
American Orchestral Society, of which
Mrs. E. Henry Harriman is president,
and now by reason of its new associa-
tion with the City Symphony, enters into
a further period of achievement and
constructive development in the musical
life of the city."

It is made clear that the plan will not
affect the personnel of the Philharmonic
Orchestra. William M. Goldberg, Wil-
liam Hoogstraaten and Henry Hadley will
divide the conductorship, as previously
announced, and Arthur Judson will be
in full managerial charge, with head-
quarters at the Fisk Building, 250 West
Fifty-seventh street.

May 21 1923
ADOLPH BLEICHER SINGS.

Adolph Bleicher, baritone, and Leon
Zilporkin, a player of the bass viol, gave
a recital in the Town Hall last evening.
Mr. Bleicher sang in German and
Italian, his songs ranging from Schubert
and Handel to Meyer-Helmund. He sang
with skillful control of the wide range
of notes at his disposal, but with a lack
of individuality and with tonal shading
which was more mechanical than bril-
liant. In a concerto of his own com-
position Mr. Zilporkin produced much
the same results on the bass viol as
might be gotten from a cello, with
added richness of tone of the larger in-
strument and a considerably augmented
number of lower notes. The accompani-
ments of Leo Russotto were excellent.

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Elman Farewell

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Whether Mischa Elman had in mind a brilliant conclusion to a noteworthy season of music or not cannot be told. But it was his lot to finish the series of important artists' concerts yesterday afternoon when he played before a numerous audience in Carnegie Hall. It was not a recital, though that hard pressed word is now compelled to do duty in strange manners. It was a concert in which Mr. Elman performed three violin concertos to the accompaniment of an orchestra conducted by his teacher, Leopold Auer.

It was evident that the audience had a deep affection for the veteran master of the violinist's art, for the applause which greeted him was long continued. If it had been a political meeting and he a candidate, watches would have measured the period of the demonstration and proved that the master was more popular than the pupil. But the latter received his full share after each of the concertos.

The works selected for Mr. Elman's farewell before his departure for a summer in Europe were the Vivaldi concerto in G minor, arranged by Nachez, Beethoven's concerto and Tschaiakowsky's. It was a program planned to exhibit the technical resources of the player and also his command of three very distinct styles. Mr. Elman played on his fine Stradivarius instrument, which responded especially well to the touch of his bow in the classic composition of Vivaldi. But the old masters well knew how to make the violin sound.

Mr. Elman's performance of the Vivaldi work had admirable qualities. In addition to the tone there was repose of delivery, a restful and elegant manner not always associated with the playing of this artist of tense, eager temperament. There was less to admire in the playing of the Beethoven concerto, in which the violinist seemed to lose a considerable degree of the dignity of thought and of the depth of tone displayed in the Vivaldi music.

The cadenzas used in the Beethoven composition were prepared by Mr. Elman himself. The privilege of making one's own cadenzas cannot be denied to any musician. Beethoven left places for them. However, there are few who can adequately fill those places.

The cadenza is of course designed to admit an exhibition of the soloist's technical skill, but it demands equally masterly musicianship and fastidious taste. To write cadenzas allowing contemporaneous violin technic full scope and yet not make musical excursions quite out of keeping with the subject matter and style of the concerto is a formidable task. It has been better done by Mr. Elman's teacher than by himself. However, in spite of the oppressive atmosphere in the hall the audience seemed to be sensitive to the violinist's efforts, and there was much enthusiasm.

'La Gioconda' Opens

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Lest New York should languish through the spring without Italian opera, Anthony Bararozy, whose letter head reads, with grand simplicity, "opera companies organized and managed," leaped into the "deadly, imminent breach" and opened the Lexington Theater once more last evening for a festival of lyric drama scheduled to occupy four scattered nights. The work chosen for this important occasion was Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," whose cheerfully named heroine bears no relation to the Mrs. Gioconda of Max Schillings's closet door opera, not long ago performed on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is not difficult to assemble an Italian opera company in these days in New York. Only a few days ago "Cavaleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were released at the Lexington by a company headed by Miss Gladys Axman and Miss Grace An-

thony. Still later two male singers, one officially hailing from the "Royal Opera" of Naples, disclosed themselves in Town Hall. In any moment others may appear. Meanwhile those who prefer to take their operas in tabloid form can hear the gems of various works swiftly reeled off at the Capitol Theater, and generally well sung.

Like all performances given at the Lexington, Mr. Bagarozy's last evening betrayed no symptoms of undue haste. It began when the audience had arrived. It finished when the jocund one had made an end of herself. The audience being largely Italian, enjoyed the representation greatly if its applause was to be accepted as evidence.

The cast included several old acquaintances of local opera goers. Mme. Maria Luisa Escobar as the Gioconda, Manuel Salazar as Enzo Grimaldi, Joseph Royer as Barnaba and Pietro di Biasi as Alvisio discharged their duties with the zeal which has long characterized their efforts in the cause of vocal art. Others heard were Miss Dorothea Pilzer as Laura, Adorno, and Mme. Anita Klinova as La Creca. Maestro Cesaro Sodero was the conductor and Signor Luigi Raibout the stage manager. The other performances announced are "La Forza del Destino," Wednesday evening; "Aida," Saturday evening; and "Othello" Sunday evening.

MARGARET SEVERN

Margaret Severn, who has just completed a year's tour in vaudeville, showing the people in the outlands what a Benda mask is, gave a dance recital last night at the Princess Theatre, in which she chose the best of her large repertoire and used them to good advantage by mixing in some music.

Miss Severn won her audience from the first. Her interpretive work gave play to a large variety of figures and enabled the dancer to place the emphasis on the idea rather than the actual steps, difficult as they were in themselves. The Benda mask numbers, as always, gave the most pleasure, especially that of the silly girl, whose aimless prancing was the cause of much honest laughter.

The assisting artists were Anne DeMilita, harpist; Michel Berkovitch, pianist; Vladimir Heifetz, violinist; Frances Hartsook, Virginia Whitehead, Katherine Peters and Kate Cloud.

June 1 1923

Hatayeva's Song Recital

Moussorgsky and child life were to the fore at the first appearance in this city of Mme. Euphale Hatayeva, a Russian soprano, at the Town Hall last night. In her native country Mme. Hatayeva is among the most noted of Moussorgsky interpreters. The qualities which have gained her that place were revealed last night in a voice of agreeable quality, most effective in its lower ranges, and supplemented by a gift for dramatic exposition peculiarly suited to the character of the programme. This was half Moussorgsky and half out of the French, Italian, and Yiddish, but predominantly devoted to childhood's chronicle through the entire range of humor, pathos, and tragedy. An audience of fair dimensions for this end of the season, and made up largely of compatriots, listened with evident pleasure.

July 25 1923

American compositions accepted for production at the Stadium Concerts in New York include two interludes by Max Kipper and a suite, "Aracana," by Nino Marcelli. These have been awarded jointly the prize offered by the score committee of the concerts. Other American pieces selected are Russian sketches, by Nathan Novick; prelude from the opera, "Gobi," by Aloise Reiser, and an American polonaise, by Wallingford Reigger.

Five American musical compositions have won in the Stadium Concerts' score competition for American composers. The winning productions will be played at the Stadium Concerts this season, two winning cash prizes. The other three are awarded, equally, the honor of being played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra during the Stadium season.

This announcement was made by the Score Committee of the Stadium Concerts yesterday in a report by the Chairman of the Score Committee, Mrs. William Cowen, to Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer, Chairman of the Stadium Con-

certs, and Arthur Judson, manager. The prize winners are:

Max Kipper of Monmouth, Ill., "Two Interludes," (a) "Before Parting," (b) "Rondel."

Nino Marcelli of San Diego, Cal., "Suite Aracana."

The three other composers who win performance at the Stadium are: Nathan Novick of Brooklyn, "Russian Sketches."

Aloise Reiser of Brooklyn, "Prelude From the Opera Gobi."

Wallingford Reigger of New York City, "American Polonaise."

SEVEN symphonic programs for the close of July and the first days of August will complete some four and a half weeks of the Philharmonic's open-air concerts at the Stadium. Attendance has been large and a longer series than the six weeks originally proposed is now possible.

Conductor Van Hoogstraten again combines the highest classics with some novelties of local and timely interest this week, as follows:

TONIGHT.

Symphony in C.....Schubert
Caucasian Sketches.....Ippolitoff-Ivanoff
Overture "1812".....Tchaikovsky

MONDAY—ALL-TCHAIKOVSKY.

Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36.
"Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32.
Andante Cantabile, Op. 11.
Marche Slav, Op. 31.

TUESDAY.

Soloist, Helena Marsh, contralto.
"Roman Carnival," overture.....Berlioz
Aria, "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saens
Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau".....Smetana
Aria, "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli

"Till Eulenspiegel".....Strauss
"Finlandia".....Sibelius

WEDNESDAY.

Overture, "Koenigslander".....Humperdinck
"Liebestraum".....Liszt
Italian Caprice.....Tchaikovsky
Slavic Dances.....Dvorak
Suite, "L'Arlésienne," No. 1.....Bizet

THURSDAY.

Overture, "Phedre".....Masset
"Fetes" from "Nocturnes".....Debussy
Two Interludes, "Before Parting," and "Rondel".....Max Kipper
(Prize winner in American score competition)
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven

FRIDAY.

Soloist: Bela Loblov, violin.
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
Concerto for violin, Op. 64.....Mendelssohn
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

SATURDAY.

Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
"Unfinished" symphony.....Schubert
Prelude to an opera, "Gobi".....Reiser
(One of five American scores chosen in competition.)
"Valse Triste".....Sibelius
Pacchanale, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Prelude, "Meistersinger".....Wagner

Ninth Week of Goldman Band.

The ninth week of the Goldman Band's free concerts on the Mall in Central Park brings the usual five concerts, coupled with the announcement by the Citizens' Committee of "new

INDAY, AUGUST

CONVERSE MUSIC FOR FILM.

American Composer Writes Score for Mackaye's "The Scarecrow."

For the American composer's long sought "place in the sun," the re-creation of simple melody and production of what he called "wholesome music," Frederick S. Converse of Boston sees a future of the greatest possibilities in writing original scores to accompany moving pictures.

Mr. Converse came from Boston yesterday to confer with James Creelman Jr. and other associates, who are soon to release on Broadway an eight-reel film, "Puritan Passions," after Percy Mackaye's play, "The Scarecrow." That drama of New England witchcraft was acted a dozen years ago by Frank Reicher, with Edmund Breese as the Devil, among its stars. Mr. Converse wrote the Metropolitan's first American opera, "The Pipe of Desire," and a three-act opera, "Sacrifice," later given in Boston.

"I look on our large picture theatres with their fine orchestras as perhaps the broadest, most educational influence today in popular music," the composer said at the Harvard Club, following a day's tryout of his music and Mackaye's film. "One theatre spends more on music in a year than the annual deficit paid by rich men for a symphony orchestra, and the theatres get their money back."

July 12 1923

WHEN the forty-two nights of the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Stadium come to a close on Wednesday of this week, a Summer series of programs comparing with New York's mid-Winter fare will have presented works of forty-eight European masters, with a dozen or more that may be classed as American. Included are twenty-three performances of full symphonies and four complete solo concertos. It is fair to question if, in a period of six weeks, more classics can have been attempted by anybody, anywhere, at any time.

American composers have been represented by Chadwick's "Lullaby" over-

ture, Gilbert's "Comedy Overture on Negro Airs," Rubin Goldmark's "Samson," part of MacDowell's "Indian Suite." Following these were five chosen from many submitted manuscripts. In their order as played, they were Wallingford Reigger's "American Polonaise," Max Kipper's "Two Interludes," Aloise Reiser's prelude to "Gobi," Nathan Novick's "Four Russian Sketches" and Nino Marcelli's "Suite Aracana." Three more local works were Kornauth's "Elegy," Labate's "Villanelle" and Langley's "Immortals."

Symphonies in the Summer's list have been those of Beethoven, Numbers 3, 5, 7 and 8; the last three of Tschaiakovsky and first three of Brahms, Dvorak's "New World," Carl Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Mozart's "Jupiter," Franck's D minor, Schumann's "Spring" symphony, Schubert's in C, also his "Unfinished," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch." The "New World," Beethoven's Fifth and all of Tschaiakovsky's three occur twice. There are also Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for piano and the violin concertos of Tschaiakovsky and Mendelssohn, as well as the horn concerto of Strauss.

Wagner leads all composers with thirty-six performances of excerpts from his works. Next come Tschaiakovsky, twenty-five; Richard Strauss, twelve; Liszt and Johann Strauss, eleven; Beethoven, nine; Mendelssohn, six; Brahms, Weber, Berlioz and Dvorak, five; Mozart, four; Bach, Handel, Chabrier, Grieg, Smetana, Ippolitoff-Ivanov, Saint-Saens, Sibelius, Rimsky-Korsakov and Carl Goldmark, three; Humperdinck, Bizet, Schumann, Massenet, Schubert and Dukas, two. Once each occur Glinka, Franck, Bossi, Bemberg, Glazunov, Charpentier, Boccherini, Ponchielli, Debussy, Rossini, Halévy, Gounod, Gluck and Verdi, Haydn, Ravel, Servais, Saminsky, Rubinstein, Chopin.

Conductor Van Hoogstraten's final programs at the Stadium, already included in the season's summary above, are as follows:

AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL

Programmes Planned for Mrs. Coolidge's Sixth Series of Concerts of Chamber Music—The New Festival Quartet of South Mountain—First Performances of Work by Goossens and Rebecca Clarke—Malapiero Once More

BECAUSE of several compositions of moment which will be played at Pittsfield for the first time, and because of a new group of musicians, the Festival Quartet of South Mountain, which will play there in concert also for the first time, especial interest attaches to the sixth annual Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music, which Mrs. F. S. Coolidge has announced for Sept. 27, 28 and 29. The new quartet, which consists of William Kroil, first violin; Karl Krauter, second violin; Edward Kreiner, viola; and Willem Wilke, cello, has been rehearsing under the patronage of Mrs. Coolidge in preparation for the meeting. The London String Quartet, which found a welcome at the festival of 1920, will also have a part in the programmes. Its personnel includes James Levey, first violin; Thomas Patre, second violin; H. Waldo-Warner, viola; and C. Warwick-Evans, cello.

The new pieces of chamber music to be offered include a string quartet by Paul Hindsmith; a rhapsody by Rebecca Clarke, written for cello and piano; and a sextet by Eugene Goossens. The composers of the latter two scores were commissioned by Mrs. Coolidge. There will also be performed a new quartet by Francesco Malapiero, the young Italian composer whose piece won the Coolidge prize in 1920. His present work is a sequel to the former, and will make its initial appearance at the festival. The complete programmes for the three days' concerts follow:

SEPTEMBER 27, 4 P. M.

J. S. Bach, Quartet, copied by Carl Schroeder from the publications of the Bach Gesellschaft of Leipzig. Played by the London String Quartet and the Festival Quartet of South Mountain.
Beethoven—Quartet in G major; Opus. 18, No. 2.
Frank Bridge—Sextet in E-flat for two violins, two violas and two cellos.

SEPTEMBER 28, 11 A. M.

Sonata Recital for Piano and Viola—Myra Hess, piano; Lionel Tertis, viola; assisted by Katharine Goodson, piano; Gustav Langenus, clarinet; H. Waldo Warner, Hugo Kortschak, Albert Stoessel, Edward Kreiner, Rebecca Carke, viola.

PROGRAMME

Brahms—Sonata in F minor, for piano and viola; Opus. 120, No. 1.
Mozart—Trio in E-flat major, for piano, clarinet and viola.
B. J. Dale—Sextet for violas; introduction and andante.
Arnold Bax—Sonata for piano and viola.

SEPTEMBER 29, 4 P. M.

Vocal Chamber Music
Mabel Garrison, soprano; Elena Gerhardt, mezzo; George Meader, tenor; Reinold Werrenrath, baritone; Conrad van Bos, Elizabeth Coolidge, piano.

PROGRAMME

Arranged by Kurt Schindler
Schumann—Song Cycle "Frauen Liebe und Leben."
P. Cornelius—Three duets for soprano and baritone.
Schubert—Songs for tenor.
Brahms—New Songs of Love; Opus. 65; waltzes for vocal quartet and four-hand piano.

SEPTEMBER 29, 11 A. M.

New Chamber Music
Myra Hess, piano; Albert Spalding, Hugo Kortschak, Edouard Dethier, violin; Lionel Tertis, viola; May Mukle, Emmaer Stoeck, cello, and the Festival Quartet of South Mountain.

Paul Hindemith—String Quartet in F minor, Opus 10. (First performance in America.)
Rebecca Clarke—Rhapsody for piano and 'cello.
Eugene Goossens—Sextet for three violins, viola and two 'cellos.

SEPTEMBER 29, 4 P. M.

The Festival Quartet of South Mountain, assisted by Katharine Goodson, piano.

PROGRAMME

Haydn—Quartet in D major: Opus 20, No. 4.
G. Francesco Malipiero—"Stornelli e Ballate" for string quartet. (First performance.)
Brahms—Quintet in F minor for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello.

*Sequel to "Rispetti e Strombottli."

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Special to The New York Times.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 29.—The first session of the Berkshire Chamber Music Festival today was devoted to new music. There was a quartet by Paul Hindemith, op. 10, a rhapsody by Rebecca Clarke for piano and 'cello and a phantasy sextet by Eugene Goossens for string sextet. The last two were commissioned by Mrs. Coolidge for this year's festival for there was no competition for prizes as there has been in other years. All were played for the first time in America, and Hindemith is a young German composer whose music is practically unknown in this country. In his native Germany he is regarded as one of the hopes of the musical future.

His quartet may have surprised and bewildered some whose teeth were set ready for the worst that modern composers can do. For here is a modern composer who thinks in terms of intelligible and appealing themes and agreeable harmonies, who has a sense for form and musical logic as it has been understood in the past and who yet is clearly one who looks forward rather than backward—and at least not much farther back than Max Reger.

The influence of that composer is more or less evident in many of Hindemith's doings, in his use of dramatics, for instance; in his disposition of certain passages, in his fondness for complexities of counterpoint and his occasional effluence into fugatos. But his music is more fluid and moist than Reger's; it has a more genial warmth and impulsiveness; and Hindemith has unquestionably much of his own to say. The resemblances are, after all, hardly more than occasional and superficial. He has an abundant flow of melody and is not afraid of being commonplace with it. It must be confessed that now and again, as in the last movement, he grazes the commonplace.

The first movement has a splendid animation with resolute rhythmic vivacity and variety. The five variations of the second movement are engrossing and one is developed in a broad melody of much beauty. The last is outrageously tuneful. The quartet shows notable skill in part writing and in its setting for the strings. The composer is a viola player, which commends him to the Berkshire Hills, and he obviously knows many of the secrets of the strings.

The performance was a remarkable one by the "Festival Quartet of South Mountain," organized within a month, but it plays with the precision of a veteran organization and much more feeling for style and authority of utterance than many of its elders. Its members are William Kroll, Karl Krauter, Edward Kreiner and Willem Willeke, and it should be heard of again soon.

Miss Clarke has shown her unmistakable talent in other compositions heard in Pittsfield, and as some were said to think, has shown it more unmistakably than in this rhapsody. It is very rhapsodic and very gloomy and undeniably has her sincere admirers may think that she is not following a promising path as indicated by this composition. It was admirably played by Miss May Mukle and Miss Ayra Hess.

Mr. Goossens is one of the most prominent of the younger English composers and conductors. His sextet is for the unusual combination of three violins, viola and 'cello, giving a greater lightness and transparency of sound than the usual sextet. It is in a single movement but there are three sections, a slow one in the middle, easily to be discerned. Goossens is more "modern" than the German, but amiably so. His music has an aerial flight of imagination. A shifting scene of harmony. It is high spirited and touches boisterousness at times, but his adventurous harmonies somehow seduce the ear. There is a charming viola solo in the slow section, and even Mr. Goossens indulges briefly in a fugato. The composer was expected to be present but was delayed.

In the afternoon the admirable South Mountain Quartet played a quartet by Haydn, Brahms F. Minor piano quintet with Mme. Katharine Goodson's assistance, and a new piece by Malipiero "Stornelli e Ballate," a sequel to the "Rispetti e Strombottli" with which he won a Berkshire prize a couple of years ago.

Opera at the Century

CENTURY operagoers, who have witnessed the great strides made by the San Carlo artists in their seventh season here, will again have but three repeated bills next week, with further productions to make up eighteen different operas, besides many ballets, in the season's first three weeks.

Mr. Gallo's casts for the coming week follow:

"Forza del Destino" Monday evening, Mmes. Escobar, Messrs. Salazar, Valle and de Biasi; incidental dances by the Pavlov-Oukrainsky ballet.
"Madame Butterfly" Tuesday evening, Mmes. Milre and Leveroni, Messrs. Tomar-

chilo, Marr and Gallacher, followed by the bacchanale from "Sauson and Deslail." "Aida" Wednesday evening, Mmes. Roselle and de Biasi, Messrs. Tommasini, Basiola and de Biasi.
"Marta" Thursday afternoon, Mmes. Escobar and de Melle, Messrs. Chippini, Interante and Cervi, followed by Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."
"Otello" Thursday evening, Mmes. Rappold and Paggi, Messrs. Salazar, Basiola and de Biasi.
"Jewels of the Madonna" Friday evening, Mmes. Fittzu and de Mette, Messrs. Tommasini, Valle and Cervi.
"Faust" Saturday afternoon, Mmes. Char-

Oct 5 1923

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

CHALIAPIN

Feodor Chaliapin sang last night at the Manhattan Opera House to upward of four thousand people. He has often done so before, and he will doubtless often do so again. They are all much alike, these Chaliapin concerts.

First, an "assisting artist" immolates himself on the altar of art by playing an instrumental solo of some length to a polite but obviously abstracted audience. His listeners—if one may so call them—are almost audibly waiting for the main business of the evening to begin, and it would take a Kreisler to capture their errant attention.

At last it does begin. The player retires, amid a gust of grateful hand-claps. A brief pause, and the huge Russian basso strides on the stage with the air of one who has just stepped off a train. The 4,000 applaud thunderously for ten, fifteen, thirty seconds, sometimes a full minute, while he stands, pink and beaming, bowing and wafting kisses, waiting for the noise to subside.

He has no printed program. The audience have booklets in which are printed the words of all his songs. These songs are numbered, and he calls off the number before every song that he sings. There ensues a momentary rustle of turning pages, and if the song be an especial favorite, another outburst of applause—then silence.

He begins to sing. At first he stands motionless, for this is a song recital, with its attendant proprieties. But Chaliapin was born an actor as well as a voice, and he cannot be inactive long. The song progresses, and the music begins to work its spell upon him. His hands, those marvellous, graceful, expressive hands, begin to stir uneasily. They rise from his sides, subside, and rise again. He begins to gesture, briefly at first, and then with ever increasing force and definiteness.

He takes a step forward. Still singing, he turns swiftly, strides toward the piano, turns again and faces the audience. The quality of his singing changes. The vocal line, at first lyric and silken smooth, wavers, swoops and rises in abrupt and jagged angles. It is still a beautiful vocal sound, for no one ever had quite such a voice, but it is no longer pure song. It is suddenly speech, broadened and heightened and infinitely eloquent.

The pace slackens. His voice dims and softens and retreats into silence. A last quiet chord on the piano. Someone says "bravo!" and the torrent of applause is unloosed again. More bows. Another number is announced. After this he leaves the stage, returns and announces another. And another, and another.

It is not pure song. It may not even be great art. But it is something to experience. The man has some secret communion with nature, and something emanates from him, a sort of tonic force, like wind and sun and the sound of rivers.

What he sang last night, if you must have a list, included the great aria, "Ella gl'ammiu m'amo" from "Don Carlos," Sakhnovsky's "Death Walks About Me," Leporello's "Catalogue" from "Don Giovanni"—irresistibly done; a very good song, "When the King Goes Forth to War," by his accompanist, Feodor Koenemann; the inevitable Volga boat song; and a humoresque, "The Government Clerk," that was funny enough not to need his announcement, "That's a comeek song!" And countless others.

Mr. Koenemann played exceptionally good accompaniments, and Rudolph Polk, violinist, the assisting artist, played the Haendel D major sonata well enough to deserve much more recognition than he received.

OTHER MUSIC.

After his absence, it was good to hear Efrem Zimbalist again when he appeared with his violin yesterday afternoon to a crowded Carnegie Hall. It hardly seemed that he had been absent from the concert hall for a season or two, for there was all the same youth and charm and sincerity which has been largely responsible for this artist's popularity. If anything, he has gained somewhat in artistic stature since last heard here; technically there is little need be said of him. Yesterday he touched, in more than one place, fine emotional depths, particularly in Saint-Saens's "Havaneise," languorous and fiery by turns.

Mr. Zimbalist was a little better than his program, featuring as the latter did the none too interesting Goldmark concerto. Save for the mediant with this work seemed rather verbose and without aim, but its lyric passages were read with fine, if rather brittle fire and tender wistfulness. Later the violinist turned with facility from Reger's academic Adagio and Vivace for solo violin to the Saint-Saens work mentioned above. He reached a high point with his own fantasy from Coq d'Or, which embodied all the skill of a clever adaptation with the spirit of an interpreter admirably fitted by temperament for his material.

From the Zimbalist recital there was only time for the reviewer to hasten to Aeolian Hall and catch the closing number of Henry Clifton, who had managed to gather in, it seemed, the remainder of the local enthusiasts for violin music. Mr. Clifton's playing of Wienawski's "Faust" fantasy carried with it many excursions into the land of harmonics, not always fraught with complete success. Travel in such places is difficult, and the violinist fared better with the cantabile sections.

In the evening two bands divided their public between them, Sousa's ensemble holding forth in Madison Square Garden, and the United States Marine Band, with a new soloist in the person of Inn Houskysky, at Carnegie Hall. And in case any other Sunday night idler might thirst for melody,

A. C.

Mabel McKinley Sings

Mabel McKinley, niece of the late President McKinley gave a recital last evening in Aeolian Hall and acquitted herself with credit in a programme which included songs by Brahms, Schumann, Strauss, and other composers, French and English. She has a light soprano of good quality and sang with sincerity and feeling. It was a most creditable performance for a first recital; she is, however, not unknown to the stage for she has been appearing for some time in vaudeville.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.) 1923
THE VERBRUGGHEN QUARTET.

In a way, music is the most helplessness of all arts. Once the painter's canvas or the sculptor's marble are nished, they stand for all men to see, needing no interpreter. Books lie still and pregnant needing only a reader. A play needs actors, but it, too, may be apprehended by the reader with imagination.

But the musician is not so lucky. The notes he sets down are not "writing" in the strict sense of the word. They are a set of directions to the players, and without some one to play them they are not music. No one can hear them save an erudite few who derive a certain chilly satisfaction from "reading" them, as an architect reads a blueprint.

Yet there is this compensation: Once music is played, it comes to life with peculiar vividness. The player may help or hinder, but he does not fundamentally alter the directness of contact between composer and listener.

When the Verbrugghen Quartet played the third of the Beethoven posthumous quartets last night in Aeolian Hall one was intensely conscious of this personal relation between creator and audience. Here was music that Beethoven had written nearly 100 years ago; music that in all probability he had never heard. Yet time and space vanished with

the first stroke of the bow, and Beethoven lived and spoke again—not as a vague, distant, happy old man, but as a great soul, an inner soul distilled from a lifetime's trouble and wisdom, of which the man himself may never have been conscious.

They concluded with another Beethoven quartet (the fourth, Opus 132), with the Mozart D minor as an interlude. Except for a disposition to play the andante movement adagio, they performed this excellently and were particularly happy in the fascinating, syncopated variations of the last movement.

Rare Beethoven Finale Given by Verbrugghens

Play Original Grand Fugue to B Flat Quartet With Dash and Energy

The Verbrugghen Quartet, faithful to Mozart and Beethoven, gave the fifth concert of its series of six yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, with the quartet in G of the Mozart series dedicated to Haydn, and the posthumous Beethoven B flat quartet, Op. 130, this last with the original finale, the Grand Fugue, published later as Op. 133, for which Beethoven later substituted a shorter conclusion. The Fugue has not often been heard here—an arrangement by Weingartner was played some years ago by the Philharmonic under Mr. Strinsky—but, despite its length of fifteen minutes, did not seem particularly terrifying in the hands of Henri Verbrugghen and his associates, who played it with ample energy and dash.

On the whole, their usual characteristics marked this performance. The middle movements of the Mozart work had a certain un-Mozartian heaviness, but there was much more life toward the close of the concert. The last performance of the series will be tomorrow afternoon.

"Rigoletto" to Open Last Week of Opera By San Carlo Here

The fifth and last week of the engagement of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, at the Century Theater, will begin Monday with "Rigoletto," with Mmes. Consuelo Escobar and Paggi; Messrs. Chippini, Basiola and De Biasi. Carlo Peroni conducting. The fourth "Carmen" of the series will be Tuesday evening, with Mmes. Gentle and Ehlers; Messrs. Tommasini, Valle and De Biasi. Peroni conducting.

Other operas of the week will be: "Il Trovatore" Wednesday, with Mmes. Rappold and De Mette; Messrs. Salazar, Basiola and De Biasi. Peroni conducting.

"Madama Butterfly" Thursday afternoon, with Mmes. Hara Onuki and Klinova, Messrs. Onofrei, Valle and Cervi, followed by the Pavlov-Oukrainsky ballet in the "Dance Macabre" will be given in the evening, with Mmes. Roselle and Paggi, Messrs. Tommasini, Basiola and De Biasi. Mr. Peroni leading both performances.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" will be given Friday evening, the first with Mmes. Gentle and Edwards, Messrs. Tommasini and Interante; the other with Mme. Ligotti, Messrs. Salazar and Basiola, Peroni conducting. Another double performance will be given Saturday afternoon, Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanna" with Miss Afsden, Messrs. Royer and Cervi, and "Haensel und Gretel" with Mmes. Korb, Klinova and De Mette and Mr. Interrante. "Aida," with Mmes. Roselle and Gentle; Messrs. Salazar and Valle will end the season Saturday night.

The rarely-separated paid, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," were last night's bill; "Cavalleria" bringing Gladys Axman in an energetic performance as Santuzza. As "Lola" Grace Divine, a young American singer making her debut, gave a pleasing first impression, with Alice Homer as "Lucia." As before, Manuel Salazar was "Turridu," while Giuseppe Interante appeared as "Alfio." Mr. Basiola opened the other opera as "Tonio," with Gaetano Tommasini as the luckless "Canio," Anne Roselle as "Nedda" and Messrs. Interrante and Curci in the other parts. Carlo Peroni and Cesare Sodero divided the conductorship.

Stransky Leads New Orchestra

By Henry T. Finck

Once upon a time a man wrote a piece for the theatre which he called "The Black Crook." It proved enormously successful and the author got rich quick; but gradually all his dialogue was altered or eliminated until nothing was left of the original except the title.

Once upon a time an orchestra was founded in New York called the Philharmonic. After various ups and downs it was put in the hands of a Bohemian conductor called Josef Stransky, who made the orchestra so exceptionally good and became so great a favorite that the subscription list was more than quadrupled and the sign "All Seats Sold" was up at nearly every concert.

But Stransky and the Philharmonic had enemies, bitter enemies who vowed they would end them. They had the money to do it and they did it. Gradually the Philharmonic players—and there were no better in the world—were bounced, and finally the conductor was kindly allowed to resign. But the name remains, as in the case of the "Black Crook."

Naturally, the first-class players thus ejected did not like it. They got together and decided to form an orchestra of their own provided that Josef Stransky would consent to be their conductor. He did consent—that was in April—and last night the new society, called the State Orchestra, gave its first concert in Carnegie Hall.

There was a big audience, and an enthusiastic one; indeed, it was an evening of ovations for the conductor, and the new orchestra also came in for a big share of applause. It is needless to say that perfection was not attained. Rome was not built in a day. In addition to the former Philharmonic players, there were others—it's a big orchestra, with no fewer than ten double basses—and coherence and polish come with playing together, of which these men will soon have plenty and to spare, for in addition to giving its own fourteen concerts, the State Orchestra and its conductor will play with the Wagnerian Opera Company here and in other cities.

Stransky is famous for his ability to whip a new band into shape, but he could not, of course, give as thrilling a "Meistersinger" prelude last night as he will be able to a month hence, when he has secured absolute control of his new aggregation of men. There was a certain amount of nervousness at the start, from which the first two movements of Beethoven's seventh symphony also suffered; but after that the men got their second wind—as the mountain climbers say—and thenceforth to the end of the programme the performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Nothing could be more dainty and charming than the scherzo of the symphony or more vivacious and delicious than the finale, which Wagner boldly compared to a dance of the planets—an unwise remark, for it led Isadora Duncan to try to impersonate the planets, with almost Phœnic results.

There was to have been a novelty—"The Sea," an orchestral suite by Frank Bridge—but the score did not arrive in time for rehearsal, so the conductor substituted Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun." In this and in Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Tchaikovsky's "Slavic March" the orchestra—well, really, most of the time, shutting one's eyes, one could have imagined Stransky was actually conducting the genuine and only original Philharmonic.

Great things are promised for the remaining concerts of the State Orchestra, including a list of soloists with such names as Jeritz, John McCormack (who will be heard at the next concert, December 8), Grainger, Enesco, Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, Huberman, and Helen S.

By H. C. COLLES.

The State Symphony Orchestra.

Josef Stransky, in command of the newly formed State Symphony Orchestra, began the season's orchestral music at Carnegie Hall last night with a program of accepted masterpieces. Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers," Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Richard Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" and Debussy's prelude, with the title "L'après-midi d'un faun" (which one is loath to translate into "The Afternoon of a Faun") gave rich opportunities for appreciating the qualities of the playing. Tchaikovsky's "March Slav" completed the scheme, but it seemed excusable to leave with Debussy in the ears, for it was this which gave by far the happiest impression of the new orchestra.

Hans Richter, when he noted the meticulous care with which certain conductors marked their players' parts for special effects, said: "Give me my score and my players; that is enough." Richter, his sayings and still more his doings, were brought vividly to mind, by contrast, in the first part of this program, and a newcomer to New York may perhaps be excused for echoing this remark of his in connection not only with musical performance but with the task of criticism. Many of the audience must have been much more fully aware of all the circumstances which have brought this orchestra into being than I could be, and no doubt they were also much more familiar with Mr. Stransky's methods. The stranger who registers first impressions and attempts to record them immediately is unaware of most of the circumstances which have led up to this opening concert, but is therefore brought the more immediately face to face with the music itself.

Here was evidently an orchestra of entire competence, containing fine players, all exceedingly sensitive to the conductor's requirements. Yet the prelude to "The Mastersingers" was a shock from which the Beethoven Symphony did not help one to recover quickly. It has been said that there are two types of conductor, one which begins the prelude to "The Mastersingers" in the time in which he means to continue, the other which adjusts it after he has begun. Mr. Stransky is apparently the exponent of a third style, for he seemed purposely to avoid establishing a tempo at all. He was ready to slacken it at the first entry of the love-theme, to quicken it with every approach to a climax of tone, and climaxes were bewilderingly numerous. Elasticity is, we know, a great quality in musical interpretation, but there is a point at which the texture of the most flexible material will tear, and it was reached here.

The problem of the classics—and Wagner may be included with Beethoven in the classics of this program—is to find space for full expression within the limits of a certain rhythmic shape which is the composer's design. The ideal performance accepts the composer's conditions, and the interpreter works within them. Mr. Stransky seemed anxious to create conditions for the composers, and one felt that one was listening not so much to Wagner and Beethoven as to a rhapsody on their work by an artist of exuberant personality. With the later composers the case is not quite the same. Both Strauss and Debussy are in their different ways rhapsodists, and Strauss in "Death and Transfiguration" is impelled forward by a series of emotional climaxes of the kind which eventually appeal strongly to Mr. Stransky. There were many passages of beautiful detail in both these performances. Particularly may be named that passage in Strauss which is associated with the expiry of the sufferer before the final apotheosis of the main theme.

One cannot refrain from a special word of gratitude to the principal flautist for his exquisite phrasing of Debussy's wayward melody, but other members of the orchestra, particularly in the wood wind department, deserve gratitude here. It was in fact an evening of varied enjoyments and mixed feelings, an evening in which the impulse to vigorous dissent at one moment was followed by a surprised pleasure at the next, but not one to bring the supreme satisfaction which comes when a conductor with his score and his players is content to bring his audience face to face with masterpieces.

Lawrence Gilman

The Society of the Friends of Stransky assembled in full force last night at Carnegie Hall to greet the conductor and his new State Symphony Orchestra at their first concert, which was also the opening orchestral concert of the local season. Mr. Stransky was unable to hang out his well-worn "Standing Room Only" sign, but the ushers caused the region about the conductor's stand to blossom like Kundry's bower; and the assembled Friends manifested joyous approval of the evening's activities. Every one was happy—except, perhaps, such unwelcome adherents of other societies (Societies of the Friends of Mengelberg, of Damrosch and of Music) as may have been present.

Mr. Stransky is a shrewd and realistic program-maker. He is no doubt aware that the average New York concertgoer welcomes an orchestral novelty with the jubilant eagerness of a flat-dweller paying a 50 per cent increase in his rent. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that Mr. Stransky was made inconsolable by the non-arrival of the parts for "The Hymn of Jesus," by the Englishman Gustav Holst, which had figured in the earlier announcements of the State Symphony Orchestra as a work new to New York. Deprived of his novelty, Mr. Stransky, like the afflicted but not too disconsolate character in Meredith, "re-lapsed upon religion and little dogs": that is to say, he invoked some of the great names of music, those of gods and demi-gods; and he comforted himself and delighted his audience still further by trotting out an adored and perennial pet of all right-thinking audiences. Wagner with his "Meistersinger" Prelude, and Beethoven with his Seventh Symphony represented the names and deeds of the shining ones; Strauss with his "Death and Transfiguration" and Debussy with his "Afternoon of a Faun" may stand for the nonce, as the demi-gods and their works—though we are by no means certain that the magical beauty of Debussy's idyl is a less treasurable possession than the golden splendors of the "Meistersinger" Prelude or the divine exuberance of Beethoven's Seventh.

The pet of the occasion was, naturally enough, the "Marche Slave" of Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Stransky, it will be seen, played safe, as he was quite justified in doing. No one would have thanked him for including a novelty in his scheme, except that negligible band of insatiably curious watchers of the tonal horizon who, like the late beloved Huneker, are still interested in seeing which way the musical cat is going to jump. And since "those parties" (in Mark Twain's phrase) scarcely count, Mr. Stransky was wise to ignore them. So the audience, unexposed by the conundrums of the Polytonalists, or even by the amiable modernism of the excellent Mr. Holst, basked happily in what Carlyle, rejoicing in the prose of Coleridge, called "those balmy, sunlit isles of the blest and the intelligible." To be sure, the "Death and Transfiguration" of Richard Strauss is neither continuously balmy nor sunlit; but at least its hero dies like a gentleman of the tonally well-bred and mellifluous '90s, and not after the uncouth and irrubrical manner of the wild men of contemporary music.

Some may find cause for ironic comment in the present position of Mr. Stransky and the State Symphony Orchestra. They may recall the fact that Mr. Stransky was the dominant spirit in the Philharmonic Society when the National Symphony Orchestra caused such indignation by its presumptuous entrance into the local symphonic field a few years ago as a third orchestra, eventually simplifying matters by swallowing all but the name of that veteran canary, its oldest rival, the Philharmonic, conductor and all; and these amused observers may be inclined to make merry—politely, of course—over the fact that Josef Stransky, an Alexander among conductors, having parted company with the Philharmonic-National in quest of new symphonic worlds to conquer, is now doing what the National Symphony was blamed for attempting; that is, he is introducing another orchestra into a field (they may say) already sufficiently occupied.

Any such comment, we think, would be beside the point. We have little patience with the contention that New York is already oversupplied with orchestral music. It is fantastic to suppose that a city of 6,000,000 people is unable to furnish audiences for more than two local and two visiting orchestras, which cannot possibly, even with "capacity" houses and full subscription lists, be heard by more than 100,000 persons—and that is an extravagantly generous estimate. The Philharmonic Orchestra, playing in mid-summer at the relatively inaccessible Lewisohn Stadium through a season of forty-two concerts, is heard night after night by audiences that would crowd four of our winter concert rooms. In other words, many a Stadium audience would supply more than enough hearers to fill Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan, Aeolian Hall and the Town Hall if Mr. Stransky, Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Stokowski should diabolically decide to give orchestral concerts on the same evening. Such a thing has never happened in New York, fortunately for the health of reviewers and other professional worms; but it is far from impossible, granted, of course, conductors and programs of sufficient drawing power and a public willing to pay the current rates for tickets.

Therefore, we are aware of no reason why Mr. Stransky should not seek to found another orchestra in New York or even two other orchestras if he sees fit—for he seems to be able and willing to take on any combination of jobs that presents itself.

At all events, it is none of the reviewer's business how many orchestras Mr. Stransky or any one else chooses to establish; his single duty in the matter is to keep on attending concerts until reason begins to totter on her shaking throne, appraising conductors and orchestras and performances as they come along. It is no part of his task to discourage the activities of artists, entrepreneurs or angels. His business, in other words, is art and not economics. Let us, then, consider Mr. Stransky and his new orchestra as they exhibited themselves last night at Carnegie Hall—not as sinister plotters against the peace of other orchestras and the sanity of music reviewers, but as artists making music.

Mr. Stransky has assembled some excellent players. His string section has cheering possibilities. There are admirable musicians among his violins, violas, cellos and double basses—one of the memorable things of the evening was the exquisite performance by Mr. Letz, the concertmaster, of the violin solo in the opening section of "Death and Transfiguration." The string tone, as a whole, has body and character, and there were moments of true delicacy and beauty in the playing of the different sections—as in the performance by the violas, cellos and basses of the veiled and hieratic passage at the beginning of the Allegretto of Beethoven's symphony.

The first clarinet, Mr. Chiaffarelli; the first bassoon, Mr. Mesnard; the first flute, Mr. Kouloukis, are former Phil-

harmonic men; and the first horn, Mr. Reiter, is a Philharmonic veteran of many seasons. These men are accomplished players, though we wished for a less burly tone from the flute and a less acidulous one from the first oboe—Mr. Corne; however, a certain amount of acidity is the normal state of an oboe's blood. The brass is happily free from blatancy; it is, indeed, inclined to be diffident—though that is a dangerous thing to say of an orchestra's brasses.

Mr. Stransky has brought together a potentially good orchestra. He has a surprising gift for bringing order out of instrumental chaos, and one looks forward with pleasurable anticipation to the performances which he is likely to give a half-year hence. But his organization has quite a piece of road to travel before it can achieve the kind of performances that Mr. Stransky no doubt has dreamt of. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that an assemblage of excellent orchestral players is not always the equivalent of an excellent

orchestra, as the assembled ingredients of a Welsh rabbit do not necessarily produce a result completely transporting to the epicure. Mr. Stransky's rabbit is the result of indubitably good intentions, but these intentions have materialized, in some respects, as rather unedifying paving stones. There was a good deal of rude and inefficient playing last night, as no one knows better, unquestionably, than Mr. Stransky himself. Nevertheless, it was a remarkable first concert, and Mr. Stransky's arduous labors deserved the guerdons that they received.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE STATE SYMPHONY

Critics have no rights. Even the poor boon of an aisle seat is not always vouchsafed them, as one found upon arriving at Carnegie Hall last night. But one right, paramount and inalienable, this reviewer has always reserved and always will: that of being uncritical at the year's first orchestra concert.

Recitals are all very well, and so is opera. There is profit in many of them, and pleasure in some, though the critical demon can generally find an unoccupied ear into which to whisper. But to see once again, after months of abstinence, the tidy rows of poised violins, the lank necks of the double basses, the glossy bellies of the cellos, the tuba's polished paunch; to hear once more the reassuring scrapings and grunts and twitterings of a hundred players tuning up—surely this is no time for detached appraisal of what is to come.

And when the opening number is the "Meistersinger" overture and one hears again the familiar miracle of that thrilling first C major chord with the descending major seventh in the basses coming reluctantly on the off beat—Abt Vogler was right: "Tis we musicians know." For the hour there are no good or bad orchestras, some are merely better than others. One is sure only that here is great music and an orchestra to play it and that nobody's opinions matter very much.

This is not to say that the first concert by Josef Stransky's State Symphony Orchestra did not deserve appraisal. On the contrary, some of it was amazingly good. Mr. Stransky's new organization does not betray its newness as much as one might expect. The technical standard seems high and the men play together with a smoothness of attack that speaks well for their drilling.

In tonal blending the orchestra has, of course, much still to achieve. The tone of the upper strings is a little hard, but clear and powerful; the cellos and basses are good, but display a tendency toward wooliness in critical moments. The woodwinds are not yet blended, but there are excellent individual players among them. The brasses are a trifle ragged and need mellowing. One thing all the players did last night was to play mercifully in tune.

Mr. Stransky's program essayed no flights from the beaten track, but wisely stuck to music that was familiar alike to audience and players. He began, as we have hinted, with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," followed by Beethoven's seventh symphony; continued, after the intermission, with Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" and Debussy's "Faun," and wound up with that battered favorite, Tchaikovsky's "Marche Slave."

Harry Kaufman, Pianist. Heard.
Harry Kaufman, who was heard in a piano recital last year and at the Stadium a year ago, last evening attracted an audience of good sizes to Aeolian Hall to hear him play. While he proved his fitness for tackling whatever technical obstacles were contained in his program, there was little to distinguish one composition from another in his manner of playing, tonal variety or spirit of interpretation. Especially lacking of brilliancy and dash was his performance of four works of Chopin. In the passages where a soft, lucid tone was proper, his playing was delightful, but contrasting passages to set forth the beauty of the calmer ones were left to be desired. Other composers whose works were chosen for the program included Franck, Rachmaninoff, Stojowski, Ravel, Albeniz and Godowsky's arrangement of "Kunsterleben" by Strauss.

"La Gloconda" Sung at Century.

"La Gloconda" was sung at the Century last night, opening the San Carlo Company's fourth week here and closing tonight before its tour. In Mr. Gallo's cast were Mmes. Maria Escobar and de Mette, Messrs. Tommasini, Baciola and de Biasi. Mr. Peroni conducted Ponchielli's music, including the incidental "Dance of the Hours" by the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet.

By Deems Taylor

DE PACHMANN.

Three thousand people saw murder done last night in Carnegie Hall. No, that won't do for a beginning. It is the truth, but it sounds too sensational, blurted out like that. The truth so often does. Facts are more harmless. Let us set them down first, as a good reporter should do.

So, then: Last night in Carnegie Hall Vladimir de Pachmann, the famous Russian pianist, gave his first recital here in twelve years, before an audience that packed the parquet five deep with standees. Applause was frequent and enthusiastic and those who heard him before declared that his pianistic powers were unimpaired, despite his seventy-odd years.

Now to explain that murder. Probably it wouldn't have seemed so shocking if there had been any preparation for it. But as any playwright will tell you, being told a thing isn't at all the same as seeing it happen. And so, when people would laughingly quote this or that remark De Pachmann had made to such and such an audience, or would tell about the pair of socks he put on the piano at his Berlin recital, the truth somehow didn't register to one who, as it chanced, had never seen or heard him play.

Last night, therefore, was rather shocking to one listener. There was Carnegie Hall jammed to the doors, and everybody talkative and a little nervous and excited, and there was the big platform with the brown velvet drapes, the two-sided chandeliers lighted, the centre one dark, and under it a rather lonesome and scared looking grand piano—all, in fact, just as it is when Rachmaninoff or Paderewski or Hoffman or any other of the giants play.

And then the brown curtains parted, and out came a chunky little old man, with a head something like Franz Liszt's portraits—the same high forehead, eagle nose and long gray hair. The audience burst into applause, very sudden and sharp applause, that cracked and rattled like machine gun fire. The little man put his feet together and clasped his hands, and bowed stiffly from the waist, looking very like the frog footman in "Alice" as he did so. The audience kept on applauding and he kept on bowing.

Then he moved toward the piano and the applause went out like a snuffed candle. The house was breathless. The little man fiddled with the knob on the adjustable piano stool. He twisted it this way and that. Then he turned to the audience and swept his hands through the air, shoulder high. The stool was too high. Everybody giggled. Then he sat down and began to play Beethoven's pathetic sonata.

He played the opening section, marked "grave," with a cool, velvety perfection of touch that fell very gently and softly on the ear. It was effortless and perfect, and one did not mind the fact that it was admirable rather than moving. "That will come later," one thought, and waited for the music to begin to weave its spell.

But something happened. A phrase ended, with a brief pause before the next began, and in the pause the little man raised his hands from the keyboard and beat time as though he

were conducting a band, and grinned at the audience. And everybody giggled again, and that was the end of the first movement of Beethoven's pathetic sonata. There was more of it, but it didn't mean anything. The spell was broken.

He played the allegro. More gestures and comical faces, and more giggles. He finished it. Applause. He stood up, bowed, and began to talk to the people in the front row. Everybody said "Shh!" so loudly that it was impossible to make out what he was saying. One caught fragments—"vix my fingers—most of ze time"—but nothing connected.

"Is he—?" asked the lady on the right. And one said, "No. He always does this, they say. He's going to play the adagio now and he'll cut out this comedy stuff."

And so de Pachmann played the adagio from Beethoven's pathetic sonata. It is short, and very simple—just a tune, really; and only a great man could have written it. For it has the miraculous power of suggestion that all great art possesses. It releases the imagination. It links you for the moment with eternal things; you glimpse something of the vast beauty and sadness of life.

And in the middle of it the little man raised his hands and beat time, and grinned at the audience, and said something. And the man in the row behind one laughed aloud, and then everybody giggled. For the little man was really outdoing himself. And Beethoven died and went to hell, and everybody was frightfully amused at Mr. de Pachmann.

When he had finished the sonata there was more applause as he left the stage. So he came back and bowed, twice, three times, and made a little speech to the people in the front rows. Then he sat down to play Chopin.

He is the greatest Chopin player in the world, they say. He certainly has marvellous dexterity. His hands ripple and flash along the keyboard with uncanny accuracy, and they produce a beautiful sound. He began the nocturne in D major, No. 1 of the thirty-second opus. It is lovely, gentle, wistful Chopin. And after a particularly lovely phrase Mr. de Pachmann said, "Listen!" and played another, lovelier one, and wagged his head comically and waved his hands and grinned at the audience. And everybody laughed heartily. And he did the same with the second Impromptu, and with the B minor prelude, and with the Allegro de Concert in A major.

And then there was more applause, and another funny little speech, and a final group of Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt. But one didn't hear that. For one had gone out, feeling a little ashamed of caring so much about music in a world where so many excellent people didn't mind a bit what happened to it.

By H. C. COLLES.

Mr. de Pachmann's Recital.

A dozen years have gone by since Mr. de Pachmann last addressed a New York audience and it must have been at about that time that he gave a highly successful series of "farewell" recitals in London. We on the other side have been wondering ever since about that farewell, for he has continued playing and talking to us through the succession of years. But the mystery is now explained; evidently he was bidding farewell to New York in that series of London recitals.

He returned, however, to Carnegie Hall last night with a program containing an early sonata of Beethoven, Opus 13, one of the very few which he plays frequently, a group of Chopin, some Mendelssohn, Schumann and a Liszt rhapsody. He was even more talkative than usual, told the huge audience what he would do before he did it and how admirable it was when it was done. For his first extra piece he gave what was apparently intended to be a caricature of Chopin's Valse in D flat, followed by his ideal performance.

Unfortunately, however, not only the Valse but most of the music of his program contained a deplorably large element of caricature. Those of us who have been listening to Mr. de Pachmann's playing in recent years have grown accustomed to waiting patiently through the first part of the program for his real genius to appear. There has frequently come a moment when after all the tricks have been played off he has settled down to give perhaps ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of piano playing which in its own style

could be called perfect. We waited for this to the end of the Chopin group last night, only catching glimpses of the magic of his hands in a few passages, notably in the Allegro de Concert, Op. 46. But against these glimpses had to be set the garrulous puerility of his Beethoven and distortions of the rhythm of Chopin's Nocturne in B major and of the Impromptu in F sharp major which must have been so obvious to every listener that it would be fatuous to dwell on them at length.

It was a good sign that the audience, which began by listening breathlessly for Mr. de Pachmann's remarks, soon took to drowning them with applause, as a gentle hint that music, and not conversation, is the business of the concert room.

Lawrence Gilman

MR. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

MR. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN brought his inimitable one-man vaudeville show to town last night, and kept a huge audience at Carnegie Hall laughing and tittering throughout the entertainment. Incidentally, Mr. de Pachmann played the piano—sometimes very beautifully, at other times less beautifully. But most of his energies seemed to be directed toward mitigating the threatened seriousness of what was announced as a recital of piano music by Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt. Mr. de Pachmann favored his auditors with an almost continuous monologue, addressing little speeches to them between his numbers and commenting on his performance as he went along. He registered comic despair when he found difficulty in adjusting the piano stool to his satisfaction, gestured elaborately between phrases, grimaced, scowled melodramatically and indulged in various other monkeyshines.

All this, of course, is old stuff to concertgoers who have heard Mr. de Pachmann before; but those to whom the experience was new (it is a dozen years since Mr. de Pachmann was last heard in New York) must have been sorely bewildered by the proceedings on the stage; and perhaps there were some who were not wholly content at being offered a tenth-rate vaudeville turn instead of a recital of piano music by one of the most distinguished artists of our generation. This sort of thing may be amusing to Mr. de Pachmann, but it is unutterably wearisome and afflictive to those who are aware of his singular genius as a musician, and who have passed the time of life when a performance of Beethoven's "Pathetic" Sonata can be enhanced by buffooneries on the part of the interpreter which indicate a mental age of about six and a half.

Mr. de Pachmann is now, according to his books, seventy-five years old; and though he is not, as John Bigelow said of himself on his ninetieth birthday, "tall for his age," he is very wise for his age. He has learned a new technical trick, a new method of playing the piano: this method, says Mr. de Pachmann modestly, "came only from God—it is too perfect for a man to have invented." We refer, of course, to Mr. de Pachmann's already famous "straight-wrist" method—misnamed, to his great annoyance, the "stiff-wrist" method. Since Mr. de Pachmann acquired his new technique many things have been granted unto him, he tells us—health, tranquillity, unimpaired energy and enhanced pulchritude (a great French artist once told Mr. de Pachmann that his hands were "even more beautiful than Raphael's"). But, above all, Mr. de Pachmann's tone, he tells us, has benefited. Before, he had a "nervous" tone, he was as other pianists. Now he dwells in a secluded bungalow high up on Parnassus; there are no other bungalows anywhere about; no one else is in sight. All the other pianists (now being privileged, like Mr. de Pachmann and the Cabots of Boston, to speak only with God) are far below, hidden in the mists of the valley. They have ceased to exist. Mr. de Pachmann is alone with the Infinite.

But Mr. de Pachmann occasionally descends from his starry altitudes and plays for dusty and misguided terrestrial audiences, the little earth-men who used to think that Paderewski and Rosenthal and others knew how to play the piano.

He appeared at Carnegie Hall last night for the first time in New York since he left us in 1912, and played the piano in his enchanting way before a huge and rapturous audience. His program began with the "Pathétique" Sonata of Beethoven, proceeded to Chopin—the Nocturne No. 1 of Op. 32, in B major; the Second Impromptu of Op. 28, in F sharp major; the Sixth

Prelude, Op. 28, B minor, and the infrequently played Allegro de Concert in A major, Op. 46. Then followed, on the printed list, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," two Schumann pieces and the Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt.

As for Mr. de Pachmann's much advertised "new method," derived, according to himself, from superterrestrial sources, we deem it a matter of interest chiefly to pedagogues. How Mr. de Pachmann holds his wrists and his elbows and whether the line from the angle of the second joint of his hand to the elbow is the diameter of a circle or an isosceles triangle seem to us relatively unimportant details; and, anyway, we could not see the wheels go round last night because the management had thoughtfully seated us in such a way that Mr. de Pachmann might have been playing with his elbows and we should have been none the wiser, for the piano concealed all but his grimaces and his necktie from our view.

The question is, of course: What kind of piano playing did Mr. de Pachmann's new method produce? Was his tone canorous and finely graduated, finely spun? Did he play Beethoven better than he used to? Was his Chopin as delectable as of old? As for the Beethoven that he played last night, it is hard to believe that Mr. de Pachmann takes the "Sonata Pathétique" very seriously—certainly he did not encourage his audience to do so, for he kept them in giggles during most of his performance of it. It is not impossible that there are regions of Beethoven's spiritual terrain into which Mr. de Pachmann has never penetrated. His playing of the tremendous introduction was mannered and slight-waisted, even though he did sing like an angel in the Adagio cantabile. But always his singing tone, the lusciousness of his color, subdued and enchant. It was so in his Chopin—you could not resist the man, even when you wanted to have him shot at sunrise for making merry over one of the most dramatically impressive and imaginative passages in all piano music—that astonishing coda in the B major Nocturne of Opus 32, No. 1, which seemed to James Humeke "like the drum-beat of tragedy." There was surely no mood of tragedy in Mr. de Pachmann's spirit when he played this passage last night; nor could there have been in the minds of his hearers, for such were the compulsions of Mr. de Pachmann's antics while he read the passage that his audience burst into loud guffaws as he finished it.

If Mr. de Pachmann was not haunted last night by the sorrowfully reproachful ghost of Chopin, we miss our guess.

"Lucia" by San Carlo

"Lucia" was sung for the first time this season by the San Carlo Opera Company last night at the Century Theatre, and Miss Lucchese won considerable favor from the audience for her singing. Tommasini was the Edgar and Valle the Henry Ashton and gave satisfactory impersonations. The opera was followed by "The Gate of Redemption" by the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, set to the music of Liszt's "Les Preludes," and it was very well danced.

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

De Pachmann, the Dramatic.

The most astonishing, most alive and most infectious dramatic performance given in our town this week was not that of Miss Eagles in "Raid." No; nor that of Mrs. Fliske in "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" at the Belasco. It was the astoundingly expressive and utterly enthralling performance which a happy, little, old man named Vladimir de Pachmann gave on Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, when, in the almost accidental presence of several thousand passersby, he sat down at a piano and, for two crowded, exultant hours, dwelt with Beethoven, Chopin and Franz Liszt.

Not without cajolery, we had obtained seats so close that it was possible to hear every groan and every chuckle, possible to see every gesture of hand and shoulder, every recorded emotion, however fleet, of one who plays the piano with every last atom of his devoted self. Thus we went home from Carnegie Hall the richer for a stirring and unprecedented experience. It was, therefore, something of a blow to find that in all the newspapers which passed our way yesterday contumely, or at best an amused and patronizing tolerance, was De Pachmann's portion. The single exception we chanced to note was the altogether human and spirited account of the adventure which Gilbert Gabriel wrote for THE SUN AND THE GLOBE, from such usually humane and

perceptive fellows as Deems Taylor of the *World* and Lawrence Gilman of the *Tribune* came mostly bricks—projectiles which from their speed and direction suggested to us that the critics had heard De Pachmann play and missed the point.

It is hardly necessary for your correspondent to explain that in such company he would hardly venture an opinion as to whether or not the old man played well. But Mr. Gilman called it "a one man vaudeville show," and we do consider vaudeville within our province. After all, this was a dramatic performance, too. De Pachmann seemed to us to be caressing that piano and to be evoking from it a voice of gold, but then, too, there was Chaplin at that piano, there at times was such brilliantly expressive pantomime as that with which Paul Clerget glorified the Ames revival of "L'Enfant Prodigue." There was Debureau himself. Nay, there was Pierrot grown old and free and given to talking to the moon.

As every one knows, De Pachmann, with many winks, chuckles, groans and appeals to heaven, keeps up a continuous, murmurous chatter about the music he is invoking. To himself, to the spirits of the dead, to any within range of his half whispered monologue, he talks about that music, about how it came to be written, how Liszt played it, how he hopes to play it, how beautiful it is, &c. It is chatter which only a few can hear distinctly and of which the eccentricity sets the remoter or more woolly witted auditors into a fit of the giggles. If you are nearer you see how the moods of the melody—fear, hope, anger, love, gaiety, despair—write themselves on every aspect of his mobile face, in every line of his responsive body. If you are nearer still you can hear enough to know he is now exultant in a free and childlike way at his own astonishing dexterity, now mortified at his own shortcomings, now grateful to whatever god brought the wonder of music into an ugly world.

He is thinking aloud—or, to be more exact, feeling aloud. A difficult impromptu of Chopin may be before him. He wonders if he will play it well. He prays he will. It will tax his memory, and, after all, he is an old man now, a shrunken old man of 75 whose memory is not what it was. But, come, come, De Pachmann! Mere music teachers can memorize. What counts is intelligence. Courage, De Pachmann! "Dear God, help me to play this beautiful music to-night as You meant it to be played when You

sent it into the world." Fragments of something like this escaped from the little man as he served at that altar on Carnegie's stage.

Such communicativeness in the world of affairs or on the concert platform may be an infirmity, but, after all, it is a part of De Pachmann, and one did not come away from Bernhard's last "Camille" denouncing her for being a grandmother with a wooden leg. It is barely possible that De Pachmann could be made by a grim management to keep his behavior orderly, his face straight, his mouth shut. But probably he would burst. It was possible for the late Ned Harrigan to take his aspiring young son, William, into his troupe and command him for the first six weeks to play every scene with his hands limp at his sides, in order to force the lad to a greater reliance on the expression of the face and the tone of the voice. But one who compelled Duse or Mrs. Fiske to keep their hands at their sides throughout a performance would be inviting an earthquake.

To those sitting further from the stage it may be—nay, it must be—maddening to have the most delicate transitions of the Chopin nocturnes drowned in the empty laughter of giggling neighbors. But it was the whole implication of the more ferocious reviews yesterday that these "antics," these "monkeyshines," these "capers" were the tricks and manners of an old showman who was going to attract an audience by fair means or foul. But really weren't they rather the candors of an artless and quite simple person who would have behaved in exactly the same manner had the hall been empty and who would have had just as good a time alone with the composers? Many of these "monkeyshines" were prayers, for De

Pachmann was not talking to A-2, A-24, A-6, A-8. He was talking to God.

Mr. Taylor did not stick it out. He went away in distress, "feeling a little ashamed of caring so much about music in a world where so many excellent people didn't mind a bit what happened to it." Well, that makes two of them, for, though the implication is rather to the contrary, we have a suspicion that there was another person in Carnegie Hall that night who cared as much about music as ever man cared since the first note sounded across the void. The other man's name was Vladimir de Pachmann.

Verbrugghen Players Instead of Returning to Europe Go West as Concerts End.

The Verbrugghen Quartet gave the last of a series of six concerts in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon. The list of work offered comprised the Brahms quartet in C minor, opus 51, No. 1; Mozart's in A, dedicated to Haydn, and Beethoven's in C sharp minor, opus 131, posthumous.

With these compositions the four artists completed the splendid plan they had laid out for themselves in their "festival of chamber music" here, as was announced, namely, to perform the six quartets of Mozart dedicated to Haydn, the three quartets of Beethoven dedicated to Count Rasmoumoffsky, and the same master's five posthumous quartets and the three quartets of Brahms. Their playing yesterday again showed deep appreciation of the music of the masters, and results of long experience in ensemble.

This concert was to have been the quartet's last before finally disbanding, but within the last few days three of its players have been made members of the Minneapolis Orchestra, of which Mr. Verbrugghen is the conductor, and thus the quartet will be able to continue its existence. The three new members of the orchestra were to have sailed to-day for England, but instead of so doing they left the city last night with their leader for Minncapolls.

MISS ZENDT GIVES RECITAL.

Soprano From Chicago Proves Pleasing New Singer.

Miss Marie Sidemus Zendt, a soprano from Chicago, gave her first song recital here last evening in Aeolian Hall. Richard Hageman was at the piano. Seldom is so pleasing a new singer heard here as Miss Zendt proved to be. Her voice is of good quality, it is well placed and her scale is well equalized.

In Bach's air, "Tender Sheep May Pasture Safely," given with flute obligato, her legato was admirable and her emission of high tones very commendable. In Mozart's air "Alleluja" her delivery had some lack of finish, but there was nevertheless feeling combined with taste and style. Miss Zendt's range of expression seemed to be somewhat limited, but on the whole she gave much pleasure by her art.

"BARBER OF SEVILLE" SUNG.

The San Carlo Grand Opera, now nearing the close of the last week but one

of its season at the Century Theater gave a presentation of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" last night, with Mme. Consuelo Escobar in the part of Rosina, Mr. Chiappini was Count Almaviva and Mr. Basiola Figaro. Other principals were Mr. Cervi as Bartolo and Mr. De Biasi as Basilio.

The large audience seemed to greatly enjoy the performance. Mr. Peroni conducted. The opera was followed by Debussy's "L'Après Midi d'un Faune," arranged as a ballet by Messrs. Pavley and Oukrainsky, and with Mr. Pavley as the Faun.

By H. C. COLLES.

The London String Quartet.

Audiences, in their attitude toward a musical performance, can be as interesting as the music itself; not more interesting, because it is only when the music has life that the audience develops a corporate being and becomes more than the sum of its units.

At Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon one was instantly aware of an audience united in the expectation of enjoying a good thing, and the sense of expectation passed to one of satisfaction as the London String Quartet gave the first of

three programs of chamber music. It was in this instance especially a relief to be caught up in the general feeling and to become part of it, a thing not always possible to, or desirable for, the professed critic, whose business it often is to remain a little aloof from the tide of enthusiasm, and sometimes to steer his course against it.

The London String Quartet is known in its own country as one of the best of English chamber music organizations. I might have felt some restraint in commending it here. It was a relief, therefore, to find the New York public commending it to me, showing a keener avidity for its music than the London public is apt to show, proving to the visitor that the English appreciation of this quartet is not based on any local bias.

Three works were set down in this program and they were added to by encore pieces of no great consequence beyond the fact that they showed the audience to be anxious for more. Debussy's quartet in G minor came first and was played with extraordinary finish and delicacy. One can imagine a very different reading of it, and, indeed, certain French quartet parties who may be considered as authoritative adopt a more trenchant style. The London String Quartet made every detail so smooth, each pizzicato note of the second movement so bell-like in tone, and smooth, each pizzicato note of the second movement so much of the whole work that one began to be afraid lest Debussy one should be called pretty, and to feel conscious that there is not quite enough rhythmic vitality in the musical design to last out the four movements.

Between the Debussy and Beethoven's Rasmoumowsky Quartet in F (Op. 59, No. 1), which was the chief event of the afternoon, the phantasy in D major by H. Waldo Warner, the viola player of the quartet, was given. It is a work which has been much played in England, and is one of the products of the movement started by W. W. Cobbett some years ago for the encouragement of chamber music pieces in the form of a single movement.

Mr. Cobbett offered a number of prizes to British composers for phantasy quartets and other combinations of instruments in music, and, unlike many attempts of the kind, his effort went further than the momentary competition to which most of the younger English composers have contributed something, though not all their productions have been equally valuable or permanent. It was recalled that the old English composers of the Elizabethan era initiated the string quartet by their "fancies" and the written for consorts of viols, and the English love a precedent. Not that that in itself, any more than the offer of prizes, would have created a literature of "Phantasies," but a conjunction of these circumstances, combined with the modern desire to break away from the established four movement form, was favorable.

Waldo Warner's "Phantasy" is very pleasant music though not strikingly original in design or in subject matter. It is built largely on a principal theme which carries a suggestion of Richard Strauss in the more gracious mood of his earlier tone poems. It is well developed, with a charmingly sentimental middle section and a rather too obvious recapitulation. What makes it everywhere acceptable, as it was with yesterday's audience, however, is the fact that the composer has the string-player's unerring sense of what will be effective on the strings, and the party of which he is a member have polished his efforts to transparency.

The quartet party which should show only a sense of effect in playing Beethoven would not deserve the applause which was given to the London String Quartet on this occasion. It is because they have really studied Beethoven, studied him whole and in detail, that they have earned the position they hold. They have repeatedly given the whole series of his quartets in their sets of concerts and have shown themselves to be serious musicians in the task. In their performance yesterday they certainly went further than when they last played the Beethoven quartets in London. It was a performance in which one could forget the players in the music and no artist can wish for a better fate than to be so forgotten.

"La Bohème" and "Otello" Sung.

"La Bohème," with Onofrel, Roselle, Falco, Valle and others, was sung to a large audience at yesterday's San Carlo matinee at the Century, where the young Rumanian tenor as Rodolfo confirmed the good impression already made at his debut. "Otello," with Filtzu and Salazar newly assigned in leading rôles, was repeated last evening. The conductor for both Puccini's and Verdi's operas was Peroni.

SOLOMON GOLUB, a poet, composer and vocal specialist in Jewish traditions, gave a programme of original compositions at the Town Hall last night. Assisted by Pauline Kallman, mezzo-soprano; Boris Givoff and Leon M. Kramer, pianists, he presented his arrangement of sacred and secular works to interesting musical settings.

By H. C. COLLES.

Mme. Galli-Curci's Recital.

Last night the Metropolitan Opera House opened its doors for the first time this season to receive a large audience eager to welcome Mme. Galli-Curci.

who offered a song recital with a well varied program. It is always interesting to hear for the first time an artist whom one has previously known only through gramophone records, and this was my case on this occasion. Mme. Galli-Curci was liberal. She began with that favorite gambit of all singers of her class, Lotti's "Par dicesti," and followed this with a large number of songs ranging from "Tacea la Notte" ("Il Trovatore"), to Liszt's "Lorelei," and from Hahn's "Le Rosignole des Lilas" to the polonaise from "I Puritani."

The group also contained David's "Perle in Brazil" song, which gave her the opportunity, so dear to the hearts of "coloratura" singers, of competing with the flute, in these and other things the beauty of the voice was shown to advantage, and her agility and vivacity were an unflinching delight to her hearers. If her technique was not as impeccable as the gramophone records would lead one to expect it to be, something must be allowed for the fact that the temperature of the theatre made it difficult to sit still and listen. It must have been much more trying to the singer, and may be held to account for certain lapses from true intonation noticeable here and there. However, this was a popular recital by a very popular singer, and everything she did was accepted with enthusiasm.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's Recital.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's recital of songs gave great delight to a large audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday. She is a singer whom one hears again with pleasure, even though she has reached that stage in her career to which all singers come sooner or later, when what the voice lacks in natural brilliance and quality has to be supplied in some other way, not always a purely musical way. Those are wisest who accept the limitations which time brings, and Mme. Schumann-Heink was often wise yesterday.

Of what I heard, and that was not all the program, she seemed wisest in her Wagner and least so in her Schubert. "Die Allmacht" is a song for youth, for

the voice which can pour itself out in a stream of exultant tone, with complete and untrammelled confidence. It was not the singer's fault that this power is no longer hers, but she need not have taken it quite so slowly or have forced the tone as she did in several passages. Miss Katherine Hoffmann, who accompanied, seemed too anxious to back up the voice, with the result that the whole thing sounded labored.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, however, gave two excerpts from Wagner which are not, one imagines, very often heard in the concert room and which realized the great days of her operatic career, when her Erda and Brangäne were unsurpassed. There were Erda's admonition of Wotan from "Das Rheingold" and Brangäne's "Call" from "Tristan." The hearing of them side by side illustrated vividly a fact which has often been remarked, namely, the complete change in Wagner's style of declamation between the different operas. The Wagnerian style is often loosely spoken of as as though it were one, but a complete stranger coming on these two examples might not recognize them for the work of one man.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's power as a Wagnerian interpreter was shown in her instinctive change of vocal color and manner of delivery from the bold admonitory style of Erda's scene to the insinuating appeal of Brangäne's. Later, after Miss Florence Hardeman had played some popular violin solos, Mme. Schumann-Heink sang well-known songs of Schumann and Brahms, as well as slighter things, which, from the fact that they are contained in the list of her records, are presumably also well known.

JOHN McCORMACK.

The Century is smaller than the Hippodrome and not so homely. Otherwise McCormack's concert last night was much like any other McCormack concert, including the McCormack program and the McCormack audience—the latter filling the house, the orchestra pit and the stage.

A McCormack audience is worth an evening's study in itself, for he gets them all. Last night, for instance, there was more or less of an average song recital audience downstairs, with Thomas Meighan sitting anonymously in the tenth row. In a box were Efraim Zimbalist and Alma Gluck and elsewhere, as far as the eye could reach, were Mr. and Mrs. Legion, with the children.

The curious thing about the Legion family is the fact that they are the last people in the world one might expect to meet at a vocal concert. One usually finds them at the movies and in the vaudeville houses. They go to hear McCormack because they would rather hear him sing than go to the movies and because they believe that he will sing what they want to hear.

And so he does. But before he lets them have what they came for he gives them what he thinks they ought to hear. And because he is McCormack they listen to that, too, at the worst respectfully, and at the best with interest and sometimes enthusiasm. That is why music—real music—owes a heavy debt to John McCormack.

Last night he gave them 'cello music to begin with—Lauri Kennedy played the first movement of the Beethoven G minor sonata. Mr. Kennedy played it very well, with a moderate but warm tone, excellent intonation and phrasing and a real feeling for the music. The Legion family prepared to be bored, but found to their obvious surprise and pleasure that it was better than they had feared.

Then McCormack himself entered, amid riotous greetings, and sang them Italian classics—Scarlatti's "Caldo Sangue" from "Il Re di Hierusalem" and Vivaldi's "Sentirsi il Petto Accendere." Something reached the Legion family—it may have been the grave purity of the music or it may have been the singer's perfect style. At all events they called for an encore and got "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?"

Mr. Kennedy played again—a three-part piece by Sammartini—after which McCormack sang a group of Schubert. He gave them four songs—"Die Liebe Hat Gelogen," "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," "Das Siebener Gewissen" and "Die Entzückung im Lichte" and even a grizzled music of three seasons' standing had to admit that he sang them beautifully, with impressive sincerity, perfect phrasing and such diction as one dreams about. As for the Legion family, one gathered that they liked it. For an encore he sang Rachmaninoff's "To the Children," and when that proved insufficient, gave them a ballad something about death and thinking of you. It was the sort of thing the Legion family thinks it likes, but Schubert seems to have spelled it for them a bit.

The second half of the program was more "popular," with the Irish folksongs that he does so inimitably and a group of four in English by Holst, Walter Krammer, Dickson and Edwin Schneider, with encores enough to make a second program. The Legion family had a glorious time and at a late hour last night conceded that there might be something in this Beethoven and Schubert after all.

OTHER MUSIC.

Schumann-Heink the mother, the good citizen, the popular idol, the singer, all have had their place in the press, but yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall it was Schumann-Heink the artist which held the boards. Sheerly as an artist she stood forth, because it must be admitted that some of the velvet has gone from her voice, and the Brangaene of to-day is not quite all the Brangaene of twenty years ago. But all her inimitable art is still there. It was a joy to hear again some one who, for instance, really knew how to breathe, and place in a phrase the variety of emotional content which belonged there.

In her first group of offerings she sang, beside the Brangaene call from "Tristan," the "Erda" monologue from "Rheingold." No one under forty should try to sing Erda's "Weiche Wotan." As it was presented yesterday it was still a thing to thrill over, for it had something truly god-like in its strophes, something risen from the deep, rich and experienced depths of the soul. Mme. Schumann-Heink began the group with the familiar "Lascia ch'io piangi" (Handel). One might have cavilled at its demivocal parts, but the pianissimos were perfect. The group closed with Schubert's "Allmacht," full of drama, carrying its quasi-parlando sections heavy with real music, done with splendid finish and sense of proportion. It was perhaps the most applauded of all the numbers.

In the second group were Lieder by Schumann and Brahms, including the stately "Sapphic Ode" and the somewhat theatrical "Frühlingsfahrt." Schumann-Heink as a Lieder singer is at her best. And her best is something not too often equaled among the contraltos to-day. There must be something after all, in all this talk of the older generation about the quality of their artists. The concert closed with a series of songs in English, and Arditi's "Bolero" added by request.

In the evening there were recitals by Galli-Curci at the Metropolitan; by Mischa Mischakoff the violinist, at the Town Hall, and by Inga Orner, whose singing, of a Scandinavian song group especially, pleased a large crowd at Aeolian Hall.

John Charles Thomas in New Songs

John Charles Thomas started his activities for the season with a recital yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall. The baritone had many songs new to his repertory, and he had learned new languages to sing them in. An audience which filled most of the hall was enthusiastic and demanded repetitions. In Bemberg's "Il nozze" he sang in a spirited manner, with clear diction and exactness of pitch. In many others these elements suffered from too much stress on the mechanics of tone production. He had much success with an air from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," an opera which is to have its first Metropolitan presentation this year.

There was a large audience to hear a program of standard groups—Italian, including Gluck, Scarlatti and Legrenzi; German, including Strauss, Wolf and Augusta Holmes; English, with Easthope, Galloway, Bax, Campbell-Tipton and others.

William Janashek was the accompanist for a very pleasant recital.

Mischakoff Displays Much Skill in Second Debut

Mischa Mischakoff, the Russian violinist who won fame last spring as the sole survivor of the auditions for the Stadium concerts, made another debut last night at Town Hall—his first appearance under what might be called standard concert conditions. Various things could be gathered from his performance at the Stadium last summer: that he seemed an experienced, self-possessed violinist, in no wise disconcerted by playing under such unusual conditions before a crowd several times larger than any he may meet in the most crowded New York concert hall; that he had much mechanical skill, ability to toss off fireworks with ease and dispatch; but much remained to be seen.

In the more confined spaces of Town Hall, Mr. Mischakoff proved himself to be a good violinist, but not a Kreisler, Zimbalist or Albert Spalding. His tone, no longer dissipated in the open air, was generally clear and smooth; the opening notes of the Vitali Chaconne promised great things, but there was a few wiry notes and places where the generally clear tone became overcast. In the rapid passages adorning the Chaconne and the Lalo Symphonie Espagnole, Mr. Mischakoff was, even as at the Stadium, thoroughly at home with a large audience, if not one of Stadium size, to give him a warm welcome.

Saint-Saens' Havanaise and Ernst's Caprice on Schubert's "Erlkoening" were among the shorter numbers on a program with Harry Kaufman as accompanist. Mr. Mischakoff's playing, on the whole, was skillful, entitling him to a very respectable rank among violinists, but the laurels of Messrs. Kreisler and Heifetz do not seem, as yet, to be challenged.

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By H. C. COLLES.

"Von Deutscher Seele."

The Society of the Friends of Music brought to Carnegie Hall last night one of the major works of Hans Pfitzner, a German composer who is regarded by his countrymen as the latest manifestation of Germany's musical supremacy. Whether one subscribes to this doctrine or not, it must be recognized that in giving "Von Deutscher Seele" its first production in America in first rate style under Mr. Bodanzky's direction, the Friends of Music, are acting up to their name.

It is a work of wide scope requiring for its performance a large choir and orchestra with four solo singers; it demands the utmost skill in mortising together the details of a complex ensemble, all of which means a lavish expenditure of time and money which no society would undertake to give from any motive but that of concern for the interests of the art.

New York is fortunate in possessing a society ready to shoulder the burden of such a production and able to carry it through to a successful issue. The difficulty everywhere of getting contemporary music adequately presented is that there are so few people ready to speculate in the unknown, and until such speculation begins the art cannot begin its life. The composer is ultimately dependent on friends of his art.

We are told that Pfitzner began this work with the idea of grouping certain lyrical poems of I. von Eichendorff into a song cycle with instrumental links between the movements, and that the scheme expanded until the present form, a sort of cross between the song cycle and the symphonic poem, was reached. It is claimed that in working out this elaborate scheme of choral or orchestral music having a quasi-philosophic background Pfitzner has created a new musical form.

The claim is admissible in so far as every composer who thinks for himself at all has to create his form with every new work, but "Von Deutscher Seele" is by no means the first of its type. Schönberg's "Gurrelieder" offers a certain parallel, and much in the general plan and style of "Von Deutscher Seele" reminded one of a comparatively early work by Frederic Delius called

"A Man of Life," which that indefatigable friend of music, Thomas Bernhard, presented once, and once only, to an English audience some years ago. But such parallels as these serve to emphasize the claim of the title, that what is here set forth is the outcome of a specially German way of thinking and feeling in music, for Delius, at any rate, when he wrote "A Man of Life," was a German of the Germans.

First among their qualities is an immense sense of "the importance of being earnest." Pfitzner begins by enunciating with all solemnity a line of von Eichendorff which remarks that things turn out differently from what one expects, "Es geht wohl anders als du meinst," and so we are launched on a contemplation of the mutability of man's life, of the inexplicable mixture of laughter and tears it contains, of the swiftness of death, and so welte.

The German soul revels in the contemplation of these problems. The work is divided into two parts called "Man and Nature" (Mensch und Natur) and "Life and Song" (Leben und Singen). Each part would take nearly an hour if given in full, but in this performance both were shortened to a certain extent and in the first part the important orchestral episode described as "Death, the Postillon" (Tod als Postillon) was left out altogether. One would not complain of this except from the point of view that as the work is not likely to be heard very often it might have been worth while to give it this once complete.

One of the results of Pfitzner's devotion to seriousness is that "Von deutsches Seele" is much too long-winded for its musical material. The orchestral episodes, "Abend" and "Nacht" in the first part, "Ergebung" (Resignation) in the second, distended as they are with cadenza-like passages for several instruments, especially the harp, are distressingly thin in texture, the composer's meticulous care over the illustration of certain words such as the lark's song and the crowing of the cock at dawn seems merely childish, and the perpetual dwelling on themes which were not very significant at first and get less so with repetition becomes wearisome. One is oppressed by a fustiness over details which a larger mind would take in its stride.

But when all this has been taken into account there remains something which is impressive. Pfitzner is a master of his technique, though it is a technique strangely compounded of the obvious devices of conventional music with sudden little excursions into harmonic dissonance. He has a German love of choral-like tunes and the contrapuntal devices by which he works those of the first part to a climax at the words "Ein anderer König, Wunderreich" (Another King, rich in wonder), are ingeniously effective. Perhaps the most impressive movement, however, is that which pictures wandering humanity at the beginning of the second part, where the chorus break in over a disjointed instrumental rhythm.

The choir indeed deserved most of the honors in this performance; they seemed to have been thoroughly trained in their work by their chorus master, Mr. Stephen Townsend, and they sang the broader phrases which Pfitzner has given them, with fine tone and assurance. He is strangely unequal in writing for the solo voices. The romantic songs of the second part, "Die alte Garten," especially seem to be the moment for a straightforwardly lyrical style, but Pfitzner cannot consent to be quite straightforward and he blurs his result with effort at abstruseness.

Mmes. Elisabeth Rethberg and Charles Cahier, M.M. Orville Harold and Paul Bender were the quartet of solo singers, and despite a slip or two they worked together splendidly. Even though one might not be prepared to admit justification of the high claims put forward for Pfitzner, this was certainly a notable performance of a work which aims high, and sometimes hits its mark. But the capacity to let well alone seems to have no place in the German soul.

By Deems Taylor

"THE GERMAN SOUL."

One gathers, both from the rather bombastic title of Hans Pfitzner's "romantic" cantata which the Friends of Music produced last night in Carnegie Hall as well as from some of his own program notes thereon, that Mr. Pfitzner does not exactly under-rate his own gifts. "My cantata," he writes, "can, I believe, be regarded as something unique. It was created, as all my other works have been, from an inner necessity which is really only a higher play-impulse."

Wagner used to talk like that; but then could make good his words. Mr. Pfitzner is not Wagner. He lacks—by several million degrees—Wagner's melodic inspiration, Wagner's sense of harmonic fitness, his descriptive powers, and above all his unerring instinct for effectiveness. Wagner's play-impulse was never so strong as to interfere with his communicating what he sought to express. Mr. Pfitzner sometimes gives the impression of a man talking to himself.

"Von Deutscher Seele" is a musical setting of a number of short poems and maxims by the poet von Eichendorff, which are threaded together upon a series of instrumental interludes. The first part of the cantata is devoted to philosophical reflection upon man and his relation to

nature, and the second part deals with his aspirations and disappointments. The thread of thought is by no means unbroken and the work as a whole is pervaded by somewhat the same rather sentimental meditation that permeates Mahler's seventh symphony.

As is usual among modern German musical circles, Pfitzner calls for a formidable array of performers to interpret his music. Last night's presentation enlisted the services of an orchestra of 113 men, recruited from the Metropolitan, four vocal soloists and a chorus of 200 voices. The performance began at 8 o'clock and lasted—with a half hour's intermission—until a few minutes past 10. In accordance with preliminary announcements, no one was seated after the performance had once begun, with the result that a number of disappointed late arrivals cooled their heels, if not their tempers, in the lobby of Carnegie Hall until 8.45.

"Von Deutscher Seele" is a mixture of good and bad music, of a certain eloquence and a certain pointlessness and futility. Artur Bodanzky, who conducted, had made several cuts in the work, but a good many more would have done no harm. Pfitzner is at his best when he is working within limitations. By far the most significant music in the score is that which is set to words. His choral writing is solid and idiomatic, and he usually contrives to say his say through this medium with uncommon expressiveness and terseness. Perhaps the best bit of music in the score, to one listener at least, is a lovely a capella setting of a quatrain beginning, "Von allen guten Schwingen zu brechen durch die Zeit," that occurs in the second part.

By far the worst—to the same listener—is an interminable interlude, "Evening-Night," wherein he took what seemed last night like a weekend to say less than Wagner says in the first forty bars after the rise of the curtain on the second act of "Tristan." Pfitzner seems to have almost no graphic sense, barring a knack for imitation, and when he undertakes to paint a mood-picture—like "evening" or "resignation," he becomes long-winded and horribly dull. His music at such moments seems to run down. One waits for it to come to an end somehow, in order that the soloists and chorus may get under way again.

His imitative moments, although pretty literal, are more interesting. Oboes and clarinets crow with diverting roosterishness at the line, "Wenn der Hahn kracht auf dem Dache," and a passage descriptive of the stars rising over the sea is pricked out with a cheerful array of bright string pizzicati and little jets of woodwind fire.

Both these episodes occur in the first part, but the second part contains the better music. There is more choral singing in the second part, for one thing—Brahmsian, but effective—and there is a soprano solo, "Der alte Garten," that sustains a mood of poetry and real beauty. A long tenor and alto duet, "Die Nonne und der Ritter," manages to say remarkably little, but the closing chorus, except for a terrible German-bandish introduction, has impressive volume.

Impressive. That is the best one can say of most of this work. It does impress sometimes, and it has moments of beauty, but it does not bear the stamp of a great or even strongly marked musical personality. There is some Beethoven in it, and much Brahms. The straight Pfitzner passages are less easily recalled.

The performance was excellent, except for the quartet. The vocal soloists are fearfully ungrateful, and neither Mr. Bender, who sounded throaty, nor Mr. Harold, who sounded hoarse, could make much of them. Mme. Charles Cahier sang with expression, but was in very poor vocal condition, and her German diction sounded more like Flemish. The one brilliant exception was Elisabeth Rethberg, whose soprano voice never sounded clearer or lovelier. She sang with splendid skill, and her exquisite interpretation of "Der alte Garten" was alone enough to make the evening worth while.

Mr. Bodanzky conducted with vigor and precision and coaxed a much smoother performance from the orchestra than is usual at choral concerts. The chorus had less to do than one might have wished, but sang what was allotted to it with enthusiasm and good intonation. Stephen Townsend, who drilled the choristers, was given a special curtain call after the performance, and he deserved it.

Last night at Carnegie Hall a poet was heard meditating, "earnestly yet, hopefully," upon Man and Nature, and Life and Song; upon the evanescence of delight, the darkening of the sun, the death of summer. He could not cease brooding upon the futility of human striving, human wanderings and searching and defeats, and he prayed for strength and resignation. There was, he found, a rich and attainable solace: "As from the dark earth the bow of peace appears, so through evil hours comes the benison of song."

So the poet became lyric, finding happiness in his songs—no longer would he speculate fruitlessly upon Man and Destiny and the hard ways of life. He would sing of what enchanted his romantic fancy—of an old-world garden, where a sorrowful woman with unbound hair sat alone beside a fountain, playing her lute in the twilight; of ruined castles and lattice windows, and a Nun and Knight; of storm-swept woods, and children asleep; of the homecoming through wind and rain, out of ambush and peril, into the high promise of the dawn. And here at the close, it seemed, the singer was as one remembering the words of Jean Paul: "There will come a time when it shall be light; and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

It was Hans Pfitzner who sang all this last night in his celebrated cantata, "Von Deutscher Seele" (to words by the poet Josey von Eichendorff), which the Society of the Friends of Music exhibited for the first time in America, before a moderate size audience. They were aided by a large orchestra, a large chorus, four distinguished soloists, Mr. Artur Bodanzky and the devoted, indomitable, weariless Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, who is director, inspirer, godmother, patroness and heaven knows what else for the excellent and indispensable Society of Friends.

The audience had been solemnly warned to be inside the hall before 8 o'clock sharp, the hour announced for beginning the concert, but not all complied, and promptly on the hour Cerberus closed the doors, leaving a crowd of angry Friends, who had lingered at home for an ultimate peccan, fuming and protesting in the lobby until the interval between the two parts of the cantata permitted their entrance into the sanctuary.

Hans Pfitzner is the White Hope of Germany's musical reactionaries. We hasten to add that in using the last word of the foregoing sentence we aim to be descriptive rather than derogatory. "Reactionary" as currently used is a term of denigration; but we are far from desirous of blackening Mr. Pfitzner's aesthetic character, for he is a musician whom it is impossible not to respect and admire. We have called him a reactionary in the coolly unemotional sense of the word, as it is defined in the dictionaries: "One who favors reaction, adherence, or return to, an old . . . system."

Pfitzner is a reactionary in that sense. A belated romanticist of fifty-four, he stands on the receding shore of the last century and watches with alarm and disgust as the more adventurous composer of his time clamber aboard the lugger "Futurism" and set sail for the terrifying New World of music. He is the champion of, and is championed by, all those in Germany who regard with horror the iniquities of ultra-modern music in Germany, Austria and elsewhere in Europe. They perceive in him one destined to rescue from perdition the wayward Euterpe of our time, scandalously ogled by the Atonalists, and even (some fear) already advanced beyond re-

claim upon the primrose path of Polytonalism. And he is to accomplish this for the greater glory of "die heilige deutsche Kunst." For Pfitzner is transcendently German. A sentimental mystic, a dreamer, a solitary; high-minded, fanatical, narrow and austere, passionately convinced that music can be saved only by the regenerative power of the German soul, he is a perfect type of that fusion of pedantry and romanticism which we think of as peculiarly Teutonic. And so he has been picked as champion by those who see in him not only a most serviceable stick with which to beat the heads of the vandals of our musical day, but as one who is superlatively fitted to make the musical world safe for Teutonicism.

Pfitzner has become, as Mr. Edward J. Dent wrote of him not long ago in a vivid and detailed exposition "a man with a mission, but with little or no power of leadership; what the world calls a man with a grievance intensely conscious of his Germanism with that curious German idolatry of art, more especially of the art of music, and as the result with that Ger-

man exaggeration of reverence for himself as *der Künstler*, as one of art's high priests. He appears to be possessed by a feverish horror and resentment at all music which is not German and at all music which breaks with the traditions of the nineteenth century."

Long a respected figure in musical Germany, the production of Pfitzner's opera "Palestrina" at Munich in 1917 made him famous; and when he followed that work five years afterward with his cantata, "Von Deutscher Seele," he found a public eager to acclaim him not only as a Perseus ideally equipped to decapitate the frightful Medusa of ultra-modernism, but to serve as the aesthetic representative of the political and social Reactionaries of the Germany of to-day; for it is said that Pfitzner has been taken to the bosom of the party of the Extreme Right.

There is no denying the patch-work character of the subject matter which Pfitzner has chosen to set to music in his cantata. These assorted maxims, rhapsodies and meditations selected from the "Sprüchen und Gedichten" ("Maxims and Poems") of Eichendorff (1788-1857) are as unrelated as the contents of a steamer basket, except that they all come from the same literary shop. They are unified only by the romantic emotionalism which suffuses them. Pfitzner has set them for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra, as an elaborate and highly organized two-part cantata. "A Romantic Cantata" is his subtitle, and the adjective needs no explanation. If you want to know the significance of the title proper—"Von deutscher Seele" ("Of the German Soul") as the program renders it—here it is in a translation of Pfitzner's own words: "I have chosen it," he tells us, "because I could find no better expression or one which would better unite the whole, which represents a collective expression of all that breathes from these poems of the meditative, rollicking, tender, powerful, profound and heroic qualities of the German soul."

Pfitzner has revived for us in his setting of Eichendorff's text the strain of romantic and melancholy introspection which the nineteenth century inherited from Rousseau, Byron, Goethe, Leopardi, Lamartine, Senancour and others; though the brooding and impassioned dreamer of "Von deutscher Seele" is heartened by a recurrent spiritual valor. He suffers under "the burden of the mystery . . . the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world," but he rouses himself, conquers dejection, and, like a good German Puritan, casts in his lot with those whom God is in honor bound to preserve.

As a creative musician Pfitzner sums up much that the art has learned from the great German romanticists of the last century. He is saturated in the idiom and the feeling of Schumann, of Wagner, of Brahms, of Richard Strauss (who leans so far out of the magic casement of nineteenth century music that, in his "Elektra," he almost tumbles into the boiling and acrid seas of the twentieth); and Pfitzner has

listened also to the voice of Mahler. From these sources he has absorbed the elements which best suited his temperament and his capacities, and has to some extent modernized them—for this is, after all, the twentieth century, and Pfitzner is living in it. Unfortunately they are not the most stringent and tonic elements in the music by which his own art is inspired. Pfitzner's vibrations are low; he has the sentimentalist's relaxed imagination. His music possesses nothing of Wagner's transfiguring intensity, nothing of Strauss's sweep and power, nothing of the concentrated poignancy of Schumann. But that is scarcely surprising. Few can lay claim to these things. What really matters is that he has little inventive power.

Take a conspicuous and typical instance—the orchestral interlude which he calls "Nacht." The music goes through all the expected and appropriate motions. It broods, yearns, meditates, poetizes; it is sensitively scored; and it has that degree of mood and atmosphere which a musician of feeling and of expertness in the use of instrumental color can impart to his work. It has undeniably a kind of expressiveness; for who could fail to be expressive with the aid of that enchanter's wand, the modern orchestra, plus a poet's felicity in the use of it?

But the music is only occasionally distinguished, and it has interior flame or personal identity. It is near-silk Wagner, celluloid Strauss, inflated Schumann—anything you like but a revealed Pfitzner. Those stale, denatured, Thistalesque chromatics; that infirm and quavering ally of our grandfathers, the diminished-seventh chord; those ersatz-chorale harmonies for the brass: these things, largely counted upon by Pfitzner, have long ceased to be potent, except in the hands of the masters who contrived or revitalized them—those who, in a real sense, own the copyrights. It seems strange that there should still be any occasion to remark that the kind of

writing which makes the score of "Tristan," for example, seem a thing of fresh and immortal wonder every time one hears or studies it, is precisely the kind of writing that is intolerable when we meet it fifty years later in the score of a contemporary. If there is anything less gratifying than potted Wagner, we are unable to recall at the moment the name of the article.

We come upon this phenomenon time and again in Pfitzner's score: music admirably appropriate, full of feeling and of a certain order of eloquence, not without beauty, expertly and effectively contrived, but saying nothing that we have not heard before; "Tristan" and "Walküre," as in the "Night Scene"; "Parsifal," as in the "Ergebnis"; the Rainbow bridge of "Rheingold," as in the finale; though to specify in detail would be to assemble what Huxley called "a primer of infidelity"—infidelity to the independent and individualized human spirit which heaven surely intended Pfitzner to be.

And the music is often tedious and soporific. Pfitzner is a poor judge of distance and his view of the duration of time is a purely metaphysical one.

Again and again the music sags, and the hearer sags with it.

Nevertheless, Pfitzner is in his way a master. As contrapuntist, orchestrator, music maker in general, he is an able craftsman. And he has the poet's vision, the poet's command of mood. He is sensitive, sincere and often touching, with something of what the old Romans called "sapientia cordis." He has, in fact, almost everything that promises survival to a composer and his work; everything but that last negligent and haphazard gratuity from the Muse—genius.

Mr. Bodanzky, who directed last night's performance, had obviously prepared the work without stint of energy or labor, and with unquestioning conviction of its importance. He was assisted by Stephen Townsend, who directed the work of the chorus. The four singers who took the solo parts were Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano; Mme. Charles Cahier, contralto; Orville Harrold, tenor, and Paul Bender, bass. The performance was on the whole an impressive one. If the German Soul fails to build a habitation for itself in these parts, it will not be the fault of the devoted and ardent Friends.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Hugo Kortschak's Violin Recital.

Hugo Kortschak has made a place of his own as a violinist in New York, both in solo playing and in chamber music. He showed in his recital last evening in Aeolian Hall that his place is that of a musician first of all and that he deems music, when he is giving a concert, to be the important matter at issue.

He presented a program last evening of far greater interest and significance than violinists of much greater fame and popular following ever present—a program that engaged the attention of musical listeners from its beginning to its end and deserved to. Mr. Kortschak did not offer his listeners at the beginning one or two of the weightier matters of the violinist's repertory and then hasten on, as with a sigh of relief, to the distribution of small boxes of confetti, money tied up in a pink ribbon. The program comprised Locatelli's sonata in F minor, Reger's sonata for violin alone, Op. 91, No. 2; Chausson's "Poème," Op. 25, and Mozart's concerto in D minor.

It was familiar, except for Reger's sonata, which has not often been heard publicly in New York, and which might offer occasion for discussion; for instance, as to why Reger thought it desirable to imitate the problematical procedure of Bach in writing for one stringed instrument alone; whether he had something to say, that imperatively demanded such an utterance and would brook no other; whether the violin alone can really express fully the musical ideas that are thus given it, or can only sketchily and imperfectly suggest them, even in the writing of a great composer and the playing of a great artist; or whether, in thus putting upon himself what seems a handicap, Reger, having limited many other methods of his Saxon predecessor, did not think his more imitation desirable to confirm his title to be called "the Bach of Bavaria." Chausson's "Poème," even without the orchestra, which it greatly needs, seems still beautiful and warmly felt music, individual in its expression, notwithstanding the voice of Wagner that can be heard in it. In Mr. Kortschak's playing of this, especially, there was much to praise. And especially his earnestness and sincerity, his complete preoccupation in capturing the composer's mood, and the measure of success with which he did so. Josef Adler played the accompaniments skillfully.

By H. C. COLLES.

The Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski began the Philadelphia Orchestra's season of ten concerts at Carnegie Hall last night with a purely classical program. The three composers included in it were Schubert, Bach and Beethoven; and their respective works chosen were a liberal selection from the music to "Rosamunde," the Suite in B minor for flute and strings and the seventh symphony. That is the

sort of program which might easily seem uneventful, but, played as the Philadelphia Orchestra played it on this occasion, it was as full of events as any music can well be. Possibly New York audiences have learned to expect this; I hope so. But it can be no everyday experience to hear the classics played in a way which instantly convinces the hearer that every detail of technique and expression has been carefully thought out and studied to perfection.

Mr. Stokowski, in conducting his own orchestra, gives the impression that all his work has been done beforehand and that he is standing there on guard, as it were, to be sure that nothing of it is lost. The attitude is not always an unmixed advantage. There have been great conductors—Nikisch was a case in point—who left much to the inspiration of the moment and who, when the inspiration came were able to sweep their players and their audiences with them to an achievement far surpassing what can be guaranteed by previous rehearsal. Such conductors may get further than Mr. Stokowski and his players get at times but the moment of inspiration does not always come. There is virtue in a certainty.

The Philadelphia Orchestra last night sometimes allowed one to be a little too conscious of their mechanism, and one felt this especially in Schubert, whose melodies have a bloom on them easily rubbed off by too much handling. Nevertheless, the splendid brass tone at the beginning of the overture, the long crescendos in the course of the allegro, rising from the most delicate of pianissimos through exquisitely graduated stages to the climax, and the swing of the rhythm throughout were things to reveal in.

Bach's suite in B minor cannot be wholly satisfactory in conditions which place the solitary flute in competition with such a sonorous body of strings as this orchestra possesses. It was written for a chamber orchestra of such a size that the flute tone would penetrate the naturally through the ensemble. The flute playing of W. M. Kincaid was only audible by courtesy of the strings in those places where they were accompanying him, and there were others where, like a good child, he had to be content to be seen and not heard. In his solos, however, his phrasing was irreproachable. Still the problem is only to be solved by returning to the Bach orchestra, and this is not always possible in the modern concert room, nor would we willingly forego the pleasure of hearing Bach's massive counterpoint in the overture played by such a noble body of strings as this.

There were details, as there were also in the Beethoven symphony, where the conductor's judgment was open to question, but it was always a definite judgment delivered with unswerving decision. One question worth raising is whether the delightful movement called "Ballet d'opéra" which ends Bach's suite, should be taken at such a breakneck speed. A stepchease is not exactly one's ideal of playfulness, and here, if ever, Bach asks for irresponsible merriment.

The symphony was played straight through—that is, without any pause for applause between movements—and surely this is the right way of treating a symphony, which, whether or not the movements are linked thematically (and Beethoven has not chosen to link them so here), is to be regarded as a single work having a certain emotional sequence of ideas. The playing showed the perfect equipment of the orchestra, and in an exceedingly fine performance the things which particularly impressed themselves were the quality of the wind in the opening introduction, the just tempo of the scherzo (its trio, by the way, seemed a little labored in contrast) and the fervent rhythm of the finale. This last made an exhilarating climax to an auspicious opening concert.

Oct-17-1923

AMERICAN PIANIST'S DEBUT.

Walter Charnbury, a pianist of this city, who has played with success in London and Paris, gave his first recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. This player is a graduate of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore and more recently studied with Philipp in Paris.

His playing showed him to be an artist of intelligence and musical instincts. His comprehensive program included Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 2, Schumann's "Papillons," and several works by Chopin. Mr. Charnbury's reading of these numbers had at times insufficient brilliancy, but his tone was always good, his technic commendable and his taste admirable.

Oct-18-1923

Virginia Rea, Soprano, returns.

Virginia Rea, a soprano who, like others more famous, had become known beyond her home town of Louisville, Ky., through voice records on the phonograph, gave her first New York recital before a matinee audience yesterday at Aeolian Hall. She sang to some extent on tour and she had confidence to essay an old favorite scene and an air for soprano from Thomas's "Hamlet." Songs in Italian, French and English, pleasantly delivered in a voice of lish, pleasantly delivered in a voice of good range and youthful brightness, pleased her hearers. Among the last were Walter Kramer's "Song Without Words" and a Castilian "Dandey's Burial" arranged by Kurt Schindler.

Michel Hoffman a Facile Violinist.

Michael Hoffman, violinist, whose only appearance previous to a Town Hall recital last night had interrupted his studies midway, showed pluck and perseverance in returning now for critical hearing hitherto denied him. He is a facile player, as shown in "Hamlet" and "Chanson Arabe" and Razzini's trifling "Ronde des Lutins" while, on the serious side he prefaced

Lawrence Gilman

Bruch's concerto with a suite of songs by Eduard Schmitt. Mr. Hoffman himself had an original composition, out of the ordinary, entitled "After the Pogrom," and awaited with interest by many listeners. He gave also Kreisler's "Glänze" and the "Camen" fantasy of Hubay.

Full House Greets Josef Fuchs.

Josef Fuchs made his appearance last evening at Aeolian Hall, with a full house that was, by the associated managers' recent action to suppress passes, wholly paying one. He played Handel's violin sonata in D, Bach's chorale, Sarasate's "Gypsy Life" and an arrangement by Kreisler. Before the last was the young Korngold's incidental suite to Shakespeare's "Much Ado," which had been played here by Elman and in its orchestral form by Bodanzky. Mr. Fuchs has strength, poise and calm that discovered melody in his well-chosen classics and made almost melodious his modern composers, too.

Virginia Rea, Louisville

There was a pleasant freshness and expressive charm in the singing of Virginia Rea, a young soprano from Louisville, heard in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon in Italian, French and English. It was a case of artistic interpretation rather than superlative vocal achievements. Taking the voice alone, one could have found occasional clouding of the tone, especially in high notes; some unsteadiness and vibration, which lessened as the recital progressed, but, still, Miss Rea was able to interpret her songs with generally agreeable results. Beginning with Pergolesi's "Tre giorni son che Nina," she gave sprightliness to the florid numbers by Veracini, Lotti and Sibella, an ingenuous air to the Mad Scene from Thomas's "Hamlet."

Miss Rea was in better voice for the French group by Liszt, Perner, Saint-Saëns and Decréus, and a wordless tune by Walter Kramer was smoothly sung. Then came two Spanish folksongs, arranged by Kurt Schindler, which had been sung by Marguerite d'Alvarez at a Schola Cantorum concert two or three seasons ago—"The Donkey's Burial," where the singer brought out a whimsical plainness, and "Look at Her Well," a lullaby by Rudolph Gruen, the accompanist of the afternoon, with Miss Rea's words, and a La Forge song.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Alexander Borovsky, Pianist.

The first American recital of a Russian pianist, Alexander Borovsky, known in Europe but hitherto a stranger to this country, was given last evening in Carnegie Hall. It displayed a singular personality, a singular outlook on the art of playing the piano. The first impression was cheering.

Mr. Borovsky's program may be said to have contained little that was well known to even persistent frequenters of piano recitals and not a little that piqued curiosity. Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ toccata in C; a Larghetto by Mozart; a gigue by Loebly, improved by Mr. Godowsky; Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's transcription of what was styled the "cadence and introduction from one of Vivaldi's organ concertos, evidently also improved by somebody; then a group of pieces by Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Scriabin, and another of pieces by de Falla, Albeniz and Liszt.

Perhaps what Mr. Borovsky is and can do was most succinctly shown by his playing of the piece put down as "Fragments from the Ballet Petrouchka" by Stravinsky, an assemblage of glittering and intricate passages and unrelated bursts of tone, dimly recognizable by those who have seen the ballet and heard the orchestral suite derived from it. Nothing could have been more, coldly brilliant and facile, more perfectly competent and complete in every way that was demanded; or more unmusical and remote from what is demanded or expected of music.

There was little on the program, indeed, that demanded emotional disclosure or warmth of expression; and Mr. Borovsky showed little of either. He has a great command of finger dexterity and strength of arm, of dynamic gradation of tone and of pianistic effect, lucidly clear and dazzling as the polar snowcap. He removed Busoni's transcription as far as might be from any suggestion of what Bach's piece is in its original form, by his manner of treating it, as he did the son's transcription of Vivaldi, wherein his most notable effect was a thunderous crescendo. He left little Mozartean geniality in the Larghetto, but to put much vivacious clarity into it.

Exactly Mr. Borovsky's style is needed for Prokofieff's scherzo and four "Visions Fugitives," which are like the clicking of a highly efficient piece of modern machinery most cleverly put together. Scriabin shows himself in the three pieces played distinctively a salon composer, leaning heavily on Chopin; and perhaps Mr. Borovsky made his nearest approach to warmth in the languorous "Poetico."

He undoubtedly displays remarkable powers in a distinctly limited field; and these were more heartily recognized with generous applause by a large audience that included many musicians.

On a certain spring evening of this year in Paris you might have observed, if you had been walking on the Avenue Montaigne, a well dressed crowd pouring from the sleek motors of the Paris rich, and from beneath the shade of the fabulous chestnut trees along the avenue, into the concert hall of the Champs-Élysées Theater. It would have been a fashionable audience, and the program pasted on the billboards in front of the theater would have been fashionable too. For you would have been witnessing the result of an announcement that Mr. Alexander Borovsky was to give a piano recital on that evening.

Mr. Borovsky has lately been rather the vogue in Paris, and that is a good thing to happen to any artist there, for concertgoers in that adorable and somewhat self-centered town are very loyal, very devoted, and (we say it out of the kindest of hearts) a bit unexigent in their requirements. This is in no sense a reflection upon those artists whom the Parisians most ardently worship, for it happens that among them are musicians of the first rank—virtuosi like Thibaud and Cortot and Wanda Landowska. But there are others at the feet of whom the amiable Parisians sit with almost an equally rhapsodic upward gaze, and these others are—well, they are not quite Cortots or Thibauds or Landowskas. Therefore, the casual passer-by, strolling that evening on the Avenue Montaigne, may have wondered a bit where Mr. Alexander Borovsky came in—for he has not been widely known outside of Europe, and has become conspicuous there only within the last two years.

Mr. Borovsky first attracted attention outside of Russia (where he was born thirty-four years ago) when he played at some concerts conducted by Koussevitzky in Paris in the summer of 1921. Thereafter he played the piano in Vienna, Prague, London, Berlin, Munich, Madrid and elsewhere in Europe, and later he adventured even into South America. Now he has come to the United States, and last night he made his first appearance at Carnegie Hall in a recital of piano music.

We have said that Mr. Borovsky's programs in Paris were as fashionable as his audiences. He has played much ultra modern music there—Prokofieff, Stravinsky and others of the redoubtable clan. The Parisians like these things—better than New Yorkers do; therefore some guileless ones may have thought that Mr. Borovsky took somewhat of a chance when he offered his hearers in Carnegie Hall things like the five little pieces by Prokofieff that he played. But they were found to be wholly innocuous—amiable examples of something a trifle better than salon music. Mr. Borovsky thereafter made his bow to the eldest son of the greatest of the Bach family—victoriously not forgetting to name Vivaldi also. There were also on his list a Mozart Larghetto, three Scriabine pieces (a Poem and two Etudes), some inexplicably mangled Stravinsky, two Spanish trifles by Manuel de Falla and Albeniz, and three Liszt numbers to end with.

Mr. Borovsky's rapid achievement of distinction is not surprising. He is a pianist of imposing technical equipment. His exposition of the Fugue in Bach's superb Toccata was exhilarating in its control and sweep, in its unperturbed mastery of the terrifying problems that it presents. Mr. Borovsky appears to have mastered the black art of conjuring a climax—not only when he is dealing with the materials out of which the eighteenth-century masters erected their soaring and granitic edifices, but when he is handling the more subtle and ductile substances of the modern men—as in the second of the two Scriabine Etudes that he played. He is less happy when he plays such music as the nobly simple and deeply beautiful Air from the Bach Toccata or in the tremulous confessions of Scriabine. The energy and pace and momentum of Bach when he is striding and lustily singing; the sunlit graciousness of the classic dance forms; the jocund devilries of Prokofieff in his impish mood—these things seem most happily to reveal his special gifts.

He appears to be one of those forthright and confident spirits who stand four-square to the winds of the imagination. His is a masculine, salty, daylight art, splendidly competent and secure, but emotionally unweaved. And these traits seem to have their natural counterpart in his tone, in his manner of delivering a cantilena. One suspected last night that Mr. Borovsky is not likely to be viewed as an aesthetic brother of the lyric Celts, of whom one among them observed in the bad old epigrammatic days that they were "too poetical ever to be poets." Mr. Borovsky is assuredly not too poetical, therefore there is hope for him. Anyway, there are other worlds than the poet's, and some of them, like Mr. Borovsky's, are well worth visiting now and again.

By H. C. COLLIER.

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 17. Yesterday was regarded as a red letter day in the musical fortunes of Rochester, for the newly formed Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra began its series of symphony concerts in the beautiful theatre which was built about a year ago by George Eastman as part of his dearly cherished scheme to make his city a true home of musical art.

Since its opening the Eastman Theatre has been in constant use for the display of moving pictures, with an orchestra of between fifty and sixty members, who form the nucleus from which the Philharmonic Orchestra has been built up, with, of course, important additions to its membership. In Mr. Eastman's scheme to foster the musical tastes of Rochester the moving pictures have been regarded as a lure to the music, and particular care has been taken to give good music with the pictures.

But now the Philharmonic Orchestra begins a new stage in the musical life of the place, in which a wide repertory of orchestral music will be heard first under the direction of Eugene Goossens, and next under Albert Coats.

Mr. Goossens has a high reputation as a conductor not only in London but in several of the principal centres of Europe, where his success has been conspicuous, particularly in the production of native works. But what fits him peculiarly to fill such a post as this is that he has turned the worst defect of English orchestral performances, its paucity of rehearsal, to artistic profit. He has learned how to make the most of a limited rehearsal time, and though he only arrived in this country a fortnight ago, and since then has had only sixteen hours' rehearsal with a more or less unformed orchestra, he was able to give a performance of important works at this first concert in a way which showed the orchestra to be already something more than a collection of good players—interperative body which should within a short time under such leadership as his become a first-rate organization.

The program of this concert had been framed to be as comprehensive as possible and to appeal to the best in popular taste. It began with the overture to "Tannhäuser" and the first part also contained Dvorak's violoncello concerto, the solo part played by Joseph Press, principal violoncellist of the new orchestra; Debussy's "L'Après Midi," with lighter pieces by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Percy Grainger.

The scheme reminded one a little of the London promenade concerts, which under Sir Henry Wood, have done much to arouse interest in and love for music among much the same class of amateurs as these Rochester concerts are intended to reach. But there was one important difference in the type of program which is all in favor of Rochester, namely, that Mr. Goossens saved the best of his music till the last, following a comparatively light first part with a very careful and well studied performance of Brahms's second symphony to fill the second part. The large audience, which appeared very nearly to fill the theatre, designed to seat over 3,000 persons, listened with silent attention. There seemed to be no disposition to leave before the end, and the result wholly justified the bold policy. Mr. Goossens was enthusiastically received on this his first appearance in America and the occasion was one on which all concerned may be congratulated.

One other point in Mr. Eastman's liberal policy deserves to be recorded here, and that is that the highest price of seats for these concerts is 50 cents each, and apparently every seat in the sumptuously fitted theatre is equally good. In these conditions it seems that the beginning of this orchestra may work an important development in the spread of music of the highest class.

Fred Patton, Baritone, in Recital.

Fred Patton gave his first recital in New York last night at the Town Hall. This was not the first time the baritone has sung for local followers of music, however, for he has appeared here with the oratorio societies and the New York Symphony Orchestra as well as at the Stadium. The first division of his program was composed of classic works by Handel, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Mozart and in these there were abundant opportunities for the display of a remarkably broad range of tonal color. The singing was not always even, for there were climaxes in which tones were forced. In the German songs which followed he sang with much earnestness and entered into the spirit of the compositions by Schumann, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Brahms. The program was concluded by a group of modern songs. Mr. Patton was assisted by Charles Albert Baker, who played the accompaniments with sympathy and skill.

By Deems Taylor

A NEW PIANIST.

Alexander Borovsky is a Russian pianist who was famous in his native land before the rest of Europe had heard of him and who has achieved widespread recognition on the Continent during the last two years. After

a brief successful invasion of South America he journeyed north and made his first appearance in this country last night in Carnegie Hall.

It is easy to see why he has been so successful, for he is a pianist of great gifts and a strongly marked platform personality. Technically he is a master. His very first number, the Bach-Busoni organ toccata in C, began at a dizzying pace that left his hearers breathless. Nor is there anything factitious about his virtuosity. Barring a few dropped notes that were obviously the penalty of nervousness, his playing last night was as accurate as it was brilliant, his pedalling impeccable, his range of dynamics considerable, even in this day of vivid contrasts, and his interpretative sense broad and keenly dramatic. He is full of sound and fury, and signifies something.

His main weakness, so far as one could judge upon a first hearing, is upon what might be called the disaff side. Where sheer brilliance was called for, or power, or fantasy, he seemed equal to any demand. The Bach toccata, for example, was striking in its breadth of vision and boldness of design. Equally fine was his playing of the cadenza and introduction to W. F. Bach's version of a Vivaldi organ concerto, wherein he achieved an astonishing climax in a concluding pedal-point passage of massive power.

It was Mozart who found the joint in his armor, for his playing of a Larghetto in A major, while articulated with almost painful clarity, was as matter of fact as a time table. He seems to have little of the lyric poet about him. He was best last night where he had least call to be glamorous.

This was not often, for most of his program was brilliant rather than deep. His last group, for example, began with de Falla's "Andaluza" and wound up with the good old Rakoczy March, with Albeniz and two other Liszt show pieces in between.

What unfamiliar music he played came in his second group, which began with a Prokofieff scherzo as hard and glittering as a beetle's wing. He also offered four other short pieces by Prokofieff—a group of "Visions Fugitives"—that were a bit dry when they were fanciful and sounded like Chopin with the asthma when they waxed emotional.

The other numbers from this group included a stunning arrangement of his own fragments from "Petrouchka" and three pieces by Skryabin, the last of which, the great etude in D sharp minor, he played magnificently. His success with the audience, by the way, was instantaneous and emphatic. His listeners began making the welkin ring after the Bach, and kept on ringing it until the last Rakoczy had marched away.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Another Sistine Chapel Choir.

A few years ago a "Sistine Chapel Choir" under Maestro Casimiri came to New York to give an exposition of the singing heard in the historic chapel of the Vatican. Now another Sistine Chapel Choir comes under another director, Mgr. Rella, for the same purpose.

It appears to be a fact that there are directors of the music of the Sistine Chapel—Mgr. Rella is vice director—but no permanent organization now active there with an official status; that when music is required in the Sistine Chapel, singers are recruited from other churches in Rome for the purpose, and that these singers are popularly, though not officially, known as the Sistine Choir.

These singers, then, are the ones that appeared in Carnegie Hall last evening before a large audience, with Archbishop Hayes occupying one of the boxes. The chief interest in a choir, apart from historical considerations, is how to sing, rather than where it comes from or what it is called at home. The visiting organization numbers about fifty members, thirty men and twenty boys. Its program last evening began with a short piece entitled "Greeting to the American People" for eight voices, a cappella, specially composed for the American tour by Rella. The rest of the numbers comprised four ecclesiastical compositions by Dom Lorenzo Perosi, with one added as an encore; three by Palestrina and one by Vittoria. One of Perosi's was for two choirs, ten parts, one of the choirs being stationed in one of the balconies.

It cannot be said with truth that any important revelation was made as to the

performance of this class of music that had not previously been made by local choruses. The Italian singers are exceedingly lusty. They are fond of high chest tones delivered with all the power of their lungs. The quality of their tone is never of the finest, being naturally best in the extreme pianissimo which their leader sometimes requires of them, but in louder passages in which they much oftener indulge, it at once deteriorates and in the loudest becomes positively painful. The boys have a good quality of boy tone, until they, too, resort to forcing.

The choir sings with a good deal of precision of ensemble and is flexible and plastically modeled in phrasing under Mgr. Rella's hands. The tone is often singularly lacking in homogeneity and is not often perfectly blended. The choir sang for the most part well in time, except in passages where forcing drove them temporarily out of the pitch, a mishap that occurred frequently with the boys. It has, in fact, an ability to keep the pitch that is not a common property of singers accustomed to support from piano or organ. Its members, indeed, appear to carry the pitch with them in their heads; for none was given them from the beginning to the end of the concert, and they started each number unhesitatingly and accurately without an indication of it.

So far as the finer artistic qualities of a capella singing are concerned, the suggestion of mystic exaltation, of the deeper poetry that belongs to the greatest religious music, the performance last evening did not reach the highest levels. Perosi's music is little known in New York. The several compositions by him that were sung are good specimens, for the most part, of the modern cultivation of a capella style; but they showed a frequent tendency to leave the straight and narrow path of the strict style and to follow the easier one of simple part-writing. And it did not need many examples to show that Perosi is not in fact a Palestrina. One of the most striking and successful of his pieces was the "Alleluia" for two choirs, brilliantly effective in a way that was not altogether the way of the ancient school and so impressing the audience as to be repeated. The performance, in fact, was found interesting throughout and was much applauded.

Rudolph Ganz's Piano Recital.

A familiar figure as a pianist in New York concert rooms for a good many years, Rudolph Ganz, has not escaped from the consciousness of New York audiences by his absence in St. Louis as conductor of the St. Louis Orchestra. Nor have his fingers lost their cunning thereby, nor his arm its strength. These things appeared at his recital given yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, where he played an interesting and unconventional program, comprising a sonata by Haydn; Brahms's waltzes Op. 39 and several of his short piano pieces; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor; a couple of pieces by himself, three by the Swiss composer Blanchet, and others by Casella and Debussy.

Mr. Ganz was ever a robust player and he was robust yesterday, like "bright Phoebus in his strength." He played the Haydn sonata with a rattling briskness, not denying it much of its grace. Some might have preferred a different treatment of Brahms's pieces, beginning with the waltzes, which were originally intended for four-hand playing, mostly at home; and have a sort of homely though charming intimacy. The arrangement for two hands was made by Brahms himself; but while he added to their difficulty in that way, he could not have meant to make them concert pieces for display. And it was rather then that gulse that Mr. Ganz presented them with their lights and shadows intensified and with a certain air of brilliancy and bravura.

The capricios, the intermezzi and rhapsody that he played are likewise intimate pieces of a self-contained eloquence and intensity of mood that cannot be forced without loss of essential quality. Mr. Ganz was singularly successful in capturing the mood of the intermezzo in E flat minor with its smoldering passion bursting suddenly and briefly to a flaming climax. His playing of Schumann's romantic and fiery sonata presented it in a vivid light, stressing its passionate rather than its poetical qualities and making them sometimes verge on the boisterous. Mr. Ganz's performance in all that he does is devoted to an exposition of the music and not of himself and his technical powers. It does not always take him upon the highest flights, but he may be said to attend strictly to business and that in these days is something.

By Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the eminent conductor-pianist who occasionally leaves his baton in St. Louis and plays the piano in these parts for our happiness and illumination, performed a genuine service to music yesterday afternoon in the course of his recital at Aeolian Hall, for he played a sonata of Haydn's.

That statement undoubtedly cries for an explanation, which we herewith cheerfully proceed to offer.

It has long seemed to us that there is need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Haydn. Haydn has been too long the butt of many who still perversely choose to think of him as good "Papa Haydn," the cheery, rather naive chap who did his bit to help along the education of the Heavenly Maid, but who cannot speak very urgently or point-

edly to the taste of the twentieth century. To be sure, we are very fine fellows in these days (as Stevenson remarked), with our marvelously eloquent and subtle art of music-making; and the "Oxford" Symphony of Haydn is not intimate and vivid to our imagination as is the C minor of Brahms, or the César Franck, or the tone-poems of Strauss, or "L'Après-midi d'un faune," or "Petroushka," or any of the other masterpieces that speak the tonal language of our time.

Yet Haydn was far more than the simple-minded prank-player of the Surprise Symphony or the innocent pictorialist of the "Creation," or the abstract Historic Figure whom we respect and are grateful to because he assisted in putting the Maid through college and is useful for varying a symphony program when the subscribers are a bit tired of the "Pathétique" (if they ever really are). So shrewd a critic as Berlioz could say of Haydn's music that "it belongs to the kind of naively good and gay music that re-creates the innocent joys of the fireside and the pot-au-feu. It goes and comes, never brusquely; noiselessly, in morn- ing negligée, clean and comfortable; at 9 o'clock it puts on a clean night-cap, says a prayer, and sleeps in the peace of the Lord."

Berlioz should have been ashamed of himself after he wrote that, for it is unforgivably misleading and unjust. The Haydn of the nightcap and the cheerful pot-au-feu existed, of course; but there was another Haydn—the fine, essential, sensitive, memorable Haydn; and we kept wishing that Berlioz might have dropped in at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Mr. Ganz play the Haydn sonata that began his program.

Haydn wrote a good many sonatas for the clavier, and of the thirty-five that are in print not all are rewarding—some, indeed, are pretty dull and feeble. But that which Mr. Ganz played yesterday is in a different case. It is one of the six that were published in 1780, with a dedication to Franziska and Marianne von Auenbrugger. It is in D major, and is listed as No. 20, No. 11, or No. 4, according to the catalogue you consult; but it may be identified as the one with the "Largo sostenuto" in D minor as its slow movement.

This Largo is the point of our discussion. We believe that Beethoven would not have been ashamed to sign it. The sonata belongs to Haydn's maturer phase—though not his maturest—in this field, and its high-water mark (for the rest of the sonata is negligible) is the Largo. This slow movement is an extraordinary piece of writing for its time, and it is a moving thing to listen to in 1923. Harmonically it is remarkable. Those bold suspensions, those full-voiced chords of the minor and

major ninth, that astonishing and beautiful close on the dominant that leads into the Presto Finale—these are the signature of a genius. They are almost as modern as Bach or Purcell or Monteverde, and far less old-fashioned than a good deal of Tchaikovsky sounds to us to-day. And the mood of the music is curiously impressive—dark, rich, Rembrandtish (authentically so). Mr. Ganz played the movement as if he knew that he was paying tribute to the memory of as sincere and lovely a musical spirit as the eighteenth century produced, and one likes to think that the ghost of Berlioz listened in and felt adequately contrite and rebuked.

After the Haydn the most interesting thing on Mr. Ganz's program was a piece by Casella that followed it, separated by an intervening section devoted to Brahms (the Waltzes of Op. 39, two Capriccios, two of the Intermezzi—Nos. 2 and 6 of Op. 118—and the E flat Rhapsody, Op. 119), and the F sharp minor Sonata of Schumann. The Casella piece bore the title "In Modo Esotico," and a footnote to the program announced it as a first performance. It is written in Mr. Casella's later vein, the characteristic feature of which is an ingenious and carefree employment of the Polytonal method—that system of superposed tonalities that is so exacerbating to many ears, but in which some of us find strange and exciting potentialities. Mr. Casella has written more challengingly in certain of his other experiments in this method; but we found in the brief piano piece a more easeful handling of the materials of this fascinating chordal counterpoint; and Mr. Ganz dealt with the music as if he had been conveying its special idiom since the days when he first played a C major scale. Indeed, he played all of his program with a poised and unimpeded authority that made listening to him one of the easiest things we have done in many a day.

We should like to place our hand on our heart and add that we thrilled to the new pieces by Emil Blanchet, the Swiss composer whom Mr. Ganz appears to esteem so warmly, which stood also among the alleged "first times" of the afternoon's list. There were three of these, from a set of Turkish impressions, two of them new. The best things in this sheaf of impressions seemed to us to have

found more homelike surroundings in the works by Debussy and Ravel wherein we first encountered them. Mr. Ganz's own compositions—he played his "Pensive Spinner," Op. 10, and "Scherzino," Op. 29—struck us as better worth doing and hearing, for they were obviously off Mr. Ganz's own bat. He closed with Debussy—who seems more vibrantly living the longer he is dead.

Up at the Century, Mme. Haru Onuki, who had been announced to sing "Butterfly," achieved one of those last-minute indispositions which is the privilege of all primadonnas, including the Oriental. Mme. Delas was an added starter, who, with a really exceptional voice, succeeded, however, in making a Cho-Cho-San, looked, in her brown tiers of permanent waves, exactly like Fritz Scheff in a negligee.

It was one of the worst acted performances of the season.

In the evening Fred Patton, with a fine program of songs, charmed an audience at the Town Hall. Mr. Patton was as good as his list of ditties, although it must be admitted that the Mozart air, "Per Questa Bella Mano," lay a little too high in places and called for much use of mezzo-voice, which is not Mr. Patton's best asset. This baritone had style and skill, and nowhere were they better displayed than in his singing, for instance, of Schumann's "Dedication."

At Aeolian Hall, at the same time, one met a song program so good as to be almost revolutionary. But Miss Denne Parker, who gave the recital, was hardly able, because of lack of natural talent, to do justice to it. Hers were interesting songs from the Russian, Debussy treasures, a Strauss group and more of Bartock's things, but Miss Parker delivered them utterly without distinction. A. C.

SCOTCH CONTRALTO SINGS.

Miss Denne Parker, contralto from Edinburgh, gave her first recital here last night in Aeolian Hall. Miss Parker is said to be one of the most popular singers in the British Isles. Last summer she toured Canada with Granville Bantock, singing at her recitals many songs of the composer, who played her accompaniments. Her program last night comprised groups of Russian, German and French songs, a group of Bantock's songs and "Songs of the Hebrides," arranged by Kennedy Fraser. She sang with a pleasing voice and considerable feeling.

Oct. 20 1923

EDMUND BURKE OF THE OPERA GIVES RECITAL

Fourteen New Songs on Bass's Program.

Edmund Burke, Metropolitan Opera bass, gave his first song recital here yesterday in Aeolian Hall. Fourteen songs in his interesting program were announced as new here. There were also two revised by Siloti, the "Komm Suesser Tod" air of Bach and Borodine's "Dance Ton Pays." Among the other songs furnishing novelty were Charles Bordes's charming "Dansons la Gigue," Gaston Selz's dramatic lyric, with the title "Obsession," and a song by Gustav Hekt entitled "The Heart Worshipers."

The list, which opened with old English airs, called for a wide range of expression. Mr. Burke met this demand with admirable intelligence. His voice, of barytone range but at its best in the lower registers, lacked balance. This lack he was able to obviate in large measure by means of skill in phrasing and resources in expression and sentiment. Ellmer Zoller, played good accompaniments.

STRING QUARTET IN CONCERT.

Second Season Is Started Auspiciously.

The New York String Quartet, founded four years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer and first heard here in public last season, gave the first of three subscription concerts last night in Aeolian Hall. The members are again Ottokar Cadek, first violin; Jaroslav Siskovsky, second violin; Ludvik Schwab, viola, and Bedrich Vaska, cello.

The program comprised three quartets, Brahms's in C minor, opus 51; No. 1 Mozart's in D major, and, in closing, Josef Suk's in B flat, major 1, opus 11. The quartet of Suk, the second violinist of the famous Bohemian String Quartet since its founding in 1892, was new here. Suk, a pupil of Dvorak, wrote his B flat quartet in 1896. Mr. Vaska, the society's cellist, took part in the first performance of the work in Prague.

The playing last night had excellent spirit. The audience gave warm applause.

G. A. KERKER LEAVES ESTATE TO HIS WIDOW

By the direction of Surrogate Foley Michael F. Loughman of 233 Broadway was yesterday appointed State transfer tax appraiser of the estate left by Gustave Adolph Kerker, noted musical director and composer, for the purpose of assessing whatever taxes may be due to the State under the inheritance tax laws.

Mr. Kerker, survived by his widow, Mattie Belle Riverberg, of 565 West 169th street, a former show girl in "Nearly a Hero"; three sisters, three nieces and a nephew, died on June 29 last, leaving an estate of "over \$10,000" in personality and by his will, executed on November 26, 1916, he left his entire property to his widow, whom he named without bonds as the executrix.

Mr. Kerker's first opera, "Cadets," was written in 1879 and the following musical pieces stand to his credit: "The Pearl of Pekin," "Castles in the Air," "Venus," "Little Christopher," "The Lady Slavey," "Kismet," "In Gay New York," "An American Beauty," "The Whirl of the Town," "The Belle of New York," "The Telephone Girl," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "The Man in the Moon," "The Girl From Up There," "The Billionaire," "The Blonde in Black," "Winsome Winnie," "The Sambo Girl," "The Social Whirl," "The Tourists," "The White Hen," "Fascinating Flora," "The Lady From Land's," "The Grand Mogul" and "Two Little Brides."

Lawrence Gilman

Mr. Willy Burmester, the distinguished German violinist who gave a recital at Carnegie Hall last night, is no stranger to American concert rooms. He and the Spanish War burst upon us in the same year, thought not in the same month, for it was after the drums and trappings of that stirring episode had died into silence that Mr. Burmester came to soothe our ears with his fiddling. He made his first appearance in New York as soloist at a Boston Symphony concert on December 14, 1898, and was heard elsewhere and at other times during that season. Thereafter Mr. Burmester returned to Germany and became so eminent at home that an anxiously conservative reviewer in Dresden dubbed him "the Raphael of the violinists": an achievement in comparative laudation which so impressed us that we have since been trying to imagine the quality of such violin playing by thinking of Raphael as the Burmester of painters—for surely these comparisons are reversible or they are meaningless; and it could not be possible that the Dresden critic was mistaken, for in that case Mr. Burmester would not have sanctioned the quotation of the phrase in his announcements. Therefore it was with the liveliest anticipations that we repaired last night to Carnegie Hall, for we did not hear Mr. Burmester twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Burmester was twenty-nine years old when he first visited America; he is now fifty-four. A good deal of water has flowed under the bridges of the world since that time, and Mr. Burmester, together with his art as a musician, has obviously been borne along on the current. Mr. Krebbs in 1898 found his conception "tiny" and his tone "an amazingly neat, and generally sweet, trickle of sound." Mr. Burmester's tone is no longer a trickle. It is moderately full-bodied, pleasantly smooth and very sweet—rather like the kind of sauteuse the ladies preferred in the dear wicked days of old. Mr. Burmester can still, as in 1898, "whistle marvelously with his harmonics"; his

double-stopping in thirds—as in the Paganini concerto that he played—is quite dazzlingly facile; and his intonation last night suffered only one or two lapses from ideal virtue.

A tall, stiff, rather angular figure, extravagantly bald, the man persuades you for a moment that Mr. Richard Carle has stepped out of the cast of "Adrienne" a few blocks south and suddenly taken to public fiddling. But angular as Mr. Burmester is in his entrances and exits there is nothing angular or stiff in his management of his instrument. He plays with astonishing ease and assurance and with a delightful absence of pose or self-consciousness. He handles his bow so lightly and flexibly and negligently that you keep fearing it will fly out of his hand into the laps of the front row. This produces quite wonderful fiddling at times; but something of the lightness and ease and casualness of the technique seemed to have infected the player's reading, especially in the Beethoven E flat major sonata that he played. It was all a bit overfacile, oversunny. Pollyanna would have loved it. You wished that Mr. Burmester were not taking the music—which, after all, has its deeps and shadows—in quite such a cheery and holiday mood.

In the Paganini concerto that came on its heels (followed by a group of piano solos for the accompanist, Mr. Franz Rupp, and by half a dozen shorter numbers for the violinist), his style and approach were more happily and, as it seemed, congenially employed; for Mr. Burmester is perhaps justly to be characterized as primarily a technician. Those "broad Italian melodies, full of a passionate ardor, those harmonies of extraordinary sonorosity," which Berlioz praised in Paganini's writing, are hard to discover in these shockingly trite and vacuous and flashy concertos—music colored with a lipstick. But no doubt they must be played so long as one of the objects of public fiddling is to astonish; and, that being the case, they had best be played by artists who are adequate to the cruel tasks they impose. One can at least be thankful that custom has abbreviated the D major Concerto to one movement—its first. Tradition is sometimes merciful.

A new planet swam into public ken yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, when Cecelia Hansen made her local debut as a violinist. This new artist, it should be said first, is of the first order; perhaps it would not be too much to say there are not a half dozen living violinists more worth hearing. She has power and color and variety of tone—such tones as one going day after day to recitals dreams of hearing and hears only too seldom.

It may not be held by our feminists that to say she "plays like a man" is any sort of compliment. But certainly her strength and clean-cut style of bowing is of that order. Sharp and decisive in attack, producing a floating tone of delicious richness, eloquent and full of meaning, Miss Hansen is emphatically one to be reckoned with. No such vivid interplay of tone qualities as she gave her audience in playing Bach's G minor fugue, for instance, has been heard here this season. For precision, and apparently only a slight drawing upon a great reserve of power, it was unsurpassable.

Handel's "Larghetto" (Hubay's transcription), which followed, had more of the same richness and fine finish; the later "Chorus of Dervishes" was a tour de force of technique, worthy of the gradually increasing applause which followed each of her numbers. She began with Vitali's Chaconne, with piano and organ accompaniment, and the program concluded with a Chopin Nocturne and Sarasate's fantasy on Bizet's Carmen music. With the passing of seasons, Miss Hansen will probably gain in brilliance; at present, for tone alone, she is one in hundreds.

Peer of the Auer clan, playing like a man, but yet a woman, Cecelia Hansen made her first appearance in America as violinist yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. A brief but growing European reputation had preceded her and the hall was two-thirds filled. Those present are likely to remember the occasion, for Miss Hansen will not long remain a stranger to the greater public of New York. She was greeted by musicians, by Silloti on the orchestra floor, Godowsky and Sam Franko above; by her master, the venerable Auer, smiling as he watched through opera glasses from a first tier box, and her Petrograd classmate, Toscha Seldel, grinning like a boy again from the other side of the house.

Miss Hansen's first impression is of blazen beauty; a more abiding one is that of deep seriousness, as much so as her other famous classmate, Heifetz, now half a world away. Professor Auer in his recent book calls her "one of my most talented pupils." He had pictured her in his narrative, "A charming little girl of 11 or 12, coming to me one day with tears in her eyes, and telling me that she wished above all things to keep on attending my class, but that the students of the Opposition (revolutionists) had threatened to throw vitriol in her face if she dared to show herself there. Not long ago Miss Hansen made a triumphal debut in Berlin (February, 1922), and I hope that before long she will be playing in this country."

She will be and she is. Now, past 20, a quiet girl, with an oddly floating walk, a flutter of short white Grecian drapery, her light hair demurely drawn to a low knot from its one-sided parting, came to the front of Carnegie's stage and in five minutes had captured her house. In Danish by descent, though born in Russia, she has not the warmth of Southern temperaments. Hers is rather the cool, calm mastery that lifts the violin like a Pandora's box from which fly all the thousand winged voices of melody.

At once she proved possession of "the Auer tone," in a performance of Vitali's chaconne, with Boris Zakharoff at the piano and Charles A. Baker at the organ, whose arousing ensemble brought its answering roar from the pit. Command of style no less than great tone shone in Bach's G-minor prelude and fugue unaccompanied. In the sustained Handel-Hubay "Larghetto," the gentle Beetho-

ven-Kreisler "Rondino," in nerve and string racking Beethoven-Auer "Dance of Dervishes."

There was a Paganini concerto, the cut-moded D-major, with its angelic airs and descending left-hand pizzicati. Last of all, Sarasate's tricky fantasy on Bizet's "Carmen" rhythms both irritated and enchanted, happily offset by a contrasting Chopin-Sarasate nocturne.

Then the entire musical assembly moved forward for encores. Gluck's melody of the souls in "Orpheus," a Brahms rhapsody, Schubert's "Ave Maria" and a little Scandinavian tune, played like a "march past" to the vanishing point. Miss Hansen smiled at last as she bowed among her flowers.

By F. D. Perkins

There was an ample seasoning of modern piano numbers in the program played by Arthur Rubinstein yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, along with Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy and Liszt. These newer works were a suite "Prole do Bebe," by a Brazilian composer, Villa-Lobos, heard for the first time here; three Prokofieff pieces and two numbers by Manuel de Falla.

The Brazilian novelty, in four parts, suggested that there was a strong Debussy influence south of the equator, not, indeed, without some change and some dilution in the transit. "La Mulata" and "La Negrita" were lively, Mr. Rubinstein tossing off showers of notes with ease and dispatch; "La Pobre-sinha" plaintive and melodious, while "Polichinela" was a swift dance in a modern French setting. One of the three Prokofieff numbers, a "Vision Fugitive," had figured in the recital of Alexander Borovsky, while De Falla's "Ritual Dance of the Fire" as part of his "El Amor Brujo," had been played two seasons ago by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia. There was interesting material in the De Falla and Prokofieff numbers, but nothing to outrage or affright the ears even of those unused to the recent styles in music.

Brilliance might be considered one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Rubinstein's performance, both in the modern numbers and the more familiar works. He liked sharp contrasts, emphatic louder passages with crashing chords, giving way to softer intervals played with a smooth, singing tone and delicacy of touch. Thus it was, for instance, in the emphasis on the opening of Brahms's Rhapsody, Op. 119, No. 4, and the lightness of the following measures. Eugen d'Albert's arrangement of Bach's F major Organ Toccata and a Brahms Intermezzo, Op. 119, No. 2, began Mr. Rubinstein's program, while there also were two Chopin Mazurkas, one slow and lingering, the other fast and furious.

As usual, there was a pleasing neatness in Mr. Rubinstein's technique, a clear-cut, incisive manner with nothing slurred, which suited his modern numbers. Generally, the performance was one of high coloring rather than softer shades; of elan and brilliance rather than poetry. Albeniz's "Triana," by way of encore, and two Liszt numbers ended the program of an interesting, well-applauded recital.

MAXIMILIAN PILZER, VIOLINIST.

Maximilian Pilzer after an absence of six years from New York concert platforms returned for a violin recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall, assisted by Harry Kaufman at the piano. Following two concertos, Bach's in E major and Bruch's in G minor, he played shorter pieces by Tchaikovsky, Sgambati, transcriptions by Kreisler, Auer and Meud Powell. Mr. Pilzer's own melodious "Berceus" moved the audience to enthusiasm, and Bazzini's "La Rondelle des Lutins," the concluding number, provided a flashing finish for the program.

McCormack's 14-Year Jubilee.

John McCormack sang at the Century last night before his third sold-out house in the great theatre this Fall, a gala event that marked the fourteenth anniversary of the tenor's concert debut in New York. His admirers welcomed two Irish songs from that first occasion in the present program, "She Is Far From the Land" and "My Snowy Breasted Pearl." There were earlier classics from Bach and Handel, Elgar and the Russians, while Lauri Kennedy and Edwin Schneider prefaced the evening with a movement from the A minor cello sonata of Grieg.

Isa Kremer Sings Folksongs.

Isa Kremer, celebrating her birthday with a "happy return" of a dual sort, came back to Carnegie Hall last evening for the first time in the new season. From Russian and Jewish folksongs to famous Paderewski's "Zingarella," with its bit of Neapolitan freedom, a characteristic program ran the gamut of individual melodies also in English, German and French. New to many of her hearers were Trehanne's "Forget-me-not," Fisher's drinking song, "Im Kuehlen Keller," and "Little Sparrow," by the American, Brockway. There was a packed house.

Thelma Thelma, Soprano.

Thelma Thelma, an American soprano who has sung in Italy, gave her first program in New York last evening for an audience which let there be no doubt of its enjoyment of her singing. In the operatic airs from Puccini's "Tosca" and "Madame Butterfly" and Verdi's "Forces of Destiny,"

she displayed a voice of unusual dramatic expressiveness, power and beauty of tone.

Toot's "Goodbye," sung with fervor and tonal flexibility, was one of the most successful songs of the evening. She sang Logan's "Pale Moon" with touch charm and personal magnetism and pronounced her words with unflinching clearness in the Italian and German songs as well as in the English.

There were seven short group. In the program, carefully arranged to make a variety of the after attraction of the recital, Miss J. Polak played the accompaniments to a skillful manner.

Blind Violinist Plays.

Abraham Hattowsch returned to the Town Hall last evening for his annual New York violin recital. The blind musician gave works of Tartini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Sarasate and transcriptions by Kreisler and Joachim. Schubert's "Ave Maria," an encore, was played with sincerity and rich depth of tone and was one of the greatest favorites of the evening. An audience of good size applauded enthusiastically and recalled the violinist many times. David Sapin played the accompaniments.

By Deems Taylor

(Reported from yesterday's late editions.)

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN.

In retrospect, Arthur Rubinstein's program at Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon seems pungently modern throughout, but analysis of its contents hardly bears out this impression. His first group was orthodox enough for any one, containing the Bach-d' Albert F major toccata, a Brahms intermezzo and a rhapsody, and two Chopin mazurkas and a polonaise.

The second group was modern, to be sure. There were Debussy's "Poissons d'Or," "Hommage a Rameau" and "L'Isle Joyeuse," three Prokofieff pieces and four bits by Villa-Lobos, marked "first performance" and entitled "Prole do Bebe." There was some discussion among the linguists yesterday as to just what nationality Mr. Villa-Lobos claims. Our guess is Portuguese, and that the title means "Baby's Children" and has to do with four dolls, the Mulatto, the Negress, the Poor Little Rag-baby, and Punchinello. At all events, they were pungent little sketches, rather Debussyan in idiom, but with plenty of humor and individuality of their own.

The last group, which began bravely with two Spanish dances by de Falla, retreated hastily to the nineteenth century for a conclusion, and wound up with Liszt. So it could not have been entirely the music that left such a pronounced impression of modernism upon the hearer. What it was, of course, was Mr. Rubinstein's playing. We find it hard to recall another pianist who is so completely a contemporary. Everything he does is alive, is touched by the breath of actuality. His rhythms have the pulse of life in them, his outlines are clean and sharp, and his sense of form and color is a delight.

Which is not to say that he is matter of fact. His playing of Debussy alone would refute that notion, for his Debussy is a creature of passion and fantasy and dramatic power. The four doll pieces, too, had a charming quality of make-believe that quite saved them from what might otherwise have been unimportance.

But there is one characteristically modern quality in his playing—a distaste for sentimentality that amounts almost to terror. It served him well in the toccata, which had a bluntness and sonority that spoke truly of Bach. But in the Brahms intermezzo and the Chopin polonaise—the middle section—he faltered a little. He seemed to find them a little too outspoken, a little too unashamed in their nakedness. He veiled them somewhat and thereby blurred their outlines.

Curiously, he did nothing of the sort with the Liszt pieces—perhaps because he took them less seriously. At any rate he made the Mephisto waltz a fascinating maze of color and the "Liebestraum" almost an adventure.

Miss Penelope Davies.

Miss Penelope Davies, a young Canadian singer who gave her first recital at the Town Hall last night, has qualities which should secure her success. If she can eliminate certain defects which at present are apt to strike aeron and occasionally neutralize her virtues. Singers and their teachers often fail to realize that elimination of what is unnecessary, false or affected, comes. If not the whole, at any rate, a great part of the art of singing.

We need much of systems of production by the painful acquisition of which it is supposed the singer may be redeemed from his or her state of original sin. But the truth is that the singer to whom nature has given a serviceable voice begins in a state of original virtue, and the teacher's task is merely to prevent him or her from acquiring a false way of singing.

Miss Davies has the natural voice, a full and round-toned mezzo soprano, which she generally uses frankly and easily. There is a freshness of tone, as well as an earnestness in her interpretation which is engaging. But in the course of studying the rather complicated program she undertook last night she has sometimes allowed her earnestness to interfere with her naturally sound instincts. There were lapses when the tone was uncertain and when in attacking a high note she was not quite in tune.

She planned her program according to subjects, "Sea Songs," "Pastoral," "Dance Memories," "Songs of Serenaders," "Evening and Morning Songs." This entailed passing from one language to another and through very difficult styles of composition. For example, Macdonald's "The Sea," Dr. Lindy's "Lied Maritime," an English sailor's shanty and a Hebridean Sea-farer's song stood side by side in the first group. In the second Stravinsky's wordless "Pastoral" stood between an innocent little "Melody of Revolutionary Times" called "The Charming of Cereals" and Elgar's "The Shepherd."

In there was Davies was most at home with those songs which belong to the folk type. She showed signs of relief when she had threaded her way, not altogether successfully, through the tortuous phrase of Stravinsky. Mr. Elgar and elsewhere in singing English his diction was imperfect. It is a little ridiculous that it should be possible to sit a dozen yards or so from a singer and not be quite sure what she is singing about. Her diction in German (she sang two songs of Hugo Wolf "Das Ständchen" and "Schon Schrecklich aus" among the serenade group) was very much better. This is so common a fact among English speaking singers as to suggest that there is something artificial in their training.

The best of Miss Davies's qualities, her sense of rhythm, her energy and vitality appeared in those songs which had a dance rhythm as their basis, notably in Weikert's "Tambourin," Poldowski's "Dansons le Gigue," which was repeated, and Massenet's "Nuit d'Espagne." She was well seconded by Miss Paula Hegner at the piano.

IGNACE HILSBURG APPEARS.

Polish Pianist in His Best Mood in Debussy's "Claire de Lune."

To the host of pianists before the American public another was added yesterday when Ignace Hilsberg appeared in a matinee recital at Aeolian Hall. He is a Polish musician, who has transferred his activities from European centres to the concert halls of this country. Bach's organ toccata and fugue, played the day before in the same hall by Arthur Rubinstein in an arrangement by d'Albert, was offered by Mr. Hilsberg in the more familiar transcription by Busoni.

Works of Chopin, Scarlatti, Debussy and Liszt comprised the rest of the program. Debussy's "Claire de Lune" found the pianist in his best mood, and he played smoothly and with breadth of imagination. In contrast to the quiet, delicate treatment of this work of the French composer was that of Liszt's "Mephisto" waltzes, done with bold emphasis of phrase, rich color scheme and proof of considerable power and delightful rhythmic gifts. The audience stayed for additional numbers.

ROBERT PERUTZ HEARD.

Polish Violinist Plays Compositions of His Countrymen.

Robert Perutz brought from Poland several interesting compositions by his countrymen which he played last evening at Aeolian Hall in his first New York violin recital. First was a sonata in D minor by Szymanowski, which was followed by the same composer's nocturne and tarantelle, which enlisted muted strings in gaining novel effects and made daring modulations of key. A nocturne by Koszycki was an uninteresting assortment of slight musical thoughts and Andzejewski's "Burlaque," dedicated to Mr. Perutz, was dashing and bright.

Mr. Perutz gave this selection with indications of a high type of technique, at times neglecting pitch in his enthusiasm, but always with a high quality of tone. Also on the program were works of Bach, Corelli, Milandre, Olth, Montigny and Paganini. Mr. Perutz is engaged in teaching at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

MAUREL, BARITONE, DIES HERE AT 75

Victor Maurel, French baritone, former member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, whom Verdi pronounced the greatest male operatic artist he had ever heard, died yesterday afternoon in his apartment at 346 West Seventy-first Street. A gradual weakening of the heart from a two years' illness was the immediate cause of death. The illness from which he had suffered so long was somewhat of a puzzle to his physicians. It was believed to be the result of a serious attack of ptomaine poisoning in October, 1921. A friend said last night that Gounod died of the same malady.

Born at Marseilles, June 17, 1848, Maurel received his musical education at the Paris Conservatoire, in singing from Vauthrot, in opera from Duvernoy, winning first prizes in both subjects in 1867. He made his debuts at the Opera the following year as De Nevers and Conte di Luna. On his first appearance in London, at the Royal Italian Opera, as Renato, in 1873, he made an immediate success and was engaged there every year until 1880. His roles during that period included Don Giovanni, Tell, Peter the Great, Hamlet, the Cadique.

In 1883 Maurel undertook, with Corti, the management of the Italian Opera at the Theatre des Nations in Paris, with disastrous financial results, in spite of a brilliant company that included the brothers De Reszke, Marimon Adler-Devries, and himself. In this season he directed the successful production of Massenet's "Herodiade." Two years later at Milan, in February, 1887, he scored one of the great triumphs of his career when he created the part of Iago in Verdi's opera "Otello," and was acclaimed the finest acting baritone on the Italian stage since Faure. This impersonation met with equal acclaim at the Lyceum Theatre in London in 1889. In 1893 he created also with great success, the title role of Falstaff, in Verdi's last opera. Another important part that received its first performance by him was that of Mathias in Erlanger's "Jull Polonais," at the Opera Comique in Paris, April, 1900.

For a short time afterward he appeared as an actor at non-musical theatres, but returned to the operatic stage in London in November, 1904, in the part that many persons always associate with his name, that of Rigoletto. His connection with the Metropolitan Opera Company was under the Grau regime in the nineties, but it was at the Metropolitan that he made his last public appearance, when he sang an act of "Falstaff" at the reception to Marshal Joffre. He had appeared with other opera companies in this country, however, after leaving the Metropolitan management.

Of recent years he had made his home in this city and had occasionally taught singing. He had pronounced views on the teaching of his art, believing that too much emphasis is placed on the voice, and not enough on the culture, intelligence, imagination of the artist. He was an author, too, his works including "L'Art du Chant," "Dix Ans de Carriere" and "Le Chant Renouve par la Science."

Theatre Italien; London, where he sang at Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Milan, where he created Iago and Falstaff and then, in 1894, America. In 1900 he decided to turn his talents to the dramatic stage, but in 1904 he returned to the operatic stage in London. He also sang in Egypt, Russia and Spain.

He was the author of several works on the art of the opera, written in French, and had been working on his memoirs when he died. His wife, known as Mme. De Grissac, the playwright, survives. A son by an earlier marriage is in Europe.

Oct. 24, 1923

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Nikisch's Son Makes Debut.

Mitja Nikisch, pianist, made his debut in a recital in Carnegie Hall last evening. He performed the Bach "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," the inevitable group of Chopin and some Liszt. It was the sort of program a pianist makes when he desires to uncover his powers rather than merely to entertain an audience. In other words, it was a typical debut program.

Young Mr. Nikisch is a son of Arthur Nikisch, a famous musician almost unknown to the younger generation of concertgoers. That was a great Nikisch, who conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra away back in the days when there were concerts in the old Chickering Hall at Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street, and who introduced to this public some thrilling interpretations of the masters. And what a program maker he was. One

concert in Chickering Hall consisted of three symphonies—one Haydn, one Mozart and one Beethoven. It was over in an hour and a half and it satisfied.

Nikisch came here in his later years at the head of the London Symphony Orchestra, a mediocre collection, with which he did astonishing things. But those who listened to the son last evening doubtless remembered most clearly Nikisch the accompanist.

He was without question the greatest piano accompanist this writer ever heard. His command of tone color within the small range of dynamics available to a singer's pianist was amazing, and his consummate skill in effect kept admiration throbbing. A pianist with the imagination of a composer, the authority of an interpreter and the sensitive fingers of an artist, he made memorable musical backgrounds.

But it is rather of the son that we must speak. He is very young and there are youth, freshness and adventure in his playing. He possesses some unusual qualities for a youthful pianist. He has continence and repose, though both sometimes break under the stress of fiery impulse. He has strong and agile fingers and a splendid range of tone, albeit he sometimes forces the instrument. But what is best of all is that his readings of the classics revealed largeness of grasp, general soundness of view, careful, even anxious, preparation of details, and, permeating all, a virile musical mind.

Nikisch has much to learn, but there is every reason to believe that he will make progress. He played the Bach and Beethoven numbers like a true pianist. The exaggerations and minor defects were not such as to obscure the large outlines. The advent of young Nikisch—only 22, it is said—seems likely to prove to be one of the stimulating contributions to an extraordinarily busy season.

By Deems Taylor

(Reprinted from yesterday's late edition.)

MITJA NIKISCH.

The highest tribute one can pay to Artur Nikisch's son is to remark that it was worth going to Carnegie Hall through last night's inundation to hear him. The proper thing to say about here is that he is worthy of the name he bears and as a matter of fact he is. He is a first rate pianist and he is so young that he has time in which to become a great one.

His program was of the familiar war-horse variety that most European pianists offer here—all good music and no showmanship. It began with the Bach chromatic fantasy and fugue, went on to Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata and five Chopin pieces (including the A flat waltz, Op. 42, and the C major etude, Op. 10, No. 12) and wound up with Liszt's F minor etude, nocturne (the third of the "Liebestraume" series), and 12th rhapsody.

Not a revolutionary list, to be sure, but at least one calculated to test the powers of any pianist. And young Mr. Nikisch passed the test with a good deal to spare. He has a clear, slightly brittle tone, dazzling velocity and a genuine feeling for what he plays. He is always interesting, even in his faults. The Bach fugue he did superbly. Most pianists play Bach with the sole aim of keeping the main theme audible, with the result that most of the time one hears the subject thundered forth fortissimo and all the delicate tracery of Bach's counterpoint throttled down into a meaningless twiddling that might as well be Thalberg. Nikisch kept the balance superbly. His subsidiary voices were really voices, and he made his subject matter important without being deafening. His range of dynamics is remarkable, considering the fact that he plays with a sort of erouch that sacrifices both grace and power.

His principal fault is the almost inevitable one of youth—artistic myopia. He does not always look at a work as a whole, feeling the passage of the moment so intensely that he is likely to over or underrate its comparative value. He overphrases so that the main flow of thought is interrupted and the rhythm distorted. This was particularly manifest in the Bach fantasy, which is rather too declamatory at best, and which he punctuated so diligently that it virtually fell apart. So, too, in

the Beethoven, where he often lost the thread of his discourse for the sake of a fascinating detail.

The vivid personal quality of his playing, however, and its stimulating vitality make him a figure to be watched. His audience, which was frankly curious, waxed increasingly enthusiastic and recalled him many times.

Mitja Nikisch.

By RICHARD ALDRICH.

Mitja Nikisch, son of a famous father who has left unforgettable memories in the musical life of America, himself a young and high-aspiring pianist, made his first appearance in New York last evening in Carnegie Hall. His audience of good-size, considering the conditions outside of the hall, numbering many who remembered and honored the name he bears, was bent on welcoming him and on finding what he did good. And he himself at once showed that he could oar the handicap of a famous name bravely and could make it mean something for himself.

Mr. Nikisch is young and full of "temperament," but he has besides temperament great acquisitions as a pianist, a musical nature and high aspirations as an artist. There is still a little of the slag of the virtuoso in his metal, of which his admirers will hope that advancing years and maturing wisdom will purify it. The "atrocious crime of being a young man" he doubtless would not attempt to palliate nor in the least degree to deny. When he has atoned for it he will perhaps present himself in a program that is not so intolerably conventional, so stereotyped in the virtuoso's world, as the one he played last evening. And there are some things in his playing that will perhaps then give way to others more valuable and that make a deeper appeal to musical listeners.

He has of course the highly developed technique that is a matter of course in pianists of this day—not exactly an infallible one, but one that rarely betrays him. He has great strength that he knows when not to use. There is a certain intensity of expression in his playing that is deeply engrossing, a deep preoccupation with the music in hand. There is a communicating warmth and a frequent burning impetuosity. This impetuosity sometimes carries him off from a firmly established rhythmic poise and gives his playing now and again a certain restlessness. But it does not go far to invalidate the finely musical feeling that runs through it. And he is most rarely betrayed into damaging the essentially musical quality of his tone.

The conventionality of Mr. Nikisch's program was embodied in Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, Chopin's C sharp minor nocturne, A flat Ballade, B flat minor mazurka, and Liszt's C minor Etude and twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. The F minor etude by Liszt, called "La Legierenza," will doubtless not be played incessantly by the incoming stream of pianists through the Winter season; but everything else will be more or less well.

The Chromatic Fantasy perhaps might have had a somewhat more romantic feeling and somewhat less brilliancy in passage work for the sake of brilliancy; the sonata in the first and last movements less of violent contrast for the sake of contrast; the andante was finely felt and warmly expressed. Mr. Nikisch showed much true understanding of Chopin, sometimes a rather mechanical conception of rubato, as in certain passages of the mazurka and a failure quite fully to perceive the rhythmic cross purposes of the waltz. But on the whole these pieces were played with a rapturous fervor, poetical feeling and a eloquence without rhetoric—notably the nocturne, the ballade and the etude. Mr. Nikisch was soon made to feel that the warmth of his listeners' applause was for what he himself was doing.

Miss Calista Rogers.

By H. C. COLLES.

The interest of Miss Calista Rogers's song recital at the Town Hall last night lay in her program. To say it is not to slight the singer. It means that she put the music first in her thought, chose well, grouping her songs so as to contrast different types not in every singer's repertory, and devoted herself to their expression. That is all to the good. If it is necessary to add that her powers of expression were not sufficiently versatile to make every one realize that Dowland, Mozart, Pizzetti and Schubert are all very different people, thinking and feeling their music through a hundred different moods, and representing as many facets of the art, it should be remembered that the defect was emphasized by the courage of her attempt.

Had she been content with the obvious kind of program she might have escaped this criticism, and escaped attention altogether. She might, however, easily acquire more distinction of style. Schubert's "Schlummerlied," sung with an unexpected delicacy, was the first song

to rouse her audience to demand a repetition. Brahms's "Vergebliches Standchen," sung as an encore after the group by Robert Franz and Schubert, need not be taken quite so solemnly as she took it, and John Ireland's "I Have Twelve Oxen," merely a nonsense rhythm set to a telling tune, becomes absurd when its jingle is forced. Three settings of Herrick's lyrics by Albert Spalding in the same group with songs by Ireland and Frank Bridge, however, evidently hit their mark with the audience, since two of them had to be repeated.

But the main interests of this program came earlier. Miss Rogers began with some of those songs of the English Elizabethan composers, originally written to be sung to the accompaniment of the singer's lute, which have lately been revived in their own country by the researches and editorial activity of Dr. E. H. Fellowes. Of these John Dowland, who started the type by the publication of his "First Book of Ayres" in 1597, is the chief, and Miss Rogers gave two lovely specimens of his work in "Come Again, Sweet Love," and "I Saw My Lady Weep."

Philip Rosseter and Francis Pilkington, also represented in her program, were lesser lights in the same genre, but their work has many of the same qualities as Dowland's; that is to say, an untrammelled freedom of rhythm, an aptness in finding the exact counterpart of the poetic phrase in the musical one and an intimate interplay between the voice and the instrument which remains to some extent even when, as on this occasion, the instrumental part has been arranged for the piano.

These are indeed past the qualities which modern song writers, beginning with Schubert, have been seeking to recover in song after they had been obscured by the era of classical opera. One realized this when they were followed by three striking songs of Pizzetti with Mozart's "Non so plu" separating the seventeenth century from the twentieth. Dowland or Pizzetti have a community of aim quite foreign to Mozart. Of the Pizzetti songs the second "I pastor!" is the simplest in feeling and therefore the most appealing. Miss Rogers was most successful with it.

There is a good deal which sounds experimental in "Parsigliata," especially in the piano writing, and Mr. Andre Benoit, who accompanied cleverly, could not avoid the feeling of artificiality. These songs, like those of the Elizabethans, require the closest understanding between the two performers, and possibly a contact between performer and listeners which the frigidity of the concert room does not encourage.

Miss Rogers's voice is of the coloratura type. It possesses little warmth and does not admit of a wide range of expression. But this artist knows how to use her voice, and many of her lighter offerings were sung with a great deal of charm. Her enunciation, Italian and English, was excellent, and if her upper tones were often a bit strident there was a compensating sincerity.

KATHERINE GOODSON PLAYS

English Pianist Welcomed After an Absence of Six Years.

Katherine Goodson, the English pianist, was rewarded by an audience which came to Aeolian Hall through the rain yesterday afternoon to welcome her in recital after an absence of six years. Romance, not classics, dominated her program, with works of Schubert and Schumann, followed by modern music, and concluding with Chopin's sonata in B minor. The development of a pedal squeak early hampered the pianist and was responsible for some inaccuracies in Schumann's fantasia in C major.

Arthur Hinton's "Fireflies" was redemanded in the second group, its delicate, rippling phrases given by Miss Goodson with freshness and agility of fingers. Ireland's "Ragannuffin" presented a kaleidoscopic changing of keys while in Palmgren's "The Sea" Miss Goodson succeeded in giving a breezy and buoyant impression of the subject. Not until the Chopin sonata was an emergency man found to fix the ailing pedal, against the complaints of which Miss Goodson gave the greater part of her program.

MME. SUNDELIUS ARRIVES.

Metropolitan Soprano Was Decorated by King of Sweden.

Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, arrived yesterday from Stockholm on the Swedish-American liner Drottningholm. During her two months' stay in the Swedish capital the singer was decorated with the order of Litteris et Artibus by the King of Sweden. The medal was bestowed upon Mme. Sundelius for her efforts for the advancement of Swedish music in America, and was paid for by the monarch out of his private funds. Although Mme. Sundelius was born in Sweden she is a citizen of the United States and her first appearance at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, was made this Summer, she said.

Mme. Sundelius will start her concert tour at Montclair, N. J., on Monday, Oct. 29.

MYRA HESS

Miss Hess played it brilliantly, and probably as much as any one could with its hydra-headed complications. When it was over she had played Scarlatti's "Paradis," a Chopin waltz, a Brahms waltz and several other encores before her hearers had consent to go home.

BY RICHARD ALDRICH.

The music consisted of four contrasted preludes and fugues from the first book of Bach's "Well Tempered Clavier"; Beethoven's A flat sonata, Op. 110, and a sonata in F sharp minor by Arnold Bax. When pianists do bring themselves to play the clavier pieces of Bach as he wrote them they are found to be a source of sheer delight, of intense musical charm, as they were last evening. There is nothing thunderous about them, nothing to tempt the prowess of the virtuoso; but they demand the most subtle and perfect technical power, the

M. Louetta Chatman, a colored soprano from Northern Virginia, sang last evening at Aeolian Hall for an audience made up almost entirely of her own people. Her first song was Handel's "Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," in which she showed to good effect the natural beauty of her voice and a plesant manner of singing, but she was inclined to overemphasize rhythms and at times syncopated this and the other classics which followed. The lively spirit of some of her first songs was lost in the group of negro spirituals which came later. These she pondered and devoted herself to the production more than sympathetic interpretation. Cora Wynn Alexander played the accompaniments skillfully and Ross Hankins, flutist, assisted in some of the numbers.

His ideal of Bach seemed limited by the word "preclusion." Everything was a place, every note clear, every phrase well shaped and gradations of tone well sustained, but the tempo of both movements, more especially the first, was on the slow side and the melody was almost painfully measured out by the regular accents pausing like telegraph posts on the road. These accents are there, but one must not be made over-conscious of them, for their em-

Slow tempo, ponderous articulation, labored nuances and overdriven bows contributed to the general dullness which, nevertheless, seemed to delight

enough to have been going to Philharmonic matinee.

But Miss Braslau showed a great deal more than a voice yesterday afternoon. She showed, among other things, that she evidently takes singing seriously, for she has worked nothing very like a miracle in her production. Most contraltos—reading the Sophie Braslau of two years ago—find it hard to forget that a definition of contralto is "a deep minnie voice." And, therefore, deep may make it, singing everything with a repulsive chest production that produces an effective dark tone, and that incidentally works havoc with clarity and interest.

Virtually none of this darkness was Miss Braslau's voice yesterday. A few times it was present (as in "The Lover's Curse"). It was, obviously there for dramatic effect. Her singing was strikingly easy and unforced, with a brightness of color in her upper tones that would have put any dramatic soprano to the blush. Her program contained only three songs and, except for a rather terse English ballad at the end, was made up of songs that were decidedly worth hearing. It was a sort of melting-pot program that broke more or less with the accepted tradition of segregating songs by languages and grouped them instead according to their fitness to be sung together—very much enhancing its interest and variety, by the way.

Her first group, in Italian and German, included Bassani's "O Come to Me, Beloved," and Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" and "Die Allmacht." Her second comprised six folksongs, two Irish, one English, one Negro spiritual, one Belgian and one Scotch. The third was sung in Russian, French and English, and included Rubinstein's "Night," Rimsky's "Chant Indoue" and a "Nocturne" by Schell.

Miss Braslau's gifts are strongly dramatic, and her best interpretative work was done in those songs that called for a measure of characterization. "Der Doppelgänger" was perhaps the finest thing she did, wonderfully simple in conception and deeply impressive in its sustained mood of quiet terror. Almost equally good, in quite another way, was the old English "Send Me a Lover, St. Valentine," which had captivating humor and lightness of touch, and in which, incidentally, she did some beautiful singing. One or two, such as the Londonderry Air for example, seemed a little overcharged with drama; "The Lover's Curse," on the other hand, another Irish folksong, was superbly done.

Her diction was uneven in merit. It was decidedly cloudy in French, fair in Italian, and excellent in German and English. Russian is Greek to this listener, but all the Russians we spoke to yesterday said that hers was good. Her phrasing was notably good throughout the afternoon, and her intonation quite above reproach. Ethel Cave-Cole played her accompaniments with crispness and authority.

RECITAL BY CORIGLIANO.

John Corigliano, violinist, gave a recital last night in Aeolian Hall. This young player, who has been heard here in recitals for several years past and last season also as soloist with the City Symphony Orchestra, has made a place for himself as an interpreter of flute—and musically purpose.

Last night, with Alfredo Oswald, Brallan pianist, he gave Cesar Franck's sonata, and with David Sapiro as accompanist several solo pieces, including Goldmark's concerto, opus 28. His tone was excellent and he played with fine feeling and taste. A little more animation would, however, help his general style. The two artists were warmly applauded for their good performance of Franck's sonata.

Oct 20 1923
By Deems Taylor

Reprinted from yesterday's late editions.)

THE BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION.

The fifth season of the Beethoven Association started off with a rush last night, with one of the largest audiences Aeolian Hall has seen this year applauding as vigorously as if they had come on passes.

There was no mistaking the enthusiasm of the occasion. It was genuine and infectious; and there was no chance to warrant it. For one thing, there was the incomparable London

String Quartet, playing Beethoven's Opus 95 with fine depth and finish and with a perfection of tonal balance that was almost too good to be true. Later three of the players, Messrs. Levey, Warner and Warwick-Evans, joined forces with Frederic Lamond in Brahms's piano quartet in A major.

But the quartet had to share the evening's plaudits with Dusolina Giannini, who sang a group of six songs in Italian and German. Miss Giannini, you will remember, is the young Italian soprano who made an eleventh-hour appearance with the Schola Cantorum last spring and found herself the object of non-critical rhapsodies from the music critics the next morning. Since that time she has made numerous out-of-town concert appearances and is reported to have extensive bookings for the entire season.

As last night marked her first appearance in New York since the famous Schola concert, a certain admixture of curiosity alloyed the expectations of some of her hearers. In the Italian folk songs she did last spring she had been superb; but one wondered what she would do with less tractable musical material.

Be it said at once that her reception by the audience was the kind that young singers lie awake nights dreaming about. Her last song was the signal for a thunder of applause that nearly swept her off her feet, with even a scattered cheer or two. Her hearers recalled her tirelessly and seemed bent upon getting the encore which, wisely, she did not grant.

The group she sang last night comprised a recitative and aria by Marcello, Baffello's "Chi Vuol Zingarella," an air from Haendel's "Siroe," Mozart's "Abenempfindung," and Beethoven's "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben" and "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur." Frankly, most of them seemed too high for her. Her voice is apparently still in a formative stage, so that it would be hard to say whether she will eventually turn out to be a contralto or a dramatic soprano. Last night she was a mezzo-soprano of distinctly limited range, with a middle voice of contralto-like darkness, lower notes that lacked power, and extreme high notes that gave one a sense of strain.

It seems too bad that Miss Giannini should be pitchforked into a concert career before she quite knows what her voice is, or how to use it. For it has the makings of a magnificent instrument, with thrilling power in its upper middle register and with many beautifully smooth and vibrant notes. But it is still very uneven in quality and almost innocent of any variety in color.

She sang the Italian numbers well; a little carefully, perhaps, so that her climaxes were not always conclusive and her conclusions not always expected, but nevertheless with evident enjoyment and understanding. The Mozart song was fair, and the two Beethoven numbers quite inadequate. Her voice sounded well in "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur," but she phrased it badly, and failed to make the words understandable, to say nothing of making them significant.

Kurt Schindler made one of his much too infrequent concert appearances, to play her accompaniments; and one may be pardoned for suspecting that Mr. Schindler had something to do with Miss Giannini's excellent singing of her Italian numbers, and with the courage with which she attacked the German songs.

Mr. Damrosch on Beethoven.

By H. C. COLLES.

Mr. Walter Damrosch's campaign of enlightenment on Beethoven was begun at Carnegie Hall last night with the first of three lecture-recitals given "exclusively for the subscribers to his Beethoven cycle," which begins on Nov. 8. Mr. Damrosch's method is, no doubt, two well known to need much description. Seated at the piano he describes the general outline of Beethoven's development according to the accepted three periods, points out salient features in the works selected, and passes from talk to action, from the description of the music to the playing of typical passages with an ease which less experienced lecturers must envy. Words never fail him, and fingers rarely.

He has in a remarkable degree the art of giving the general impression of an orchestral score on the piano, and when he apologized for only playing a few bars of the scherzo to the "Erioca" symphony with the remark "I am no pianist," the little round of applause

which the remark brought evidently meant to say, "No, Mr. Damrosch, but you are something more than a pianist." This first lecture-recital on the early symphonies (Nos. 1 to 3) was no doubt very instructive to that part of his audience who were coming to Beethoven practically for the first time, and it was meant for them. Those of us who have been listening to Beethoven for several decades are apt to forget how many the newcomers are and what they need. Mr. Damrosch's merit as a teacher seems to be that in spite of the length of his own experience he can yet understand the position of the newcomer. Still there are dangers in this repetition. The three periods, for example, which began as the discovery of a truth, have passed into a truism and are now in danger of becoming a heresy. We hear so much of them, and yet there are not three Beethovens, but one Beethoven.

One sometimes longs for a lecturer who would forget the periods and show us how much of the child remained in the explorer of new paths, how the early sonata Pathétique anticipated Opus 111, and how the traditions of Beethoven's pupilage survived sometimes even inconspicuously in the works of his full manhood.

With more assurance of the oneness of Beethoven Mr. Damrosch might have got further, one felt, in explaining the enigma of the "Erioca." He began, as a matter of course, with the story of the dedication to Napoleon and the torn title page. This launched him into the usual attempt to give a "program" to the symphony; the first movement was the life of the hero in all its phases of struggle, defeat and attainment, just as though the composer were Richard Strauss and the work "Ein Heldenleben."

The second movement naturally was the hero's death and funeral, with a reference to the Angels somewhere in the middle. What then? There are two more movements to account for; Beethoven's reference to "funeral games" was mentioned as a prelude to the scherzo, but the program went into the background as regards the finale, and we were told that Beethoven was a perfect gentleman who knew exactly how to say good-bye to his hostess; in fact, that, whatever he meant by it, somehow or other he had succeeded in ending his symphony satisfactorily. But did he so succeed? Surely, if this were to be, program symphony it is alleged to be, the last two movements are right out of the picture.

In fact it is in fact the program which is wrong, because Beethoven was here writing a symphony, and was as much governed by purely symphonic considerations as he was in the first or the fifth. The funeral march only comes about in sequence of movements because that is the right place for it in the symphonic scheme. All the ideas are controlled by purely musical considerations, not at all by the passage of events in any verbal scheme. When you hear the whole, the fitness of its balance is felt instinctively; when you begin to describe, as Mr. Damrosch does, you are apt to end by apologizing.

There was one other hint of inconsistency. Mr. Damrosch dwelt on Beethoven's use of two chords simultaneously in a famous passage of the first movement. This he rightly pointed out as one of the daring splendors of Beethoven, but he raised a laugh against modern composers who do the same thing and do it oftener. Why was it so splendid of Beethoven to set an example and so ludicrous of later composers to follow it? Probably this was not what Mr. Damrosch meant to suggest, but, since he was admittedly teaching beginners, it would have been wise to lay stress on the fact that Beethoven was a pioneer in a direction which, however liable to misuse, has opened up developments of the art not to be treated lightly.

Sylvia Lent, Violinist, Heard.

Sylvia Lent, a young violinist who has before appeared here, gave a violin recital at the Town Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by André Benoist at the piano. Miss Lent, in any Shavian division of players into "pleasant and unpleasant," belongs easily on the pleasant side. She has not all the sobriety and sheer muscularity for Brahms's sonata No. 3, in D minor, which followed Nardini's E minor concerto in her list. The right spirit of gay abandon was shown in Saint-Saens's "L'Air de Caprice," a Wienlawski polonaise, an arrangement by Kreisler and three bits by Cecil Burtch.

Erin Ballard, Pianist, in Debut.

Erin Ballard, who might have earned by native wit and witchery the given name she bears, appeared in a matinee recital as pianist yesterday at Aeolian Hall. Though it was her first hearing, no word was vouchsafed as to her artistic origin, beyond that namesake, Elmer Isic. Miss Ballard gave a performance of Beethoven's sonata Op. 31, No. 3, marked by coherence in general outline and characterization in individual phrase. She played brightly in not brilliantly lesser works of Schumann and Sgambati, Chopin and Paderewski, Cyril Scott, La Forge and MacDowell.

Oct 3 1923
By W. J. HENDERSON.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave its second concert last evening in Carnegie Hall. The program consisted of the Brahms symphony in F, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture, Strauss's tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration" and two excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitesch and the

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Marten Feyrona, which sounds delightfully like a title taken from the "Arabian Nights." The excerpts were the prelude to the opera, named in the score "In Fraiso of Solitude," and an entr'acte called "The Battle of Kerehenez."

These are happy days for Rimsky-Korsakov, and if Mr. Stokowski had placed the caviar where the roast beef stood on the menu there might be more to say about it. However, he put the excerpts in the third place, and so one listener will wait for a performance which allows more time for digestion. Meanwhile it is certain that all who accompanied the distinguished Russian into the kingdom of the "Golden Cock" would like to know more about that invisible city and the maiden Feyrona.

The Brahms symphony had already been given by the Philharmonic under Willem van Hoogstraten. Those who go to all orchestral concerts were therefore not rejoiced that they had opportunity to improve their acquaintance with it. It sounded like a new not an old, friend, and must have left every hearer deeply moved with the knowledge that he had been in the presence of a masterpiece. Mr. Stokowski caused the composition to be played without intermission between movements, though a few eager hands in the rear of the auditorium strove vigorously to defeat his artistic purpose. The performance of some symphonies in this manner would be impossible, owing to the elaborate insistence of closing cadences; but this work invites continuity.

Mr. Stokowski's beautiful and poetic reading of the symphony disclosed itself in the final analysis as a highly finished technical performance. In the first place, the tempi were admirable. But, despite the dictum of Wagner, a correct tempo does not insure complete success. If Mr. Stokowski had not such a keen sense of melody, such an unerring instinct for the precise contour of every phrase, the right instrumental balance and the most exquisite gradation of dynamics, his readings would never reveal to an audience the poetic content of the Brahms symphonies as they do.

This conductor is perhaps a specialist in Brahms, and at every performance of a symphony by this master he puts to shame all who have found Brahms muddy, opaque or wanting in profundity of emotion. Such a presentation of the F major symphony as that last evening, made by an orchestra which is a well nigh perfect machine, directed by a young master who combines imagination with authority, will remain one of the memorable items of a well filled season.

About "The Flying Dutchman" overture much might also be said, were it important that it should be. The familiar prelude was played with immense spirit and color, and its stormy violence provided a sharp contrast to the calmer and serenest glories of the Brahms work.

NEW RUSSIAN TENOR HEARD.

Anatol Berezowsky, a tenor who has sung in leading opera houses in Russia, gave his first concert in this country last night in Town Hall. His program included operatic airs from Halévy's "La Juive," Moniusko's "Halka" and Massenet's "Manon" and songs by Russian composers.

He disclosed a voice of serviceable quality and imparted good dramatic feeling to his interpretations. He was heard by a large audience and his singing gave evident pleasure. Mme. Ella Sabina was at the piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra.

By H. C. COLLES.

The second concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall last night gave, like the first one, memorable performances of great works. If the personal point of view may be intruded for a moment I would say that this concert was all the more enjoyable because having now heard Mr. Stokowski and his players both in New York and in their own "Academy of Music" at Philadelphia, I knew what to expect, was less ready to be startled by their virtuosity, more prepared for the purely musical apprehension of what they offered. When one expects great things and gets them, defeating the pessimists' beautiful, "blessed is he that expecteth nothing for he shall never be disappointed," the reward is doubled.

So far the Philadelphia Orchestra's program have, no doubt quite fortuitously, repeated works given by other orchestras to a singular extent. At their first concert they gave the Seventh Sym-

phony of Beethoven, which had been played a few days before by the new State Orchestra. Last night they gave the Third of Brahms, heard only last week at the Philharmonic concert, and thus given twice in rapid succession after, I am told, a considerable period of neglect by New York concert givers. They also played Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," which was in the State Symphony Orchestra's program. Duplications of this kind may be a little amazing to that section of concert goers which is anxious to hear as great a variety of music as possible within the limits of a season. Most of us can now do without hearing "Tod und Verklärung" twice in a month.

The earlier Strauss has too many of those devices of effect which have hardened into clichés since Wagner and Liszt introduced them. A generation before Strauss got to work. The brilliance of the playing did not disguise this. Since the tone poem ended a program, which began with the overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer," it rather emphasized the fact that Strauss at the age of 26 or so had nothing like the originality of Wagner at the same age. Strauss's deathbed scene is cleverly stage managed; Wagner's storm at sea is a piece of white hot impressionism, open to all the objections which its first critics raised against it, but surmounting them all by sheer sincerity. One wondered as the Philadelphia Orchestra played the overture how they would fare if they undertook the whole opera as Wagner first conceived it in a continuous piece of music through its three acts. It would, one imagines, be impossible to stay the course, and Mr. Stokowski's reading seemed conductor, who thinks in comparatively short lengths. The operatic performance would require more subordination of detail to the larger issues.

But the performance of the Brahms symphony was the event of this program. To say that one was reminded of Steinbach with the Meininger orchestra is to place it high. Steinbach was the supreme conductor of Brahms because he always remembered that however contrapuntal Brahms may be there is always one strand of melody which is "the tune," the thing which holds all else together; he always knew which strand that was, and made his instruments sing it. Mr. Stokowski did this, too, and so here the main issue was never clouded by the detail. There were details to question. Occasionally the tune was made to sound a little self-conscious, even affected. The third movement seemed to fall below the others because of the care expended on its crescendos, which were so uniformly executed as to suggest mannerism. But slow movement and finale were alike wonderful, and the overwhelming coda to the latter can rarely have been heard to better advantage.

One could have wished that the symphony had stood last so that the dimming of energy which makes the coda outstanding might have remained as a final impression. However the brilliant excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Kitesch" which came after the interval, were an exceedingly effective concert number and it would have been a pity to miss the climax in which the player of the symbols covered himself with glory and filled the hall with sound.

Raquel Meller to Sing Here.

Raquel Meller, the Spanish singer, will make her first appearance in New York on Sunday night, Nov. 25, at either the Times Square or the Apollo Theatre. Matinees will be given thereafter on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

"The Tale of the Invisible City of Kitesch and of the Maiden Fevronia" (to give it the benefit of its plethoric title) was Rimsky-Korsakov's penultimate stage work; only "Le Coq d'Or" was to follow it. The music is twenty years old, and sounds fifty; for those portions of it which we heard last night would not have had even the measure of witchery that they possess if Wagner had not chanced to write "Siegfried."

Mr. Stokowski played two excerpts from the opera—the prelude, entitled in the score "In Praise of Solitude," and an entr'acte that comes between the first and second scenes of the third act, entitled "The Battle of Kershenetz." The opening scene of the first act, for which the orchestral introduction prepares our fancy, is in the Kershenetzky woods near Little Kitesch. Night is falling and a cuckoo sings through the dusk. Fevronia is discovered sitting under a tree weaving grasses, and, as the curtain rises, she sings a song in praise of the forest and its peaceful solitude. The little piece which con-

stitutes the entr'acte between the first and second scenes of Act III follows the scene in the public square of Great Kitesch, in which the old prince and his son, the lover of Fevronia, hear the tale, told by fugitives, of the destruction of Little Kitesch by the Tartar hordes and of Fevronia's capture. The prince and his soldiers go forth to battle; their women folk lament and embrace, each magnanimously forgiving the other's sins in their hour of imminent death.

JOSEF STRANSKY GOT \$15,000 HONORARIUM

Mackay Praises the Retired Conductor's Services to Philharmonic—Hit by New Union Scale.

Philharmonic Society directors, at a meeting yesterday at the home of Mrs.

Vincent Astor, heard reports by Chairman Clarence H. Mackay, President Frederic A. Juilliard and Treasurer Charles Triller, as well as by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Arthur Sachs and Mrs. Barrett Andrews of the auxiliary board. A report from Mrs. E. H. Harriman of the Educational Committee was read by Franklin Robinson, and another from Mrs. Julian Robbins for the Boxholders' Committee by Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer.

Mr. Mackay, in discussing an endowment fund, said that the new union schedule had forced an addition of \$22,248 to the already heavy budget.

Of Joseph Stransky's retirement as conductor, the Chairman said that Mr. Stransky had "worked hard and faithfully for the best interests of the society, and in recognition of his services, your Executive Committee presented him with an honorarium of \$15,000." He added that Mr. Stransky's pay had been raised from \$22,000 to \$30,000 per annum two years previously, on the orchestra's amalgamation with the National Symphony.

The Chairman's report referred also to this season's combination with "leading interests" of the Civic Symphony Orchestra, and to the educational program arranged jointly by the Philharmonic with Mrs. Harriman's American Orchestral Society and the city's Board of Education.

This program Mr. Mackay declared to be the "most practical and far-reaching plan so far devised in development of sound music and practical teaching for present and future generations in New York City."

Mackay Urges Endowment for Philharmonic

The directors, honorary vice-presidents and auxiliary board of the Philharmonic Society held their first meeting of the season on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Vincent Astor, with Walter W. Price, associate chairman, presiding.

Clarence H. Mackay, chairman of the board of directors, presented a report of the society's activities since January 1, while reports also were made by Frederic A. Juilliard, president of the society; Charles Triller, treasurer; Mrs. Astor, chairman of the auxiliary board, and Mrs. William A. Taylor, treasurer of that board. Mrs. Arthur Sachs, assistant treasurer, presented its report, while that of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, chairman of the society's educational committee, was read by Franklin Robinson, and the report of Mrs. Julian Robbins, for the box committee, by Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer, vice-chairman of the auxiliary board.

Endowment Fund Urged

In his report Mr. Mackay emphasized the great cost of maintaining a symphony orchestra owing to the high standard demanded. Here, as well as in other cities, adequate financial returns could not be insured without an endowment fund, he said. Even with a full attendance at every concert there still would be a considerable deficit. There was a limit to what the public could be charged, he continued, which has about been reached, despite the addition of \$22,248 to the already heavy budget through the new union schedule.

One feature of the proposed endowment fund which Mr. Mackay urged would be the creation of a pension fund for the orchestra's players, providing sick or death benefits and a certain allowance for men who have been in the society's employment for a stated term of years. This, Mr. Mackay remarked, would be practical and humanitarian as well.

Leadership Change Noted

"The question of a conductor," his report continued, "so vitally affects a symphony orchestra that any change in its leadership can only be regarded as a serious step. You are conversant with the fact of Mr. Stransky's retirement last spring and the appointment of his successor, Mr. Van Hoogstraten, the young Dutch leader who has made such a signal success at the Lewisohn Stadium of the College of the City of New York, in California and at the two concerts of the Philharmonic at which he presided last winter. Mr. Stransky was the leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra from 1911-1912 to 1922-1923, inclusive, or twelve years.

"During his tenure of office he worked hard and faithfully for the best interests of the society and, in recognition of his services, your executive committee presented him with an honorarium of \$15,000. In a letter of April 20, 1923, to the chairman he expressed the warmest appreciation of the society's generosity. I feel that it should also be mentioned that at the time of the amalgamation of the Philharmonic and the National orchestra two years ago Mr. Stransky's salary was raised from \$22,000 to \$30,000 a year."

Co-operation Approved

Mr. Mackay referred to the forward step taken in the society's educational program through the understanding reached between the Philharmonic and the American Orchestral Society, of

which Mrs. Harriman is president. The program arranged between these societies and the Board of Education was, he thought, the most practical and far-reaching plan so far devised in the development of sound music and practical teaching for present and future generations here.

He also mentioned the joining of forces with the Philharmonic by the leading interests of the City Symphony Orchestra, which, he said, "was not only an added source of strength but a direct recognition that your society is the leading orchestral organization in the City of New York."

Irene Nicoll, California Contralto, Makes Debut

Reveals Voice of Good Size and Wide Range. With Sometimes an Effort of Strain

Irene Howland Nicoll, a contralto from San Francisco, made her first appearance here yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, beginning with Bach and Italian numbers, but wisely departing from the standardized order in placing her American group next.

Mme. Nicoll's voice had the characteristic contralto quality of tone; it was a voice of good size and considerable range, but sometimes there was an effect of strain, some roughening and vibration in a tone which otherwise was not without a certain richness. The impression of effort was more notable in the first group: Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," and songs by Marcello and Secchi. The American songs, Warren's "Heart of a Rose," oronce Barbour's "A Forest Dream," Frank La Forge's "Supplication" and Roger Quilter's "The Blackbird," found the contralto more at home, with few loud notes her tone became much smoother.

Rachmaninoff's "In Springtime," followed in English, Poldowski's "Columbine" (repeated) and two Gretchaninoff songs in French, with a final German group by Franz, Reger and Wolf, these so with a smoother tone than at first. In the absence of Mr. La Forge, so represented in an encore, Miss Barbour, scheduled to accompany her on song, was at the piano throughout.

AUER PUPIL GIVES RECITAL.

Max Pollikoff, violinist, gave his first recital at Aeolian Hall last evening. He studied with Leopold Auer, among others, and under the auspices of the Macdowell Club. He played a Bach's prelude, Auer's arrangement of Corelli's "Folies d'Espagne," the Bruch concerto in G minor, numbers by Sarasate, Bazzini, Chopin-Wilhmj, and one of his own compositions entitled "Legende."

Mr. Pollikoff is an artist of promise and considerable talent. His present failings are those which can probably be eradicated. Somewhat impetuous and headlong, the fire of his tone occasionally assumes the proportions of a conflagration. And his playing at times lacks a certain degree of refinement and finish. But there is a genuine talent revealed in the quality of the tone and a fine command of color and much real beauty was disclosed in the more serene portions of the Bruch concerto. Mr. Pollikoff deserves to be heard again. Samuel Chotzinoff assisted ably at the piano.

MME. NICOLL'S RECITAL.

Mme. Irene Howland Nicoll, California contralto, gave her first recital in Aeolian Hall yesterday with Frank La Forge at the piano. She sang Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," Secchi's "Lungi dal caro bene," a group of American songs and numbers by Rachmaninoff, Gretchaninow, Franz, Wolf, and others. Her voice, while not consistently well developed, is used well and her simpler numbers were rendered with much sincerity and expression. Mme. Nicoll's upper tones occasionally sounded forced and some songs were not as smooth as they might have been, but a good tone and an evident sympathy with her art combined to effect a highly enjoyable recital.

Irene H. Nicoll, Contralto, Applauded

Irene Howland Nicoll, a contralto from San Francisco, appeared here for the first time yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall, assisted by Florence Barbour, whose song, "A Forest Dream," was one of the outstanding successes of the program. Miss Nicoll sang Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" in a spontaneous manner, displaying to advantage a wide compass of full, rich tones. A group of songs by Russian composers, sung in French and English, were well received, and a repetition of Poldowski's "Columbine" was demanded. Other groups included modern, German and classic songs, which Miss Nicoll gave always in the proper spirit of the individual composition, but at times not with the natural ease of her first numbers. A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Polish Pianist Returns.

Mieczyslaw Muenz, a young Polish

pianist, who made his New York debut in a recital a year ago and was heard several times in the course of last season, gave his first recital of this autumn in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program comprised Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ toccata, adagio and fugue in C major, Chopin's twenty-four preludes, opus 28, Liszt's two legends of St. Francis and Dohnanyi's fantasia on music from Delibes's "Nalla."

When Mr. Muenz made his debut he deeply interested music lovers by his qualities and his large promise. A youthful pianist of 22, he disclosed a brilliant and resourceful technique entirely subordinated to purposes of artistic interpretation. Most of his playing was astonishingly mature, searching in its finely spun musical analysis, opulent in sentiment, and vivid in imagination. Most of it, however, seemed somewhat restrained by fear of too great yielding to impulse. The dynamic scale was comparatively narrow and the palette of color beautiful, but not varied.

In the performance of the Busoni transcription last evening Mr. Muenz showed that he was not afraid to lose the thunders of his tone and he did so without lapsing into mere noise. He produced some admirable imitations of organ effects and built up a climax of striking musical proportions in the fugue. But his playing of the Chopin preludes transcended by far anything he had previously done here and stamped him as a pianist ready to challenge the consideration of the most fastidious music lovers.

In his hands the "eagle's feathers," as Schumann called them, were iridescent. Their colors glowed in the sun of a bright young talent. The performance was notable for sheer virtuosity in technique and for exquisite musical sensibility. It had beauty of tone, refinement of style, variety and aptness of exposition, and a never failing appreciation of the poetic nature of the content.

Perhaps there was just a trifle over anxiety in the phrasing of the little mazurka which the Russian ballet used to dance, but on the other hand the reading of the seldom heard second prelude was masterly in its revelation of the tragic spirit of the music. The hackneyed D flat prelude, No. 15, was performed so beautifully that it renewed its youth and became one of the priceless gems of the series.

But it is unnecessary to go further into detail. Mr. Muenz's interpretation of the preludes was that of a young master in his most genial mood and we shall look to see this pianist make rapid strides from this time forward. Such musical gifts and such wholehearted devotion to the higher side of the virtuoso's art cannot fail to produce excellent results.

Mr. Mieczyslaw Munz.

By H. C. COLLES.

When a pianist chooses to play the whole set of Chopin's twenty-four preludes he is distinguished at once as a musician who takes his music seriously and deserves to be taken seriously himself. The triflers will always pick out a few sugar plums from such a work as this and leave the rest. It was not only in his choice, however, that Mr. Mieczyslaw Munz showed himself to be a serious artist in the piano recital which he gave at Carnegie Hall last night. He preceded the Chopin with Busoni's transcription of Bach's organ Toccata and Fugue in C, he followed it with Liszt's two Legends of St. Francis.

A clean, incisive touch, rarely hard and always ready to soften into smooth-edged resonance where the music required such softening, is a salient characteristic of his playing. His thoughtful musicianship is shown in his use of his high technical acquirement. Whatever was questionable in his Bach seemed to be more due to Busoni than to him. There is no logical objection to translation of organ music into terms of the modern piano, but there are some passages in this example of the process, more particularly the climaxes, where Busoni seems rather to have exceeded his brief.

Mr. Munz's qualities are just those which should make him a great Bach player, and it is to be hoped that he will not give way to the tendency, so certain among pianists, to think of Bach as only effective in the concert room when he has been arranged by later hands. Mr. Munz's playing of Chopin is always interesting and vivid. These are the jewels of melody, exquisitely displayed without a setting, that exultant control of himself and instrument very thoroughly. It is easy to show off in the brilliant passages and to sentimentalize the expressive ones.

Mr. Munz held himself well in hand and while he gave us both brilliant and sentiment he never wallowed in either. There were a few places where he seemed to forget that the tone of piano has its limits, for example

The... but he made up... He showed that in... in playing... in No. 17, fairly like in... and boldly impulsive in the last of all.

Leaving Carnegie, I reached town Hall just in time to hear Mrs. Charles Cahler sing two of Grieg's glorious songs—"Monte Pincio" and "The Swan"—which deeply moved the hearers. She was not in as good voice as last season when she sang here, but her rare art of interpretation makes one forget that. There were, in her last groups, Finnish, Swedish, Spanish, Irish and Scotch songs, and she had the courage and good sense to begin (instead of ending) her recital with American songs by John Alden Carpenter: "The Day Is No More" and "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds."

OTHER MUSIC.

Iphacton, or whoever the young man of the myth was, who failed to qualify as a charioteer, found a mate yesterday afternoon at Aeolian Hall in Violet Horner, a debutante soprano. Miss Horner, who fared very well, aided by impeccable diction and considerable style when she stayed close to simple music, attempted without much success to drive that formidable quadriga of the veteran coloraturas "Charmant Oiseau," "Queen of the Night's Air" (Marie Flute), Proch's "Variations" and the Cavatina from "The Barber of Seville." For a young artist of Miss Horner's evident experience, any one of these would have been a test; the four together brought slight comfort to her audience.

Miss Horner has the beginnings of a lovely flexible coloratura; she has marked ease and stage presence; in the simpler airs, like Schumann's "Nussbaum," she was very lovely to hear; but she must wait awhile for these other much too ambitious numbers.

By Deems Taylor MIECZYSLAW MUENZ.

It is not every pianist who can make a debut in Aeolian Hall one season and blossom forth in Carnegie the next, with carriage calls and standees and Alexander Lambert and Ganna Walska and Sigismund Stojowski in the audience, and all the other signs of success. But Mr. Muenz managed all that last night and managed it very well. The young Polish pianist is a thoroughly interesting artist with something to say and the means wherewith to get it said.

His program last evening was built along wholesale lines, with the music delivered in quantity lots only. Beginning with the Bach-Busoni toccata in C major, in itself no small part of an evening, he then proceeded to play the entire twenty-four preludes of Chopin's opus 28, with the Liszt "St. Francis" legends and Dohnanyi's transcription from Delibes's "Nella."

He not only played the twenty-four preludes (we counted only twenty-three, but possibly we skipped a thumb the second time around), but kept them alive and interesting from beginning to end, and managed not only to give them the individual expression they needed, but to link them as elements in a single, great prelude that had its own beginning, climax and finale.

His personality is strong enough to carry well, even in so large a hall as Carnegie, but one kept recalling Aeolian with ill-suppressed longing last night, nevertheless. His playing is so utterly a personal communication that it seems too bad to ask him to raise his voice. He is a player of subtle moods and delicate colorings, working out details with infinite and loving care.

But this sense of detail does not degenerate into fussiness. He has such a sound feeling for construction that the main lines of his work are never obscured by decoration. His Bach toccata was as poetic in conception as the Chopin prelude; but both were cleanly articulated and for all their emotional fulness had the fundamental simplicity that comes of understanding.

In Aeolian Hall Nevada Vander Veer shared the programme with her tenor husband, Reed Miller. Both had made many friends and admirers by admirable work in oratorio. They proved to be equally artistic and entertaining in last night's varied programme. Miss Vander Veer's lovely tones and fine diction were displayed in German, French and American songs. Mr. Miller possesses a voice of good compass and attractive quality. His interpretation of Handelian extracts was noteworthy for breadth of phrasing and equable tone production throughout his range.

Duets by Schumann and Wolf-Ferrari were included in the list.

Violet Horner is a young soprano possessed of certain musical gifts and a vaulting ambition. Both these qualities she disclosed before a friendly audience.

STADIUM CONCERTS STARTS TO-NIGHT

With a Galaxy of Soloists and
Several New Compositions by
American Soloists.

WINTER WATTS'S ETCHINGS
TO-NIGHT FOR FIRST TIME.

Two Parts of a Suite of Four
Mood Pictures Suggested by
Various Scenes and Places.

The Stadium Concerts to-night start on their second week, with more fine programmes, and now a galaxy of soloists and a succession of new compositions by American composers, the latter a promised and eagerly awaited feature. John Powell, pianist, plays to-night. Nina Koshetz, soprano, sings to-morrow. On Tuesday Cornelius Van Vliet, cellist, will be soloist. Wednesday is Symphony Night and Thursday All Wagner Night, while on Friday Julia Claussen, contralto, sings.

This second Stadium week is full of outstanding features. Not the least of these are the number of American composers that will be played. Among these are "Etchings," by Winter Watts, to be heard for the first time to-night; Henry M. Dunham's tone poem, "Aurora," on Tuesday; Lucius Hosmer's "Northern Rhapsody" (a companion piece to the same composer's "Southern Rhapsody") on Friday, and "Within a Temple," Fantasia for Orchestra, by Howard Barlow.

Mr. Barlow is conductor of the Beethoven Society.

"Mood Pictures."

Winter Watts's "Etchings" is divided into two parts, "Westminster Abbey" and "Petit Trianon." Of it the programme notes, written by Lawrence Gilman, say:

"These two orchestral 'etchings' are part of a suite of four mood-pictures

suggested by various scenes and places. The first is 'a sentimental reverie in the most famous of English curiosity shops;' the second is an attempt to evoke the naive and exquisite artificiality of Marie Antoinette's celebrated Versailles bungalow—its perfumed rusticity, its child-like sophistication, relieved against the lovely setting furnished by God and the Bourbons. The two other numbers in Mr. Watt's orchestral travel-sketches (not yet complete) are entitled 'Gate of the Golden Horn—Bosphorons,' and a Russian scene.

The composer was born in Cincinnati in 1886, began to study music at sixteen, came to New York and won a scholarship at the Damaroch Institute. He has sung, taught, conducted and composed incidental music for "Alice in Wonderland" (Little Theatre, 1919), dramatic scenes for voice and orchestra, an orchestral work which won the Morris Loeb prize of \$1,000 in 1918, and many songs. The first of the "etchings" received honorable mention for the Prix de Rome of the American Academy.

Lucius Hosmer is a South Acton, Mass., man, born in 1870. Howard Barlow, who comes from Ohio, was in the World War, serving for eighteen months with the colors in France.

The Stadium Auditions.

During the past week very important stadium news came to the fore, the announcement of those successful in the Stadium Auditions, which have been directed by a committee headed by Mrs. William Cowen. Two girls and four men were chosen. William Simmons of New York, baritone, Louis Dornay, until last December of Holland, now of this city, tenor; Miss May Korb of Newark, soprano; Miss Helen Jeffries of Albany, violinist, and Frank Sheridan

and Harry Kaufman, both of New York, pianists.

Miss Korb is a pupil of Sembrich, and has been known as "the child soprano of New Jersey." William Simmons has had his training entirely in this country and is announced by the committee as "a perfect representative of the art of singing." Louis Dornay coached with the Dutch conductor, Mengelberg.

Of Artistic Ancestry.

Frank Sheridan, typical New Yorker, has the artistic ancestry of an Irish father and a German-Jewish mother, with the blood of a Russian great-great-grandmother who was a famous opera singer. He is a pupil of Louis Stillman and a cousin of the late Charles Klein, the playwright, who went down in the Lusitania with Charles Frohman. Harry Kaufman has been a well-known accompanist for Zimbalist and others, and is now developing into a virtuoso himself.

Miss Jeffries is an American girl, a pupil of Kneisel, who has been playing before the public for several years and whom the committee passed as most proficient.

The Stadium Auditions just over, Mrs. Cowen further announced, are but the beginning. A permanent Audition organization is to be formed, will commence to function in the fall and will have offices in New York. Stadium Auditions for next season will begin soon after Christmas.

